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# Harper's Magazine

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**CLARE BOOTHE LUCE, AS ITALIANS SEE HER**

by Luigi Barzini, Jr.

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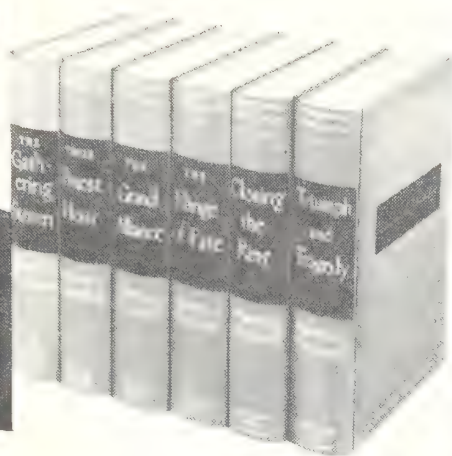
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# Highlights from a report to the largest meeting of share owners ever assembled

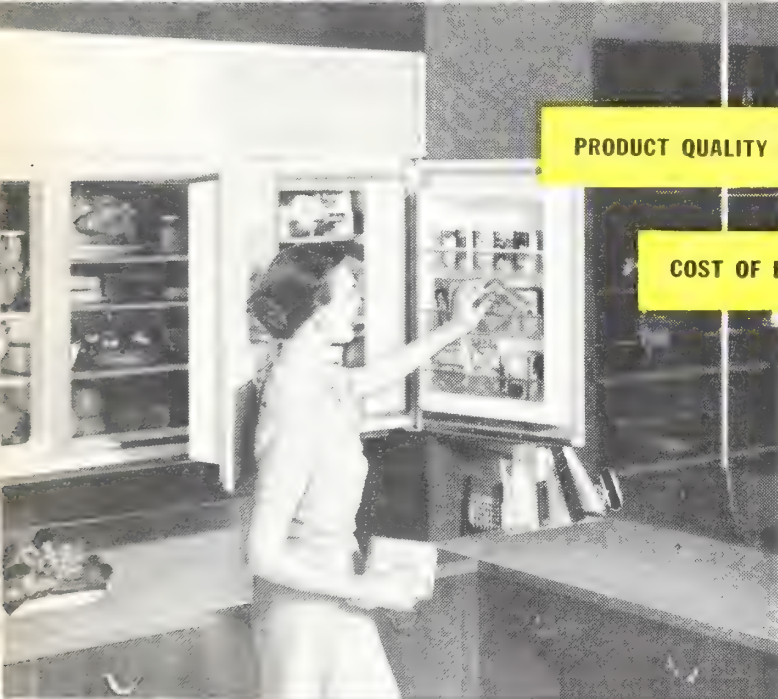


President Ralph J. Cordiner's recent report to the 329,000 owners of General Electric emphasized that the company's progress has been made in the interests of customers, share owners, employees, suppliers and the public. Here are highlights of his talk, covering the period 1939-1954, given before 3,284 of the share owners. This is the largest number that ever gathered for any company's annual meeting.

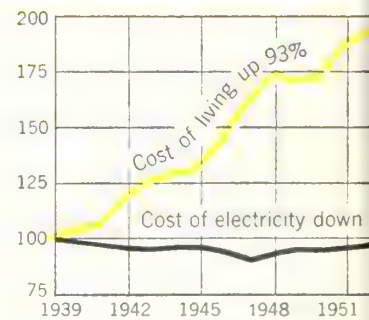
## How customers shared in General Electric progress

**PRODUCT QUALITY UP** • Example: Today's 40-watt fluorescent lamp lasts 400% longer, costs 58.9%

**COST OF ELECTRICITY DOWN** • A dollar today will buy \$1.03 worth of electricity at 1939 price



New and improved products like the convenient wall-mounted refrigerator (shown at left) make work easier, life more comfortable—increase the need for electricity. Today the average home uses nearly three times as much electricity as in 1939; the average industrial worker, more than twice as much.



## How share owners shared in General Electric progress

**OWNERS MADE GROWTH POSSIBLE** • \$534 million of total earnings was reinvested in the business

**DIVIDENDS UP** • General Electric paid 47¢ per share in 1939, \$1.53 per share in 1954

Share owner equity went up as a result of an aggressive policy of expansion. 34 cents out of every dollar of earnings was reinvested in the business; share owners' equity increased from \$324 million in 1939 to \$1,023 million in 1954.

◀ President Ralph J. Cordiner, at the annual meeting, welcomes Mr. and Mrs. William Roesch. Mr. Roesch, operator of a meat market in Buffalo, is General Electric's 300,000th share owner.





## How employees shared in General Electric progress

**JOBS CREATED** • Example: Research and development created 70,000 job opportunities

**WAGE UP** • Example: Compensation and other benefits have grown more than seven times since 1939

New machines and new methods have made work cleaner and safer for our employees while keeping our products competitive. More than 70% of General Electric's post-war investment program is for new and better equipment.

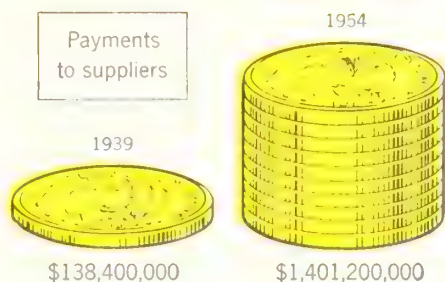


## How suppliers shared in General Electric progress

**PURCHASES FROM MORE BUSINESSES** • General Electric suppliers increased to 40,000

**EXPENDITURES** for materials, supplies, and services have grown more than 10 times

A significant contribution of General Electric to the progress of its suppliers is the periodic Value Analysis Seminars. Here, creative thinking is engaged. Suppliers are invited to contribute suggestions on improvements in our products, or in which their services or products can be better used.

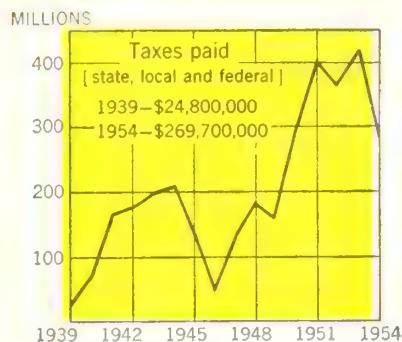


## How the public shared in General Electric progress

**ATOMIC PROGRESS SPEEDED** • General Electric has been actively engaged in atomic development since the 1930's

**AREAS BENEFITED** • Example: General Electric now has 135 plants in 105 cities in 28 states

General Electric is engaged in atomic projects—for peace and defense—than any other company. For example, we have contracted to: Build the largest peacetime atomic electric plant announced • Operate Hanford Atomic Works • Build an atomic reactor for submarines • Develop aircraft nuclear propulsion.



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# LETTERS

## Kept Witnesses

TO THE EDITORS:

Those of us who have viewed with alarm the growing acceptance and apparent quasi-"respectability" of the government informer owe a debt of thanks to Mr. Richard H. Rovere for laying open the whole system in the May issue "The Kept Witnesses". . . .

It is a poor testimony indeed to our prized institutions of American jurisprudence and particularly due process, when our federal agencies have to resort to scraping the barrel for a motley collection of political and moral degenerates and using them to convict acknowledged subversives. It is a greater fallacy of the system, though, when they are used to accuse individuals whose integrity and loyalty would not otherwise be questioned. . . .

RUSSELL W. GIBBONS  
Killeen, Tex.

TO THE EDITORS:

Richard H. Rovere's article is one of those trenchant, hard-hitting articles we have come to expect from this commentator on the Washington scene.

When I see our Attorney General, a man formerly high in our Bar Associations, stoop to folly with such characters as Harvey Matusow, Paul Crouch, and Mrs. Natvig, I can better understand my unconscious reluctance to join a Bar Association for twenty years. . . .

HENRY M. FELDSCHUH  
New York, N. Y.

TO THE EDITORS:

Since you are a liberal publication, I looked with care through your May issue for the other side to Richard H. Rovere's version of witnesses for the United States. Nor did Mr. Rovere's article shed any light on the case for the Department of Justice.

It began, inappropriately, to prove a "racket" with the obviously unbelievable statements of Harvey Matusow spread over the first two pages. Nor in later pages was mention made that the consultants which Mr. Matusow's actions attempted to discredit were giving warnings three years ago. Warnings that Matusow gave every indication of being a Communist plant. . . .

The gutter terminology in the very last sentence, "to foul American due process . . ." certainly gives me reason to go back to the title and by-line and

ask if Mr. Rovere feels he prostituted himself in accepting financial recompense for writing his article, an accusation he felt free to make about others.

M/SGT EDWARD M. HORAN  
Chanute AFB, Ill.

## The Genius

TO THE EDITORS:

What pure delight to have the "old" Huxley back—in your pages.

A Huxley fan from away back and still considering *Point Counter Point* among the best fiction ever written, I congratulate you on serializing "The Genius and the Goddess."

GRETA M. WALES  
New York, N. Y.

TO THE EDITORS:

This is my first letter to an editor, breaking a promise I made to myself many years ago. But I cannot help succumbing to the urge to congratulate *Harper's* on giving its readers the sheer genius of one of our greatest contemporary writers—Mr. Huxley. The author shows in "The Genius and the Goddess" that he still possesses that grand gift of storytelling. His characters, situations do not sink to the low level of literary salesmanship evident today. Mr. Huxley needs to be read by millions. Perhaps then the lights will go on again in the television-darkened homes of America.

M. R. MOLYNEUX  
Middleport, N. Y.

TO THE EDITORS:

Why do you publish such a coarse story as Aldous Huxley's "The Genius and the Goddess"?

HELEN A. ANDREWS  
New York, N. Y.

## Automation

TO THE EDITORS:

Peter F. Drucker's article on Automation [April] struck me—a supervisor in a community employment and vocational guidance agency—as have so many articles along this line with an undue emphasis on the many positive opportunities this new idea presents. . . .

The one problem that is of concern to me—that of the marginal worker—so far has not been considered. The marginal worker, the individual of poor intellectual endowment, not amenable to any significant level of education and training is usually employed in unskilled or semi-skilled work. It is this worker who,

ever since the Industrial Revolution, has been increasingly displaced from competing in the labor market. This is not only an economic problem. It is a moral problem as well. Many of these workers are unable to change their work-level status. . . . Yet they are sensitive to increasingly being on insecure economic grounds. . . .

HERBERT LANGLOIS  
Montreal, Can.

## New Tycoons

TO THE EDITORS:

Mr. Drucker's articles are becoming increasingly interesting to me in his extraordinarily interesting series. The one on the new tycoons [May] I find particularly so because it indicates so clearly the enormous transformation which has occurred in the ways of American life.

In July 1908, Judge Peter Gosscup had the leading article in the publication of the American Academy of Political and Social Science. He devoted it to considering how the average citizen was excluded from what he called "the great corporate domain," the richest and most promising field of American life, because of the untrustworthiness of the corporations. The great accumulation of cash which constituted his earnings and savings was a great pool in which bankers, brokers, and the like acquired means of building corporations in which the average man could not without undue risk invest directly himself.

Today the average man can participate in that great field, as Mr. Drucker makes clear. . . .

GEORGE W. ALGER  
New York, N. Y.

TO THE EDITORS:

Inasmuch as Mr. Drucker has repeatedly pointed to the need for increasing the supply of equity capital, but since he seems to think this is a very difficult thing to accomplish for the reasons cited in his May article, perhaps I ought to suggest something which I feel will help resolve his paradox.

A tremendous amount of new money going into the stock market today comes from people gambling for capital gains because of their income-tax bracket. The capital-gains provisions of the tax laws were originally conceived to encourage precisely the type of investment for which Mr. Drucker cites the need. In practice, however, no capital benefit is enjoyed by the companies whose securities are being bid up on the exchanges, once the securities have been marketed by the issuing companies.

If the capital-gains provisions of the income-tax laws were amended to limit



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the tax benefits on gains realized from the sale of securities to those received by the initial subscribers of new issues of common stocks only, tremendous quantities of venture capital would become immediately available for the purchase of new securities in new or expanding companies. Furthermore, an immediate secondary benefit would be the settling down of the present speculative fever in the exchanges. . . .

JOEL ROSENBLATT  
White Marsh, Md.

### *Unforgotten Valley*

TO THE EDITORS:

Regarding "The Forgotten Valley of the Dordogne" [May], the charming piece by Laurence Lafore, a reverent amen, after adopting the region between journalistic jaunts in 1952-3-4. But this amen is tinged with a couple of well-deserved *tiens, tiens*.

The author observes that "the town of Brive is the only place in the region with good railroad service." Obviously Mr. Lafore has missed the ride on the branch route from Libourne to Aurillac. How can one describe the Dordogne and forget those splendid Renault diesel one-car *auto-rapides*? They are as much a part of the valley as truffles and castles. . . .

The author mentions truffles, but how could he omit such an indigenous delight as Sauce Perigordine (white wine, red wine, brandy, truffles, mushrooms, and a dash of water, for red meats and civet of hare) or, indeed, civet [stew] of hare dordognais. The local plum brandy has a handshake like the Duke of Wellington's.

And, with malice toward most, may the readership of this article be at a minimum: obviously, after my observations above, there is only room in the valley for Mr. Lafore and myself. Will you please run a couple of pieces on Spitzbergen and Mexico?

STEPHEN W. WINSHIP  
Concord, N. H.

TO THE EDITORS:

As an American studying medicine and living in Bordeaux and knowing the Dordogne intimately . . . I should like to disagree with Mr. Lafore's claim that the region "isn't much of a gourmet's paradise." . . . In addition to the well-known truffles and *foie-gras* dishes, a whole series of jellied meats and special fowl cookery, seasoned with a "different something" give the region a very characteristic cuisine. And then there is the whole range of those fantastic, rich desserts for which the region is famous. . . .

CARL K. PROVOST  
Bordeaux, France

TO THE EDITORS:

I was rather astounded to read in "The Forgotten Valley of the Dordogne" that that lovely section of France is really forgotten, having been unable to get a room in Périgueux in August 1953. When I expressed my disappointment at not being able to spend a few days there, I was told that even if they had something I couldn't stay more than one night, because after that "everything was reserved for the autocars." As a matter of fact, in the 1954 edition of the Sud-Ouest time table there are no fewer than twenty-one autocar excursions listed to the valley of the Dordogne. Is it "forgotten" because the American Express has no tour to it?

COURTNEY BRUERTON  
Cambridge, Mass.

### *Ineffable Snob*

TO THE EDITORS:

Perhaps the best way of characterizing the audience of Mr. Ogilvy's ineffable Hathaway shirt ads ["Ogilvy the Ineffable Ad Man," May] is to borrow a phrase: "In the country of the blind, the one-eyed man is king." In case Mr. Ogilvy doesn't know what an ineffable snob is, the response is unspeakable. . . .

P. L. FORSTALL  
Evanston, Ill.

### *Retaliation*

TO THE EDITORS:

May I be permitted to ask the gentlemen whose letters, in the May issue, condemn the retaliatory policy of Israel, what their opinion is on the retaliatory policy of the early settlers of their respective states against Indian raiders? Were they justified in discouraging the raids by retaliation which at times amounted to the massacre of entire village populations? Do they condemn the United States government for sending troops, all through the nineteenth century, in defense of the settlements against the Indian tribes whose land the settlers had invaded and appropriated? What justification do they give for invading Indian lands in the first place? . . .

SAM L. BLUMENSON  
El Cerrito, Calif.

### *Old Papers*

TO THE EDITORS:

I read with some interest the item in the May "After Hours" about giving family papers to the Manuscript Division of the Library of Congress. . . . In my opinion, the donation of further large manuscript collections to the Library would be doing a great dis-

service both to the Library and to scholarship.

I have used—or tried to use—some of the collections already deposited there. It has been my experience that, due to the fact that a huge backlog of material already exists, little if anything is being done to organize new materials. It is practically impossible to work with any precision in the collections now there. I cannot conceive what the Library wants to do with more material that it cannot handle properly.

I think prospective donors would be far wiser to deposit their papers in their state archives or in the manuscript collections of their state university libraries. . . .

MARION E. BARR  
New York, N. Y.

### *Vanishing Farmers*

TO THE EDITORS:

If I understood Peter Drucker's article in March, one of the problems in the next twenty years will be a shortage of workers, despite the fact the population of the United States will increase by over two-fifths.

This reminds me of some statistics I read recently. According to them, a hundred years ago 80 per cent of the population of this country was farmers, but the percentage has been dropping steadily and today it's only 19 per cent. Furthermore, the percentage is dropping at the rate of one per cent a year.

Now it doesn't take a mathematician to figure that if this trend continues, in nineteen years there won't be any farmers left.

This bowled me over. I knew there were possibilities of the country running out of oil, gas, coal, uranium, plutonium, and whooping cranes, but didn't know we farmers were in the same category. . . . But if these figures are true, some department of the government ought to get to work, say the wildlife department, which could divide its efforts between vanishing farmers and the whooping cranes. They could set up a national preserve for farmers, check them with their binoculars every spring to see how many made it through the winter, and leave food scattered around to let them know the rest of the nation was still friendly.

However, this morning I came outside and started checking around myself and as best I can tell, every piece of land around here is still being farmed as it was for generations, and if farmers are disappearing, you can't tell it by looking. I'll be glad to have some food scattered around for me, but I'm not planning on quitting.

H. B. FOX  
Taylor, Tex.





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NOW THE PROSPECTUS for the Twentieth Anniversary Series is being prepared, and in it are described all of the books which will be distributed to the members during the coming twelve months. To celebrate its

Twentieth Anniversary, the Club is making new editions of some of its most popular volumes which have for years been out of print—and fetching high prices in the resale market. Because the books have not yet been printed, it is possible for the directors of the Club to increase the number of copies; and, for that reason, the directors invite one thousand interested people to come into the membership at this time. If you apply for one of these new memberships (and in time to get one of them!), you will obtain books like these:

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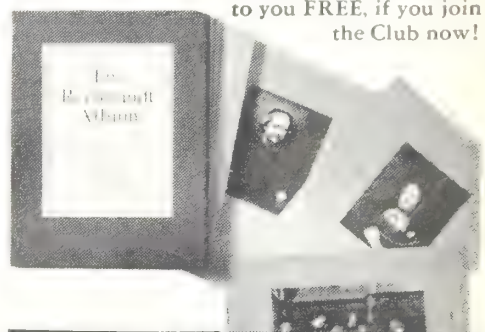
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## *the easy* Chair

PETER AND WENDY  
IN THE REVOLUTION

FOR A FULL year now the manias, the compulsions, and occasionally even the politics of Red-hunting have been slackening off—here and there. A lot of prominent people and a few public officials have displayed courage and intelligence on the subject of domestic Communism. So optimism is breaking out all over. I keep hearing that the crisis of the national fever has been passed and that we are on our way back to sanity.

All this shows that a few victories for the rational mind can be as intoxicating as a pint of champagne taken on an empty stomach. There is no substantial reason to believe that the United States is recovering from its most idiotic mass delusion since the disciples of William Miller prepared to ascend to heaven from their roofless tabernacles at the stroke of noon on October 22, 1844. The conditioned reflexes of panic remain in full vigor; big money and great power are still to be had from stimulating them. Texas is still afraid of a book. The Daughters of the American Revolution are still agitating for the abolition of the Bill of Rights. The Girl Scouts flee from mention of the United Nations. University presidents refuse to expose their students to subversion by our greatest scientist. The Public Health Service will cancel a grant for research on the common cold, if a woman who washes test tubes in the researcher's laboratory turns out to have had a date twenty years ago with a delegate to the Writers' Congress.

And even if we could believe that we are on the mend, there would remain the question of how much we have lost forever. We voluntarily relinquished our place among the free nations. How much desire or will to regain it can you point to?

But it is judicious to exploit such manifestations of sanity as are vouchsafed us. One manifestation that I find heartening is a remarkable book by Mr. Murray Kempton, *Part of Our Time*, which is subtitled "Some Monuments and Ruins of the Thirties." The Thirties are the 1930s; the aspect of them that Mr. Kempton discusses is the attraction Communism had for various Americans in that faraway time, particularly various intellectuals. Most books on this subject have been awed and febrile; few have been trustworthy and none so continuously realistic and judicious as Mr. Kempton's. He deals with subjects that have been monstrously distorted and magnified to produce enormous amounts of false history and retrospective alarm. One hopes that so fine a book is an omen. At any rate, it should be used diligently from now on by everyone who is concerned with getting the virus out of the national bloodstream.

Mr. Kempton divides his field into sectors, in each of which he studies representative persons or groups. Here are Hiss and Chambers; the conflict between the radical of our native American grain and the new Communist intellectual, as symbolized by Gardner Jackson on the one hand and Lee Pressman on the other; the side-show freak of literary fashion that was called the proletarian movement; the thrice-born as distinguished from the twice-born believer—that is the intellectual who was converted to Communism and went on to become a camp-meeting shouter for anti-Communism and is summed up for Mr. Kempton by J. B. Matthews; the platinum-cigarette-lighter revolutionaries of Hollywood; the outbreak of prickly heat in the colleges.

Associated with these are a few important figures and many supernumeraries carrying spears. Contrasted with them are such people as Joe Curran and the National Maritime Union, Thomas Patterson and the Brotherhood of Sleeping Car Porters with Paul Robeson to spotlight the moral, the Reuther brothers and the UAW, and again such remarkable individuals as Mary Heaton Vorse and a battalion of supernumeraries.

The contrast is the core of Mr. Kempton's demonstration. It turns always on the difference between the radical (often a radical only in intention) who escaped into fantasy and the radical who worked toward reality and ended as he must, by following it out of Communism.

For there were many things that the intellectual of the Thirties who became a Communist could not bear. To his credit one of them was the human waste that the decade forced on his attention. But what he could not bear at all was the imperatives of reality. So he moved, as Mr. Kempton says, "with iron logic through a



world of fantasy." There was a multitude of fantasies: the fantasy of "the total superiority of the proletarian," the fantasy of Russia as the Kingdom of Heaven attained and the guarantor of world peace and the great champion of democracy, the fantasy of the Revolution at home that was hard at hand and the dictatorship of the proletariat it was sure to establish and the withering-away of the state that was sure to follow. The fantasy of the Great Dawn he was helping to bring on. The fantasy of his imminent heroism and martyrdom on the barricades. The fantasy of having married the future by committing himself to Communism—of conceiving his kind "as instruments of history without ever having been a part of history." You may see this dream world as tragic or pathetic or farcical in its collapse; nevertheless, the intellectual was driven to embrace its delusions with a cleansed and rejoicing heart because the fact, the actuality, was too painful to be borne, and called for too much fortitude and critical intelligence.

MR. KEMPTON discards a high trump, though almost at once he takes it back again. He calls the linked fantasies of Communism "the myth of the Thirties." That is the fallacy that makes the choice between Communism and opposition to it the master intellectual problem of our time, which is the error of Alistair Cooke, Diana Trilling, the convalescents of the *Partisan Review* school, and of course the thrice-born anti-Communist who has come loping back up the sawdust trail he had so lately gone down shouting hosanna. (It offers the last an ego-gratifying picture of himself as supremely important, no different in kind from his old picture of himself as rousing multitudes of workers with upraised fists who would blow the capitalist conspiracy to bits with captured cannon.)

Of course it was not *the* myth of the American Thirties, it was only *a* myth and—though certainly the silliest of that confused time—by no means inherently the most dangerous. Mr. Kempton recognizes this fundamental truth when he proceeds to classify the intellectuals who committed themselves to Communism as "atypical fugitives" and followers of a purely private passion. He displays their chronic innocence, their naïveté, their ignorance of almost everything the fantasy should have required them to know. I wish he had used even more space anatomizing their ignorance, for the bulk of them knew little about Communism, less about the time, and almost nothing about the United States.

Most of all he stresses the manifold and multifarious guilts that were the motivating force of his fugitives. Guilt for having been comfortable when others were in want. Guilt for education in bourgeois ethics and lack of education in dia-

lectical materialism. Guilt for having worshipped art or beauty or some other bourgeois ideal they had substituted for Jesus when they ought to have substituted Marx. Guilt for being emotionally defective, guilt for indifference or blindness or having slept with the parson's daughter. Guilt for personal lacks or impairments or failures of nerve or virility. Much of Mr. Kempton's most telling discourse explores such guilts but I cannot linger on it here. I cannot even take space to express my admiration of the page by page brilliance of his argument, which is awe-inspiringly informed, is grounded in a sense of history that has been notably absent from the work of his predecessors, is often witty, often withering, often moving, and always conclusive.

For I want to point out that his appraisal of the outcome is a landmark; it magnificently batters the superstitions, the cravenness, and the phony agitations of the last few years in the United States. He says of our Communist intellectuals just this: that only unimportant numbers ever joined their dreambound movement or even flirted with it, and that only trivial results, if any at all, followed from it. "They changed . . . institutions a very little bit for a very little while" and maybe a few of them did society "some damage." (Surely, none did any damage except the very few who may have gone into the underground.) A very few of them did society some good: "We owe them, to a degree at least, the government planning and the strong unions which many people think are our best assurances against a repetition of the storm of 1932." (Surely it was a slight degree, for not many of them were very bright, and those who were bright were usually set to wrecking what they were in a position to help.)

The sum was unimportant. *Congressional Record* please copy.

FOR THE American intellectual climate was just as inimical to Communism as the American soil. Not many first-rate men among our intellectuals had anything to do with the movement; of those who did, almost all soon broke such ties as they had. The repentant Communist finds it comforting to represent the facts far differently; he can think respectfully of himself if he can remember that twenty years ago he was close to bringing the Republic down. And of course the whippers-up of panic have got to represent him as Genghis Khan. But we may recover from our manias if it can be made clear that he was in fact a cream puff. His career was of the same stuff as its end: futility.

The V-16 geniuses of Hollywood raised some money for the Party but they infected no movies with the Party line and all that happened was



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## Golden Eggs



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Moral? A golden egg, even a little one, is better than a gone goose.

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## THE EASY CHAIR

that Hollywood debauched some small talents. When he surveys the campuses, lumping young Communists and Trotskyites and Socialists together, Mr. Kempton estimates that at no time did they number more than fifteen thousand—three-tenths of one per cent, he makes it, of the college and high-school population. The largest number of intellectuals were attracted to the "proletarian movement" in literature. Understandably: it enabled an incompetent to become a revolutionary by writing a book review, let him master economics and politics and history without studying them, and got him appointed a genius by the *New Masses*.

But the proletarian movement was only a cheering section and had fewer writing writers in it than the Nevada Writers' Project. Practically all of them were tenth-rate and no book they wrote assisted the Revolution in the least—can you remember three titles, or even one? Mr. Kempton quotes James T. Farrell, "Neither man nor God is going to tell me what to write." The exhibitionism is harmless but gratuitous; no one has ever been able to tell a good writer what to write.

ONE GUILT of the intellectuals was grounded in fact: commonly they were not born to the movement, were not victims of the class struggle. Such positions of influence or power as Communism temporarily won in the Thirties were won by people who were. That is the first moral of Mr. Kempton's study of Joe Curran and similar figures. The second moral has more weight: that for them Communism was a dead-end street and could not serve the followers of reality. Theoretically the American Negro should have been a set-up; in actual fact he was anesthetic to Communism. The "workers" should have formed their soviets and captured the economy; instead, they heaved the Commies out and began the progress to which no end can be foreseen. In short, No Thoroughfare—and no participation in events by the intellectuals, either.

Pass over the handful or double handful of Communist intellectuals who accomplished something. What did the characteristic career of the others, and the loyal legion of fellow-

travelers, consist of? In general they broke their hearts and wrecked the personalities in activities that, twenty years later, seem no more heinous than driving through a red light at an empty crossroads at midnight. At the most daring, they walked picket lines or helped the trained Communist agitators, who despised them stage noisy demonstrations. (Respect the few who did so in several crucial strikes or in the South, and got their heads broken or landed in jail.) They formed organizations of no importance or captured control of organizations not worth controlling. The "Communist Manifesto" was exciting reading and they went on to study *Das Kapital*. But Marx proved to be desperately hard going, as hard as Kant, and most of them preferred to get instruction by ear from block leaders. Lenin was easier but he scared them and it was pleasanter to study some dilution by a French or Italian novelist who had not yet acknowledged his despair.

They issued manifestoes that no one read and learned by rote some of the most God-awful nonsense ever put into words. They ceaselessly examined their consciences and bore examination by one another, to make sure that they were orthodox in whatever happened for the moment to be the Party line. They worked with full and jubilant hearts spouting arguments no one listened to, maintaining positions that did not matter a damn to anyone, applying the formulas of a mechanical determinism they seldom understood to matters they felt no need to know anything about. "Making the Revolution"—that was the heady phrase—bolstered their self-esteem, and turned out to be comfortably similar to making the glee club at the second-best high in Toledo.

That is how nineteen out of twenty, or rather ninety-nine out of a hundred, of our Communist and near-Communist intellectuals made the Revolution during the Thirties. It was infinitely dreary, stultifying, and meaningless. And around them the most thoroughgoing reform in American history was making our society over, and the most destructive crisis in the history of the Western world was shaping up. About both they were uniformly wrong and from both they were insulated by self-



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## THE EASY CHAIR

hypnosis, parroting the propaganda of their masters—prevented by their fantasy from sharing or understanding the meaningful experience of their time.

As the Forties came on, the bludgeoning of reality became so brutal that only the hallucinated could hold out against it. For the sensitive among them there followed the dark night of the soul that was a disaster and a personal tragedy. But the private tragedy is a public farce because what preceded it was so trivial and so preposterous.

THAT is the point: its preposterousness. They would get no more than a footnote in history—equated with the Millerites, the Fourierists, the geoplanarians, the phrenologists, and the magnetic healers—if the Fifties had not performed the improbable feat of depicting them retrospectively as a mortal threat to the existence of the United States. God knows the delayed brevetteing is a sweet salve to their knowledge of their own futility. So much so that some who learned bitterly that the local Tuileries were never going to be stormed have burned with the old eagerness and become *agents provocateurs* in the local Thermidor.

And God knows it has been profitable to our vigilantes to make horrors and bogymen out of them—out of a heterogeneous miscellany of unworldly dreamers, flawed ascetics, officious nonentities, arrogant neurotics, followers of a dime-store grail, and intellectual gossips and stumblebums. To terrify DAR dowagers, Minute Women, school boards, Texans, legislators, and the dog-race bleachers with a tiny sect long dead and never as socially disruptive as Jehovah's Witnesses.

It is not my purpose here to point out that the scare is far more dangerous than the Communist intellectuals ever were. In a superb article Mr. Thurman Arnold recently recommended a treatment "similar to that with which a friend of mine once subdued a dragon he was leading down the garden path. . . . Suddenly the dragon got out of control, knocking down the shrubbery and flower pots with his tail and creating general havoc. My friend turned to him and said sternly, 'Either you be

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## THE EASY CHAIR

good dragon and walk down this path in an orderly way or I will take a couple of aspirins and there won't be any dragon any more."

Our katzenjammer is too severe to yield to aspirin but we have come back so far that the suggestion will not get Mr. Arnold jailed—and that Mr. Kempton has been able to write a book as calmly realistic as books on the subject should always have been. My steady belief has been that we could make headway by tirelessly pointing out how absurd the whole affair was, and I have wondered whether we ought not to hire a troupe of the professional witnesses. The retainers paid by the FBI and Mr. Brownell's assistants seem to be small and on Mr. Matusow's word the important fee is the headlines, of which we could supply God's plenty.

To the mind of Senator Jenner, the DAR, and the dog-race bleachers, logarithms and economics are mysterious and therefore dangerous domains, the State Department is full of panty-waist Anglophiles who disdain the American way, and Mr. Roosevelt was a traitor to his class. It follows that the diabolically ingenious Russians could have had no difficulty infiltrating the colleges, the bureaus, and the White House. But it is established that the American businessman, especially on the upper echelons, is hardminded to a degree nowhere else attained. Why not hire our performers to swear that, to their certain knowledge, 284 or 205 or 57 or upward of 4,000 Communist intellectuals have infiltrated the NAM, General Motors, the Chase Manhattan Bank, Morgan Stanley & Co., the *Wall Street Journal*, and the Businessmen's Cabinet? The shock would be violent beyond anything yet, but shock has proved widely successful in the cure of schizophrenia at sanitariums. Presently the belly laughs that should have blown the panic over domestic Communism to bits long since might start sweeping across the United States.

So twenty years ago a peck-basketful of insignificant minds believed that it was 11:59 PM in the United States and that the Day of Jubilo would begin at midnight—and carried placards and scattered handbills which said so. What of it?

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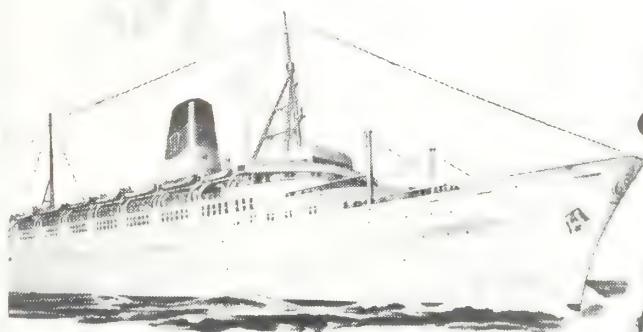
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# PERSONAL *and otherwise*

## *The Embarrassing Truth about Davy Crockett, the Alamo, Yoknapatawpha County, and Other Dear Myths*

**A**DMITTEDLY the Chinese are pretty good at retail brain-washing. Given enough time, they apparently can chivvy a few dozen forlorn prisoners into believing almost anything. When it comes to a wholesale operation, however, they still have plenty to learn from the United States.

A bare six months ago, for example, practically all American boys from five to eight were loyal Space Cadets, wholly devoted to blasting each other out of galactic apple trees with their atomic disintegrators. (A few backward types were still in the Hopalong, or chrysalis, stage; but they were merely waiting for their space helmets to arrive from the breakfast-food company.)

Then, almost overnight, two million clean, patriotic youngsters were seduced into switching allegiance. Forgetting all about their sworn duty to defend the planet against swarming Martians, they turned—within the course of a single television program—into Davy Crocketts. Crowned with coonskin, they now infest the trash-can forests and parking-lot prairies from coast to coast, brandishing their Old Betsies in an endless war for the kingship of The Wild Frontier.

Moreover, these infant brain-washees have been bedazzled into worshipping a Crockett who never was—a myth as phony as the Russian legend about Kind Papa Stalin. The historic truth is that Davy Crockett was a juvenile delinquent who ran away from home at the age of thirteen, to dodge a well-deserved licking by his father, a country saloon keeper. For three years he bummed around Baltimore, scratching a living in various ways he never cared to talk about. At eighteen he went to school for six months, while making a pass at a girl who preferred a boy friend who could read, but he gave it up as soon as he found that even the

ABCs wouldn't get him to first base. (Later he married a less intellectual woman, whom he deserted after she had produced a small herd of children.) He proved himself—according to accepted historical authority—"a poor farmer, indolent and shiftless." He also was an unenthusiastic soldier; during the Creek War he weaseled his way out of the army by hiring a substitute to fill out his term of service.

Since work was distasteful to Davy, he became, in turn, a backwoods justice of the peace who boasted about his ignorance of law; an unsuccessful politician; a hack writer, heavily dependent on some unidentified ghost; and—hear this, Junior—a violinist. Whenever a steady job threatened, he took to the woods. He never was king of anything, except maybe the Tennessee Tall Tales and Bourbon Samplers' Association. When he claimed that he had shot 105 bear in nine months, his fellow tipplers refused to believe a word of it, on the sensible grounds that Davy couldn't count that high.

IF OUR youngsters spurn these unheroic facts in favor of a Simonized, Disneyfied version of history, they can at least plead an adult example. As everybody knows, Crockett managed to get himself killed in the Alamo. This is the blood-splashed ruin which every Texan—little or big—venerates as his national shrine. Every year it is drenched with geysers of high-decibel oratory—steamy, impassioned, and gloriously inaccurate. Indeed, such inaccuracy has now become a matter of self-defense; for on this subject—and a few others—the Texans have brain-washed themselves so thoroughly that any speaker who told the whole truth would invite a lynching.

So no orator ever hints that the Alamo was, in fact, the worst military blooper in American history, short of Pearl Harbor. The bungling started when a little band of

hotheads occupied an indefensible and strategically dubious outpost, in open defiance of orders from their commander-in-chief.\* Because they couldn't agree on a leader, they broke the cardinal military rule by dividing authority between two commanders, William Travis and James Bowie. Neither of them had much confidence in the other—Travis described Bowie as a drunk—and neither could maintain discipline.

They established no line of supply, nor did they bother to lay in an adequate store of ammunition—or even food, although plenty was available close at hand. (They did make sure, however, that they had enough liquor; some of the volunteers traded their rifles for whisky.) Although the troops—less than 200—were too few to man the outlying walls, they were too lazy to build a shorter line of fortifications or even to cut loopholes. They neglected to send out patrols, or to collect intelligence about the approaching enemy; when friendly Mexicans volunteered information, it was mostly ignored. Only a lucky rainstorm, which bogged down Santa Anna's cavalry, kept the Texans from being taken entirely by surprise.

When it finally dawned on them that a vastly superior force was breathing down their necks, they refused to rejoin the main Texas army, which needed them urgently. (Except for Louis Rose, a French mercenary, who had the Gallic good sense—or something—to slip out of the trap while the getting was good.) The rest were determined to become heroes if it killed them; which of course it did.

They died well. From a military standpoint, that is about all that can be said for them; and it is the only solid fact about the Alamo which most Americans ever hear. (Hardly anyone bothers to note that their Mexican opponents died pretty well, too; the Toluca Battalion alone lost 670 out of its 800 men.)

MAYBE real history always has two strikes against it. Ever since the fall of Troy, the mythical heroes and comforting legends have

\*Sam Houston's instructions, January 17, 1836, were to "remove all the canon [*sic*] . . . blow up the Alamo and abandon the place."



## PERSONAL &amp; OTHERWISE

ways seemed to find a more ger audience than the workaday cl. They still do. Right now innumerable Americans—and more Europeans—think of the South most in terms of Yoknapatawpha County. Because William Faulkner is an expert table manufacturer, he has made his imaginary land sound more real than reality itself. And any Southerner traveling in strange parts is likely to find that the Yankees (or Londoners or Italians) will try to identify him either as a Snopes or a Sartoris.

That is a triumph for literature, all right; but it is a little rough on the South. For no place in the whole region now bears even a faint resemblance to the haunted, savage, and sleepy country that Faulkner writes about. Change—rapid, wrenching change—has suddenly made the real South more exciting, fabulous, and complicated than anything its writers could possibly dream up.

FROM Savannah River to Corpus Christi, scores of communities are leaping in one bone-cracking stride from a semi-feudal society into the world of modern technology. (A report on one of them, Louisville, will be published here next month.) They are trying to cram into a decade or two the whole span of historical development which England covered in five hundred years—and which the Middle East has not yet covered in twenty centuries. In the process they are throwing up plenty of characters just as fantastic—and sometimes just as pathetic—as any Faulkner ever invented.

About five o'clock this afternoon, for instance, a middle-aged cowhand will wander into a beer parlor in Borger, Texas. He will be lonesome and grumpy. Joe used to run cattle on the precise spot where the city now stands—there wasn't a house in sight thirty years ago—and the pastoral life to which he was raised was pretty much like that led by Abraham in Old Testament days. Then he earned \$30 a month by desperately hard work; now he pays twice that for a pair of boots, and doesn't have to work at all. His old pasture is dotted with factories making synthetic rubber, carbon black, and high-test gasoline.

Joe would like to buy a drink for

somebody who would talk to him. He can't, because the other men in the bar will be chatting about butadiene molecules and the CIO and polymerization processes. He can hardly understand a word they say—and to them, he looks as quaint as Davy Crockett. Somehow Joe got lost while his country was plunging through the sonic barrier, and he can't ever catch up.

Another baffled type is Henry P. Trimble. He was sent down from Massachusetts to open a new textile factory in Mississippi, not far from the imaginary site of Yoknapatawpha. Mr. Trimble has about decided that Southerners will never get anywhere, because they don't have the right attitude.

"They're smart enough," he explains "and if they want to, they can work as hard as anybody. Trouble is, you can never tell when they will want to. My best hands—and the foremen too—are likely to take off any day the fish are biting, or when they feel like shooting a few quail.

"When I fuss at them, like as not they will ask me: 'What can anybody do with a million dollars that's more fun than fishing?' Now how can you answer a silly question like that? And what bothers me most is that all these Southerners act like they are sorry for me."

On the other hand, where can you find a more enterprising businessman than fourteen-year-old Stephen Hicks of Birmingham, Alabama? When he ran away from home, he sent the family a ransom note offering to come back on payment of \$200. . . . Or a more candid politician than the law enforcement officer in Galveston—notorious for its gambling hells and brothels—who printed up a batch of campaign blotters with the slogan: "Honesty is no substitute for experience."

OR TAKE the case of Mr. Faulkner himself. He is a prime example of the way in which good men get hurt when a change in the times, and in moral standards, comes with uncomfortable speed. For the reasons he cites on page 33—and delivered in a speech at the University of Oregon—he is probably the angriest man now at large below the Mason-Dixon line. He believes passionately that a man's private life is nobody's

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## To Parents

and others seeking guidance in selecting a school or college we suggest they turn to the "Schools and Colleges" Section, among the front advertising pages of this issue, which forms a most comprehensive educational reference.

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**HARPER'S MAGAZINE**

49 East 33rd Street New York 16, N. Y.



business—even when the man is a Nobel and Pulitzer and National Book Award prize winner and a figure of international stature.

Here again tradition and history are in conflict. Mr. Faulkner is defending one of the legendary values of the Old South—the enjoyment of privacy—and if any of the Sartoris clan of aristocrats still exist, they will be on his side. It is doubtful, however whether the Snopeses—a far more numerous tribe—can grasp what he is talking about. And almost certainly he will never succeed in convincing the historians.

Because they hold that privacy is their enemy—and that vulgar curiosity is history's chief ally. The gossips, the Peeping Toms who took notes, the prying, inconsiderate reporters have provided most of the flesh and color on our record of the past. James Boswell was just such a fellow. He invaded the privacy of Dr. Samuel Johnson, abusing his confidence outrageously—and the result is one of the great historical documents of all time. If Boswell had behaved like a gentleman, all we would have today is a shadowy Johnson Legend.

Clearly Mr. Faulkner would have preferred to leave behind nothing but a similar personal legend, or the record of his own books. The choice, however, is no longer his. History has got hold of him, whether he likes it or not.

•••Clare Boothe Luce apparently takes a highly non-Faulknerian view of both history and privacy. Certainly she is trying hard to play a noticeable role in the first, and she hasn't enjoyed much of the second for a long while. The merciless publicity which glares down on an Ambassador—especially if she is a woman—is one of the most wearing penalties of high office. An Italian view of the way she fills her job is given by **Luigi Barzini, Jr.** on page 23. One of the most respected Roman journalists, Mr. Barzini was trained also at Columbia University and worked for several years on American newspapers. He contributed a report on the Mafia to our June 1954 issue.

As a feminine politician, Mrs. Luce stands at the opposite end of the spectrum—in party, personality, and interests—from Maurine Neu-

berger, whose portrait was presented here last month. Still other varieties of female politicians—the Grande Dames, Great and Lesser Battle Axes, Smooth Operators, and Ardent Amateurs—will be dissected in an early issue. The scalpel will be handled by Marion Sanders, a politician herself, and a brave one.

•••**Alex Bavelas**, whose cogent advice on "How to Talk to the Boss" appears on page 31, is a professor in the School of Industrial Management at MIT. His serious articles in the field of organizational communications have appeared in professional journals and textbooks. He is now in California as a fellow at the Center for Advanced Study in the Behavioral Sciences.

•••The man at the hoe in "Home-Grown TV in St. Louis" (p. 39) was **Martin Quigley**, a novelist and former newspaperman and information officer for the Ford Foundation. He is vice president of the public relations firm of Fleishman-Hillard in St. Louis and occasionally writes stories, articles, and plays for TV.

•••"The Condemned Librarian" (p. 45), **Jessamyn West** writes us, "became in writing an entirely different story. Same people, same situation, but until I wrote it—which, in a way, is to live, reflectively—I hadn't known what the poor teacher had unconsciously been up to."

Miss West is the author of three books (*The Friendly Persuasion*, *The Witch Diggers*, and *Cress Delahanty*) and of many short stories in this magazine and others. Of Indiana Quaker background, she lives in Napa, California, and has taught at several writers' conferences.

•••During 1945-46, when the fascinating world of Japanese movies began to unfold slowly (yes, very slowly) before his eyes, **Harold Strauss** was a U. S. Army Air Corps captain trained to speak Japanese and to assist in the Occupation. After the war he returned to his position as editor-in-chief at Alfred A. Knopf publishers, where he is today. He has kept his Japanese studies alive and recently returned from a special trip to Tokyo, where he took in the facts and ideas pre-

sented in "My Affair with Japanese Movies" (p. 54).

•••The past twelve months have gone hard with writers and editors who have tried to publish any analysis in depth of the situation in Guatemala. A year ago *Harper's* gave the go-ahead to **Keith Monroe**, who had just returned from a trip to Guatemala and had just missed being caught in the rebellion against Arbenz. We jointly scrapped that effort when the revolution exploded between galley and page proofs.

Now Mr. Monroe has retraced his steps, turned over a quantity of new evidence, and given us a fresh report (p. 60).

Mr. Monroe has been a writer for newspapers, advertising agencies, industry, and magazines—in roughly that order—since his sophomore year in high school. His most recent article in *Harper's* was "They Made the Cigar Respectable" (February).

•••**Margaret Blocher** wrote "Saphira and the Preacher" (p. 68) after seeing in a shop window some old jewelry that reminded her of her great-grandmother's bugle bead cape. She comes from a family of natural-born storytellers, she says, but earns her living working for a group of small trade papers and occasionally writing domestic short stories on the side. She has a cat and lives five flights up, in Manhattan.

•••**Alden Stevens**, whose "Spare Parts for People" appears on page 74, is a free-lance in magazine, book, radio, and, recently, TV writing. He has contributed to the CBS series, "Adventure," and to the Ford Foundation "Omnibus." His last article in *Harper's* aroused heated controversy: "Make Dope Legal" (November 1952).

•••The poet and critic, **Peter Viereck** ("Lyric," p. 38), will return this fall from a stay in Italy, where he has been teaching American poetry and civilization at the University of Florence.

**Eaton G. Davis** ("All on a Summer Day," p. 66) is a sculptor by profession, a writer by avocation, and by occupation a fisherman.

This month's guest critic of "The New Books" (p. 85) is **Marvin Bar-**



## The Indian sang his death song



**100** YEARS AGO, during a frontier skirmish, an Indian brave, singing his own death song, charged down on a young officer.

Lieutenant George Crook, 4th Infantry, coolly fell to one knee, carefully aimed, and dropped the brave in his tracks.

It was not Crook's first Indian, nor his last. (His right leg already contained a flint arrow-head he was to carry to his grave.) And by the time he made general, Crook was the greatest Indian-fighter this country has ever had.

Yet, he was also one of the best friends the Indians have ever had. For he understood them well, dealt fairly and firmly, and always kept his promises.

When Crook died, Indians wept. And a Sioux chief named Red Cloud said: "He never lied to us. His words gave the people hope."

No nation can ever have enough men like George Crook. But America had, and still has, a lot of them. That's important to remember. Because it is a wealth of human character rather than a wealth of money that gives America its real worth. Just as it is the Americans, all 160 million of them, standing behind our country's Savings Bonds, who make these Bonds one of the world's finest investments.

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## P & O

rett, who regularly contributes reviews to *Newsweek*.

... Since 1940, when *Harper's* published his first magazine article David Dempsey, who tells "How to Get Published, More or Less" (p. 77) has written several scores of articles for a dozen or so magazines. He has also worked on the *Reader's Digest* and *Time* and conducted a column in the *New York Times Book Review*. During the war he was a Marine Corps combat correspondent

## DOUBLE JACKPOT

THE \$1,000 Benjamin Franklin Award for "the most distinguished writing involving original reporting in which serious obstacles had to be overcome"—the equivalent of a Pulitzer prize in the magazine field—went this year to Joseph and Stewart Alsop for their article about the case of J. Robert Oppenheimer which appeared in the October 1954 issue of *Harper's*. Earlier the same article had won the Lauterbach Award offered by the Author's Guild. Never before have both awards—the highest available to magazine writers—been given for the same article.

## COMING NEXT MONTH

The first eye-witness account of one of the most spectacular and dangerous ventures of our times: Close to the North Pole, where only a few explorers had ever penetrated, Americans and Canadians are building a chain of radar stations—the Distant Early Warning or DEW line. Leslie Roberts, an expert on Far North, has brought back a detailed report on the only massive assault on the Arctic ever attempted.

New jobs are likely to be a good deal more plentiful in the next few years than they ever have before. Alan Gregg, vice-president of the Rockefeller Foundation—who has placed hundreds of people in top positions—offers some shrewd advice on "When to Change Jobs—and Why."

Only twenty years ago, Louisville, Kentucky, was stagnating. Today it is riding a wave of prosperity. William Manchester tells how the city did it by the unexpected strategy of "Cashing in on Culture."







# **"HALLELUJAH" FOR A BUTTON**

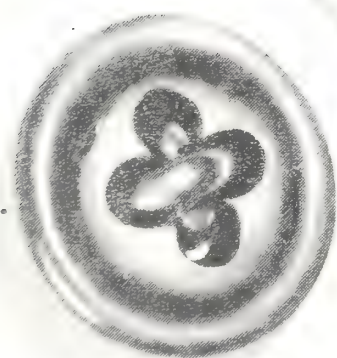
**B**UT for a button, the world would never have thrilled to the majesty of the *Messiah*. It was only an ornament, yet without it, we would never have felt the awe and rapture of the exultant, inspirational "Hallelujah Chorus."

For a small button was the shield that saved the life of youthful George Frederick Handel in a duel with a fellow musician. Struck by the point of his adversary's sword, it also spared the composer's glorious music for the ages.

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## AMBASSADOR LUCE, AS ITALIANS SEE HER

LUIGI BARZINI, JR.

**She has defied the best professional advice,  
made plenty of enemies . . . but she also  
has disappointed a lot of people who hoped  
she would make a mess of her job in Rome.**

**T**HE SETTING is so right it is almost theatrical. The Palazzo Boncompagni, which houses the U. S. Embassy in Rome, is a handsome Renaissance-style building, built in the late 1870s for a wealthy Roman prince—and is as genuine an imitation of the real thing as a Newport villa. In the eighties, an American Ambassador who had been a Civil War general lived there; later it was the residence of the Queen Mother—a clever and handsome blonde—who reigned over fashionable, literary, political, and official Rome until her death in 1926. There is also something ironically suitable about the location: at the turn of Via Veneto, one block from the American tourists' hangout, the Excelsior Hotel, and from the sidewalk cafés where

refugees from Hollywood endlessly plan movies which are sometimes made.

There, one day in April 1953, Clare Boothe Luce sat for the first time at the desk of the United States Ambassador to Italy, in the splendidly decorated "Louis XV" room which had once been the Queen Mother's private drawing-room. Behind her desk, on a pedestal to the right, was the American flag, and, to her left, her own Ambassadorial flag with the forty-eight white stars on the blue background, which she is entitled to fly from the mast of any warship she sails on. On her desk she could read her favorite prayer, written in ye olde tea shoppe's script and suitably framed: "Lord, Thou knowest I shall be verie busie this day. I may forget Thee. Do not forget me.—*Lord Astley before the battle of Edgehill.*" (On a side table she later placed a motto, "And above all, not too much zeal.—*Talleyrand,*" perhaps not so much to remind herself of its advice as to prevent other people from offering it to her.) At the end of the room there was the conference table for staff meetings, with a large map hanging over it, a projection of the hemispheres seen from the North Pole, indispensable for global thinking.

The Embassy staff of more than a thousand employees, American and Italian, were breath-



lessly alert for new orders. Official Rome was curious, amused, and skeptical—waiting for the new United States Ambassador to make a fool of herself and go home, so that serious business could be resumed. Jokes and gossip had preceded her arrival. Nobody believed the Luce experiment would last long. It was said that she had accepted the job as one does a decoration, something to add to her official biography.

#### “NOT TOO MUCH ZEAL”

ALL THIS she knew. And she knew also that she was facing one of the most difficult countries to understand and advise. (Italy is nobody's oyster. Curzio Malaparte said that Mussolini told him in despair: “To govern Italy is not only impossible. It is useless.”)

If this had been 1903, or even 1913, the job would have been a sinecure. In those days, the United States, aside from some set views about a few particular problems, had no foreign policy just as it had no cognac. It bought the best, whenever it needed it, old French brandy and matured Downing Street views. The American Ambassador in Rome had little to worry about. He was usually a distinguished but elderly businessman, who sat at his desk a couple of hours a day, and spent the rest of his time visiting churches and museums, exploring late archaeological finds, or riding to hounds with his French, British, and Imperial German colleagues. He frequented the Royal Court with an eagerness and cordiality which only stanch republicans could afford to show and was great friends with the Roman aristocracy, who owned the most stupendous *palazzi* and the best cooks. There were few problems to deal with, mostly related to postal rates, immigration, commerce, navigation, and sanitary precautions.

Even in April 1953, had Clare Boothe Luce been another person—a career diplomat or the woman many people who did not know her thought she was—the job might still have been a fairly easy one. There is no longer a Royal Court, of course, where she could play the part of the American *grande dame*; there are no brilliant military parades of the King's Guards, the Piemonte Reale Dragoons, or other historic units. (What is left of the Army is now dressed in NATO khaki and rides in Italian jeeps.)

Still, Rome is one of the last great capitals. There is the oldest and closest society in Europe,

with names reverberating down the corridor of centuries, with immense *palazzi* in town and ruined family seats in the country, where dinners are still served by bewigged and powdered flunkies in eighteenth-century liveries, one for each guest, and where an empty throne, covered with red damask, always waits for the Pope's visit. There is, of course, the pomp of the Vatican court and the pageantry of church functions. There are scheming dowagers, subtle Monsignori, shrewd politicians, clever writers, and some of the most handsome and best dressed men of this drab era, who still know how to court a woman of rank in an unobtrusive but dangerous way. Rome teems with gossip and intrigues, fascinating to follow or to try one's hand in. Everybody sooner or later comes through Rome. It is beautiful, decayed, skeptical, carnal, energetic, and immortal.

Sir Victor Mallet, who was the British Ambassador at the time, told Mrs. Luce, when she arrived, not to worry, to go to the office only in the morning, see as few people as possible, leave everything to her staff, read no official reports or memoranda, take long siestas, and enjoy herself in the afternoon.\* Rosie von Waldeck, a good friend who stayed with her a while, sharply reminded her of the working habits of the German Ambassador to the Kremlin in 1917 and 1918: he slept all day, gave parties every night, and moved in the inner circles of the Revolution by entertaining Bolshevik leaders till dawn, having discovered something which has since become well known, that Communists are almost always snobs. Talleyrand's advice about zeal also was quoted, during those first months, till she and her husband winced.

#### THE STAGE, THE WORLD, THE CHURCH

OF COURSE Mrs. Luce could do none of these things. Her appearance is deceptive to Europeans. She looks like an idle, *soignée* lady, simply but smartly dressed, bearing herself with almost queenly dignity. The hair is silky blond, the eyes are water blue and worried, the pale face has something medieval and Flemish in its stiffness, which, of course, could also be New England and Puritan. Her manner is “society”: she is almost always extremely kind and often listens to the answers to her questions. For a well known satirical playwright, her repartee is remarkably subdued: she rarely allows



herself the satisfaction of a good biting line.

The real woman is something quite different. Italians know little or nothing about her meager and severe childhood and the contrasting home environment of culture which bred in her a fiery polemic quality. The daughter of a violinist, William Boothe, who made a modest living, and the granddaughter of a Baptist minister, she grew up in Old Greenwich, Connecticut, attended Saint Mary's school in Garden City, New York, and later Miss Mason's in Tarrytown.

Theoretically, she might have become a pro-Roosevelt leftist, but her personal fight against vested interests took a conservative turn. During a European tour in the 1920s with her mother and stepfather, Albert E. Austin, an ex-Congressman, she was stirred by the battlefields, the hospitals, and the devastating inflation. She decided to become a journalist so that she could "really do something about it." She later went to work for Mrs. O. H. P. Belmont in the cause of equal rights for women and flew in rickety planes distributing handbills from the air "to help make women's influence felt more strongly in American politics."

Her marriage to wealthy George Tuttle Brookaw went on the rocks in 1929, and she started her career in journalism. She got a job at *Vogue* and then moved on to *Vanity Fair*, becoming managing editor in 1932. A year later she published a book, *Stuffed Shirts*, a satire on tycoons and socialites, written not (as a left-wing liberal would have done it) from the sidewalk looking into the lighted windows but scornfully from the inside. "The Women," her most successful play, which was presented on Broadway in 1936, attacked the vulgar new rich, and "Kiss the Boys Good-bye," struck at the illusions of the "intellectuals" of the appeasement era. When, in 1939, her third play, "Margin for Error," started a longish run, it was the only successful anti-Nazi play on Broadway. Her attacks against contemporary society all tended to be fundamentally in defense of traditional values.

In 1935 she was married to Henry R. Luce, head of the *Time-Life* empire, but, restlessly active, she continued to write new plays, articles, books. After war broke out she became a correspondent for *Life*. She made tours of the Philippines and of India, Burma, and China, and in 1942 was elected Representative from Connecticut. The first woman member of the House Military Affairs Committee, she had seen more

of the war than any of her male colleagues. During her four years in Congress, she was energetically in favor of military preparedness, foreign aid, admission of refugees, equal rights for Negroes, fair employment practices, and "a healthier relationship between labor and capital." Assuming the role of Cassandra, she attacked appeasement of Soviet Russia, battled against the Yalta and Teheran agreements, and warned her countrymen against Russia's aggressive aims long before this campaign became fashionable.

To the vast surprise of the public, she became a Catholic convert in February 1946, shortly after the death of her daughter in an automobile accident. She explained her spiritual vicissitudes in *The Real Reason*, published the next year. At the end of her political career she resumed her writing and lecturing, this time with a new point of view, the Catholic conception of life—in which she had found a coherent framework for many of her past convictions, and to which she added a stern and uncompromising tendency to battle against all sins, errors, and misconceptions, which is more Puritan than Roman. (In Italy she discovered that most people were unconscious Catholics, thought little about the religion which is part of their lives, and sometimes made jokes about the Cardinals and the Pope. "I go to mass every morning," she said. "I seem to be the only one.")

Her literary activities came to an end, for the time being, when she started campaigning for General Dwight D. Eisenhower's election. She did all she could to secure his nomination, getting herself sent as a Connecticut delegate to the Republican Convention in Chicago in 1952. At the end of the year Eisenhower appointed her Ambassador to Italy.

#### THE AMBASSADOR WHO WORKS

NO, WHEN you know how she got there you cannot imagine Mrs. Luce in Rome taking afternoons off and, like a seasoned diplomat, letting things flow their fatal way. To begin with, the American Embassy is unlike any other in Rome. It is the only organization in the whole city where nobody takes a nap in the afternoon: after lunch, on hot summer days, it hums with life, when the streets are empty and the shops closed. American office routine keeps mountains of mimeographed paper circulating from room to room, most of it arriving sooner or later on the Ambassador's desk.



Complicated problems arise daily. The United States Ambassador in Rome is responsible, among many things, for the operation in Italy of the Foreign Operations Administration, the Mutual Defense Assistance Program, the Military Assistance Advisory Group, the U. S. Escapee Program, the U. S. Battle Monuments Commission, the U. S. Information Service with branches in the principal Italian cities, the U. S. Narcotics Attaché Office, the Treaty Claims Office, the Navy Purchasing Office, the Veterans Office, the American Commission for Cultural Exchange with Italy, the U. S. Foreign Building Operations, the Army, Navy, and Air Force Attachés, the Foreign Agricultural Service, the U. S. Representative in Trieste, and consular offices in the principal Italian cities. The Ambassador is the only person who can give American policy in Italy a uniform direction. From any one of these offices can come, any day, unexpectedly, the big blunder which might wreck United States policy in Italy and embarrass the President. They must be watched.

HER TYPICAL day is easily the most strenuous in Rome. Between 8:30 and 9:30 she handles personal matters with her private secretary at Villa Taverna, the handsome Renaissance villa owned by the Department of State for the residence of the Ambassador. Between 9:30 and one o'clock she is at her desk at the Embassy, each quarter of an hour filled with calls, staff meetings, briefings, perusal of decoded telegrams, and dictation. Lunch at her residence is always official: she invites Italian politicians, Ministers, other Ambassadors, and members of her staff, in turn, to discuss current events and problems: any visiting American who has a valid introduction to her; former colleagues in the House of Representatives; friends from Washington (a term which includes most members of both Houses, the Administration, the Pentagon, and National Press Club) who happen to be traveling through. Clare Boothe Luce is now considered one of the sights of Rome like the Colosseum and Saint Peter's. She carefully receives everybody. The number of Italians she manages to see is enormous: industrialists, bankers, princes, Socialists, labor leaders, journalists, astronomers, actors, and musicians.

Business is resumed at her office at 3:30 and goes on till 7:30 or eight o'clock. Almost every evening, between 7:30 and nine, she must appear at a diplomatic cocktail party or two. At nine,

she presides over a large formal dinner at Villa Taverna, unless she is somebody's guest at a similarly formal dinner party elsewhere. Bed-time comes at indefinite hours, before midnight if she manages to disappear inconspicuously, much later sometimes if she is interested in the information she can get from her guests.

Very seldom she manages to run away and have an early small dinner in a *trattoria* with a few people she really wants to talk to, an old friend, a writer, a clever and well informed diplomat. The only sure way to get her to accept a dinner invitation is to ask her alone with a hand-picked group of men who know all the answers, the kind she would want to talk to if she were still an active journalist. Her knowledge of Italian is sufficient for her to follow the conversation and to answer with slow, faltering, but exact words. She studies the language in her spare time, on Sunday morning or before going to sleep at night, often by listening to recent Italian books or articles, recorded for her on magnetic tape. Her knowledge of French is better than average.

Most of her days vary from the typical. Last autumn, in two weeks picked at random, she went to Salerno to view flood devastation, spoke to every patient in every hospital, and arranged to have fourteen American military trucks full of emergency supplies sent from Leghorn. The following day, in Naples, she stamped the 10,000th visa under the Refugee Relief Program, on an Italian immigrant's passport. Back in Rome, she awarded the Legion of Merit on behalf of the President to General Aldo Urbani, on his last day as Chief of Staff for the Air Force; gave a "friendship dinner" for top Italian, British, Yugoslav, and American officials; then, on the same evening, attended the Marine Corps Birthday Celebration Ball, where she cut the cake and played the trap drums.

During the same period, she also reviewed American troops in Leghorn, flew to Sardinia for a two-day program of ceremonies, and attended the regular number of national holiday receptions at other Embassies, exchanged half-a-dozen protocol calls with newly arrived diplomats, appeared on TV and spoke on the radio for welfare appeals, had several meetings with Admiral Fichteler, Commander in Chief, Southern Europe, NATO, attended official dinners and luncheons, and carried on routine Embassy work during her stays in Rome.

If Mrs. Luce possessed the strength of a horse, all this extra work would be understandable.



But she is frail and always looks as if she needed a long vacation in some mountain village, among cows and waterfalls, to regain her strength. She drives herself relentlessly. She smokes too much. Trained in journalism, she is constantly on a deadline, trying to define indefinable situations, to suggest plans of immediate action, to resolve impossible dilemmas. In a city where days, months, years do not matter, where decisions are postponed in the hope that the lapse of time will make them unnecessary, she seems to be the only person who hears the ticking of history's meter. At the most frivolous moment, during a cocktail party, at a ball, she will take somebody aside and fervently ask:

"Now, this is a vital question. I would like you to answer only after you have thought about it. What do you think of Don Sturzo's latest pronouncement?" or, "What do you think of the latest vote in Parliament?"

#### HENRY LUCE BY HENRY JAMES

THE BEST of the bargain is Henry Luce's. In Rome he lives the life he had wanted to live for years. He had often said, "Some day I will go to Europe, to Asia, anywhere, and study one country, not just move from place to place. Learn the language, get to know the people, their philosophy of life, their hopes, past, and present." The Italy he has come to is a fascinating and irritating place, rich with experience, crackling with the challenge of Communism.

Luce unconsciously fell into the role of a Henry James character, the honest, straightforward American, defending and promoting the simple ideas Americans abroad believe to be theirs above all: courage, private initiative, responsibility, honesty, independence from government aid and interference. He is often asked to speak, mostly at businessmen's gatherings, and always takes great pains to explain his message, warning Italians about government encroachments, encouraging them to rely on their own strength. His speeches and his private conversations carry great weight. He was given the honorary rank of Minister, for correct placing at dinner tables. Though he follows political developments closely, he says: "I only help Mrs. Luce at social gatherings. I pour tea."

In reality he carries out a leisurely and unofficial flanking action, often doing things and making contacts which would be awkward for her.

He is very proud of his. He himself contributed a speech with the words: "Thank God for the American Ambassador.")

He has organized his life in order to be in Italy half of the time, having discovered that his publishing business can be long-distantly handled. In Rome his telephone does not ring as often as in New York, his editors can communicate with him only by cable or by letter, appointments are fewer. In Rome there is more time to talk to American "personalities" than in New York or Washington: in Italy they have nothing much else to do. He can study long-range plans, examine editorial policy, and do some writing. Copies of his magazines reach his desk by air mail one or two days ahead of publication date in America.

He has hired an office in Corso d'Italia, a couple of doors from the Communist Confederation of Labor, with large windows overlooking the ancient trees of Villa Borghese. (He could not work in the Embassy, of course, and he did not want to embarrass the Rome office of *Time* and *Life* with his presence.) He has a small staff, one assistant, three secretaries, one chauffeur and errand boy. He takes Italian lessons, reads the Bible in Italian (the fact that he knows it in English almost by heart helps) and reads Italian versions of well known nursery tales. He loves a long lunch with a well-informed Italian who tries to answer his many questions, ranging from ethics to theology, from politics to the culinary art, which come down to one: the fundamental difference between Protestant, industrial, modern America as represented by Henry Luce and Italy as represented by his guest. When he travels, he takes on one city at a time, planning with care and seeing everybody worth knowing.

Mr. Luce really has the beautiful time United States Ambassadors enjoyed half a century ago. He studies only the problems that really interest him, can see anybody in Italy by merely expressing a desire, or call on the *Time-Life* staffs all over the world to dig up background material and follow developments in a particular field.

In the privacy of their apartment, the Luces debate all details of United States policy in Italy. They do not always see eye to eye. Clare Boothe Luce is a self-confessed pessimist who does not allow her doubts about the final outcome to interfere with her activity. Henry Luce is an optimist, impatient with the warnings of old Italian hands and professional diplomats. He



likes to say: "There is really no problem in this country which a little courage and some effort cannot solve." When a course of action is suggested, he always asks: "What good will come of it?" She wants to know: "What's the worst that can happen?"

Final decisions, of course, are Mrs. Luce's, because hers is the responsibility. The expenses, which are extremely heavy—to run an Ambassador's residence with nineteen servants, six gardeners, and a dining-room seating forty-two; to dress the Ambassador appropriately; and to add to the Luce collection of Impressionists and Chinese art—are his, because his is the money.

#### HOW WELL DOES IT WORK?

**T**HE IMPACT of the Luce household on recent Italian political developments is difficult to estimate. How successful is the Luce experiment—not merely of placing a woman in a responsible diplomatic post (something which the Russians really invented long ago) but of placing this particular woman, backed by her husband's power and advice?

There is, of course, something mechanical in the operation of international affairs which should not be underestimated. State Department decisions, plus the U. S. Defense budget, have their inevitable influence on Communist power. To be sure, the Luces are very popular—everywhere they go they are followed like movie stars; composers dedicate songs to her; poor people write hundreds of letters a day to her asking for help; all kinds of gifts pour into the Embassy. This prestige is partly their own, because of their obvious interest in the welfare of the country. But it is also the United States' in general. To most Italians Mrs. Luce is "America," a female personification of a great friendly country, the symbol of hope in a world of despair. Nevertheless, it is fair to admit that, perhaps not *propter hoc*, the situation has radically changed in Italy since the Luces arrived.

Clare Boothe Luce came to Rome intimidated by the size of the task she had set for herself. Moreover, she was naturally embarrassed by the dangerous vicinity of the Vatican. Many Americans were afraid their predominately Protestant country would become involved in Popish intrigues; many Italians were afraid the Christian Democratic hegemony would be reinforced with American help; and Vatican circles were afraid that American Catholic political trends might

predominate in Italy, through the offices of the American Ambassador. (The Vatican is slightly to the left of Cardinal Spellman.)

But Mrs. Luce never visited the Pope and saw him only from afar at great pontifical ceremonies, when all the diplomatic corps is invited. Once she came within a few feet of him, during the inauguration of the North American College. Pius XII, walking through the crowd waving his hand in blessing, suddenly saw her and moved as if to come nearer. She looked nervously at the news photographers and hid behind some fat prelates. The Pope, probably understanding her gesture, walked on.

However, she does see the Pope's two nephews, Carlo and Marcantonio Pacelli, who are personal friends. She sees almost all the American bishops and archbishops, when they come to Rome for their *ad limina* visits and ask to be received. She cannot refuse them. A United States Senator, who had opposed her appointment on the ground that she was a Catholic convert, recently wrote her a letter asking her to see that a nephew of his traveling through Italy be received by Pius XII. Mrs. Luce enjoyed answering that she could not grant the request, as she had no contacts whatsoever with the Holy See. For all other American visitors, however, audiences are arranged informally by an Embassy official, as a matter of routine.

**THE TASKS** she had set herself to do in Italy were primarily three: Communism had to be defeated, the Trieste problem settled, and the country solidly embedded in the Western military alliance. The Trieste question was the key, for it prevented a vigorous, independent, and clearly understood foreign policy of collaboration with Yugoslavia and smaller Eastern Mediterranean nations. At the same time, Italy's participation in Western defense was flabby and half-hearted because of the large Communist opposition and because of the presence on Italian soil of British and American Occupation troops. In applying her energies to finding an acceptable solution to the Italian-Yugoslav dispute, Mrs. Luce prodded the Embassy, the State Department, and the Foreign Office for months. When, after more than a year of negotiations between the two countries, the Trieste albatross was cut from the Italian government's neck, the settlement was widely conceded to be a victory for the Ambassador.

Her efforts to force the Italian government to



adopt a more vigorous anti-Communist policy have been less successful. She pleaded first with the late Prime Minister De Gasperi and with Pella later; lately she has been after Mario Scelba. Their answers have always been evasive. Yes, Madame was right, the problem was an urgent one, not a day should be lost. Still nothing was ever done. She was baffled by the apparent lack of determination she found in most everybody.

"What can be done?" she would dramatically ask her friends. "What can I, what can the government of the United States do?"

The reasons why nothing could be done right away were many. Communists in Italy control one-third of the electorate and are not merely a foreign-dominated conspiracy but also the largest and most powerful labor party, the only one which actively defends the workers' interests. Any violent anti-Communist policy would remind people of Fascism, repugnant to the new, postwar political leaders, whose authority comes from their long stand against Mussolini. What the government fears most is the Communists' charge of being subservient to American orders.

Finally, the Christian Democrats have resented the publicity she has given to their weakness and to the Communists' gains, naturally preferring to play up their modest achievements. The American Ambassador could not bear to waste time on subtle diplomatic maneuvers, but dramatically advertised the danger of Communism in every possible way—in her speeches, in off-the-record talks to Rome correspondents, in conversation, and when in Washington, in leaks to a few favorite columnists. She has been ably helped in all this by her husband. Between them they certainly have helped to create a new atmosphere in Italy, a widespread feeling that something must be done quickly.

In a few cases, the Embassy has intervened more directly. For example, the United States is paying for a considerable amount of military equipment, manufactured in Europe, for the use of the NATO forces, under the so-called off-shore procurement program. Until recently all such contracts were awarded, almost automatically, to the lowest bidders. But in Italy several contracts have been withheld from firms where the workers were under the domination of Communist leadership—with the result that the Communists have lost ground in a number of recent trade union elections.

The real obstacles in her path must not be underestimated. A beautiful and ambitious

woman, with the backing of a powerful government publicity organization, she soon won the crowd. But leading Italians, jealous of male prerogatives, resented her dominant position. At first she provoked hostility from every quarter. Palazzo Chigi officials treated her gingerly, as one more American oddity, a strange joke. Women, of course, hated her. Foreign diplomats derided her informal, enthusiastic, and revolutionary methods of doing business. Roman high society, Papal aristocracy, and the newly rich found her not sufficiently flattered by their invitations, which she seldom accepted. Ordinary people were irritated by the royal splendor of her life, the many servants, the jewels, and the beautiful clothes.

Communists made her the butt of all their jokes: for them she was Enemy Number One. Togliatti called her "a poor old lady" and accused her of bringing bad luck. (She complained: "The government defended me from all his false charges but nobody remembered to deny that I am an 'old lady'.") Anti-Communists resented her open and tireless nagging. Fascists called her a "decadent democrat," democrats and progressives accused her of trying to revive Fascism. The British too were alarmed. They thought that, by her efforts to bring about an Italo-Yugoslav *rapprochement*, she was endangering the subtly engineered equilibrium of forces in the Mediterranean. The British press kept alive the story of her imminent resignation.

#### WILL SHE FALL ON HER FACE?

EVERYBODY waited for mistakes. When in May 1953 she spoke to the American Chamber of Commerce in Milan, saying what was obvious to all—that should the general elections of the following month go the wrong way, Italy would no longer receive the same amount of American aid—everybody happily accused her of having greatly helped the Communists. As a matter of fact, similar words had been quietly spoken before the 1948 elections by James Dunn, the former U. S. Ambassador to Rome, and by George Marshall, then Secretary of State—and had been plastered on all Italian walls, at the time, with excellent results.

She passed another difficult moment when *L'Europeo* (a pro-Government, anti-Communist weekly) printed what was purported to be an off-the-record speech she had made to American journalists, at a Mayflower Hotel luncheon in



Washington in the summer of 1953. Some of the things attributed to her sounded authentic, a few were obvious examples of distorted reporting, others were plainly absurd. The opposition press attacked her violently. Professional diplomats deplored her outspoken language. Her remarks to Mr. James Reston of the *New York Times*, on the predominance of Communist trade unions in the Italian plants working for U. S. defense projects, provoked further objections.

As the months passed, Mrs. Luce learned to hide her hand more and to abide by some of the traditional rules of the diplomatic craft. Veterans grudgingly admired her fast flying trip to Rome, in the summer of 1954, to be present at the funeral of Alcide De Gasperi, when she forced all other Ambassadors to leave beaches and golf links to follow suit. It was a good political gesture, especially since she and De Gasperi had not got on well together. At the funeral she found a clever way to express her regrets. She said: "Maybe De Gasperi's death is a gain for Italy. All countries must have a past, a present, and a future. Democratic Italy had no past. Now the memory of her late Prime Minister is her past."

In the United States, the deadline for the Administration may be 1956. In Rome, as everybody knows, it is the Italian general elections of 1958. Three years are not enough to solve Italy's fundamental problems, but they might be enough to put the Communists on the defensive. There was substantial evidence early this year that the Scelba Administration was waking up. In December 1954, about twenty months after Mrs. Luce arrived in Rome, the Cabinet finally determined to fight Communists wherever they

endanger the free institutions of the Republic: (1) to eliminate them from important posts in the Ministries, the police, and the armed forces; (2) to curtail their monopoly of exports and imports across the Iron Curtain and their stranglehold on tax collections in municipalities under Communist party control; and (3) to threaten diplomatic breaks with Communist satellites which continue anti-Italian broadcasts written by Italian Communists in Rome.

This sudden brave stand of the Scelba Government was due to several factors. The new Soviet foreign policy based on "co-existence" shackled the Italian Communist party for the time being, forbidding attempts to seize power legally or illegally. Then, too, the party has been weakened by internal squabbles, the illness of Palmiro Togliatti, the Communist boss, and apparently by a first small infection of disillusionment among the rank-and-file workers. Hence it is safer to oppose the Communists. At the same time, the Scelba leadership—criticized on all sides for its feebleness and confronted by a new challenge by the election in May of a leftist President of the Republic—was prodded into a little more vigorous action.

Nothing, to be sure, is constant in postwar Italy—but since 1953 the will to resist Communism undoubtedly has steadied. It is equally indisputable that one reason for this change has been the persistent pressure of Clare Boothe Luce and her formidable husband. Moreover, so long as they remain in Rome, it is a safe guess that the exertions of the blonde lady of the Palazzo Boncompagni will be unflagging—and by far the most dramatic American performance Rome has ever seen.

## THE DO-NOTHING CONGRESS

PARLIAMENTS and Chambers are extremely fond of governing, particularly as long as it does not bore themselves. We had had an instance of it recently. I was anxious to keep the Chamber longer, as there are still many important things which it ought to have finished; but they were hot, they got tired, voted twelve *projets de loi* in one day, and disappeared afterwards, leaving one the trouble of managing the affairs of the State as best one may. . . .

—From a letter by King Leopold of Belgium to Queen Victoria, June 28, 1844. (Letters of Queen Victoria, edited by A. C. Benson and Viscount Esher, Longmans, Green, vol. II.)





## Communications for the young Executive

# how to Talk to the BOSS

By ALEX BAVELAS  
*Drawings by Robert Osborn*

TO THE young man just entering his life in Management, many business situations will appear confusing. But none, perhaps, will be so unnerving as his occasional inability to make any sense whatever of his superiors' remarks. Much of this difficulty will come from the fact that many common English words have acquired special Management meanings. Some will even appear to have meanings precisely opposite to their usual sense. (Examples are cited in the chapter "Words of Equal and Opposite Meanings" in the author's *Glossary for the Junior Executive*.)

As the young manager's experiences with Executive Language accumulate, this uncertainty will naturally diminish. But there will still be occasions when a superior's remarks will remain obscure.

It must be remembered that a senior executive may not always *intend* to be clear. He may be speaking on the level of High Policy—in which case what appears to be vagueness is in reality practiced caution. And, of course, there will be times when his utterances will be truly random: he may simply be talking off the top of his mind. But in the majority of instances he really will be saying something; and sometimes, indeed, he will be saying several things at once.

An important principle for the junior executive to remember at such moments is that it is

more important to respond than to understand. *A responsive young man is a promising young man.* Senior executives are very sensitive to responsiveness. They will gladly elaborate their ideas to a junior if his responsiveness is adequate. But, if it is lacking, their remarks may grow increasingly enigmatic and communication may cease altogether.

(For a detailed description of Degenerative Communication Cycles, see the case studies in the author's book *Open Door Termination Policies in Higher Management*.)

This does not mean that an interested and enthusiastic response may be superficially assumed. It must be genuinely *felt*. The spontaneous warmth of *true* responsiveness cannot be easily simulated; but it can, with diligence and imagination, be developed. Learn to find in every executive situation those elements, however irrelevant, to which your sympathies can naturally extend. The cultivation of a sincere and effortless responsiveness will yield rich dividends. It will not only gain you the favorable attention of your seniors, but will form the solid basis of experience on which you yourself will



later be able to detect true responsiveness in your juniors.

A SECOND principle to keep firmly in mind is that the early utterances of the young manager are not judged primarily on their content, but on their *qualitative imputation*. The most telling statements are those altogether empty of factual content.

Their effectiveness comes in no small measure from the fact that they are fundamentally



irrefutable. Outright stupidity, of course, may create occasional embarrassments. But even here, business experience shows that *technical* stupidity may often be organizationally absorbed with scarcely noticeable effects, while *social* stupidity has unpredictable and generally unpleasant consequences. For example, let us suppose that during a quiet moment in the day's activities a senior executive finds himself with one of his juniors and, turning to him, asks:

"Jones, should we be doing anything about economic education in the plant?"

How should Jones answer? Let us examine some possible errors.

Error 1: "I don't think so, sir." The fault here is so obvious that it hardly deserves comment. *One does not respond to any question (from a superior) containing the participative "we" with an outright negative.* What kind of qualitative imputation is this young man making?

Error 2: "I think we should, sir." This answer commits the error of implying that the answer is so evident as to require no deliberation. Also, it may suggest that the advisability of the step was long ago clear to the junior. Worse yet, the answer implies that the junior understands what is meant by "economic education in the plant." Since it is exceedingly likely that the senior is vague on this point, the junior's answer makes a smooth continuation for his superior very difficult.

Error 3: "Economic education in the plant, sir?" This is an unnecessary provocation of the senior to define the concept or break off the conversation.

Error 4: "Well, sir, I think it depends upon the basic orientation of the program that is used and upon the technique with which it is executed in each specific plant situation. I have been studying a survey of the results obtained in the use of the PROPOG plan of economic education and industrial citizenship in non-unionized plants. These data suggest . . ."



This sort of thing makes any dignified counter-response impossible!

LET US now, in contrast, look at some more adequate solutions:

Response 1: "I think the idea is very interesting; I guess I ought to know more about it, sir."

This is a good example of the *poised response*. It leaves the senior in full control, and offers him the option of several safe continuations. Notice that this response prominently displays interest and willingness to learn.

Response 2: "I guess we ought to think this through; I will try to dig up some definitive information on the subject, sir." This response displays thoughtfulness and a sense of responsibility. The nice use of the word "definitive" will not go unnoticed. (The reader may be interested to know that "definitive" displaced "definite" in the 1954 edition of the author's *Executive Word Lists*.)

But of particular interest is the junior's use of the participative "we." This term is unquestionably useful in communicating with subordinates and associates, since repeated studies have shown that it practically insures group harmony. In upward communication, however, it must be used with great care. The employment of the participative pronouns by juniors when addressing superiors should always follow and *never* precede evidence that participation is invited. *Don't be an in-creeper.*

Response 3: Thoughtful pause, meditative nod, partial closing of eyes. These wordless responses are included here with some hesitation. Technically, they are *projective* rather than *imputational*. The secret of their exceptional effectiveness is that they avoid the use of actual speech. Also, they eliminate the fault of premature commitment, and they afford an unimpaired range of continuations. Of course, wordless responses cannot be recommended for the beginner, although practice in the home is not out of place and will help to develop the sensitivity and confidence that the technique demands.

IT IS clear that we have dealt with only a few of the communication problems that arise in the initial experiences of the young manager. In considering these problems, we have discussed only the first steps of what is in reality a sequence of responsive interchanges. But early experiences are crucial in the proper shaping of human relationships. For a more detailed treatment of executive communications, and an analysis of the techniques for correlating oneself into the modern Management Team, I refer the reader to the author's forthcoming *Talking Upward Without Fear*.



Martin Quigley

# HOME-GROWN TV IN ST. LOUIS

On a shoestring, imagination, and plenty of aspirin, a bold band of Missourians launched a nerve-wracking and magnificent experiment . . . which can be duplicated in your own community.

I WRITE this with a steady hand, in a state of excellent health. I am quite myself again. A few weeks ago I retired as general manager of educational television station KETC of St. Louis.

Last August, three weeks before the station went on the air, the Board of Trustees of the St. Louis Educational Television Commission asked me to become manager long enough, at least, to give them time to find a steady man for the position.

"Well," my wife remarked when I told her of their offer, "not everyone gets a chance to run a television station." So I took (a) leave of absence from my firm and (b) the job.

In selecting me, the Board avoided the mistake of hiring an education expert who knew nothing about television and also the mistake of hiring a television expert who knew nothing about education. I knew nothing about either. I was so ignorant that I did not even understand what there was to be afraid of in bringing education and television together. Most education experts are afraid of television because they think it is making brainless videots out of so much of the citizenry that it might cause a serious slump in the demand for their services. Most television experts get jumpy when education is mentioned because they think that education on television will drive people away from their sets by the droves. This, of course, would reduce the call for *their* services.

The first thing I did upon grasping the reins was to try to find out what I had got into. I learned that KETC is a VHF station (that means you don't need a converter, Mother) licensed to use Channel 9, right in the same block with such commercial neighbors as KSD-TV (*Post-Dispatch*) on Channel 5 and KWK-TV (*Globe-Democrat*) on Channel 4. It is also a community station, owned and operated by the St. Louis Educational Television Commission, a group of citizens that represents all the people and institutions of the community.

If you're thinking about starting an educational station, this is the best kind to have. KETC was set up this way for two reasons: (1) there are a great many educational and cultural institutions in the St. Louis area—including two universities—all of which should have the opportunity and the duty to shed their peculiar light upon the community, and (2) it was felt that all points of view should be represented and control should not be vested in any one institution or organization.

BY THE time I got there, KETC had assets of about \$1,000,000, not counting the value of the channel itself. St. Louis University contributed a transmitter and use of a tower; Washington University, facilities and land for a new studio. With the St. Louis public schools taking the lead, a way was found to make it legally possible for schools to support the station by subscribing to the in-school service at the rate of about \$1 a year per pupil—a total of nearly \$150,000 of annual operating revenue from more than twenty school systems in the area.

One of the key contributions was \$150,000 from the Fund for Adult Education, established by the Ford Foundation, for equipment. Arthur

B. Baer, president of a St. Louis department store, financed the building of a new studio, and other individuals and companies came through in style—a number of firms contributing on the basis of \$1 a year per employee. On a single dramatic evening, an army of PTA ladies went door-to-door and collected \$100,000 from their neighbors.

One of my big assets was the Board of Trustees of the Commission, as fine a body of public-spirited citizens as one could find. We never once argued about anything except money, programs, and personnel.

I cannot take credit for the staff, because most of them were there before I was, but they were all talented, committed, hard-working, and ornery. Looking back, the only criticism I can make of the channel cats, as I came to call the staff, is that they were too tense, too earnest, and too sober. They carried caring too far. I used to wish that I had one top hand who would produce a great show if only I knew what saloon he was hiding out in.

While we were getting ready to go on the air, our studio was in what had once been a women's gymnasium, about big enough to accommodate an inter-sorority volleyball game and its rooters. We had two cameras, an assortment of lights and mikes, a control room, and a kinescope machine—all pretty good stuff, but not nearly up to network studio standards. My office was in one of the shower stalls downstairs. We had an operating budget of about \$25,000 a month and enough cash and pledges on hand to see us through the upcoming school year—ten months—if income was realized and costs not exceeded.

During those first three weeks I was often afraid that we were not going to get on the air; during the next six months I was often afraid that we had.

#### THE ART OF THE POSSIBLE

ONE OF the first interesting discoveries I made was that in educational television, as in politics, your course is determined by the ways it is possible to go. You have to have a general direction, and it is helpful to talk about what you ought to do, but you must know what you *can* do. The limiting factors—the time, facilities, and talent available to you—tend to push you along the way you go. And the greatest of these is talent.

Our situation boiled down to this: we had to

produce some one thousand hours of programing for what a network spends on the production of one ninety-minute "spectacular." And the law said that this had to be educational programing, so we could not fill the time with free and frivolous entertainment. We did not have the remote equipment to take our cameras outside the studio or much money to spend on films, either of our own or others' making. We did not have time or facilities to provide either splendid sets or decent rehearsal time. (With only one studio, we could not put one show on the air and rehearse the next one, but, even so, we produced live shows back to back.)

These facts seemed to indicate that our audience was bound to hear a lot of talk, because talk is both cheap and educational. Anticipating the inevitable, we dubbed our station the "panel channel."

But we have tried to keep the talk on subjects of importance, to make it deal with the facts and ideas and literary and artistic accomplishments that have made this republic what it is. From the start we pledged that our channel would be a channel of free discussion; that we would not take a stand on any issue, but would provide free and civilized examination of important public issues. We drew the line only at profanity, obscenity, slander, and sedition.

We set out to do three different things: first, in-school programing for the public, parochial, and private elementary and secondary schools of our area; second, a daily after-school program for children; third, evening programs for the home audience.

We started our in-school programing with the idea that it should be supplementary to the regular curriculum—and this, by the way, is still the prevalent notion in educational television as a whole—but we are now producing with the thought that it should be at the very heart of the teaching of such subjects as spelling, literature, arithmetic, and the sciences.

We are trying to use television to ameliorate the tragic effects of the growing teacher shortage. And we hope eventually to bring expert instruction into every classroom in our community. A great many communities show no indication of making use of the channels set aside for educational purposes. One reason is that many people do not realize the enormous potential value to their schools.

In a recent statement, Philip J. Hickey, superintendent of instruction for the St. Louis public



schools, described in-school television as potentially "the most important factor in solving the teacher shortage on the educational horizon today."

And now, while I am opening a Budweiser, let's let Mr. Hickey go on to explain how our in-school programs work. Mr. Hickey.

"The in-school programs, telecast during school hours, are for classroom use, although anybody can tune them in. They are produced by the station's staff under the supervision of a school-operations committee made up of representatives of the public, parochial, and private schools.

"During the present semester, seven in-school programs are being broadcast, a total of eighteen hours a week. These include science and music programs for elementary grades, and literature, history, and a program called 'The Roots of Our Republic' for high-school students. We are working on a spelling program for elementary use and on other basic courses.

"Each program is offered several times during the week, so that all schools in the area have a chance to fit it into their schedules. Each program is on kinescope so it can be offered semester after semester. As the station continues to produce new programs, it builds up its library. Within a few years it will be able to offer a substantial range of courses."

#### EDUCATION OUT OF SCHOOL

OUR second area is the after-school show for children from eight to thirteen. It is called "The Finder," and we are very proud of it. We present it every afternoon, Monday through Friday, from 5:00 to 5:15. Once a week we pull a kinescope of it, and this is distributed to all the other educational stations by the Educational TV and Radio Center. The Finder is an attractive young man who finds interesting people and things and brings them into the studio. It is an expensive show by our standards. It requires a producer, assistant producer, director, a couple of stagehands, and a variety of talent—most of it free—not to mention the technical crew and various volunteers who pull cables and run errands.

Let me give you one example of The Finder's popularity. On the theory that children ought to take part in a show instead of just watching it, the Finder one day invited his audience to explore a cave with him—a big cave, about

seventy-five miles away in the Ozarks. The appointed Saturday came, and almost five thousand kids, not to mention their parents, scoutmasters, etc., were at that cave's door. Tell that to your box-top-happy sponsors.

For six months, the Finder was a good-looking, humorous, lanky young fellow named Irwin "Sonny" Fox. Then Sonny was hired away by CBS. It was a tribute to our station, but it meant that Dick Hartzell, who had thought up The Finder and is its producer, had to look for a replacement—a task complicated by the fact that more than five hundred people from all over the country applied for the job as soon as the news about Sonny's leaving broke.

OUR third area is the evening programing that we do Monday through Friday from eight to ten. Here we are in direct competition with the commercial-network programs, and we do not expect watchers to take our handicaps into consideration. We have to look better than the networks to a good many people to draw an audience.

By network standards, we operate on pure oxygen. My greatest personal consolation used to be discussing these programs with professionals from commercial television. When, with their professional understanding, they saw what we were accomplishing with inadequate facilities, almost no rehearsal time, amateur talent, and an overworked staff that included many apprentices without previous training or experience, they shook my hand, patted my back, and returned to their own problems with vast relief.

Where the networks have, say, twenty-five hours of studio rehearsal time for a half-hour show, we have five minutes. Under these conditions, the pros understand that it is inevitable that some of our programs are going to crawl into the studio, die in front of the camera, lie on the floor, and stink.

By the standards of local commercial stations, however, our programing is elaborate and costly. In fact, I dare say there is not a local commercial television station in the country that attempts to do—or could do if it tried—as much and as complicated live programing as we do, without remote equipment. After all, local live commercial television consists almost entirely of weather, news, sports, and an occasional public-service panel discussion.

The live evening programing we do falls into three classifications:

First, we do college courses, which require a great deal of preparation on the part of the teacher, the producer, and the staff. One of the best of these is "Walker in the City." The Walker is Dr. Edgar A. Anderson, professor of botany at Washington University and head of the famous Shaw's Gardens of St. Louis. He brings into the studio a great many things to look at—plants, pictures, maps, books, etc.—and the camera goes with him on his walks about the city. So the program consists of a live lecture with visuals plus film clips. A show like this has to be produced; it can't just walk into the studio.

Another course, in American history, is given by the Reverend John Francis Bannon, S.J., professor of history at St. Louis University, who probably talks to more people a night now than he might have in a career of classroom lecturing. A third course, Dr. Huston Smith's "The Religions of Man," is offered for credit by Washington University. More than one thousand citizens paid tuition to take it, and other uncounted thousands are looking in.

Not all of our professors give formal courses, as such. Thomas S. Eliot, chairman of the political science department at Washington University, does a biting weekly analysis called "Politics in Perspective"; and the Reverend Trafford P. Maher, S.J., director of education at St. Louis University, has a lively show aimed at helping people to get along with one another a little better.

#### JAZZ AND PRISON BREAKS

**W**E ALSO present evening programs in the general field of the arts. We bring professionals (except we cannot often afford the union rates for musicians) and talented amateurs into the studio—instrumentalists, folk singers, dancers (from square to ballet), painters and their work, designers, architects, choirs, drama groups, and opera aspirants. And we sometimes spotlight the skills of artisans and the zeal of hobbyists.

Our most ambitious program in this field was a one-hour history of jazz with a cast of what seemed like thousands in our dinky studio. Our most solid accomplishment—and one of the most significant in educational television—was a series of concerts played by professionals under the direction of Dr. Leigh Gerding, head of Washington University's school of music. These concerts had been given each year on the campus for the

### *Due Process*

**T**HERE have been different viewpoints presented, the President said, and eventually there is evolving a plan soon to be crystallized that will be brought out to the Congress for its approval and implementation but that is as far as you can say anything definitely on the thing at this time.

—President Eisenhower in reply to a question on economic aid to Asia at his press conference on March 3, 1955.

few thousand people who attended. This year they were presented on Channel 9 and—thanks to the co-operation of Mr. Petrillo and the Musicians Union, who waived royalty rights for replay—will be made available by the Center to the other educational stations, altogether to an audience of hundreds of thousands.

Third, we do public-affairs programs. We have set aside Wednesday evening for these and call them "The Public Eye." The most popular feature is called "Soap Box" and allows plain citizens, experts, public officials, office holders, and candidates to express their views and stand cross examination. We also do news extras, or discussions based on news breaks.

For example, a long and savage riot at the state penitentiary in Jefferson City was quelled at 3:00 P.M. At eight o'clock that night we had the president of the police commission, a warden, a criminal psychiatrist, and a sociologist on the air in a special program that reported in detail what had taken place during the riot and then went into a discussion of its underlying causes.

It may be coincidence, but the prison problem caught the attention of the press and the public, and major reforms in the system have already been made. And here's another coincidence: We did a program reminding voters of their duty to vote for retention or removal of appointed judges on a ballot separate from the regular political ballot. In previous years only 65 per cent of the voters took the trouble. In the election following our program—with other publicity factors remaining the same—80 per cent did their duty.

Our own live programing is supplemented by selections from the five-hour-a-week kinescope



ation we draw from the Educational TV and Radio Center. What we would like from the Center is music and drama and other kinds of programing we cannot often manage ourselves, but the Center has tough production and clearance problems to solve before we will get them. Meanwhile, we have used Center programs like Baxter on Shakespeare, Mortimer Adler's "Great Ideas," and the readings of Charles Laughton—all first rate.

This kind of programing has built us a respectable audience. Two different reliable surveys conducted after we had been on the air three months indicated we had an evening audience of from 15,000 to 65,000 persons, depending on the pull of our shows and the counter-pull of the network shows, and we know it has grown since.

All the while KETC was getting started, an old friend of mine named Shelby Storck, who has been in television from the beginning, was running the station as operations director. After a time, with the Board's approval, I conned him into taking a try at my job. As manager, he has two advantages over me: (1) he is bigger and stronger than I am, and (2) he knows how to run a television station.

Meantime, our financial situation had grown serious—due largely to unforeseen expenses, but also, I suppose, to the fact that I had sneaked a few extra handfuls of oats in the hungry nag's feedbag. Manager Storck and the board had to face the double job of raising money to stay alive and of improving and increasing the programing in order to get broader public support.

Amid the multitude of worthy and well organized appeals by educational, cultural, social, political, charitable, medical, and other organizations, still another voice can easily be lost in the clamor for money. Even with a mass medium of your own and with the generous help of the community's newspapers and other commercial media—all of which we have—it is no cinch to get money out of businessmen and the public for a new, expensive, and still unproved institution.

But to me it is inconceivable that St. Louis will fail to support Channel 9 as a community station. It has made good friends—friends like Ethan A. H. Shepley, chancellor of Washington University; the Very Reverend Paul C. Reinert, S.J., president of St. Louis University; Superintendent Hickey of the St. Louis public schools; John Bracken, chairman of the county school superintendents; Archbishop Joseph E. Ritter,

under whose jurisdiction are the Catholic parochial schools; and the officials of the Lutheran schools and the private schools. The PTA stands behind the station. So does Civic Progress, Inc., an organization composed of the community's most influential businessmen. So do a great many parents.

I have listed these people in case you think you would like a community educational television station too. It is a rough go, and you had better get the best people and institutions in your community behind it, or it is going nowhere.

#### WHO WANTS IT?

**W**HAT about other communities? What is going on nationally? The Federal Communications Commission, beginning three years ago, has set aside 257 channels—85 VHF and 172 UHF—for the exclusive use of educational and cultural institutions operating on a nonprofit and noncommercial basis. At present there are eleven stations on the air, eight VHF and three UHF. Only one that got on the air—a UHF station in Los Angeles—has folded, but very few of the others have their futures assured. Looking ahead, there seem to be another dozen communities with organizations formed and money in the bank that will give educational television a try in the reasonably near future. In about a hundred other communities, there is talk about getting started.

In addition to the Educational TV and Radio Center, which helps stations meet their programing problems after they are on the air, there are two organizations—The National Citizens Committee for Educational TV and the Joint Committee on Educational TV—that are helping communities and institutions get started. (The former, in the Ring Building, Washington, D. C., is the one to get in touch with.) All of these organizations are operating with funds provided by the Ford Foundation's Fund for Adult Education.

Without these organizations—and without the special grants of from \$100,000 to \$150,000 the Fund for Adult Education has made to stations for equipment—there would probably not be a single educational station on the air today.

Furthermore, the Fund for the Advancement of Education, established by the Ford Foundation to work in the field of formal education, is quietly supporting promising experiments aimed

at using TV to alleviate the teacher shortage.

The Ford Foundation's interest in television—commercial as well as educational, as the stately "Omnibus" attests—began when Paul G. Hoffman was director and Robert M. Hutchins was in charge of educational programs, with the advice of James Webb Young. Respectable people everywhere are hoping, now that these gentlemen are at work in other parts of the forest, that the present Ford administration will continue to support these efforts. The chance is that such support would be regarded a generation hence as its most important action of the 1950s.

At best, it seems certain that the huge majority of the 257 channels will never be put to educational work. There are many reasons for this, and one of the chief ones is the vendetta between the administrative educators and the commercial television interests—not on the local but on the national level and in such arenas as the FCC.

The fight has been going on since the early days of radio, and the contestants have come to hate each other so much that they mistake the joy of fighting one another for the principle of sticking up for the public interest. Even worse, they are both sending their cast-offs into educational television, a malicious form of sabotage.

It is mainly the educators who are trying to persuade people to put up the money for educational television. But they promise too much and consider the problems too little. When I hear an educator—and I have heard many of them use these very words—say that television is the greatest educational tool since the invention of movable type, I immediately suspect that his idea of a good television show is to turn a camera on a teacher and let him lecture.

YOU DO not have to have a very fast windshield wiper to perceive that educational television is really two separate and distinct things. One is in-school television, whether at school or college level. While its potentialities are obvious, there is little discussion among educators about how best to use it. What kinds of subjects can best be taught by television and what kind should be left to the teacher in the classroom? Or in what proportion should the two methods be supplementary? Not much is known about the techniques of teaching by television, especially in abstract subjects, because the body of experience is very slight. But what are the educators doing about it?

The second thing that educational television

is is programs for the home, or mass, audience. No responsible, informed person I know of is now prepared to define what this audience is, or should be, in terms of intellectual attainments and interests. Should we try to add to the education of the educated, or to bring education to those who have had very little? Even when we make arbitrary and very general decisions about the audience we are going to try for, we must admit that we do not really know what content is most valuable, or how to get it, or how to go about imparting it. Indeed, we must ask ourselves if education in the real sense is possible at all, since learning requires effort on the part of the learner, and a systematic presentation of the subject matter.

As a station manager, I went to a big convention on educational television in New York, attended by hundreds of educators. I did not hear problems like these discussed at all. All I heard was prattle about this being the greatest invention, etc. There were six educational station managers there, all with serious problems, and all we did was sit glassy-eyed while the words of the educators rose to some deaf heaven.

When they get into a mass medium, educators do not show much evidence that they understand either the mass or the medium. On the other hand, the commercial people, who claim to understand both, are contemptuous of educational television because it does not win as large an audience for itself as they can by dishing up slapstick comedy, third-rate vaudeville, half-baked drama, a little news, weather, and sports.

Their argument that they are doing some programs of substance is destroyed by their own abandonment, for want of commercial sponsorship, of most of the worthwhile entertainment they undertake.

Commercial television should be subsidizing educational television instead of sneering at it, because educational television provides the best training ground there is for professional talent and about the only spawning ground there is for the program experimentation that commercial producers cannot afford to undertake.

But the first problem is to get educational television on the air—and to keep it there until it can be shaped by the cultural wants of enough people to support it. Actually, all it would take to support a station in any metropolitan community would be fifty cents a year from each of its citizens, and no one has yet estimated what its returns for the future might be.





# *The Condemned Librarian*

A Story by JESSAMYN WEST

*Drawings by Mary M. Lohmann*

LOUISE MCKAY, M.D., the librarian at Beaumont High School, sent me another card today. It was on the wickerwork table, where Mother puts my snack, when I got home from teaching. This afternoon the snack was orange juice and graham crackers, the orange juice in a plain glass so that the deepness, the thickness of the color was almost like a flame inside a hurricane lamp. The graham crackers were on a blue willowware plate and it just so happened that Dr. McKay's card was Van Gogh's "Sunflowers." It was a perfect still life, the colors increasing in intensity through the pale sand of the wickerwork table to the great-bong (I want to say) for I swear I could hear it, of Van Gogh's flaming sunflowers. I looked at the picture Mother had composed for me (I don't doubt) for some time before I read Dr. McKay's card.

Dr. McKay sends me about four cards a year—not at any particular season, as Christmas, Easter, or the like. Her sentiments are not suited to such festivals. Usually her message is only a line or two—"Why did you do it?" or, "Condemned, condemned, condemned." Something very dramatic and always on a post card so that the world at large can read it if it chooses.

Mother shows her perfect tact by saying nothing if she does read. Perhaps she doesn't; though a single sentence in a big masculine hand is hard to miss. Except for her choice of the Van Gogh print, which showed her malice, Dr. McKay's message this afternoon was very mild—for her. "I am still here, which will no doubt make you happy."

Apart from the fact that any one interested in the welfare of human beings generally would want her there (or at least not practicing in a hospital) it does make me happy. This evening when I pulled down the flag I was somehow reassured, standing there in the schoolyard with the cold north wind blowing the dust in my face, to think that over there on the other side of the mountains Louise McKay was ending her day, too. Take away the mountains and fields and we might be gazing into each other's eyes.

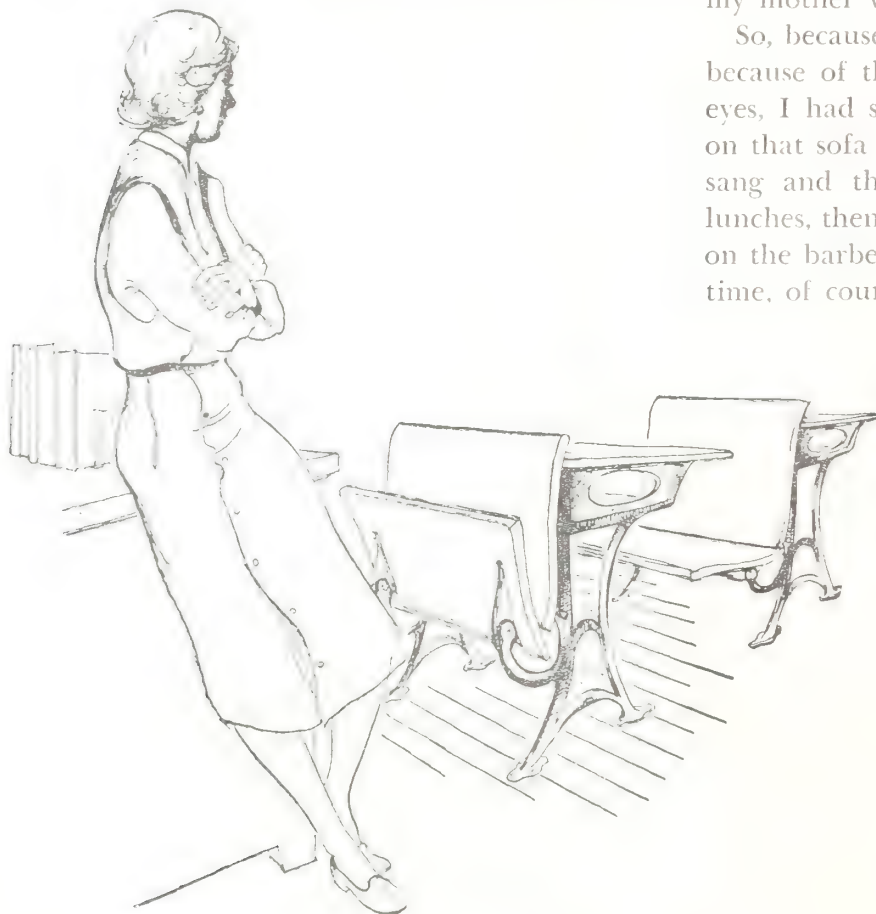
I sat down in my perfect little room with the juice my mother had squeezed—we hate substitutes—and looked at the card and remembered when I had first seen that marching handwriting—everything else about her has changed, but not that. I saw it first on the card she gave me telling me of my next date with her. From the moment I arrived at Oakland State I started hearing about Dr. Louise McKay. She was a real campus heroine though for no real reason. Except that at a teachers' college, with no football heroes, no faculty members with off-campus reputations, the craving for superiority must satisfy itself on the material at hand, however skimpy. And for a student body made up of kids and middle-aged teachers come to Oakland from the lost little towns of mountain and desert I suppose it was easy to think of Dr. McKay as heroic or fascinating or accomplished.

I was different, though. I was neither middle-aged nor a kid. I was twenty-six years old and

I had come to Oakland expecting something. I had had choices. I had made sacrifices to get there, sacrifices for which no "heroic" lady doctor however "fascinating," "well dressed" (I can't remember all the phrases used about her now) could be a substitute.

I had a very difficult time deciding to go to Oakland State. I had taught at Liberty School for six years and I loved that place. It was "beautiful for situation" as the Bible says, located ten miles out of town in the rolling semi-dry upland country where the crop was grain, not apricots and peaches. It was a one-room school and I was its only teacher. It stood in the midst of this sea of barley and oats like an island. In winter and spring this big green sea of ripening grain rolled and tossed about us—all but crested and broke—all but—though never quite. In a way, this was irritating.

For half the year at Liberty there were no barley waves to watch, only the close-cut stubble of reaped fields and the enormous up-thrust of the San Jacinto mountains beyond. Color was my delight then. I used to sit out in the schoolyard at noon or recess and paint. A former teacher had discarded an old sleigh-back sofa, had it put out in the yard halfway between the school and the woodshed. It stood amidst the volunteer oats and mustard like a larger growth.



It seemed planted in earth. In the fall when Santa Anna's blew, tumbleweeds piled up about it. I don't know how long it had been there when I arrived but it had taken very well to its life in the fields; its legs balanced, its springs stayed inside the upholstery, and the upholstery itself still kept some of its original cherry tones. There I sat—when I wasn't playing ball with the kids—like a hunter, hidden in a game blind, only my game wasn't lions and tigers, it was the whole world, so to speak: the mountains, the grain fields, the kids, the schoolhouse itself. I sat there and painted.

Oh not *well*, I've never said that, ever. Never claimed that for a minute. And it's easy to impress children and country people who think it's uncanny if you can draw an apple which looks like an apple. And I could do much more than that. I could make mountains that looked like mountains, children who looked like children. How that impressed the parents! So I had gotten in the habit of being praised, though from no one who counted, no one who *knew*. I had been sensibly brought up by my mother, taught to evaluate these plaudits rightly. I understood that my schoolyard talent didn't make me a Bonheur or Cassatt. Even so there was nothing else I had ever wanted to do. This schoolteaching was just a way of making money, of helping my mother who was a widow.

So, because of the time I had for painting and because of the gifts Liberty School had for my eyes, I had six happy years. I sat like a queen on that sofa in the grass while the meadowlarks sang and the butcher birds first caught their lunches, then impaled their suppers, still kicking, on the barbed wire fence. I didn't paint all the time, of course. Kids learned to read there. At the end of the sixth year there was only one eighth grader who could beat me in mental arithmetic. I was the acknowledged champion at Skin the Cat and could play adequately any position on the softball team.

There was not much left to learn at Liberty, and I began, I don't know how, to feel that learning, not teaching, was my business.

In the middle of my sixth year I had to put a tarpaulin over the sofa. A spring broke through the upholstery, a leg crumbled. After that I had to prop it on a piece of stove wood. That spring I noticed



for the first time that the babies of six I had taught my first year were developing Adam's apples or busts. Girls who had been thirteen and fourteen my first year came back to visit Liberty School, married and with babies in their arms.

"You haven't changed," they would tell me. "Oh, it's a real anchor to find you here, just the same."

Then husbands who were often boys my own age, twenty-four or twenty-five, treated me like an older woman. I might have been their mother, or mother-in-law. I was the woman who had taught their wives. I don't think I looked so much old then as ageless. I've taken out some of the snaps of that year, pictures taken at school. My face, in a way, looks as young as my pupils'; in other ways as old as Mt. Tahquitz. It looks back at me with the real stony innocence of a face in a coffin—or a cradle.

At Thanksgiving time I was to be out of school three days before the holiday so that I could have a minor operation. When I left school on Friday, Mary Elizabeth Ross, one of my fourth graders, clasped me fondly and said, "May I be the first to hold your baby when you get back from the hospital?"

She wouldn't believe it when I told her I was going to the hospital because I was sick, not to get a baby, and she cried when I came back to school empty armed.

That I noticed these things showed my restlessness. It might have passed, I might have settled in to a lifetime on that island except that at Christmas I hung some of my paintings with my pupils' pictures at the annual Teachers' Institute exhibit. They caused a stir and I began foolishly to dream of painting full time, of going to a big city, Los Angeles or San Francisco, where I would take a studio and have lessons. I didn't mention the idea to anyone, scarcely to myself. When any one else suggested such a thing to me, I pooh-poohed it. "Me paint? Don't be funny."

But I dreamed of it; the less I said the more I dreamed; and the more I dreamed the less possible talking became. I didn't paint much that winter, but I moved through those months with the feel of a paint brush in my hand. I could feel, way up in my arm the strokes I would need to make to put Tahquitz, dead white against the green winter sky on canvas, put it there so people could see how it really *floats*, that great peak, was hung aloft there like a giant

ship against the sky. But I didn't say a word to any one about my plans, not even to the School Board when I handed in my resignation at Easter. I hadn't lost my head entirely. I told them I was going to "study." I didn't say what. They thought education, of course.

The minute I had resigned I was filled with fear. I sat on my three-legged sofa amidst the waves of grain that never crested and shivered until school was out. I had undoubtedly been a fool; not only was I without serious talent, I was without money; and where would I find anything as good as what I had? Everything began to say stay. I would enter my room at night (the one in which I now write) which my mother kept so exquisitely, books ranged according to size and color, the white bedspread at once taut and velvety, the blue iris in a fan-shaped arc in a brown bowl—and I was a part of that composition. If I walked out, the composition collapsed. And outside, I too was a fragment. I would stand there asking myself, "Where will you find anything better?"

There was never any answer.

I COULD only find something different, and possibly worse. So why go? I had seen myself as a lady Sherwood Anderson, locking the factory door behind me and walking down the tracks toward freedom and self-expression. I could dream that dream but I was afraid to act it. I would stand in my perfectly neat bedroom and frighten myself with pictures of my next room, far away, sordid, with strangers on each side. Fear was in my chest like a stone, that whole spring. I had no talent, I was gambling everything on an egotistical attention-seeking whim. It was perfectly natural to have done so—my misery finally drove me to talking with my mother. It was perfectly natural she assured me to want a change of scene and occupation. Who didn't occasionally? But why run away to big cities and studios? Why wouldn't the perfectly natural, perfectly logical thing (since I'd already resigned) be to go to Oakland State and study for my Secondary Credential? The minute I, or Mother, I don't remember which of us, thought of this way out, I was filled with bliss, real bliss. I would get away, go to a real city, be surrounded with people devoted to learning, but not risk everything.

I heard about Dr. Louise McKay from the minute I arrived on the campus. She was as I've said a kind of college heroine, though it

was hard to understand why. What had she done that was so remarkable? She had been a high school librarian, and had become a doctor. What's so extraordinary about that? The girls, and by that I mean the women students—for many of them were teachers themselves, well along in their thirties and forties, or even fifties—the girls always spoke about Louise McKay's change of profession as if it were a Lazarus-like feat; as if she had practically risen from the dead. People are always so romantic about doctors, and it's understandable, I suppose, dealing as they do with life and death. But Louise McKay! The girls talked about her as if what she'd done had been not only romantic but heroic.

In the first place they emphasized her age. Forty-two! To me at twenty-six that didn't of course seem young. Still, it was silly to go on about her as if she were a Grandma Moses of medicine—and as if medicine itself were not, quite simply, nothing more than doctoring people; a saying, "This ails you," and, "I think this pill will help you." They spoke of doctoring as if it were as hazardous as piloting a jet plane. And they spoke of Louise McKay's size, "That tiny, tiny thing," as if she'd been a six-year-old, praising her for her age and her youth at one and the same time. Her size, they said, made it seem as if the child-examining-doll game were reversed; as if doll took out stethoscope and examined child; she was that tiny and dainty, they said, that long-lashed and pink-cheeked. They exclaimed over her clothes, too. They were delightful in themselves, but particularly so because they emphasized the contrast between her profession and her person. She was a scientist and might have been expected to wear something manly and practical—or something dowdy. She did neither. They'd all been to her for their physical examinations—somehow I'd never been scheduled for that—and could give a complete inventory of her chic wardrobe. I myself saw her only once before I called on her professionally in December. I didn't see many people, as a matter of fact, at Oakland State, in any capacity, except professional.

**T**RUE, I was studying. Not that the work was difficult—or interesting either. "History of Education," "Principles of Secondary Education," "Classroom Management," "Curriculum Development." But the books were better than the people. Had I lived out there on my

three-legged sofa with children and nature too long? Or was there something really wrong with the people in teachers' colleges? Anyway, I had no friends and the nearer I got to a Secondary Credential, the less I wanted it. But I wanted something—miserably, achingly, wretchedly I wanted something. Whether or not this longing, this sense of something lost, had anything to do with the illness that came upon me toward the end of December I don't know. I attributed this illness at first to the raw damp bay weather after my lifetime in the warmth and dryness of the inland foothills; I thought that my lack of routine, after days of orderly teaching, might be responsible, and, finally, after I had adopted a routine and had stayed indoors out of the mists and fogs and the discomfort persisted I told myself that everyone as he grew older lost some of his early exuberant health. I was no longer in my first youth and this, "when my health began to fail"—I thought of it in that way rather than as having any specific ailment—accounted for my miseries. I had always been impatient with the shufflings and snufflings, the caution on stairs and at the table of the no longer young. I thought they could do better if they tried. Now I began to understand that they couldn't do better and that they probably were trying. I was trying. I couldn't do better. I panted on the hills and puffed on the library steps. I leaned against hand rails, I hawked and spat and harrumphed like any oldster past his prime. I did what I could to regain the well-being of my youth. I took long walks to get back my lost wind, ate sparingly, plunged under tingling showers.

By the end of December I felt so miserable I decided to see Dr. McKay at the infirmary. So many new things had been discovered about glands and vitamins, about toxins and anti-toxins that one pill a day was possibly all that stood between me and perfect health. I had the feeling, as people do who have always been well, that a doctor commands a kind of magic—can heal with a glance; even Dr. McKay, this little ex-librarian, a doll of a woman with her big splashy earrings and high-heeled shoes and expensive perfumes, could cast a spell of health upon me.

That was the first time I'd ever seen Louise McKay, close. My first thought was, she looks every inch her age. She had dark hair considerably grayed, there were lines about her eyes, and her throat muscles were somewhat slack. My second thought was, Why doesn't she admit



it. I was dressed more like a middle-aged woman than she. Of course, since she had on a white surgeon's coat, all that could be seen of her "personal attire" was the three or four inches of brown tweed skirt beneath it. But she wore red, very high-heeled shell pumps. Her hair was set in a modified page boy, ends turned under in a soft roll with a thick rather tangled fringe across her forehead. It was a somewhat advanced hair style for that year—certainly for a middle-aged doctor. Her eyebrows, which were thick and dark, had been obviously shaped by plucking and her finger nails were painted coral. She was smiling when I came in. She had considerable color in her face for a dark-haired woman and she sat at a desk with flowers and pictures on it—not family pictures but little prints of famous paintings.



She said, looking at her appointment calendar which had my name on it, "Miss McCullars?"

I said, "Yes."

Then she said, "I see we have something in common." She meant our Scotch names of course, but out of some contrariness which I find hard to explain now I pretended not to understand so that she had to explain her little joke to me. But then it wasn't very funny. She discovered, in looking through her files, that I hadn't had the usual physical examination on entering college.

"Why not?" she asked.

"I didn't get a notice to come," I said, "so I just skipped it."

"It would've helped," she told me, "to have that record now to check against. Just what seems to be the trouble?"

"It's probably nothing. I'm probably just the campus hypochondriac."

"That role's already filled."

I didn't feel well even then, though the stimulation of the talk and of seeing the famous Dr. McKay did make me forget some of my miseries. So I began that afternoon what I always continued in her office—an impersonation of high-spirited, head-tossing health. I don't know why. It wasn't a planned or analyzed action. It just happened that the minute I opened her office door I began to act the part of a person bursting with vitality and health. There I was, practically dying on my feet as it was later proved, but hiding the fact by every device I could command. What did I think I was doing? The truth is I wasn't thinking at all.

"I must say you don't look sick," she admitted. Then she began to ask me about my medical history.

"I don't have any medical history. Except measles at fifteen."

"Was there some specific question you wanted to ask me. Some problem?"

So she thought I was one of those girls? Or one of her worshippers just come in to marvel.

"I don't feel well."

"What specifically?"

"Oh—aches and pains."

"Where?"

"Oh—here, there, and everywhere."

"We'll run a few tests and I'll examine you. The nurse will help you get undressed."

When it was over she said, "Is your temperature ordinarily a little high?"

"I don't know. I never take it."

"You have a couple of degrees now."

"Above or below normal?"

A little of her school-librarian manner came out. "Are you trying to be funny?"

I wasn't in the least.

"A fever is always above normal."

"What does it mean to have a fever?"

"An infection of some sort."

"It could be a tooth? A tonsil?"

"Yes, it could be. I want to see you tomorrow at ten."

I remember my visit next morning very well. The acacia trees were in bloom and Dr. McKay's office was filled with their dusty honey-bee scent. Dr. McKay was still in street clothes—a blouse, white, high-necked, but frothy with lace and semi-transparent so that you saw more lace beneath. As if she were determined to have everything, I thought: age and youth, practicality and ornamentation, science and femininity. You hero of the campus, I thought, ironically. But

she rebuked us schoolteachers by the way she dressed and held herself—and lived, I expected; she really did. And I, I rebuked her in turn, for our hurt honor.

"How do you feel this morning?" she asked.

What did she think to uncover in me? A cry baby and complainer, she standing there in her lovely clothes and I in my dress sun-faded from the Liberty schoolyard?

"Fine," I told her, "I feel fine."

**H**OW I felt, was her business to discover, wasn't it, not mine to tell? If I knew exactly how I felt, and why, what would've been the use of seeing a doctor? Besides, once again in her office I was stimulated by her presence so that my miseries when not there seemed quite possibly something I had imagined.

"I wanted to check your temperature this morning," she told me.

She sat me down on a white stool, put a thermometer in my mouth, then, while we waited, asked me questions which she thought I could answer with a nod of the head.

"You like teaching? You want to go on with it? You have made friends here?"

She was surprised when she took the thermometer from my mouth. After looking at it thoughtfully she shook it down and said, "Morning temperature, too."

"You didn't expect that?"

"No, frankly, I didn't."

"Why not?"

"In the kind of infection I suspected you had a morning temperature isn't usual."

I didn't ask what infection she suspected. I had come to her office willing to be thumped, X-rayed, tested in any way *she* thought best. I was willing to give her samples of sputum or urine, to cough when told to cough, say ahhh or hold my breath while she counted ten. Whatever she *told* me to do I would do. But she had turned doctor, not I. If she was a doctor not a librarian now was her chance to prove it. Here I was with my fever, come willingly to her office. Let her tell me its cause.

For the next month, Dr. McKay lived, so far as I was concerned, the life of a medical detective trying to find the villain behind the temperature. The trouble was the villain's habits differed from day to day. It was as if a murderer had a half-dozen different thumb prints, and left now one, now another behind him. One day much temperature, the next day none. Dr. McKay elimi-

nated villain after villain: malaria, tonsillitis, rheumatic fever, infected teeth. And while she found disease after disease which I did not have I grew steadily worse. By May about the only time I ever felt well was while I was in Dr. McKay's office. Entering it was like going on to a stage. However near I might have been to collapse before that oak door opened, once inside it I was able to play with perfect ease my role of health. I was unable, actually, to do anything else. I assumed health when I entered her office as they say Dickens, unable to stand without support, assumed health when he walked out before an audience.

It was nothing I planned. I couldn't by an act of will have feigned exuberance and well-being, gone to her office day after day consciously to play the role of Miss Good Health of 1940, could I? No, something unconscious happened the minute I crossed that threshold, something electric—and ironic. I stood, sat, stooped, reclined, breathed soft, breathed hard, answered questions, flexed my muscles, exposed my reflexes for Dr. McKay with vigor and pleasure—and irony. Especially irony. I was sick, sick, falling apart, crumbling, dying on my feet, and I knew it. And this woman, this campus hero whose province it was to know it, was ignorant of the fact. I didn't know what ailed me and wasn't supposed to. She was. It was her business to know.

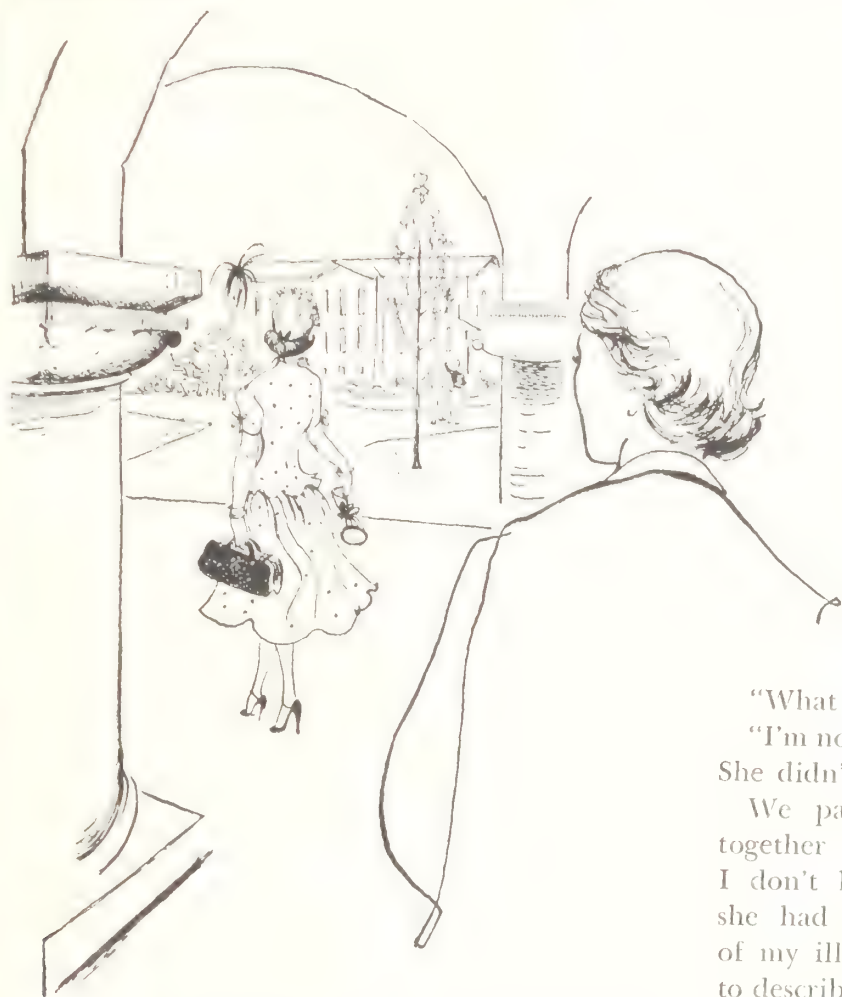
**I**N THE beginning, tuberculosis had been included among the other suspected diseases. But the non-tubercular fever pattern, the absence of positive sputum, the identical sounds of the lungs when percussed all had persuaded Dr. McKay that the trouble lay elsewhere. I did not speculate at all about my sickness. I had never been sick before, nor even, for that matter, known a sick person. For all I knew I might have elephantiasis or leprosy and when Dr. McKay began once again to suspect tuberculosis I was co-operative and untroubled. She was going to give me what she called "a patch test." Whether this is still used I don't know. The test then consisted of the introduction of a small number of tubercle bacilli to a patch of scraped skin. If, after a day or two, there was no "positive" reaction, no inflammation of the skin, one was thought to have no tubercular infection.

On the day Dr. McKay began this test she used the word tuberculosis for the first time. I had experienced when I entered her office that



afternoon my usual heightening of well-being, what amounted to a real gaiety.

"So you still don't give up?" I asked when she announced her plan for the new test. "Still won't admit that what you have on your hands is a hypochondriac?"



It was a beautiful afternoon in late May. School was almost over for the year. Students drifted past the window walking slowly homeward, relishing the sunshine and the blossoming hawthorn, their faces lifted to the light, Cubberly and Thorndyke and Dewey given the go-by for an hour or two. Some of this end-of-the-year, lovely-day quiet came into my interview with Dr. McKay. Though it had started with my usual high-spirited banter, I stopped that. It seemed inappropriate. I experienced my usual unusual well-being but there was added to it that strange, quiet, listening tenderness which marks the attainment of a pinnacle of some kind.

Dr. McKay stood before her window, her surgeon's jacket off—I was her last patient for the day—in her usual frothy blouse, very snow-white against the rose-red of the hawthorn trees.

She turned away from the window and said to me, "You aren't a hypochondriac."

She shook her head. "I don't know." Then she explained the patch-test to me.

"Tuberculosis?" I asked. "And no hectic flush, no graveyard cough, no skin and bones?"

The words were still bantering, possibly, but the tone had changed, tender, tender, humorous, and fondling; the battle—if there had been one—over; and the issue, whatever it was, settled. "In spite of all that, this test?"

"In spite of all that," she said.

She did the scraping deftly. I watched her hands and while I doubt that there is any such thing as a "surgeon's hands," Dr. McKay's didn't look like a librarian's, either, marked by fifteen years of mucilage pots, library stamps, and ten-cent fines. I could smell her perfume and note at close range the degree to which she defied time and the expected categories.

"Come back Monday at the same time," she told me when she had finished.

"What do you expect Monday?" I asked.

"I'm no prophet," she answered. "If I were . . ." She didn't finish her sentence.

We parted like comrades who have been together on a long and dangerous expedition. I don't know what she felt or thought—that she had really discovered, at last, the cause of my illness, perhaps. What I felt is difficult to describe. Certainly my feelings were not those of the usual patient threatened with tuberculosis. Instead I experienced a tranquillity I hadn't known for a long time. I felt like a lover and a winner, triumphant but tranquil. I knew there would be no positive reaction to the skin test. Beyond that I didn't think.

I was quite right about the reaction. Dr. McKay was completely professional Monday afternoon; buttoned up in her white jacket, stethoscope hanging about her neck. I entered her office feeling well, but strange. My veins seemed bursting with blood or triumph. I looked out of the window and remembered where I had been a year ago. Breathing was difficult, but in the past months I had learned to live without breathing. I wore a special dress that afternoon because I thought the occasion special. I wouldn't be seeing Dr. McKay again. It was made of white men's-shirting Madras and had a deep scooped neckline, bordered with a ruffle.

"How do you feel?" Dr. McKay asked as she always did, when I entered.

"Out of this world," I told her.

"Don't joke," she said.

"I wasn't. It's the truth. I feel wonderful."

"Let's have a look at the arm."

"You won't find anything."

"How do you know? Did you peek?"

"No, I didn't but you won't find anything."

"I'll have a look anyway."

There was nothing, just as I'd known. Not a streak of pink even. Nothing but the marks of the adhesive tape to distinguish one arm from the other. Dr. McKay looked and looked. She touched the skin and pinched it.

"Okay," she said, "you win."

"What do you mean 'I win'. You didn't want me to be infected, did you?"

"Of course not."

"I told you all along I was a hypochondriac."

"Okay, Miss McCullars," she said again, "you win." She sat down at her desk and wrote something on my record sheet.

"What's the final verdict?" I asked.

She handed the sheet to me. What she had written was "TB patch-test negative. Fluctuating temperature due to neurotic causes."

"So I won't need to come back?"

"No."

"Nor worry about my lungs?"

"No."

THEN with precise timing, as if that were the cue for which for almost six months I had been waiting, I had, there in Dr. McKay's office, my first hemorrhage. A hemorrhage from the lungs is always frightening and this was a very bad one and my first. They got me to the infirmary at once, but there behind me in Dr. McKay's office was the card stained with my blood and saying that nothing ailed me. I was not allowed to speak for twenty-four hours and my thought, once the hemorrhaging had stopped, was contained in two words which ran through my mind, over and over again. "I've won. I've won." What had I won? Well, for one thing I'd won my release from going on with my work for that Secondary Credential. All that could be forgotten and forgotten also the need to leave Liberty at all. I could go back there, back to my stranded sofa and the school library and the mountains, blue over the green barley.

When at the end of twenty-four hours I was permitted to whisper, Dr. Stegner, the head

physician at Oakland State, came to see me.

"When did you first see Dr. McKay?" he asked.

"In December."

"What course of treatment did she prescribe?"

"Not any. She didn't know what was wrong with me."

"Did she ever X-ray you?"

"No."

This, I began to learn, was the crux of the case against Dr. McKay. For there was one. She should have X-rayed me. She should have known that in cases of far advanced tuberculosis, and that was what I had, the already deeply infected system pays no attention to the introduction of one or two more bacilli. All of its forces are massed elsewhere—there are no guards left to repulse border attacks of unimportant skirmishers. But by this time my mother had arrived, alert, knowledgeable, and energetic.

"My poor little girl," she said, "this woman doctor has killed you."

I wasn't dead yet, but as I heard the talk around me I began to understand that in another year or two I might very well be so. And listening to my mother's talk I began to agree with her. Dr. McKay had robbed me not only of health but of a promising career—I had been poised upon the edge of something unusual. I was training myself for service. I had remarkable talents. And now all was denied me and for this denial I could blame Dr. McKay. I did. She had cut me down in mid-career through her ignorance. What did the campus think of its hero, now? For the campus had heard of Dr. McKay's mistake. And the Board of Regents! My mother said it was her duty; that she owed the steps she was taking to some other poor girl who might suffer as I had through Dr. McKay's medical incompetence. I thought it was a matter for her to decide and besides I was far too ill to have or want any say in such decisions. I was sent, as soon as I was able to be moved, to a sanitarium near my home in Southern California.

I had been there four months when I saw Dr. McKay again. At the beginning of the visiting hour on the first Saturday in October the nurse on duty came to my room.

"Dr. McKay to see you," she said.

I had no chance to refuse to see her—though I don't know that I would have refused if I'd had the chance—for Dr. McKay followed the nurse into the room and sat down by my bed.

She had changed a good deal; she appeared little, nondescript, and mousy. She had stopped



shaping her eyebrows and painting her nails. I suppose I had changed too. With the loss of my fever I had lost also all my show of exuberance and life. I lay there in the hospital bed looking, I knew, as sick as I really was. We stared at each other without words for a time.

Then I said, to say something, for she continued silent, "How are things at Oakland State this year?"

"I'm not at Oakland State. I was fired."

I hadn't known it—I was surprised and dismayed but for a heart beat—in a heart beat—I experienced a flash of that old outrageous exultation I had known in her office. I was, in spite of everything, for a second, well and strong and tender in victory. Though what my victory was, I sick and she fired, I couldn't have told.

"I'm sorry," I said. I was. It is a pitiful thing to be out of work.

"Don't lie," she said.

"I am not lying," I told her.

She didn't contradict me. "Why did you do it?" she asked me.

"Do what?" I said, at first really puzzled. Then I remembered my mother's threats. "I had nothing to do with it. Even if I'd wanted to, I was too sick. You know that. I had no idea you weren't in Oakland this year."

"I don't mean my firing—directly. I mean that long masquerade. I mean that willingness to kill yourself, if necessary, to punish me. I tell you a doctor of fifty years' experience would've been fooled by you. Why? Why? I'd never seen you before. I wanted nothing but good for you. Why did you do it? Why?"

"I don't know what you mean."

"What had I ever done to you? Lost there in that dark library, dreaming of being a doctor, saving my money and finally escaping. How had I harmed or threatened you, that you should be willing to risk your life to punish me?"

Dr. McKay had risen and was walking about the room, her voice, for one so small, surprisingly loud and commanding. I was afraid a nurse would come to ask her to be quiet. Yet I hesitated myself to remind her to speak more quietly.

"Well," she said, "you have put yourself in a prison, a fine narrow prison. Elected it of your own free will. And that's all right for you, if you wanted a prison. But you had no right to elect it for me too. That was murderous. Really murderous." I began to fear that she was losing control of herself and tried to ask questions which would divert her mind from the past.

"Where are you practicing, now?" I asked.

She stopped her pacing and stood over me. "I am no longer in medicine," she said. "I'm the librarian in the high school at Beaumont."

"That's not where you were before?"

"No, it's much smaller and hotter."

"It's only thirty miles—as the crow flies—from Liberty where I used to teach. I'm going back there as soon as I'm well. It was a mistake to leave it." She said nothing.

"I really love Liberty," I said, "and teaching. The big fields of barley, the mountains. There was an old sofa on the schoolyard where I used to sit. It was like a throne. I thought for a while I wanted to get away from there and try something else. But that was all a crazy dream. All I want to do now is get back."

"I wish you could have discovered that before you came to Oakland."

I ignored this. "Don't you love books?"

"I had better love books," she said, and left the room.

AS IT happened I've never seen her again, though I get these cards. I didn't go back to Liberty four years later—when I was able again to teach. I got this other school but somehow the magic I had felt earlier with the children, I felt no longer. An outdated little schoolroom with the windows placed high so that neither teacher nor pupils could see out: a dusty schoolyard; and brackish water. The children I teach now look so much like their predecessors that I have the illusion of living in a dream, of being on a treadmill teaching the same child the same lesson through eternity. Outside on the school grounds my erstwhile throne, the sofa, does not exist. The mountains of course are still there—a great barrier at the end of the valley.

Just across the mountains are Beaumont and Dr. McKay; and I *am* sometimes heartened, standing on the packed earth of the schoolyard in the winter dusk, as she suggested, to think of her reshelving her books, closing the drawer of her fine-till, at the same hour. We can't all escape; some of us *must* stay home and do the homely tasks, however much we may have dreamed of painting or doctoring. "You have company," I tell myself, looking toward her across the mountains. Then I get into my car to drive into town where my mother has all this loveliness waiting for me; a composition, once again, which really includes me.

Harold Strauss

# My affair with Japanese MOVIES

Those prize-winning movies from Japan are setting a new target for Hollywood to shoot at.

... Behind the beauty of "Rashomon" and "Gate of Hell" is a combination of national pride and an aesthetic tradition centuries old.

**I**FIRST saw Japanese movies because they were forbidden. During the Occupation, the United States Army—which had taken considerable trouble to teach some of us future military governors the Japanese language—ruled movies out of bounds. It said we were likely to whistle and stamp during a kiss—an innovation just being introduced into Japanese movies.

The theaters that survived the bombs were miserably cold during the winter of 1946, with hard seats much too narrow for our bodies. Since the MPs didn't think many of us would sit through four-hour programs of slow, sentimental films, we could ignore the prohibition without much risk, and we took a perverse pleasure in doing so. In that way I discovered glimpses into a strange and visually exciting cinematic art. Back in the United States, I remembered those moments when, beginning in 1951, a number of beautiful Japanese films were released here, after winning prize upon prize at Venice, Cannes, and Berlin. So recently I went back to Tokyo to trace out some of the Japanese aesthetic secrets.

In 1946, most of the movies I saw in Japan

were pretty bad. Technical progress had been at a standstill for years, and equipment was in ruins. The industry had a massive inferiority complex toward Hollywood, and stumbled along only because the public thirst for entertainment, as an escape from enforced idleness, boredom, and misery, was insatiable.

But even in the worst films I found some extraordinary things: exquisite Japanese interiors otherwise hard to see, exceptional camera work, and remarkably emotional and sensitive acting. I still half believed the cliché about Oriental impassivity, and I wondered mightily about this intense exploration of feelings. True, it often spilled over into sentimentality. The Japanese enjoy weeping so much that in a theater they sometimes sob aloud before anything sad has happened; they know it will. The mere mention of misfortune or of Mother sets them off, and tear-jerkers called "Haha no Mono" ("Things About Mother") are standard fare. Where else can you see blazing neon advertising "YOMBAI NAKIMASU!"—"You'll cry four times"—because there are four mothers in a feature film.

I must have seen a dozen Japanese films that winter. I don't remember the names of any of them. My Japanese friends would not believe I found anything interesting in them, and pitied me for either my bad taste or my affectation. They did take me out to one of the studios once, but more as a lark than to talk seriously. I remember pretty actresses trying to look like Deanna Durbin, their idol then, and directors who somewhere amid the chaos had managed to acquire suede shoes, leather windbreakers, and baseball caps. So I was as surprised as anyone when "Rashomon" won the Venice Film Festival Prize in 1951.

THE Japanese were surprised, too. At that time, the industry was worrying about its slack postwar artistic standards. An inter-company meeting, which had been called to discuss how to improve the morale of directors, cameramen, and actors, was actually considering a proposal to enter a few Japanese films in international contests when the news of "Rashomon" arrived.

How could it have been shown at Venice without the knowledge even of its director, Akira Kurosawa, who told me the story? The clue to this mystery had been given to me in Tokyo by Mr. Soga, the managing director of Daiei, the company that produced "Ugetsu" and "Gate of Hell" as well as "Rashomon." Soga had gone



to the United States in 1950. One evening at a party a well-meaning woman had said to him, "Oh, Mr. Soga, do you have a movie industry in Japan too?" (In that year, 215 feature films were produced in Japan, and about 330 in 1954.)

Soga was angry. Without saying very much about it in Japan, he sent "Rashomon" to Venice. It was not a film that the Japanese liked very much. Its abstract way of looking at the nature of justice is alien to the Japanese mind, and its dialogue is rather rough and coarse. But the abstract theme would be an advantage abroad, and foreigners could not judge the dialogue. Obviously Soga chose well.

The crowning of "Rashomon" acted as a peculiar sort of goad to the Japanese. They deplored the particular choice, but could not help wondering how the Western world would react to better films. They meant to find out. Yet this alone probably would not have released the great surge of artistry of the past three or four years. Political, economic, and psychological conditions paved the way.

During the Occupation, Japan was ashamed of its past. The public preferred foreign films or contemporary problem films, and the producers shunned historical themes. This worked havoc among directors and cameramen trained, as I shall show, to use ten centuries of aesthetic tradition to achieve their finest effects. A few good contemporary films were made, but all too often Japanese good taste disappears when it cuts loose from tradition. Nevertheless, the under-capitalized film industry was glad to follow public taste, and to avoid expensive historicals.

When "Rashomon" won its prize, conditions were changing rapidly. An economic boom came in the wake of the Korean War. The end of the Occupation, with its subtle psychological restraints, was foreshadowed. Japan stopped being ashamed of its past, and the trend toward "cultural reaction" set in. The producers dreamed of luring away more of their audience from foreign films, and of making full and rich recreations of the Japanese past such as the spectacularly beautiful "Gate of Hell," which in its aesthetics as well as in its theme springs straight from tradition. There was an atmosphere of release and elation in the industry.

In this atmosphere the news of "Rashomon" had an electrifying effect. It prompted producers to try for quality as they never had before, and it persuaded impressionable Japanese audi-

ences that their own films could equal or surpass foreign products. The financial report of Toho, one of the big producers, for the six months ending July 1954, announced an increase in box-office receipts, and explained complacently: "With Japanese films enjoying a good international reputation, a lot of movie-goers who hitherto preferred foreign films have begun to switch over to Japanese productions."

#### THE DIRECTOR AS PAINTER

KYOTO—one of the few Japanese cities not completely destroyed in the war—is a natural center for historical films. As Japan's ancient capital, it has never yielded much to modernity or to Western influence. The people of Kyoto talk with a drawl and amble when they walk; Tokyoites joke about the slowness of life there, but many like to go to Kyoto for a holiday, to relax, they say, but in truth to feel more Japanese again.

Some of the big companies maintain studios in both places, and take advantage of the differences. At the Daiei Kyōto studio there is very little bustle; it is preoccupied with the past and with obscure research. When I went to see the studio manager, Shin Sakai, he was fretting over his failure to discover exactly what Chinese underwear was like in the T'ang period (the outer garments are shown in paintings), and he would talk of little else. His staff had consulted various professors of Chinese history in Japan, but their best information had come from the School of Oriental Studies at London University.

I left Mr. Sakai to his troubles, and went out to one of the six sound stages being used to film an important historical, which they were calling "A Story by Chikamatsu." Chikamatsu is the Shakespeare of Japan, and his name has more box-office value than the original title of his play. It was being made by Kenji Mizoguchi, perhaps the most gifted Japanese director, especially of period films. To his credit are "Ugetsu," which has been released here, and "Sansho the Lord Bailiff," by far the best Japanese film I have seen. His cameraman was Kazuo Miyagawa, a fine artist who had worked with him on these films, and also with Akira Kurosawa on "Rashomon."

Mizoguchi is a distinguished-looking, rather chubby man of sixty, with gray hair and glasses, who is treated with great deference and ad-

dressed as *sensei* (master). Between shots he chose to talk about practical problems, such as the shooting time for Japanese pictures. It is about the same as that for American pictures, but the preparation time is much shorter, since errors and delays are not so expensive. And the films are released so quickly that I saw "The Story of Chikamatsu" three weeks later. Mizoguchi pointed out Miyagawa to me, short, young-looking, merry, and outspoken, wearing a pink sports jacket and a beret. I was surprised to hear that he is forty-seven. He was much too busy to talk then, but at noon we went over to a big conference room.

There, over tea and sweet cakes, Mizoguchi spoke of more subtle differences between American and Japanese pictures, and propounded an interesting theory. In Japanese films the scenes are usually small, intimate, and unspectacular, but very intense, and perhaps for that reason better acted and more human. Mizoguchi thought it had something to do with the kind of life the Japanese lead—"narrow" and "detailed" are the words he used. They have an abnormal sensitivity to the nuances of human encounters, so they like to watch two people sitting opposite each other on the floor of a room for what seems to us a very long time.

And then he said something that I had been waiting to hear ever since I had noticed the remarkable resemblance between the photography in "Ugetsu" and classical ink paintings: the relationship between the movies and painting in Japan is so strong that it is considered part of the national character. Mizoguchi said that Americans love action; for us the motion-picture camera is made to catch motion. But Japanese camera work is contemplative, like Japanese painting. It seeks to extract or to abstract the simplest possible symbols of emotion from vague or empty backgrounds.

Miyagawa, who had been waiting respectfully for Mizoguchi to pause, took this as his cue. He himself is an accomplished painter in the classical ink technique. He always brings paper and ink on location, and paints continuously until he has the effect he wants. Only then does he shoot. Although the moist Japanese air and the volcanic scenery help to produce the hazy, dreamy effects of classical painting, they are sometimes not enough, and he brings the action into the studio, where he can produce an atmosphere of deeper mist by painting back drops with an air brush.

Mizoguchi said that in spite of the feeling of abundant physical space in the West, our outdoor views always seem to him too near, too short. The Japanese, crowded in their narrow islands, crave physical space, and try for distance and depth in their shots.

#### A PASSION FOR SPACE

LATER I talked to many painters about the use of space. Among them, Seison Maeda, whom I went to see at his hillside house in Kamakura, gave me the clearest idea of this singular Oriental passion. Maeda is a vigorous seventy, thin, agile, with a smooth Occidental face, and an unusual fringe of whitish hair that he brushes straight down all around his head. He said that to the Buddhist, empty space is the ultimate reality. The objects of the sensory world, however beautiful, are illusion, and the very pleasure we take in them leads to the pain of desire. Our mortal desire for the near, the precise, the closely seen, can be assuaged only by a reminder of the greater reality of the far, the vague, the transient. Western perspective deals with a finite world. But Oriental perspective is suggestion.

Classical Japanese painting contrasts the strong, pure line with empty space. The best painters (and cameramen) are those who can increase the space without losing its suggestiveness, and reduce the painting to its fewest elemental lines. Indeed, there is a saying that the space is everything, the painter nothing. The Western painter composes within a framed space, and works toward detail; the Japanese painter works outward from the perfect detail toward a vague, unframed void.

This is exactly what the Japanese cameraman strives for. The camera cannot photograph blank space; it reaches toward this effect by devices such as short focus on the foreground, the massive use of shadows and very little lighting, and the exaggeration of Japan's misty atmosphere. A marvelous example is the lake scene in "Ugetsu," when Genjuro the potter is trying to escape from the bandits. In the foreground are a few delicate reeds, sharply defined. Beyond is the black mass of the boat and its passengers, also mortal but more indeterminate. And beyond that are the reaches of the mist, from which anything may come. And when finally the boat bearing the dying man drifts down on Genjuro's boat, one expects nothing less than



some demon. Here are beauty and terror, brought to the eye with a power of suggestion beyond anything in our films.

#### THE COLOR OF SHADOWS

**M**IZOGUCHI was now in great form. A number of local news photographers came into the big, sunny conference room, but even the flash bulbs didn't make him pause. He was talking about color. He said that Hollywood strives for natural color but that to the Japanese color is style, in movies as in paintings. Hollywood colors bother them so much that they make special subdued prints of American color films.

The best Japanese photographers deliberately understate, merely suggesting natural colors, not trying to reproduce them. The technical processes are usually American, but the artistic effects are entirely Japanese. And each period of history has its own traditional palette. That of the Heian Period of "Gate of Hell," eight hundred years ago, is full of mauves and browns and dark greens. We respond instinctively to its physical beauty. Without knowing how the effect was achieved, our eyes are delighted by the stylized use of color.\*

Miyagawa, the cameraman, broke in to explain how difficult it is to show the color of shadows. The Japanese have a cult of shadows, of the dimly seen, in all the arts. A famous novelist, Junichiro Tanizaki, in an essay called "In Praise of Shadows," said that he finds it hard really to be at ease with things that shine and glitter and define themselves too sharply. He believes that the deep, heavy roof of the Japanese house has accustomed the Japanese to living in dimness, and has thrown its shadow over traditional culture. And so it has, in literature, in painting, and certainly in the movies.

The pressure for brighter, non-traditional, and unpleasantly gaudy films such as "Golden De-

mon" comes from Western-minded people between the ages of fifteen and twenty-five, who make up 70 per cent of the audience. Mizoguchi said his greatest problem is grasping their point of view. He himself is an old-fashioned man who has steeped himself in the atmosphere of Kyoto, the museum city, and absorbed its languid, subtle moods. Most of his distinguished films appeal to older people who like quieter colors and tempo. Fortunately for him, the prestige of the elders is still strong in the Orient, so his work is admired even by young people who prefer films of a different sort.

Mizoguchi now began to relate specific qualities in Japanese films to the national character, remarking that they rely very little on spectacles and tricky plots, but more on *ningensei*—human feeling. The Japanese have certainly learned to protract and explore an emotional situation to its utmost. If a woman must be told of her husband's death, if a girl must say farewell to her mother (perhaps only because she is going away for a few days), if a boy must give up some cherished ambition to please his father, the scene is likely to be long—and, in a mill-run picture, sickeningly mawkish. But in the best movies the stylized exaggeration of emotion (as when the wife weeps in "Rashomon") can reach notable artistic heights.

My admiration for Mizoguchi as an artist increased when, ten days later in Tokyo, I saw his masterpiece, "Sansho the Lord Bailiff." With magnificent realism and intense human feeling, it tells a story of the days of slavery in medieval Japan, and of the premature attempt of an idealistic provincial governor, against the opposition of powerful landlords, to free the slaves in his province. The power of the acting, the costumes, the dramatic tension of each scene, especially the one in which the dead governor's son returns to confront Sansho, the most terrible of the masters, and, above all, the photography, are overwhelming.

#### HOW THEY WIN PRIZES

**I** SAW many more Japanese movies and talked to many more movie people, but as the time for my departure drew near, I had not yet met Akira Kurosawa, who directed "Rashomon," "Ikiru (To Live)," and "Seven Samurai," and is today the Japanese director best known abroad. He was reported to be cloistered, working on a new script. I did not realize what this meant

\* Some time ago, the Japanese developed a process called "Fuji-Color," but it was unsatisfactory. The effects of the war, and the lack of dollars afterward, blocked technical progress until 1950 or 1951. The Eastman laboratories got Warner Brothers to invite a number of Japanese technicians to the United States, paying all expenses, and of course introducing them along the way to Eastman Color, which is now used almost exclusively in Japan. But any good color process can be turned to a variety of artistic ends; the palettes and the underlying color sense are Japanese.

until Kurosawa himself later told me that he directs only one movie a year, and that he always writes his own scripts.

Finally, on my very last day, I got my appointment. It was a fine, sunny morning. The studio, the one I had visited in 1946, had greatly changed. Then everything had been shabby and dirty; doors did not function; windows were broken; camera dollies were held together with wire. Now the white stucco buildings were trim and gay in the sunlight. Then people wandered in aimlessly. Now a chain was stretched across the driveway and I had to identify myself at the gate.

It had been quite warm in the sunshine, but the office into which I was ushered was so piercingly cold that I dreaded taking notes there. Kurosawa soon came in, tall, attractive, with long black hair slicked back. He wore a navy blue, zippered byrdcloth jacket, dark green slacks, and heavy brown shoes. Before he had a chance to sit down, Mr. Amemiya, the studio manager, suggested, to my relief, that we use his well heated office.

Kurosawa did not relax in the warmth. The interview was a nuisance for him. He sat forward in his chair and ran the thumbs of one hand back and forth over the knuckles of the other. For a time I could only draw perfunctory factual information from him. He was born in 1910, has worked in the movie industry for fifteen years, and has been a director for ten.

Then I asked him why Japanese films recently had won so many prizes. Everyone else had evaded that question, or answered it superficially, but Kurosawa did not. Most Japanese do not have analytical minds, falling back on tradition or sensibility for their judgments. But Kurosawa is one of those rare ones who is intellectual in the Western sense.

He answered that the Japanese have a highly developed aesthetic sense to which they have been trained since childhood. They are sensitized by long exposure to the styles, colors, and forms of various periods of the past. Thus they demand very high pictorial and photographic standards, especially in historical films whose costumes and scenes have so often been represented by famous painters. He confirmed much that Mizoguchi had said, but added that because of the traditional training of the audience, it is a much better judge of historical than of contemporary films. He credited the prizes to this discriminating pictorial sense, and also to the

superb color sense of the Japanese. What to them are quite ordinary accomplishments, such as the palette of "Gate of Hell," captivate the European judges. But "Gate of Hell" was only the fifth feature-length color film made in Japan, and he will not be satisfied until films have recaptured the formalized palette of certain other ancient periods, so subtle, so quiet, so full of soft minor tones and shadows.

Kurosawa then began to analyze Japan's foreign successes in detail. All the prize films except "To Live" have been historical, that is, costume drama with an exotic appeal. He thinks this imbalance misrepresents his country abroad, and he wants passionately, like so many other Japanese, to export fine contemporary films to show, as a matter of national pride, that Japan is a modern country. Although he directed "To Live," he considers it unsuitable for export because it is too full of Japanese manners and mannerisms.

But some other contemporary films are very good indeed. Why, asked Mr. Amemiya, who was still with us, had none received recognition abroad? Because the world was interested only in quaint customs? Because modern Japanese in Western clothes look just off-beat enough to seem ridiculous, and not different enough to seem exotic? Or simply because contemporary films are much more dependent on dialogue, which rarely is translated well in titles?

Kurosawa said he would like to do an international subject in an international manner. He admires the realism of Italian films, and the fantasy and humor of French films. He thinks that Japanese situations treated similarly would be universally comprehensible. I asked whether such films would retain any Japanese characteristics, and he answered that while he would use the most advanced techniques, he would preserve a special Japanese style of beauty. Then, as if he himself knew that his answer did not ring true, he shook his head and said that the old beauty of Japan is disappearing anyhow.

BUT I was wrong, he thought, in stressing the conflict only of native and foreign tastes. Even within Japan he faced similar conflicts. For instance, the music of "Rashomon" was Western. He had hardly any choice, since the young Japanese today rarely understood the music of so remote a period. He was studying old silent films, to try to gauge the effects of various musical backgrounds. Gay music can sometimes



make a sad scene sadder, he said, while sad music merely makes it lugubrious.

He thought it was a mere chance that had made him famous abroad, and left other excellent Japanese directors unknown. He mentioned specifically Keisuke Kinoshita, of whom I had heard a great deal, and Tadashi Imai, of whom I had heard even more, since he was the center of a violent controversy. By all accounts Imai is extremely talented, and the beneficiary of a bit of Japanese McCarthyism that backfired. In 1952-53 the five biggest companies carried out a Red purge. Many of the purgees, among them Imai, began to make their own films, sometimes with the support of left-wing organizations. Many of these are low-budget tendentious quickies, made to be shown within a few weeks of such events as the H-bomb fall-out. But some, including two by Imai, are very good: his "School of Echoes," a searching examination of conditions in elementary schools; and his "Tower of Lilies," which concerned Japanese nurses on Okinawa. As long as Imai was employed by one of the Big Five, he did not use his films to propagate his political opinions. The purge freed him to do so.

However, Kurosawa said, the best Japanese movies were not striving for documentary realism, but for more and more symbolic simplicity. It was something like modern painting, which started as an arbitrary simplification of the complexities of nature. Similarly, he thought, movies must start again with very simple stories, and strive to abstract a quality of light, or of color, or of form, or of mood from a complex natural scene.

#### ACTING AND IMMORALITY

**A**CTING styles are usually influenced directly and exclusively by the Kabuki Theater, but Kurosawa admires the Noh style, which, in contrast, requires extreme restraint. Its actors, like Kabuki actors, are trained in a wide range of difficult acrobatic gestures. From this they develop a co-ordination used to *suppress* gestures, so that they are almost motionless on the Noh stage.

There are some Noh and Kabuki versions of the same plays, and there is a great difference in the emotional effects. In one classic, a retainer has to beat his lord to preserve his incognito. In the Kabuki version, the beating is violent and arouses pity for the disguised lord. In the

Noh version, the beating is slight, almost symbolic, and subtly arouses pity for the retainer who must steel himself to such an act against his lord.

Kurosawa sometimes mixes the two styles. In "Rashomon" the dueling scenes in the forest were in Kabuki style, and the police court scenes in Noh style. He has been able to achieve rich comic effects by presenting a humorous play in the somber Noh style.

This reminded me of the brilliant comic role of the imposter samurai in his "Seven Samurai," and I asked him if humor was not unusual in historicals. He denied this and said that he had created the role especially for Mifune, a talented comedian. Kurosawa always writes his screen stories with specific actors in mind, borrowing them from other companies if necessary. Unfortunately he cannot do the same with cameramen, for the good ones are very good indeed, and so busy that they are the production bottleneck. He misses Miyagawa, with whom he made "Rashomon," very much.

When the conversation paused, Kurosawa said that since I had asked so many questions, he wanted to ask just one.

"Were Americans shocked by the immorality of 'Rashomon'?"

For a time I had no idea what he meant. The scenes in the forest glade are violent, but not at all suggestive. But Kurosawa wasn't thinking of that at all. He was thinking of the aristocratic lady who showed, in front of her husband, that she was drawn to the outlaw. Then I remembered the dagger. As the outlaw moved toward her prone figure, slightly, voluntarily, she lowered the point of the dagger she had drawn from her girdle.

I still see Japanese movies from time to time in New York at a private club. The seats are hard, and much too close together, since the audience is Japanese. But the hall is too hot rather than too cold, since these Japanese have been living in America quite a while. There is nothing forbidden about these movies, but I don't need that incentive now. Many of the films I see are trash, but even in the trash there are moments of cinematic beauty seldom equaled by Hollywood.

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In an early issue, *Harper's* will publish an article by Kenneth Tynan on Ealing Studios, "Home of the Good British Movies."

# GUATEMALA:

## *what the Reds Left Behind*

**When the Soviets lost their only satellite  
in this hemisphere, they dropped  
some fascinating clues to their methods  
. . . and their plans for a comeback.**

**C**APTURE of a new kind of enemy plane, tank, or gun is an exciting gain in war. Study of the prize may show how the enemy has won battles, and how he can be stopped. Now, for the first time since the Cold War began, we have recovered a bigger and deadlier machine. A whole Communist nation has come over, semi-intact, to our side.

In Guatemala we can study the political wiring and weapons of a late-model Red satellite. We can see photographs and files which the absconding bosses did not have time to burn. We can talk to people who watched the Communist state being built around them; who know why it rose and fell; who glimpsed where it was headed.

Was Guatemala a full-fledged Communist state? Not quite. It had no Iron Curtain. But it had most of the other equipment, including killers and torturers whose daily deeds equaled the worst we have heard from Asia or Eastern Europe. It was a nation run by party-line Communists under Comintern supervision. Given more time to entrench themselves, they might have subverted most of Central America and walled it off in the true totalitarian way. There is proof that they planned to do so, and soon.

All this is still hard for North Americans to believe. When the Arbenz regime was near its peak, I heard a Washington official say: "Those

politicos in Guatemala aren't real Reds. They're either cynical thieves or half-baked theorists." After the regime's downfall last year, a New Yorker of importance called it "Another comic-opera revolution staged by the United Fruit Company to protect its investments."

A visit to Guatemala today will correct such underestimates. In the Palacio Nacional I saw ceiling-high masses of textbooks confiscated from public schools after the June revolution. The books are in Spanish, of course, but they were printed in Prague in 1951; the publisher's imprint says so. I saw six-foot stacks of propaganda pamphlets and posters and magazines which evidently arrived during the last weeks of the government, when nobody had time to open them, for they are still tied and wrapped, with Russian postmarks and postage stamps. We can only guess how many earlier stacks were deployed through Guatemala and neighboring nations. The immense bulk of this captured material—all in Spanish and much of it written for specific Central American countries—is an impressive token of the Comintern's interest in the area.

And then there are the photographs. I have seen atrocity pictures before, but none like these. I hope I never see their like again. Some were snapped by government people themselves, apparently as a hobby. They show men under torture. The snapshots are murky, but even the dim images of those bloody, screaming, writhing figures are too clear. Other photos show corpses found after the Communists left. Some men's tongues had been pulled up by the roots and left dangling from their mouths. Other men got treatment I had never heard of before, nor imagined. I will not describe it.



Nobody who takes a good look at Guatemala today can talk of its recent past in terms of comic opera. Yet I had been tempted to use such phrases myself when I first visited the country in 1953. The innovations in the police base-ments were hidden then, unknown to travelers and suspected by only a few Guatemaltecos. The congress, cabinet, and president were clearly leftist, but how far left? No one could be sure. The country was as easy to get into and out of, as smiling and sleepy, as any other banana republic.

#### THE COMIC-OPERA CURTAIN

ON THAT earlier visit, I half-expected to see Russians all over the place. But I saw no Russians, no obvious villains of any kind, only resplendent uniforms everywhere. There were the palace guard in powder-blue jackets and dove-colored pants, who stood at every doorway of the government offices; the regular Guatemalan Army officers, in fine khaki and leather which made them indistinguishable across the street from our own American officers (of whom there were also a surprising number); and numerous cadets from the National Military Academy in scarlet uniforms with skin-tight trousers. They might have been chorus boys.

Although the government press and radio yammered about *yanqui imperialismo*, they hadn't stirred up any visible emotion among the people. Moreover, anti-Communist and pro-American newspapers were still in business. They attacked the government as hotly as Hearst used to attack the New Deal, yet their editors walked the streets unharmed. Fences and adobe walls were daubed with damn-the-Communists slogans. Shops and homes displayed cards in their windows: "THERE IS NO COMMUNISM IN THIS HOUSE."

The paradox of free speech in a pro-Communist state full of secret police was explained to me in 1953 by one newsman: "The government wants outsiders to think it is just a silly, harmless, democratic little bunch of agrarian reformers. Therefore it allows and even coddles an opposition. It lets *El Imparcial* publish exposés. When a printers' strike threatened to shut down the paper, the strike was stopped fast, by the only verdict against a labor union in the seven-year history of the labor court."

Guatemala's small-town Communist bosses were usually likable chaps. They smiled and

smiled, they dandled babies, they staged fiestas with free eats. Yet, for all their geniality, some of them became touchy about criticism. It was easy for them to whistle up a strong-arm squad from their supporters, and consequently they grew impatient with slower methods of influencing people. At a fiesta in Chantla I saw four townsmen, armed with thonged clubs like policemen's nightsticks, pummel a rancher who had been making complaints to civic leaders. After they knocked him down, they stamped playfully on his fingers.

Still, most politicians appeared to dislike inflicting physical injury. "If you keep on with it too long," one explained to me, "something happens to you. You begin to like it. You make dangerous mistakes." One village chief of police who began to like it was shot in the back.

Agrarian reform was overdue in Guatemala. Almost half of the three million population were share-croppers. Arbenz said that 2 per cent of the families owned 70 per cent of the arable land. He may have exaggerated, but there was little doubt that one-third of the good soil lay fallow behind the fences of the big coffee, banana, and sugar planters. Thus the political soil was made fertile for radicalism.

For ten years while Communism gained strength, the upper class was blind to it. A young coffee heir, educated in the United States, once remarked to friends that peons on his father's ranch had come on their knees begging him to remove an overseer who beat them. He mentioned the incident as a typical minor problem of farm management. Evidently he had no inkling that the peons' method of seeking better treatment might be getting old-fashioned.

Even after Arbenz proclaimed his plan for land redistribution, and the congress whooped it through, few people considered him a Red. He was thought to be a doctrinaire do-gooder, and a nationalist who hoped to "liberate" his country by pushing out gringo businessmen. Most observers—particularly those who knew him intimately—were sure that his beliefs, his army background, and his sharp wits made him immune to the crude blandishments of international Communism.

This was almost true. But some international Communists are not as crude as they used to be. Arbenz was far from a Communist when he took office in 1951; yet by 1953 he was a devout (albeit secret) convert. In his home were rich leather-bound books on Marxism auto-

graphed to him by Mao Tse-tung and Vyacheslav Molotov. He hung a framed portrait of Stalin in a room where outsiders would not see it. His locked personal files contained honeyed correspondence with Red leaders in Europe, Mexico, and South America. All these were found after he left, and can be seen today in Guatemala City.

#### COMMUNIZING A PRESIDENT

THE mysterious but simple process by which Arbenz was converted is known now. It may hold more than academic interest, because it is apparently being tried today on President Soekarno of Indonesia, President Figueres of Costa Rica, and the ministers of several other nations where leftist proselyters have footholds.

Arbenz started his term with a sincere desire to bring about certain needed reforms. He soon found that when he spent 100,000 quetzals, say, for one of his projects, only about 10,000 trickled down to the people if he spent it through the usual channels. The other 90,000 went into the pockets of politicians. But if he spent it through a Communist in the government, every quetzal went where Arbenz wished. The Communists took no graft.

Nor did they loaf on the job. Other bureaucrats strolled in at mid-morning, went home for lunch and a long siesta at noon, and closed their desks for the day at six sharp. Many of them, especially outside the capital, devoted long pleasant hours to reading comic books or playing cards at their desks. But the Communists in civil service came early, brought their lunches, and stayed late. They worked nights and weekends to accomplish anything Arbenz wanted.

Naturally he leaned on them. Probably he did not know, in the beginning, who was a Communist and who wasn't. He just knew that he was surrounding himself with people he could depend on. When he discovered their Moscow ties, it seemed unimportant. Communism does not look as loathsome to Latin America as it does to us. For a while Arbenz thought he was using these people for his own ends, but gradually he grew fond of them. Over wine and cigars he quizzed them about their trips behind the Iron Curtain. Eventually they sold him on Communism.

There was another factor too. Most men in high office can be convinced that they are irreplaceable. Flattery by Communists bred this conviction in Arbenz. He was persuaded that

Guatemala, for its own good, ought to keep him as president beyond 1957, when his term would expire. Under the constitution he could not succeed himself. So when the Communists talked of amending the constitution and making him a *caudillo*, he listened.

This brings us to another comforting myth about last year's Guatemala. I used to believe, like most outsiders, that Guatemala's Communists were a small "hard core" without mass support. Actually they had a broad popular following, which may still exist silently today. This following was built by old-time Tammany ward-heeler methods.

When a poor man's shack burned down, the Communists rustled up some boards and tin and built him a new one. When an Indian's child was sick, Communists rallied around with aspirin pills and hot-water bottles. People who were hungry, or broke, or in trouble had virtually nowhere else to turn—private charities and government welfare agencies are almost non-existent in Central America—but they could always go to Communist headquarters for tortillas, pennies, help, and friendship.

Of course it was not called Communist headquarters. It was called the CTG, or General Confederation of Labor. This was a combine of unions controlled by Communists, which meant most of the unions in the country. Communists had been boring into the unions since 1946.

FOR MUCH the same reasons that English peasants loved Robin Hood's merry men, Guatemalan peons loved the CTG, and rich people feared it. Once when the owner of a tenement tried to evict fifteen families for non-payment of rent, the CTG threw a "human wall" around the tenement. Bailiffs backed away, and the families were never put into the street.

Such incidents happened often. Each got glowing publicity in the government press, and made more friends for the CTG, yet did not worry outsiders since the word "Communist" did not appear.

Arbenz saw that Indian villages, city slums, and garbage-ridden farm camps might follow any CTG lead en masse. To stay in power he would need their votes—or their flesh if civil war broke out. The army was cooler to him each month, and might turn on him. So at last Arbenz found himself wooing the Communists who had once wooed him.



They told him that the opposition would have to be broken before he could become dictator. He agreed. Together, they went at it fanatically—and perhaps more noisily than the Comintern expected. They trumpeted that “anti-Communism is subversive,” thereby arousing the United States. They threw out the supreme court and replaced it with a benchful of henchmen, thereby touching off a mob demonstration which had to be squelched with gunfire. They seized some farms and businesses illegally, tried to assassinate a Salvadorean diplomat who made trouble for them, and succeeded in murdering the Guatemalan ambassador to Washington so adroitly that it looked like suicide. The subterranean reign of the secret police began.

A deathlike quiet settled over the country, broken only by sniping from editor Ramon Blanco of *El Imparcial* and a few other anti-Communists too conspicuous to be punished yet. Most conservatives were cowed. When Carlos Simmons, a militant opponent of the regime, tried to get anti-Communist friends to help pack the galleries of Congress during crucial debates, they begged off. When Communists asked them for donations, they gave generously and hastily.

Arbenz still did not announce himself a Communist. He and his comrades felt insecure. Perhaps all terrorist governments feel insecure, but this one saw two big threats which others seldom have to face. One was the Guatemalan army. Its officers stood stiffly apart from the administration, even while accepting Cadillacs and other perquisites with which Arbenz sought to mollify them. The other threat was the army of exiles which Castillo Armas was gathering in Honduras. It was equipped and financed by the United States, according to rumor.

Obviously, an armed showdown was coming. So the Kremlin threw some arms into the scale. The freighter *Alfhem* set out from Poland with 1,900 tons of Czech munitions—more than the total of all other arms shipped into Central America in a generation. There were thousands of machine guns, light artillery, and plenty of ammunition.

#### THE TRIPLE PLAY THAT FAILED

ONLY one-third of the guns were intended for Guatemala. Evidence has been found that a razzle-dazzle triple play was planned for April and May of 1954. In Nicaragua, Somoza

was to be assassinated. The underground Communist organization would rise, and one-third of the *Alfhem* arms would give it a good chance of crushing all opposition. In Honduras, a general strike was starting, led by expert agitators from abroad. It was to be turned into a revolution by arming the strikers.

The other third of the *Alfhem* weapons would go to Guatemala, to phalanxes of peons and Indians who were already drilling openly on golf courses around Guatemala City. They could, it was hoped, swallow up the regular army and hold off Castillo Armas. If Nicaragua, Honduras, and Guatemala were welded quickly together into a new Red dominion, then the United States would face the hard choice of fighting another Korean War close to home or letting Central America go the way of Indochina.

These high stakes help explain the savagery in Guatemalan police cellars. The government and its foreign advisers were determined to learn Castillo Armas' plans. Every hour counted. Anyone who might have a scrap of information about the coming invasion was questioned mercilessly. Children were strangled before their parents' eyes if this seemed the quickest way to make the parents talk. (Incredible? It was to me. But pictures show it. Witnesses confirm it.)

Luckily for our side, while the *Alfhem* was en route, the Communists bungled. Two attempts on Somoza's life failed. The Honduran strike collapsed when its leaders were jockeyed into a position where everyone saw that they did not want a settlement. So the *Alfhem* changed course and landed its whole cargo in Guatemala.

There too the Reds blundered. Despite their best efforts to keep the shipment secret, our Central Intelligence Agency knew of it. While the *Alfhem* was still unloading at Puerto Barrios the world read about it on newspaper front pages. This might not have mattered if the waiting army of *campesinos*—the Workers Militia, it was called—had gotten hold of the guns. But Arbenz had to let the regular army unload the shipment and move it to Guatemala City.

Army officers suspected they would be pointing guns at their own heads if they armed the *campesinos*. So they stalled. For several weeks, while the government tried to coax and bribe them, they found excuses to keep the arms securely locked in their own armories. Arbenz dared not risk an open break by pressing them too hard.

When Castillo Armas marched, the Workers Militia was still empty-handed and the regular army had no will to fight.

"We're finished anyway if we beat Castillo Armas," one officer said on the way to the frontier. "We'll be replaced by the *campesinos* afterward, probably with bad bloodshed."

Perhaps a little bird told them they could keep their splendid homes and high salaries if the invaders won. That was how it turned out. When Castillo Armas became president he slapped down a few fumbling army attempts at a coup, and soon the military settled back into the lush peacetime life it had enjoyed under Arbenz. The army of exiles disbanded. The old-time regular officers still drive Cadillacs. There are still the posh uniforms, the marimbas, the barefoot Indians, and other "atmosphere" which has always made Guatemala appealing to tourists. The tourists themselves are swarming in, which is one significant change. In the final year of the Communist regime, hotels were empty and travel agents were walking the streets for jobs.

CONTRARY to gossip, United Fruit did not finance the revolution. For one thing, the company apparently was too frightened to act. Until the last few days of their regime, the Reds seemed to have the whip hand. If the company backed a revolution which failed, not only its lands but the lives of its resident managers might be forfeit. There were signs that something like the Boxer Uprising was under consideration. The Workers Militia had lists of gringos' names and addresses. A massacre of foreigners in Guatemala could easily be disavowed by Russia but might be a shrewd move in the cold war, since it would surely involve the United States in a sickening mess.

For similar reasons, most of the wealthy class sent Castillo Armas no money. Many of them had been threatened to their faces by Jaime Rosenberg, the sadistic and impulsive chief of the secret police. Some had lost their haciendas and were driving taxis or trucks. A few had been arrested and were seen no more. Nevertheless, two rich men in the country did give Castillo Armas almost their whole fortunes. The rest of his financing probably came from Washington, although nobody in authority has ever been so undiplomatic as to say so.

The Guatemalan setback presumably taught the Comintern some lessons. We can expect that

in Latin America it may move more slowly hereafter, and before grabbing the reins of a government will make sure of the army. Furthermore, it is likely to take much greater pains to avoid alarming our State Department. For the next few years Latin Communists will probably never label themselves as such.

"We must use a different method to fight against capitalism," says one letter found in a Communist briefcase. "We must progress without provoking fear or reprisals from the North American government. That can be done by cultivating friendship with them, visiting their Embassy, inviting their visitors to dinner, telling them constantly what they like to hear. . . . We must grow up not merely in spite of the United States, but with its actual assistance."

#### A RED COMEBACK?

THE Communists hope for a comeback in Guatemala. When they looted the government treasury during their final days in office, it was not to enrich themselves. A real Communist cares no more for money or comfort than an early Christian martyr did. They took the funds for two reasons: it might cause the failure of whatever government followed them, and it would give the Party a big bankroll for underground work.

Of the eleven members of the central committee of the Guatemalan Communist party, four are probably still at large somewhere in the country. The others are known to be in Mexico, working a twelve-hour day at the job of making trouble in Guatemala and three other Central American nations. Just before they fled the country, they left the following secret *Rules for Guatemalan Communists in Guatemala*:

- (1) Abstain from defending Communistic viewpoints in order to avoid suspicion.
- (2) All unknown members of the Party should inscribe in anti-Communist parties for their own protection.
- (3) Denounce as Communists as many anti-Communists as possible, especially choosing those who are not known to be militant anti-Communists.
- (4) Those who are able to infiltrate anti-Communist parties must stir up division by agitating between groups.
- (5) As often as possible, remind personnel of the regular army how they were humiliated by the "army of liberation."
- (6) Try to have issued bulletins and complaints regarding high cost of living, suppression of labor's rights, and denounce abuses by the police.
- (7) In



case fighting occurs between anti-Communist groups, take no part except to try to secure and hide light arms and ammunition. This rule also applies to military officers who are Communists.

This strategy apparently got results. A Ku Klux Klan-like organization sprang up, calling itself the Anti-Communist Committee, with secret membership. It got loud vocal backing from all over the country, so the government accepted its help, and gave it power to search homes and make arrests without warrant. The jails filled.

Castillo Armas, for all his violent past, is basically a gentle and moderate man. When he found there was no evidence—except somebody's accusation—against most of the people jailed by the Anti-Communist Committee, he called a halt. He clipped the vigilantes' wings and set free 4,500 of their victims. This led to talk that he was soft on Communism—an ironic charge against a man who risked his life in four different plots to overthrow a Communist government.

WHETHER by plan or accident, Americans have deployed through Guatemala in the 1950s almost as vigorously as the Germans did during Hitler's ascendancy. Indications of slightly garbled American influence can now be seen on every market street. Barber shops advertise a "Hollywood style double manicure" and restaurants offer "genuine American chop suey." One theater marquee recently proclaimed a film produced by David O'Selznick.

There is a souvenir dealer who calls himself Losing Money Joe. ("But I'm Learning English," he explains in a line beneath his name on the store-front.)

The Arbenz government by no means fawned on Americans (in fact, it tapped Embassy phones and opened Embassy mail) but it had to put up with them, because in many cases they were the only technicians available to fill jobs vacated by the Nazis. With Americans in the government cartographic service, the government air line, the railroad, and the hotels, it is hard to see how the government could even have hoped to keep any big secrets from Washington. But now the number of American residents in Guatemala is dropping fast.

Washington seemed to lose interest in Guatemala as soon as the Red government fell. It

transferred virtually everyone in the Embassy, replacing them with less experienced men. To the proud and sensitive Guatemaltecos it seemed we were taking out the first team and sending in the rookies, now that the game was won.

They maintain that the game is not won. "The Comintern hopes to convince the hemisphere that Guatemala was much better off under its 'progressive' government, and that the Colossus of the North wrecked the country by intervening," one Guatemalteco told me.

Castillo Armas is bogged in administrative troubles. There were only two good stenographers in the Palacio Nacional when he took over, and they both turned out to be secret Communists. Whatever he tries to do is impeded because papers get lost, messages go astray, officials are crooked or stupid or green. So far he has accomplished little. However, his troubles are due only secondarily to technical foul-ups. Money is the major problem.

The government was bankrupt when he arrived, and is almost bankrupt now. He can barely meet the payroll. Until the budget is less precarious, he can scarcely think about alleviating unemployment or attracting capital. The United States has pledged about \$61½ million—only enough to pay the back wages of government employees—yet at this writing has actually given less than half of it. Washington seems in no mood to play Good Samaritan. Dollar-for-dollar deals, where we match whatever Guatemala can put up, are all that Congress has authorized.

Consequently it is not surprising that Guatemaltecos are calling their government a "do-nothing" regime. The army seems to like Castillo Armas even less than it liked Arbenz. Civilian discontent is growing. In the end, Castillo Armas may either be forced out or forced to become a dictator. The latter looks more likely. José Bernabe Linares, who was chief of the secret police under dictator Jorge Ubico in the 1930s, has emerged from limbo to take the same job under Castillo Armas. Linares liked to use electric shock treatments on political prisoners. Recently a brief item turned up in the Guatemala newspapers about a prisoner who had jumped off the roof of the Guardia Civil building. It recalled similar items which used to appear during Ubico's pro-American regime, and Arbenz' pro-Russian regime. Guatemala may be caught in a revolving door.

Eaton G. Davis

# ALL ON A SUMMER DAY

**J**IMMY RUSSELL and I had been punished for swimming in the surf off the Fire Island coast on a day when the red flag was up. The violence of the breakers there is said to be second only to that at Tierra del Fuego, and though our mothers had no way of checking this statement, they were frightened by it.

We had not told them that the lifeguard had given us permission, for fear of getting him in trouble. We knew, and he knew we knew, that he sometimes put the red flag up on perfectly decent days—gray and dismal, perhaps, but not rough—in order to insure himself a little quiet gamboling in the surf, with no babies to be pulled out of the undertow. He let us go in on red-flag days because he knew we were too lithe and slippery, and too well taught, to get in trouble. Our mothers took another view, and when they caught us they would confine us to quarters for a day or two. There is neither past nor future for boys of eleven, and imprisonment for all of a Fire Island summer day aroused resentment.

It was on a day shortly after our swimming calamity and its subsequent period of incarceration that Jimmy and I decided we needed scope. The world was very beautiful, all glitter and conflicting smells (dead horseshoe crabs from the Great South Bay, clean winds from the ocean) but it was much too small.

We collected two of our colleagues and went across the Island to the dock from which the

Point O'Woods ferry took off for Bayshore twice a day. My father's catboat was moored not far away. We swam out, fully clothed, hoisted the sail, and headed for the middle of the bay.

The Great South Bay is shallow and warm, full of stinging jellyfish and an unpleasant kind of seaweed which irritates the skin, causing round, weeping sores on knees and elbows. It is very salty, owing to its shallowness. To swim in it is like paddling in a bowl of sour clam chowder, New York style.

Four boys and a catboat, however, can get along. The middle of the bay is comparatively clean. There was a fresh east wind, and the little boat was making its maximum speed of two and a half knots, while we took turns being towed behind at the end of a rope.

There is no water sport to equal this. Water-skiing behind fast motor boats must be exciting enough, but being actually in the water is to be a fish—a fairy-tale transformation. There is no sensation of being towed. There is no connection between the boat and the sportsman. There is a wave in front of him, deep hollows in the water at both sides, and a wake behind. He is one with the porpoise.

IT WAS long past lunch time. I knew it would be a tough beat home against the wind, in a catboat that made at least a yard to leeward for every ten it gained. I was about to push Jimmy's shoulder to indicate that it was time to haul in the other two boys and go about, when I saw a look on his Fenian face that showed he had various other things beside lunch on his mind.

He had been jailed for two days on a charge which to him, and to me, was absurd. He knew why the red flag had been up. His knowledge of his own limited world was so extensive and so thorough that his reaction to his parents' ignorance of it could be only anger. Not dislike, nor loss of respect, nor any feeling of frustration. Just simple masculine anger.

They, the grown people, knew nothing. They did not understand the feel of the water on different days, nor where to go for crabs. To them the undertow was a terror, not a playmate. They hung on to the ropes when surf-bathing, and shrieked when a wave broke. And these were the people who had the right to punish him for going in when it was "too rough." It was long after this time that an English fighter pilot, home on leave, was forbidden by his mother to drive



the family car on the ground that he was too young, but Jimmy would have been pleased to meet him.

We hauled in the other two boys. The wind held, Jimmy kept his course. In twenty minutes we had turned the Fire Island Light, and were cruising happily and ignorantly in the great, sunlit, forbidden Atlantic Ocean.

"The dragon-green, the luminous, the dark, the serpent-haunted sea." Except it wasn't serpent-haunted. That was the point. It was clean and clear and tingling, with no jellyfish nor seaweed nor warm sticky water.

It was my turn and Jimmy's to be towed. There was a slight ground swell, just enough to prevent the boys on board from keeping us in sight.

The wind gradually freshened, exerting a pressure which was not at once noticeable. The waves in front of our faces grew higher and stronger, and presently, having inhaled enough water, we let go the rope.

We thought nothing at all of this. The facts that the boys on the boat could not see us, and that they would never notice the slight increase in speed due to our casting off, did not occur to us, nor would we have cared if they had. We were swimming in the bottomless ocean, all alone at the center of infinity.

There were a few other matters which, in the excitement of the moment, had escaped our attention. We were half a mile out from Fire Island Light, and no one in the world knew it but us. We were naked as fish, and less knowledgeable about the tides and currents that fight each other around the point. Our chances of survival would have been the same if we had been half way to Spain.

**B**UT FORTUNE is good to little boys. There was to be an important race the following week—eight-meter sloops only—and all who owned one of that magnificent class had been practicing for weeks in those waters.

Jimmy and I, splashing around in the trough of a gentle wave, were suddenly aware of being almost under the bow of the most beautiful boat we had ever seen. The hull was of that lovely light mahogany, which, when varnished by a craftsman of experience, looks like golden enamel, lighted from within. There were two men and two women on board, all as handsome as the ship. At least in dress and grooming they were—what they might have looked like if

our positions had been reversed I cannot say.

We shouted and waved to them, not with any idea of being picked up, but just in greeting.

It was the expression on the skipper's face which impressed us so favorably. It was that of a man who had been deeply and suddenly betrayed—taken from behind without warning. He had arranged, possibly weeks before, to take his influential friends sailing under the very best conditions. To show off his lovely boat and his lovely wife, and make a lot of money. He had prepared for every emergency, except that of meeting two naked children in the middle of the Atlantic.

He had to take us aboard, of course. He threw us a line. We climbed it, and he stood us on the cabin roof, in order to let us drain without wetting anybody, I suppose.

IT WAS rather an exposed position, and both Jimmy and I felt it strongly. We were reddish-brown in color, trained down to the hardest possible condition (as most boys of that age always are) so that every muscle and tendon was visible. We must have looked skinned. They stared.

I was at a loss, and tempted to go overboard, but not Jimmy. He was equal to the occasion, as always. He snapped to attention in the best tradition of the Sea Scouts, saluted, and addressed himself to the skipper, "What are you looking at, mister?" he asked, gently. "We are not all covered with seaweed."

That saved the afternoon for the skipper. We had become a social asset, instead of an unpredictable nuisance. We were wrapped in blankets and offered tea, which we refused.

From the cabin roof our little catboat could easily be seen, about a quarter of a mile to the northeast. She was anchored, and from the attitude of the two small motionless figures on board, they were fishing.

After twittering by the ladies, and heavy good-fellowship by the men, we were allowed to go overboard some hundred yards from the catboat. The other boys were not surprised to see us, and congratulated us on having had a ride on an eight-meter, \$40,000, F.O.B. Stavanger, as one of them pointed out.

The wind shifted slightly, as it often does at that time of day, and we got home only a little late for supper. We said we had run aground near Saltaire, and had trouble getting off. It could have been true.



Margaret Blocher

*Drawings by Serge Hollerbach*

## *SAPHIRA and the Preacher*

**M**Y GREAT-grandmother, Saphira Robinson, was one of a large number of children—the exact number eluded her as she was never good at figures—and she came to this country from Northern Ireland when she was fifteen. Her oldest brother paid her fare and got her a job as a domestic in a home he had personally investigated between voyages. Darius ran away to sea when he was fourteen and the only member of his family who seemed to interest him thereafter was Saphira. He felt he had provided for her rather well.

Unable to read or write, clutching a piece of paper with the name and address of her future employer, Saphira wandered off the ship in New Haven and spent the day walking the streets, getting more and more confused but afraid to ask anyone her way. It was not until several years later that her brother told her she wasn't supposed to have disembarked in New Haven at all. She had been destined for New York, where the market for Irish serving maids was flourishing.

My great-grandfather was in New Haven that day to consult his uncle regarding a wife. His parishioners had made it clear that an unmarried minister of thirty-five was something of a trial to the ladies of his flock and they'd all be easier in their minds if he would marry. Robinsons tradi-

tionally marry late, but thirty-five was late enough; the parish wanted action.

As evening approached Saphira realized that she was hopelessly lost and couldn't even find her ship again, and that she simply must bring herself to speak to someone.

William B. looked much older than he was and wore a full beard that Saphira apparently found quite reassuring. All the Robinsons have singularly mild blue eyes, are built to larger scale than ordinary, and lumber from spot to spot with the grace of a bull seal—which they somewhat resemble, especially with beards. No sane person could think of William B. as a menace to unprotected womanhood. Wherefore, as he hurried along toward his uncle's house, Saphira accosted him timidly and burst into tears because she was so tired and hungry and frightened. William B. heard her sobbing story, read the address she carried without recognizing it as being in New Haven, and took her firmly into a hotel for some bean soup. Saphira hesitated to go with him, but he had the latent authority of the Robinsons . . . people did what he said and never did figure out why . . . so she went and ate and felt much better immediately.

During supper William B. had an idea. Saphira was delicately made, standing about five feet, with chicken bones, a fair, flushed skin and



an enormous quantity of chestnut hair hanging in curls to her waist. She was gay, even when exhausted and lost, and he thought she showed a rather quick mind. Marriage was very much on his mind, only he did not happen to be acquainted with any young lady whom he wished to wed. When he was old he used to explain this by saying that, in his day, women were too female. As nothing more feminine than his wife ever stepped, this remark puzzled his descendants.

However, after feeding her, William B. suggested that Saphira accompany him to his uncle's home and there reside while they got acquainted. In the event that they liked each other, he would marry her. In the event that they proved unsuited, he would guarantee her employment with a worthy family in New Haven. Saphira considered the matter for a few seconds and agreed. She specified that they would walk to the uncle's house, as she would enter no conveyance, public or private, with a strange man. In addition, if she did not care for the uncle, she would have to be taken to her ship at once. William B. approved her stipulations as proper and sensible and they set out for the longish walk to his uncle's church. All the Robinsons are ministers, except those who teach.

A career as a maid had never really appealed to Saphira. She much preferred being married to William B. The more she saw of him the better she liked him, and this continued for some fifty years. The only real tragedy of her life was William B.'s untimely demise at the age of eighty-five.

During her courtship, Saphira was supposed to be learning to keep house but William B.'s uncle and his wife kept her for a pet instead and the only things she learned were to play the melodeon, a small reed organ, and to read. Writing was never one of her strong points but she could read very well. William B. used the Bible and Shakespeare as textbooks and Saphira, who spoke something close to Elizabethan English as a native tongue, never read much of anything else.

WHEN William B. brought her home, proud as a dog with a ripe bone, the parish took one look and gasped. A wife, yes . . . but reddish curls to the waist, a complete and happy ignorance of housekeeping, and a passion for riding anything with four legs barebacked? Saphira used to fly over the Connecticut countryside, her hair blowing in the wind and her steed

anything she could make hold still long enough to mount. She did this in advanced stages of pregnancy and then delivered with a minimum of fuss. Rather absent-mindedly, she bore nine children in all.

Motherhood did not interest her, so the children grew up with the neighbors. My grandfather, her eldest, left home when he was nine because he couldn't stand the mess. He returned once and saw his father reading contentedly, standing with his book open on a stack of apple boxes, munching bread and meat, and his beard and the sandwich getting mixed. My grandfather figured things hadn't changed much and went back to his foster home, where New England housekeeping organized life into neater compartments.

William B. had read medicine and law before succumbing to family tradition and accepting the then-vacant family pulpit. As there wasn't a doctor for miles, people had to come to him in medical emergencies. Unfortunately, William B. detested illness and sick people and he was never observant enough to be a good doctor. Saphira read his medical library, added herbs and simples she knew from her childhood, plus other remedies learned from the miserable remnant of a tribe of Indians my great-grandfather looked after, and took over his practice.

She began as a volunteer midwife. A baby was breeched and the desperate young father came to William B. begging help. William B. began to preach about God's-will-being-done and let-us-pray. Saphira went to the barn and put a bridle on her horse. By the time the husband got home from the private prayer meeting, his son was doing nicely and his wife was safely asleep. Saphira had used willow twigs for forceps and a rather empirical knowledge of anatomy.

From then on, whenever the neighbors needed medical attention they would come to Saphira rather than to William B. The women began to forgive her for being such a poor mother and rotten housekeeper because she always had time to ride to them in any weather when they needed her.

Darius, her brother, brought back opium and a pipe from the China trade and showed her how to use it. Thereafter, mothers smoked opium when Saphira was midwife. Their infants had a sugar tit, soaked in rum, pushed into their mouths at birth. This kept everybody quiet, as Saphira objected to unnecessary noise.

She also used opium, combined with whisky,

when she had to take off a leg in a hayfield after a farm laborer got caught in one of the new reapers. His leg was badly crushed and Saphira didn't see how to get him out without amputating, so—although she had only read of the possibility—she used a scythe and a saw for her instruments and hot tar for sutures and the patient survived, to his own and everyone else's surprise.

As a healer, Saphira had a tremendous asset in her own sense of perfect security. She was completely self confident; it never occurred to her that better medical attention was available or even possible. At the same time, her faith in the wisdom of Heaven was equally complete and unshakable. She sincerely believed that everything happened for the best and she usually convinced her patients that (1) they were in good hands; (2) they were going to recover; (3) if they didn't, it was the will of God, and who is bold enough to defy the Lord?

**S**HE ENJOYED writing verse and could compose doggerel by the nautical mile. It was her habit to write a little tribute, suitable for inscription on tombstones, for the dear about-to-be departed. She thought it might make the family feel better. Some samples of her work remain in churchyards around Meriden, Connecticut to this day. Neighbors, interested in a little gossip, would drop around when a new baby was known to be ailing or an adult failing, to discover if Saphira were writing verse. Her prognosis was seldom wrong, so few poems were wasted.

Another of her creative activities involved re-writing church hymns, which she found excessively dreary. Her neighbors found her efforts totally admirable, and accorded her the kind of artistic respect—and exemption from the ordinary claims of living—that most artists feel they need, but so seldom get. It took a few years, but William B.'s parish came to accept his wife on her own terms and lived as happily with her as he did and for as many years.

William B. lived with Saphira in an almost



sinful state of contentment. He was a highly intellectual, introverted, contemplative man who felt isolated in his farming community. He preached the contents of his complicated Transcendentalist soul to them every Sunday and felt that they listened and heard not. They loved him and trusted him and paid no more attention to him than they did to God. He was there and he was good and wise in all his works but ordinary men did not trouble themselves overmuch with the workings of his wonderful mind. Saphira, on the other hand, found her husband very interesting. She did not always agree with him and she could take flight in a way that distressed him . . .

she died convinced that spirits inhabit the earth and also convinced that she was personally acquainted with a few of them . . . but she could always find flaws in his reasoning in a fashion that delighted him. William B. was never happier than when convinced he was a fool.

When he got interested in phrenology Saphira shared his interest and asked him where the bump of knowledge might be. He told her and she promised him that from now on, all babies she delivered would have a bump of knowledge, she'd see to that! The plasticity of the human head at birth had not occurred to William B. before. He immediately decided to investigate the effect obstetrical practice might have upon national character. Whatever the results of his researches, his extensive correspondence with missionaries over the world produced a large stamp collection that Saphira put to use to decorate jelly jars before making them into flower vases.

**M**Y GRANDFATHER, Saphira's oldest son, married a descendant of a Silesian baron. She was conscious of her German accent and her noble ancestors in equal part and took it hard when she overheard gossip about how her handsome husband had lowered himself to marry an immigrant. Saphira didn't notice sons and daughters-in-law as a rule but she made an exception in Tip's favor and made it clear that



any disapproval of her son's wife did not proceed from his immediate family. She was herself, she pointed out, an immigrant and with an accent to boot.

On one notable occasion, my grandmother came to call on her mother-in-law and found Saphira sitting under the grapevine in her back yard, complaining mildly about a funny smell in the house. Tip sniffed and found nothing humorous. Something, she proclaimed, was dead! Saphira couldn't argue the point; the house was uninhabitable. Tip had been wanting to clean that house for years but had held off for fear of offending. (Nothing could offend Saphira less than a volunteer cleaning woman, but my grandmother couldn't understand anything female being so utterly lacking in house pride.) There was an immediate meeting of minds over that smell, however, and Tip plunged happily into the kind of turning-out she'd had in mind ever since she met her husband's family.

My grandmother *liked* to clean house but her own house was never dirty so she seldom got a really good chance to exercise this particular passion. In her mother-in-law's home she found enough dirt and disorder to keep her in conversation for years.

She emptied drawers and found poems, bits of socks eaten by moths, lengths of string, pins, burned cigar butts Saphira was saving for poultices, bundles of dried herbs, packets of black cat hair to make charms and paint brushes, old music scores, and bits of cheese. Both Saphira and William B. liked cheese and had a habit of storing it here and there.

Tip threw everything away she couldn't find immediate use for, including several broken chests of rosewood that had come from England in the seventeenth century and not been repaired from the voyage, apparently. She burned all the rubbish, carefully saving the ashes for the garden Saphira never bothered to keep up.

The house, a silver-gray saltbox, emerged into painful, shining neatness and Saphira made her daughter-in-law blush with praise for the oak floors, drunk and glowing with wax, and the curtains starched into frail boards propped stiffly against each window. Saphira had no grudge against neatness; she just never found out how to achieve it.

William B. didn't seem to notice one way or the other until his books and papers were dusted and rearranged. Then he started asking when Tip was going home.

At the end of a housecleaning that belongs in the annals as a sort of classic of its kind, my grandmother was reduced to crawling around in the attic and washing down the rafters with soap and water—for the house still smelled bad.

It just isn't practical to keep cleaning house for months on end. My grandfather was tired of being a batchelor and his mother was tired of living under the grapevine but Tip wasn't going to give up and nobody in the family could think of a way to make her. She knew that smell came from some place and she aimed to find it. Fortunately, before the snow flew she at last tracked it down.

Saphira could never get on to a stove; she was afraid of them, and did all her cooking in the big kitchen fireplace. There was a loose stone at the side, suitable for hiding hard money. She had put a bit of bacon rind there for safe keeping. A mouse had managed to squeeze in, but he ate too much and could not get out. Hence the famous smell. Everyone but Saphira felt the tale too awful to be repeated outside the family but her sympathies were entirely with the mouse and she told everyone, quite seriously, to take care when storing food lest the mice overeat and be trapped. She didn't even care if people knew she had mice. My grandmother, who had no emotional sympathy for mice, was embarrassed to own she had the same last name as Saphira.

**W**ILLIAM B. was twenty years older than his wife and when he was eighty-five he fell down the steps of a flour mill and broke his head. Saphira took the blow quietly, to the relief of her children, gathered from afar and being fed enthusiastically by my grandmother.

After the funereal feasting it was necessary to make some plans for their mother, and the children—none of whom liked her very much—gathered in the parlor to do their duty. She was not invited to the conference and was discovered riding slowly about the countryside, saying good-by to everything she loved including her horse. She knew her children would tame her and that she had no strength of character to resist them. She submitted to their arrangements, certain she would be miserable and not caring about it now that William B. was gone.

As my grandfather was the best-off financially, and his wife really liked her mother-in-law even while disapproving of her completely, Saphira came to live with her eldest son. She could not

help being untidy and my grandmother couldn't endure disorder. Consequently, she was confined to quarters for the next twenty years of her life. She didn't like to upset Tip and her mere presence seemed to do so.

Therefore, except for occasional excursions into the parlor to play the organ, she remained alone in her room, where she could smoke a pipe without scandalizing anybody.

Her brother, Darius, retired from the sea and married, came to see her every five years or so and always brought a gift. Once it was a cape and hat made entirely of jet bugle beads. The garments weighed almost as much as Saphira and clanked like plate armor when she moved. My grandmother refused to appear in church with her in that rig so Saphira had to wear it in her room by herself. My mother remembered hearing the truly formidable rattle of those beads late at night sometimes.

My mother was fond of her grandmother in a mild way. She did not respect her, for no one else did. Saphira had virtually no money and could not give Christmas or birthday presents. Her son managed her small property for her and it didn't enter his mind that she might need any cash. Saphira seemed only dimly aware of the existence of money. She'd never had the spend of any of it anyway. If my mother was fond of her it was because Saphira alone, of all the many, many relatives, had never a word for the many faults that made up my mother's dreadful character. Having, as everyone admitted, no character whatever herself, Saphira saw nothing to criticize in her grandchild and for this my mother was grateful.

WHEN Mother was sixteen a performance of "Faust" was scheduled to be sung at New Haven's Woolsey Hall. Saphira loved music and Mother had a sudden quixotic impulse to take her grandmother to hear the opera.



Saphira hesitated to enter a theater until she was told the entire show would be in music. Then she decided that there could be nothing evil about it. On the appointed night she descended the stairs from her room . . . wearing the jet bugle bead cape. My grandmother told her sharply to go right back upstairs and take that thing off, but Mother objected that they would be late and they set off, clanking.

Saphira had never been on a street car and balked when the monster roared down upon her. It took the motorman and my mother several minutes to convince her that people rode street cars all the time and took no harm

from it. Once aboard, Saphira was enchanted and instantly accepted the motorman's invitation to take a turn up front at the steering bar. While grinning passengers egged her on, Saphira promised the assembled company that she meant to do this sort of thing more often!

My mother was painfully self-conscious, and had been brought up with the firm belief that fool's names and faces are always found in public places. Already she regretted the whole trip bitterly.

CARRYING the bulge bead cape up the stairs to the top balcony proved almost more than Saphira could accomplish, so they were late for the curtain. They came out in the darkness at the top of the house just as Mephistopheles arrived in a flash of fire to tempt poor Faust.

"Why!" Saphira exclaimed in a voice clearly audible throughout the entire auditorium. "The Devil!"

She spoke in the tone of one recognizing an old and valued friend.

The singer playing Mephistopheles smiled satanically and bowed in the direction of the left balcony. The audience was delighted and turned to look. My mother wished, passionately, to die.

For the rest of her life my mother regretted



that this juvenile desire to be invisible prevented her from even trying to take her grandmother out again. She could only console herself by recalling what a magnificent time the old lady had on that one expedition. She drove the street car on the way home, too. She seemed to assume that there was a rule that persons over the age of seventy might drive street cars if so inclined and the motorman did not care to disillusion her.

When Saphira was over eighty, her daughter-in-law died and her son lost his sight. Once again a large family conference was called to decide her fate and once again no one thought to invite her.

She sat in her room and awaited their pleasure. After much discussion, Rob, another of her sons, came forward and said he would look after his mother. As Rob was a bachelor, a ne'er-do-well, and an alcoholic, this didn't really seem like a solution, except that there were certainly no other volunteers and nobody with enough authority to make a draft stick.

It would not please my mother to hear me say it, but the fact of the matter is that my great-grandmother never drew a sober breath for the last dozen years of her life. She and Rob lived in a pleasant daze, thanks to the apple jack that Rob made by the barrel. They did not, to my mother's distress, eat a balanced diet, either. When they felt like ham they'd buy one and chew at it until they were bored with ham. When apples were good they'd eat nothing but apples for days. If Saphira took a notion for fish, Rob would go and fetch her some, in season or not. She had no teeth but she could chew meat somehow and could eat an apple when she took her time. She was quite bald and wore a baby bonnet to conceal this fact. Her genial inebriation seemed to keep that bonnet on the bias, somehow, and I remember thinking she looked wonderfully amusing with her bonnet over one eye and her lively glance and her parchment skin. My mother thought she looked like a disgrace—but, short of living with her, there was no way to stop it, was there?



She and Rob had never actually gotten acquainted before. He was born when she was nineteen and interested in other things and they hadn't seen much of each other since. They discovered that they had much in common when they started living together. Rob liked her better than he thought he was going to, and appreciated her calm attitude at having a dozen gun dogs stay in the house.

He even took a new job now and then to buy her luxuries like jig-saw puzzles, and, when she got older, a wheel chair. When she was ninety he set out a pear tree from the seed of pear she especially fancied and both of them lived to eat the fruit, which is more than some of the more skeptical relatives managed to do.

All good things must end and one morning Saphira awoke with what she accurately diagnosed as pneumonia. She insisted upon going to a hospital, although she had never been near one before, because, she said placidly, she couldn't possibly live with double pneumonia at the age of a hundred-and-one and Rob couldn't care for her.

Once in the hospital she rallied surprisingly and made friends with what, to my mother, appeared to be the entire staff. The younger doctors listened open mouthed to her obstetrical memories and the nurses made a great pet of her. They put her in a wheel chair and took her to the delivery room and the nursery, a trip she enjoyed almost as much as "Faust." Feeling that her own knowledge of her condition was as good as theirs, the hospital authorities permitted Rob to sidle into the building, looking like a wild animal entering a trap, with a jug of apple jack, and Saphira administered therapeutic doses as the mood took her.

A few days later she died in her sleep, concerned only with the possibility that God might let her enter Heaven as bald as she was leaving earth. She discussed this with her nurses and decided that God wouldn't have the heart to deny anything to as good a man as William B. and that William B. had always admired her hair. That settled, she went serenely to sleep.

Alden Stevens

# SPARE PARTS FOR PEOPLE

A team of Navy doctors is learning how to replace damaged blood vessels, skin, bone, and other vital tissues from a "stockpile" where they can be stored for years.

WHEN a period of two months not long ago a three-year-old boy on Long Island and a four-year-old girl in Galveston, Texas, were seriously burned. In the case of the boy, a call went out for skin donors. Several were needed since only a limited amount of skin can be taken from any one person without serious results; each donor went through painful weeks of healing and was left with permanent scars. To save the girl, whose body surface was 60 per cent burned—sure death a few years ago—her father donated as much skin as he could.

It was not nearly enough, however, so her doctor called on the Tissue Bank of the National Naval Medical Center at Bethesda, Maryland. From there a quantity of human skin—which had been taken from a donor immediately after death, freeze-dried, and preserved under sterile vacuum conditions—was air-mailed to Galveston. No pain, scars, or period of recovery was involved in getting this skin.

It didn't happen to match the girl's own, for she is a Negro and the only skin on hand was from white donors. But this made no difference to anyone. Grafted skin always sloughs off in

three to four weeks; it serves merely as the most nearly perfect burn dressing yet discovered until the person's own skin has had time to grow back. Today the little girl has recovered just as fully as the boy.

Unfortunately her experience is not yet a general one. The Tissue Bank, a small research unit, does not usually have on hand nearly enough material to meet such requests. (If it had had more skin in storage when the call went out from Galveston, the little girl's father would have been spared his painful experience.) It is also at the moment the only tissue bank of its kind in existence. But the research that is going on at the Naval Medical Center today points toward the almost unbelievably dramatic developments in reconstructive surgery that may be possible tomorrow. Skin is only one—and by no means the most remarkable—of the human tissues that the Tissue Bank is working with.

As long ago as 1912 the Nobel Prize-winning surgeon Alexis Carrel wrote: "It would be very convenient for the surgeon to keep [in storage] pieces of skin, periosteum, bone, cartilage, blood vessels, peritoneum, omentum, and fat, ready to be used."

In succeeding years it became possible to store blood and plasma for transfusions; to transplant the cornea from a dead to a living eye; and to keep bone for grafts in a freezer, as Russell Lynes reported in *Harper's* for April 1948. But none of these considerable achievements was quite what Carrel had had in mind. What he wanted has at last proved possible at Bethesda—during the past six years, bone, skin, arteries, cartilage, fascia, dura, and other vital parts, removed from newly dead bodies, have been stockpiled at room temperature for periods ranging from several months to several years.

THE PHYSICIANS in charge of this "controlled clinical research project," as they like to have it called, are extremely cautious in evaluating their results so far.

"It will be ten or fifteen years before we can be sure we have been successful," says Rear Admiral B. W. Hogan, Surgeon General of the Navy, who is responsible for the fact that the research has gone on at all. "We have proved that in certain cases involving skin, bone, and arteries our techniques are clinically useful—just how useful we can't say."

Lt. Commander George Hyatt—the surgeon who, according to Admiral Hogan, has done



more than anyone else to develop the Tissue Bank and who, some years ago, helped to set up the Lahey Clinic's Bone Bank—adds:

"We lost a lot of sleep during the first few months. We didn't know whether the material would hold up or not. We don't really know yet, but some of it has lasted long enough to demonstrate that further research is worthwhile."

To the several hundred people now walking around with Tissue Bank material functioning inside of them, this is perhaps the understatement of the century. There is, for instance, the Marine whose left thigh was wounded by mortar fire in Korea and patched up in a field hospital. Until he got a grafted artery ten inches long from the Bank, his leg could support him for only a few steps at a time. Today, more than two years after the graft, he reports his leg is perfectly satisfactory. A twenty-six-year-old sailor, bed-ridden because his aorta (the principal blood vessel leading from the heart) was swollen and weakened to the danger point by disease, was restored to active duty by a Tissue Bank aorta. Another man has a usable arm today because a Tissue Bank bone plate was grafted in after a complicated fracture. Still another, whose thigh bone was so eaten away internally that it could not support his weight, had the cavity filled with ground bone, and he now walks as well as ever.

During the Korean War, when he served for fourteen months on the hospital ship *Haven*, Commander Hyatt reaffirmed his conviction that (1) tissue grafts can be of the utmost importance in saving life or preventing permanent disability from major injuries; and (2) the material must be readily available when needed. Skin, for example, cannot be grafted onto a burned person during the first two weeks or so, but it cannot be delayed much beyond that either. Gangrene can sometimes be prevented if major blood vessels can be replaced quickly enough to re-establish the flow of blood.

About one per cent of all modern war casualties involve serious damage to major blood vessels, and out of this one per cent come almost 20 per cent of the amputations. No one can say with certainty how many amputations can be avoided by using freeze-dried arterial tissue, but many already have been. Tissue Bank surgeons have been working hard on this problem. At Bethesda twenty blood-vessel segments have been grafted into fourteen patients, and about eighty-four Tissue Bank grafts have been done elsewhere.

Only two of these have failed, and it has not been proven that the arteries themselves were at fault in these cases.

#### "FROM DEATH, LIFE?"

**T**ISSUE Bank material is not easy to come by. First of all, there is a legal problem. An individual cannot simply leave his remains to the Tissue Bank, although many have expressed a desire to do so. After death a body belongs by law to the next of kin. So permission must be obtained from the next of kin—and obtained within a very few hours or the tissue will no longer be suitable for use. When the next of kin is not in or near Bethesda, rapid long-distance telephoning must be followed by signed papers. A typical telephone call to a mother goes something like this:

"Mrs. Jones, I want to add my condolences to those in the official telegram you have just received. I want you to know that everything was done for John that modern medical science knows how to do, and I am saddened that it was not enough. I want you to know that a chaplain was with him at the end, and that he died bravely. I am terribly sorry we were not able to save him. However, I'd also like you to know that we have several young men like him in the hospital right now who badly need help that only John can give them. Unhappily we will have many others in the future. We have, for instance, one badly burned man who must have skin. We have another whose smashed hand must be rebuilt with human bone. We thought perhaps you might like John to help these others become whole and well again. It would be a kind of memorial to John—a way, if you like, for him to live on by helping them. For him to do this, we must have your permission to take certain tissues from John's body for use on these others who need them. May we have that permission?"

Hardly ever has such an appeal been refused. A far more difficult problem is getting to the responsible person in time.

Two completely new lines of research are going on at Bethesda. The first is a system of procuring tissue, not from living subjects, but from donors like John Jones. This is done according to a carefully worked out, highly systematic plan, in a sterile operating room within twenty-four hours of death. On the door of this room is a sign with the words, *Ex Morte Vita*—"From Death, Life." The exact number of pieces of tissue taken from

each donor is determined by plan, but varies somewhat in practice—blood vessels can be taken only from the young, and only perfect material unaffected by disease can be used. Fascia, tendon, dura, and some other materials are taken principally for experimental purposes and study—no one yet knows how they may be used.

The second line of research is in the field of preservation. Every piece of tissue must have a thorough bacteriological check before it is processed. Then, after sterilization, the material is stored in a number of ways—it may be packed in dry ice which holds it at 90°–100° below zero Fahrenheit; it may be preserved in a nutrient solution; or—perhaps most important, though none of the doctors will come right out and say so—it may be freeze-dried. In this process it is quick-frozen, then fluid is extracted by a vacuum process, and finally the material is vacuum packed, the containers sealed and tested for leaks. Once sealed, the tissue can be kept at room temperature—for how long has not yet been finally determined. But some tissues so packed have already lasted three years and probably will last much longer. Reconstitution for use usually takes about twenty minutes in a saline solution.

Bone is preserved in this manner as “match-sticks,” in strips, as pegs, ground, or in various other forms for specific uses.

The machinery for freeze-drying is expensive, and a considerable staff must work for several days to complete the process of preparation and preservation. It's an exacting, time-consuming, expensive business, and it always will be. It is not mere scientific caution and humility that make the doctors working on this problem shrink from overselling the development. They know such grafts will work only under perfect conditions and circumstances.

#### WHAT HAPPENS TO GRAFTS

**N**O GRAFTING operation can be applied to a human being until it has proved successful on an animal, and this too is an essential part of the research at Bethesda. Then further research is needed to find out exactly *how* it works. Despite all this painstaking study, no one yet knows precisely what occurs when tissue is grafted into another body. In bone grafts, which have been done for some years, the host seems to rebuild its own bone in such a manner that it absorbs and replaces the grafts; and the same is probably true for arterial tissue.

No graft of tissue from one person into another has ever been shown to be truly permanent in its original form.

While I was at the Tissue Bank a wire came in: “Am in need of artery graft approx. 80 mm. in length and 10 to 14 mm. in diameter. Please advise as to availability. Any help would be greatly appreciated.”

“These appeals come in all the time,” the officer then in charge said. “This is from an excellent man, and I wish we could help him. We keep a precise card catalogue index of every piece of tissue in the bank, and I found out within ten seconds that unfortunately we just don't have what he needs at the moment. Too many doctors seem to think we have an inexhaustible supply. One man in the Middle West wanted us to send him a little of everything—in case he needed it. First of all, we don't have enough material for the operations we must perform right here on Navy personnel and dependents—which is what the hospital is set up for. Second, even if we had enough, we couldn't send it to men we didn't know positively were trained to use it *right*—and that usually means they must have put in some study with us here, because these techniques are rather special. We have sent out material, yes, perhaps more than we should have in the five years we've been in business. But this Tissue Bank is not and never can be a supply depot for the whole country—it just isn't set up that way. It's a research project—and that's *all* it is.”

But, as Admiral Hogan puts it, “A logical extension of this project is for the large civilian medical centers, which have such excellent facilities and highly trained staffs, to apply these procurement and storage methods to their surgical problems.”

Obviously only in very large hospitals can all the stringent requirements for a successful tissue bank ever be met: donors readily available in time for successful processing, doctors trained and specializing in that processing, adequate preservation equipment and personnel, and—a factor which cannot be too strongly stressed—surgeons experienced in the use of the material.

These are hard requirements, but, as the Naval Medical Center has demonstrated, they can be met. The more medical centers that meet them, the more swiftly research in this new field can go ahead. The whole science of storing tissue at room temperature is in its infancy, but its promise seems tremendous.



David Dempsey

# HOW TO GET PUBLISHED, *More or Less*

Vanity publishers—who will print your poems or deathless prose, if you pay them enough—are becoming Big Business.

They won't sell many copies of your book . . . but they may do wonders for your ego.

**J**OSEPH CONRAD once said that he suffered from gout and unwritten books. Although gout is no longer an occupational hazard of authorship, thanks in part to the wretched pay of the creative writer, and while increased leisure and professional writing courses have largely eliminated the unwritten book (today it gets written), an incomputable number of men and women in this country suffer from a malady even worse: their books stubbornly refuse to get published. For every one of the approximately ten thousand titles brought out last year, it's a safe bet that a dozen others were rejected.

If authorship were an entirely rational profession—which happily it is not—these unlucky aspirants would accept the verdict of the market place, lock their manuscripts in an attic trunk, and go about their real business. Until recent times, most of them had no other choice.

Today, however, there is a beguiling alternative: for a fee ranging from \$800 to \$15,000, depending upon the type of book and its length, any one of twenty firms will gladly perform the necessary rites of publication. The four or five

top establishments in this field offer a package deal which may include autographing parties, radio interviews, and extensive newspaper publicity. Their product looks no different from that of the regular trade publisher. The book will carry a distinctive imprint; a colorful dust-jacket with blurbs written in the approved, trade publishing style; a testimonial or two elicited, possibly, from a local Congressman or book reviewer; and a photograph of the author. Nothing in the book will indicate that he has paid to have it published, and it will be officially announced by a listing in the "Books Published Today" column of the *New York Times*. Indeed, little is spared to convince the writer that he has finally arrived—little, that is, except sales.

This, as we shall see, is not always an immediate consideration. Far more important to many people who subsidize their way into print is the fact that they have suddenly acquired an effective bit of literary camouflage, and with it an enviable new status. There may be other advantages, too, which make the investment a sound one. Club women, whose poetry has hitherto been the object of colossal neglect, will find their claims to the laureateship of the community no longer challenged. Doctors, writing on the treatment of sinusitis or low back pains, can expect to enhance their practice. Politicians are discovered to be literate after all. Professors may now qualify for an overdue promotion. Even bartenders find that it sometimes pays to be an author. There is the case of one such who was promptly hired by a plush Miami Beach hostelry after he had written the story of his life. Not many Florida hotels can boast that their drinks are mixed by a writer, and this one has increased its prestige accordingly.

Publishing a book at your own expense today is by no means the hit-and-miss, disorganized operation it was twenty years ago. Today's subsidy publishers (or vanity presses, as they are usually called) occupy comfortable offices in such cities as New York, Philadelphia, Boston, Washington, and Hollywood. They advertise their services widely and, for the most part, immodestly, holding out to the unpublished author the prospect of fame and even the possibility of profit. In terms of the number of titles issued per year, two of these firms rank among the top ten publishers in the United States. Collectively, the vanity houses will bring out more than 600 titles in 1955, tripling their output of ten years ago.

Including publications of the university presses - some 60 per cent of which are at least partially subsidized—nearly one book in every ten is being published because the author is willing to help foot the bill. With works of genuine scholarship, this is understandable. Even the vanity field is not without its technical volumes and historical treatises which, with a little more work or better documentation, might have sold to a regular, royalty-paying publisher. Others have merit but are of limited appeal (*How to Build a Baroque Concert Harpsichord*).

No book is too small and none too large, provided the author is willing to pay. A volume currently in production runs 700 pages and consists of one long narrative poem. The fee: \$5,000. For \$15,000, one publisher brought out a specially edited Bible, shorn of all references to meat eating, sex, and bloodletting. (Needless to say, it is considerably shorter than the King James version.) The average "slim volume of verse" can be had for \$900 and a conventional sized novel for around \$2,500. To thousands of hopefuls, this is not too much for the privilege of being known as an author.

"At the price of a new car," the owner of one vanity press declared, "I give them something even better to show off to their friends."

These people are probably no more vain than the professional writer. The difference is that they pay to satisfy their vanity. In many cases they are simply flattered into it, sometimes at a price they can ill afford. I know of a couple on the West Coast who cashed an insurance policy, borrowed on three others, and liquidated their savings in order to bring out a novel. They earned back \$66 in royalties. A minister in Canada underwrote the cost of his book by getting a \$1,900 advance on his salary. A suburban New Yorker financed her memoirs by giving the publisher a mortgage. Many vanity presses try to discourage their authors from borrowing; nevertheless, the hope of recovering expenses through sales induces a lot of persons to take the chance.

#### THIS WONDERFUL PLAN

LET US examine the theoretical case history of a vanity book called *Rarin' to Go*, by one John Victor, of Cupcake City, Indiana. Mr. Victor's novel has just had its sixth rejection slip by a royalty publisher, and he is pretty discouraged; after all, he spent two years writing it.

Now, however, he notices an advertisement in a writer's magazine for a firm—we'll call it Quality House—that literally entreats unknown authors to send in their manuscripts. Victor writes for more information, and a handsome, 24-page brochure, printed in three colors, arrives by return mail. In it, he reads that Edgar Allan Poe, Willa Cather, Thomas Hardy, Walt Whitman, Edna St. Vincent Millay, and many more all paid for the publication of their maiden effort. Other, ordinary folk like himself have been "feted, admired, publicized from coast to coast."

The arrangement set forth for bringing out Victor's book is variously described as "subsidy," "co-operative," and "this wonderful publishing plan." It will be made clear to him, however, that a certain investment on his part is required—how much cannot be determined until his manuscript is read by the editors. Well, it costs nothing but postage to find out, and Mr. Victor ships his novel off for an appraisal.

In a week or so (heretofore he has suffered from one to two months of agonized waiting) Victor receives a letter beginning, "I have some very happy news for you." The "happy news" is that Quality House considers the novel "truly outstanding" and eminently publishable. A "confidential" inter-office report, prepared ostensibly for the publisher, is included. This gives a glowing account of Victor's literary talent. Still no mention, however, of actual cost.

A few days later, the Quality contract arrives. For a 320-page book (the length of Victor's manuscript), the price will be \$3,200. Mr. Victor does not have \$3,200, although he can see his way to raising \$2,500. He conveys this information to the people at Quality, hoping that something can be done to bring down the price. Something can. The editors will be happy to remove a few chapters of Victor's novel, thus "speeding it up" and, incidentally, bringing it down to the \$2,500 size. They will also polish it here and there, and see that it is grammatically correct and properly punctuated.

Eight months later (the usual gestation period) his book is in print; that is, assuming that he has met his payments, which are usually due in three installments. A short time before this, however, he has begun to feel the first heady intoxication of authorship. Press releases have been sent to the local newspapers. Much is made of the fact that John Victor is the first resident of Cupcake City ever to publish a book.



People begin to stop him on the street. Others make inquiries at the local book store and are told that Victor will appear in person to autograph his novel on the day of publication.

The rumor of this young man's success is further confirmed by a radio interview and the appearance of some highly favorable newspaper reviews. (The publisher, knowing the scarcity of critics on smaller city papers, has thoughtfully prepared some of these reviews himself.)

On the day of the autographing, the book store sells 75 copies of *Rarin' to Go*, mostly to people who know Victor, some of whom are curious to find out if the book is as bad as they think it will be. Nevertheless, his moment of glory has arrived and he makes the most of it. He may never write another book—he may, in later years, even wish he had not written this one—but at the moment he is getting exactly what he paid for: personal satisfaction.

In another six months he gets his first (and probably only) royalty statement—a check for \$106.80, covering the sale of 89 copies of his book. (Victor receives 40 per cent of the list price.) Now he can personally account for the 75 copies that he autographed, but for the life of him he cannot imagine who bought the other 14. The final bill, however, has not yet been rendered. Some time later he receives a letter from his publisher offering to sell him the unsold copies for 65 cents each. He discovers, too, that of the edition of 2,000 copies printed, only 300 were bound.

It is these bound copies that the publisher is threatening to destroy. Victor sees his novel being mashed into pulp, or possibly hollowed out and turned into trick gadgets for sale to novelty stores. This is not a pleasant prospect, and he prefers to write another check rather than suffer this further indignity. Right here it occurs to him that the best customer for a subsidy book is the man who wrote it.

IF THERE is an element of exaggeration in the foregoing account, it is that I have overestimated the sale of Victor's book. I know of one case where the writer, a manufacturer, finally disposed of 2,000 books by packing a copy with every shipment of brass fittings that went out of his plant.

But in fairness, it should be said that some books do perform remarkably well. Moreover, the vanity firms will occasionally bring out a book at their own risk. *Daddy Was an Under-*

*taker*, published by Vantage Press, chalked up a sale of 11,000. *Gold Coast Pioneer*, an Exposition book, although subsidized, sold 1,600 copies in one Florida community alone. This is possibly explained by the fact that its author was a local real-estate developer.

For the great majority of subsidy books, there is simply no discernible market. Probably 50 per cent of these consist of poetry. To break even, the paying poet must sell about 800 copies of his work. To my knowledge, this has never occurred. Nor do the subsidy houses hold out much hope that it will.

"I tell my authors that they should be prepared to lose money," admits Edward Uhlan, owner of Exposition Press. And well he might. On subsidies totaling \$400,000 last year, Uhlan returned \$26,000 in royalties. Averaged out, this means that each author got back about 6 per cent of his original investment.

#### A TOUCH OF IMMORTALITY

UHLAN, a personable man in his early forties, is generally credited with restoring vanity publishing to some semblance of respectability after its debacle in the 1930s. His Exposition Press, one of the two largest in the field, has trained at one time and another a good share of the men who have since become his competitors. Uhlan got his start in the old "pay-as-you-enter" anthology business, operating for twelve years under such professional aliases as Igor Ulianov, Paul Emory Carter, and Wilton T. March. "Qualms of conscience," as he puts it, drove him to broaden the basis of his publishing. Even so, he terms himself the "rogue of publishers' row," which is the title of an autobiography he is writing—to be published at his own expense.

Like all subsidy publishers, Uhlan visibly flinches when he hears the term "vanity press." Many a royalty publisher, he points out, is not above bringing out an "official" biography (paid for by the author or his family); moreover, the numerous corporation histories that have burgeoned since the war have usually been endowed by the corporations concerned (or the tax collector, however you want to look at it).

But if the trade firms have borrowed an occasional leaf from Uhlan's book, he has more than repaid himself by adopting their style of nomenclature. His "Banner Books" consist of better grade non-fiction, the "University" im-

print is for the convenience of professors, and "Lochinvar Books" are limited to Americana. These may not mean much to the bookseller, but to authors such designations assure that even among paying customers the sheep are separated from the goats.

"The only thing I promise an author is immortality," Uhlan states blandly.

And once the Exposition publicity machine goes into high gear, an intimation of immortality at least settles over the writer. From time to time, Uhlan declares an authoress "the most beautiful of the year." Book and Author lunches give a stamp of professionalism to many of his offerings, and it is not unusual for Uhlan himself to be present at these. "I try to keep the author from acting like a jackass."

Although he concentrates on building up the writer in his home town, not a few of Uhlan's books have received nation-wide publicity. For example, Uhlan once read that a woman in Chicago was suing her husband for divorce on the grounds that he snored. He promptly dispatched a copy of his *How to Stop Snoring* to the judge, who deferred his decision for thirty days in order that the defendant might try out the system. The marriage was saved, and so was the book, which suddenly blossomed out of obscurity.

In spite of such instances, immortality is one thing that most subsidy authors never achieve. Few ever pay for the publication of a second book, and not many make the grade with the old-line trade publishers. The subsidy firms reap their harvest from the constant stream of newcomers—schoolteachers, lawyers, religious believers, doctors, hobbyists, and the elderly men and women who write their memoirs, in about that order. With many of these people, financial recoupment is a secondary matter.

A few years ago a Texan walked into the Exposition offices and laid a manuscript on Uhlan's desk, announcing that it had resulted from a bet among four hunting companions. The agreement had been that the loser would write and publish a book.

"I lost," the author said sheepishly.

#### THINK TWICE

**A**LTHOUGH subsidy publishing is advertised as a useful adjunct to trade publishing—as, indeed, it sometimes is—the dictum of *caveat emptor* is nowhere more applicable.

The most compelling single pitfall is that your book may not be any good. Nevertheless, not more than 25 per cent of the manuscripts submitted to most leading vanity firms are rejected. As a result, the standing of these books among booksellers and reviewers is extremely low. Even the worthwhile volume suffers from the company it keeps.

And although your book may require no rewriting, there can be certain unanticipated expenses. Advertising, for instance, is usually paid for by the author rather than the publisher. This will run into hundreds of dollars if you are encouraged to buy space in the Sunday book supplements or magazines. It may surprise you, too, to discover that although you have paid two or three thousand dollars for a book, the printed copies, except for an allotment of fifty, are not your property. The only way you can take possession is to buy them back. Nor will many subsidy publishers endeavor to promote your book for a period longer than six months; such a cancellation clause is usually written into the contract.

If you want your book widely distributed, you should think twice before taking it to a vanity publisher. It is rare for these firms to have full-time salesmen on the road, and the few that make a determined effort to sell their books usually work through commission men.

"The vanity books were always the last ones I showed," one ex-traveler said frankly, "and they were the books I didn't show at all if I had to catch a train."

The fact is that the subsidy publisher can make his profit without unloading a single volume. I know of one author who claims that his book actually annoyed the publisher by selling; the firm was simply not set up to fill orders on a large scale.

For hundreds of aspiring writers, however, the glory—or perhaps it is more accurate to say the delusion—of authorship is all that matters. A judge in a Midwestern city reports that he got more publicity from his book than from anything that ever happened to him, even though sales were less than five hundred copies, many of which he bought himself to give away. But not everyone who subsidizes his way into print is so well satisfied. The author of a children's book, of which the publisher sold exactly twelve copies, was quite emphatic.

"I certainly don't intend," she wrote, "ever to pay anyone else to make a fool of me."



# After Hours

OPEN THE DIOR.

RICHARD

MY WIFE said she couldn't go to the spring fashion showing at Dior's when we were in Paris recently because, as she put it, "I haven't anything to wear." That settled it; her reasons seemed at once sensible in purely feminine terms and perverse logically. I, as it happened, did have something to wear, a blue suit, so I said, "Let me have the ticket. I'll go and have a look and let you know what's new in the *haute couture*. I'll find out what the 'A line' is and what the 'H line' is and what gives with zippers. I will see if there is back interest and what all this talk is about suppressing front interest. I will be your eyes. After all I am a trained observer, a reporter, and a man of the world. Nobody but a man of the world would think of going to Dior's alone."

I put a small notebook in my pocket and myself into a small taxi and in no time I was sitting on a small gilt chair in a rococo room with crystal chandeliers, surrounded by women all of whom had something to wear, though what they wore didn't seem to me anything very special. The effect, indeed, was rather dowdy. If anybody needs Dior, I thought to myself, it is these women and not my wife. I tried to decide who all these women were. Some apparently were potential customers; some were in the dress business; some, like myself, were sight-seers. There were also several men. Behind me a gentleman from Asbury Park, New Jersey, squirmed on a gilt chair and complained about how stuffy the room was. He was with his wife and daughter

and I couldn't help overhearing the squeak of his discomfort and his rapidly growing uninterest as the fashion show progressed. He puffed smoke from a cigar into the heavily perfumed air.

There were so many people eager to know what Dior had concocted for the female figure that the crowd filled three sizable rooms. As each model appeared from behind a gray silk curtain, the name of the dress was announced and its number.

"*Quatre-vingt onze*," the announcer, a girl, said, "Ninety-wan," and the model with the stride in which the knees never seem to quite straighten out and in which the legs seem to precede the torso by several seconds walked quickly into the center of the room, backed and filled, and started for the next room. If the dress had a coat or jacket she took it off or held it open to show what was underneath. If it was a fur piece that she removed she usually dragged one end of it along the carpeted floor with what would be called in those circles *insouciance*. There is nothing quite so insouciant as a woman dragging mutation mink.

I didn't count the dresses that were paraded before my feasting eyes, but there were too many of them, probably a hundred and fifty or more. The feast was a glut. The first dresses were what I believe are known as "little numbers," street dresses and spring and summer suits and casual little things to fill your closet with at three or four hundred dollars apiece. The "A line" was in evidence. In my note book it says:



"Echoes of the Norfolk jacket, or motoring costumes of 1915. No bosoms. A jacket with a zipper up the back. Low half-belts across the behind. 'A line'—belt well above the middle but not quite Empire either . . . or maybe that's 'H-line.' Shantung, linen, chiffon (lots of chiffon), printed silk, lots of printed silks, lots of flowered prints like wallpapers. Cabbage roses. Italian candy-wrapper colors. Man of the world, huh!"

There were a good many cocktail dresses, the kind of dress that I don't remember ever having seen anyone in at a cocktail party, at least not in New York. And there were evening dresses. Boy, were there evening dresses! Acres of the richest materials, of satin in two shades of white, for instance, with tight bodices and skirts big enough to conceal a family of four. They could have been worn with elegance to the opening of the Astor Place Opera House in the 1840s.

My impression is that nobody understands about the neckline the way Mr. Dior does. He can do things with collars that make the simplest dress on the simplest woman look elegant. But if he understands the neck and makes the most of the way the head sits on the shoulders, he evidently considers the rest of the female form as something to change the shape of rather than to enhance. Both up-here and back-down-there seemed to have been made to disappear, except in a few dresses where up-here was made to look like a couple of upside-down pouter pigeons about to take off. There was only one model of the twelve or so who was equipped for such displacement, a ratio which I believe would not be borne out by statistics on the female figure.

The final item to be shown was, as I understand is the custom, a wedding dress, which would seem to indicate that all good clothes end in matrimony. I was glad to get off my gilt perch where my personal back interest had become intense. My only problem was to get out without being sprayed with perfume. I did.

On the way back to the hotel I stopped and bought a copy of the French edition of *Vogue*. "I suggest," I said to my wife, "that if you want to know what Dior's collection looks like you look in here. I'm a little confused."

#### MAJORITY OF ONE

ONE WAY to beat the Industrial Revolution is to meet it head on: set up shop in competition with the big manufacturers and outdo them at their own game, making a better

product at less expense. You can do it, all by yourself, and the world will beat such a path to your door that you will have to limit visiting (and selling) to Saturdays only. You can do it, that is, if you are George Nakashima of New Hope, Pennsylvania.

Mr. Nakashima is a craftsman in fine furniture. He is not only one of the best and best known of American designers but one of the best producers as well. Some of his designs have been licensed to manufacturers and one—a sort of captain's chair with spokes and a curved back—has been widely copied. He prefers, however, to make his furniture himself. He does no advertising and makes only token sales through distributors. His customers have to come to him. But come they do, in such numbers that he has orders stacked up for months ahead. Fortunately, it is characteristic of people who want Nakashima furniture that they are willing to wait.

Fine design and woodworking alone might explain this, if it were a routine "custom" operation in which snobbery substitutes for merchandising and cost accounting. But it would not explain Mr. Nakashima, whose one-man war with industrialism has little in it of pathos or longing for pre-industrial times. Least of all would it explain his success in underselling the industrial competition. After the head of a large furniture-manufacturing company spent a day with Nakashima, studying and comparing methods, he had to admit that his own plants couldn't duplicate the products at less than twice the cost. With the retailing markups that would have to be added, the price to the consumer would then have been doubled again.

"But we work," says Mr. Nakashima with pardonable pride, "on about 25 per cent," meaning this his prices are only that much higher than cost.

On any score this would be a remarkable achievement. What makes it most remarkable is the degree to which it was deliberate. Mr. Nakashima set out to show that an individual can chart a course counter to the prevailing winds of the time and still make progress. "For me there was but one choice," he told a *Herald Tribune* Forum in 1953, "to protest against much that is of our age, accepting some of it, and to live creatively to that end." His object was not only to make furniture but prove a point; and many of his customers, in making the pilgrimage to New Hope, come to applaud not only his craftsmanship but also his principles.



**G**EORGE NAKASHIMA is a Japanese-American now in his forties, a stocky figure with bushy black hair and a small mustache. Trained for architecture in this country and abroad, he worked at that trade in New York, France, India, and Japan. Married and returned to this country, he found the "modern" architecture of the West Coast disappointing and so turned to furniture. When the war came, and the United States succumbed to a fit of hysteria over the Japanese-Americans, the Nakashimas were sent to an "evacuation camp" in Idaho. Idiocy, in this case, had a fortunate by-product. There Mr. Nakashima found "a fine, traditionally trained Japanese carpenter" from whom he could learn much. "We worked together for almost the whole time I was there."

After the war the Nakashimas came to Bucks County and in 1945, in mid-winter, decided to strike out on their own. They had a plot of land, less than \$100, and a baby daughter.

"Snow would fall on my work bench," Mr. Nakashima has said. "But one survives."

He designed and built his own house and then a second house, recently completed, as a furniture showroom. He now employs four assistants in his own workshop and has put into business, nearby, another shop in which wood is cut by machine to the rough shapes of his designs. He can turn out two dozen chairs a week, or the equivalent, and he himself does at least forty-five minutes of finishing on every one of them. "There have been some interesting developments," he said. "We seem to be making a living at it."

Mr. Nakashima does not indulge himself in a sentimental withdrawal from the industrialized world. It is merely a question, as Humpty Dumpty said to Alice, of who's to be master. In Mr. Nakashima's view, it is better for a human being to be in control of the environment than a victim of it. Where industry has provided him with materials he can use in his house, he has used them—skillfully adapting them to his own purposes. For Mr. Nakashima believes, too, that others can now reshape the environment just as he himself has reshaped it.

"We are getting a counter-industrial revolution in which the city is no longer an efficient center of production. What you might call our best minds are leaving the city."

But, if this is what you want to do, it helps to have Mr. Nakashima's tremendous respect for his craft and his materials. The sensuous pleas-

ure he takes in wood is apparent in the finishes he puts on it (oil rubbed, unless otherwise requested) and the designs he has made to bring out the quality of particular boards. "The character and history of a wide plank of walnut recreates the life and death of two hundred years." If he doesn't think highly of his own skill as a woodworker ("You can't cut a good joint in one generation") this is an opinion based on high standards.



"Any fool can be a college graduate, but only one man in fifty can be a good woodworker. You have to start with tools, not—as you do in architecture—with a soft pencil." He tried having architecture students to act as assistants but they didn't work out. "Too short an interest span," he says.

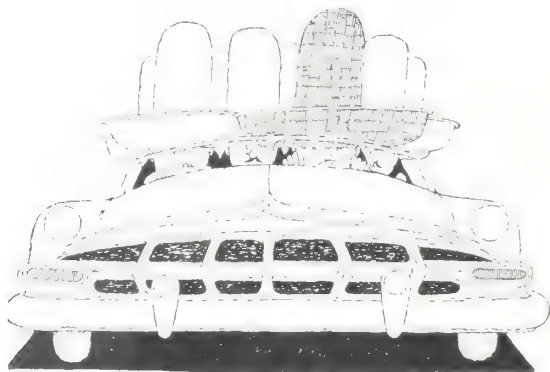
The irony of locating himself in Bucks County is not lost on Mr. Nakashima. (Not many miles away, at the roadside, is a shed with a sign advertising lumber and carpentry at one end and "genuine antiques" at the other.) He has little love for the slicked-up American folksiness that pollutes the countryside for miles around, or for the style of imitation Shaker furniture which he calls "Cocktail Shaker." The more successful he is, of course, the more he too is in danger of becoming—however unwillingly—a combination local oddity and Tea Shoppe. But for some time to come he can reassure himself that only the integrity of his performance, and not its uniqueness, could pull his clientele as powerfully from Nevada as from Newark.

"We're a small business," he says, "but we're

national—spread evenly across the country. We rarely sell locally. If people want to be left to their antiques, we're very happy to leave them."

#### POPISMO

*For the notes on auto travel in Mexico which follow below I am indebted to Reuel Denney—professor, poet, and co-author (with David Riesman) of a book called The Lonely Crowd. They resulted from a trip by car, with his family, from Chicago to Mexico City:*



**I**T IS QUITE a long way to Mexico City, as we found out. According to the map it is around 2,000 miles, but we seem to have rolled up 2,700 before we crossed the city limits.

There is no tradition of auto-travel writing I know of that would give you any hints about the topic. As I remember my travel books, they all deal with the recalcitrance of foreign railroad timetables, and such matters. When you drive, you can't protest against your own vehicle because that would be disloyal. On the other hand, commitment to your own car forces you into a false cheeriness about adventures on the way.

In this mood, the wearing out of a water pump near the city of Mante, halfway between the Texas line and Mexico City, becomes the story of "the destruction and the reconstruction of a pump of water," to translate freely from the Spanish. The pump started to scream like a banshee in the middle of a desert, and we were lucky to find a good friend in a DeSoto agency named Homero de la Rosa. He couldn't fix the pump, but he had a good friend who is a Mexican baseball player, and he knew a good place to go swimming in the irrigation works near Mante. This enabled us to spend a quiet weekend while nothing happened to the pump. Some days later I found a General Motors agency and we took the pump apart and put it together again with substitute parts, along with a good deal of dramatized but genuine flourishing of calipers and

other instruments of automotive precision. The moral of all this about the water pump is that there aren't any Studebaker parts between Laredo, Texas, and Mexico City.

The point is, though, that the automobile is one of the most exciting things in Mexico; you feel it everywhere. The country has only about a million or so cars, compared to some fifty million in the United States—most of the cars in Mexico being Ford or GM. Everywhere you go you see auto repair being conducted on the side of roads, under bridges, and on the tops of mountains. The Mexicans seem to be damn good mechanics, and it is no surprise seeing Indian-like figures hand-grinding valves in the back of a big garage, using a twirling hand stick as the power for turning the valves and grinding compound in the engine block.

I can't say enough about the Mexican bus and its bus-driver. We've seen some railroad track, but only one locomotive since we have been in the country; everything seems to move by bus and truck. Most of the busses are small, heavily crowded, and well-worn, and they are driven brilliantly over every kind of road by men who must have nerves of electric wire and stomachs like carburetors.

I call the auto forces of Mexico General Popo's Army, because there is a trademark character named General Popo—a satirically heroic eighteenth-century general—who appears in every Mexican town as the advertisement for General Popo Tires. In fact, if you look through the arches of the famous monument of the Revolution in Mexico City, toward the west, who do you see flourishing his sword, "always on active duty"? You see General Popo. He is so popular with *our* traveling party that when one of us becomes pompous about jam for breakfast or film for his camera, he is called General Popo.

I am starting a small cultural and political movement involving a few close friends who affect a sentimental attachment to the automobile, and I am going to call it Action Popo, or Popismo, composed of devoted Popistos. The magazine of this movement, of which this is the first issue, will be called *Revista Popista* and the battle cry will be "Oil, water, and gas—and down in the back seat."

After gas, oil, and water, the major problem in culture faced by the tourist in Mexico is why there is no stopping place called the Quetzalcoatl Moatl, or at the very least the Popocatpetl Motel.

—Mr. Harper



# *the new* BOOKS

MARVIN BARRETT

## Eadie Was a Lady . . . Regency Courtesan

Fiction: Russian, Welch, American-European

**T**HERE is no group of human beings more susceptible to written reminiscences than actresses. A volume of uninhibited memoirs or a cautiously bowdlerized biography seem as much an adjunct of a theatrical career as sables, small dogs, and suppers at Sardi's. The best-seller lists and bookstore counters are cluttered with them: Ethel Barrymore, Tallulah Bankhead, Garbo and Gertrude Lawrence, Eva Le Gallienne and Eva Gabor. This penchant of Thespians (or their spokesmen) for reliving past glories is a mixed blessing for the book buyer. He may get himself a pleasant evening of nostalgia and genteel name-dropping, or a ghost-ridden succession of platitudes and clichés, or, on very rare occasions, an honest and moving account of what goes on behind the scenes with these darlings and victims of success. Three recent theatrical biographies illustrate this popular art form at its best, its most innocuous, and its worst.

Laurette Taylor might have lived just to prove that winning the sweepstakes complicates rather than solves life's problems, that nothing fails like success—premises more often demonstrated in the tabloid accounts of actresses' lives than in their authorized biographies. **Laurette** by her daughter, Marguerite Courtney (Rhinehart, \$5.00), faces these bitter truths head on. For a theatrical memoir it is a remarkably tough, intelligent, and well-written book.

Laurette Taylor was a spoiled, selfish, cowardly, and at the same time wonderfully gifted and appealing woman. She was capable of sacrificing the best interests of a devoted husband and two children to her theatrical career and then quixotically sacrificing that career to self-pity and indulgence. Not that her success was easily come by. She was born Loretta Cooney in 1884 in the Irish section of Harlem. Her mother

was an illiterate, hard-working milliner with a fascination for the stage; her father a drunken bully ("A good-lookin' dish with nothin' in it" his mother-in-law called him). Loretta made her professional debut at thirteen in a Lynn, Massachusetts nickelodeon where, billed as La Belle Laurette, wearing a black poke bonnet with a rose over one ear she did an imitation of Anna Held singing "You're Just a Little Nigger but You're Mine All Mine." The engagement lasted only a week. She was more successful a year or so later when she was featured as a "tough urchin of Chinatown" in the melodrama "King of the Opium Ring." She toured forty weeks, married the play's author and producer, Charles Alonzo Taylor, thirty-six, and—at sixteen—set out once more to tour as star in Taylor's newest opus entitled appropriately "Child Wife."

By painful stages Laurette graduated from touring melodrama and her difficult and irresponsible impresario husband to Broadway and marriage with the impeccable British playwright, J. Hartley Manners. His wedding present to her was the script of "Peg o' My Heart." "Peg" made her reputation and very nearly destroyed her. Neither Laurette nor her husband had another success to compare with it although their partnership continued for nearly twenty more years. By then Laurette was an alcoholic, her husband was dying of cancer. For ten years following his death she fought poverty, neglect, her desperate habit, finally made a triumphant come-back in "The Glass Menagerie"—only to die a few months later.

Most people will have to take it on hearsay that Laurette Taylor was one of the great actresses of the modern American stage. Her performances were few in number, widely scattered in time, and usually in inferior vehicles. It is a measure of Mrs. Courtney's success in writing of her mother that we are overcome with

a feeling of deep frustration at not having seen more of her. It is even more impressive that, having suffered much from an unquestionably difficult parent, she can still bring her to life as a great and lovable woman.

#### SEEING IS BELIEVING

**M**RS. Courtney's *Laurette* is the exceptional theatrical memoir. Mary Pickford's *Sunshine and Shadow* (Doubleday, \$4.95) is the rule. It is the book most famous actresses seem to feel they owe to their fans—not too long, or heavy, expanding episodes already touched on by the daily press, adding a few unfamiliar anecdotes here and there, a sentimental appreciation, a reassurance to former admirers that all is well. Some paragraphs come to life and the rest are accepted indulgently. However, there is always an aura of regret about these performances. So much magnificent material is lost through caution, forgetfulness, and amiable incompetence.

Mary Pickford began life in much the same circumstances as Laurette, the daughter of a widowed seamstress who had theatrical ambitions for her child. She had her first dramatic training in touring melodrama. But her colorful youth is remembered only sketchily and there is none of the sense of time, place, and significant event that Mrs. Courtney expertly reconstructs. It is the same with her encounters with the theatrical great—David Belasco, D. W. Griffith, and accounts of her three marriages with actors Owen Moore, Douglas Fairbanks, band-leader Buddy Rogers. Here and there are glimmers of reality—her mother hard at work on homemade fur coats for her girls—Douglas Fairbanks and Henry Ford clambering over the roof of Ford's Pasadena mansion—Adolph Zukor saying, "Mary Sweetheart, I don't have to diet. Every time I talk over a new contract with you and your mother I lose ten pounds"—Samuel Goldwyn spying her out of his office window and exclaiming, "Ten thousand dollars a week and she's walking to the set yet. She should be running!"

But these bright spots are soon steamed over with the mist of sentiment and in the end the most memorable and evocative parts of the book are the charming photographs scattered through the text.

**Who Could Ask for Anything More** by Ethel Merman as sung to Pete Martin (Doubleday, \$3.50) is, I'm afraid, the lowest form of contemporary theatrical biography. It needn't have been. The chronicle of a breezy Astoria, New York, typist who bellows her way to Broadway fame and fortune (including a penthouse on Central Park and a bracelet spelling out her

first name in diamonds and rubies) is obviously good copy. Hard-boiled, brash, and noisy as the characters she has always portrayed on stage, Merman might have been worked up as a sort of symbol for the threadbare thirties, a decade still awaiting its nostalgic chroniclers. What she needed was an interpreter who could have translated into literary terms some of the punch and bounce of one of her own performances. What she got was a man with an electronic device. Merman on records has always been a pale shadow of Merman on stage and the stretches of tape spliced together to make this meandering two-dimensional book are at one remove further still from the vital, bright-eyed original. Have I told you about the time I hitched a ride on a hearse? Have I told you about that evening with the Duke and Duchess? And what Cole Porter said about my singing style? The stories must have sounded great at Lindy's and Romanoff's but on the slowly revolving spools the breeziness wheezes, the perkiness wilts. It's necessary to explain the points not once but twice and when you use a bit of slang that needs explanation too. "The way I see it," says Miss Merman as the spool begins to unwind, "if you're telling the story of your life, making people understand your lyrics is the big thing. So it figures that if I make this loud, brassy, and honest, the way I did when I sang 'I Got Rhythm,' 'Eadie Was a Lady,' and 'I Get a Kick Out of You,' it ought to go over."

It doesn't—and we can hardly blame Broadway's most talented soubrette. The book's failure amounts to a kind of back-handed compliment. She has to be seen and heard to be believed.

#### MISTRESS OF THE EARL OF CRAVEN

**A**N AUTOBIOGRAPHY of a different century and a totally different stamp is *The Game of Hearts: The Memoirs of Harriette Wilson*, edited and with an introduction by Lesley Blanch (Simon & Schuster, \$5.00).

"I ventured one morning to wrap myself up in my large cloak," Miss Wilson tells us of a fateful excursion she made circa 1825, "and put my little unfinished manuscript into my reticule, for I determined not to write another page till I had ascertained whether it was worth publishing. Thus equipped, I ventured in much fear and trembling to wait upon the great Mr. Murray. . . ." Mr. Murray, one of Britain's foremost publishers, didn't give Miss Wilson any encouragement but Mr. Stockdale, who specialized in spicier fare, did. It was no wonder. The manuscript had a provocative and neatly turned first paragraph:



I shall not say why and how I came, at the age of fifteen, the mistress of the Earl of Craven. Whether it was love, or the severity of my father, the depravity of my own heart, or the winning arts of the noble Lord, which induced me to leave my paternal roof and place myself under his protection, does not now much signify.

and what followed was even more exciting. As one of the Regency's most successful courtesans Miss Wilton had had a highly distinguished clientele and now that her charms and resources were dwindling she was willing to be disarmingly frank about them all. With Mr. Stockdale's encouragement Harriette completed her project and, after giving her victims a sporting chance to buy themselves out, the book appeared. It was a crashing success. After a century and a quarter it still makes very entertaining reading, as does Miss Blanche's long and scholarly introduction which sets the scene of Regency dissipation brilliantly.

Harriette recounts her appallingly immoral life with both wit and elegance, manages to convince the reader of her accuracy although he has been warned in advance that her approval or forgetfulness could be bought for as low as £200. Of the Duke of Wellington, one of her most consistent admirers (who had the merited to respond, "Publish and be damned," when asked for a contribution) she says, "Wellington was now my constant visitor: a most unentertaining one, Heaven knows! and in the evenings, when he wore his broad red ribbon he looked very like a rat-tatcher." Of Brummel who also attracted attendance: "The only talent I could ever discover in this beau was that of having well-fashioned the character of a gentleman, and proved himself a tolerably good actor." To Byron's face she remarked, "Your beauty is all intellectual. There is nothing voluptuous in the character of it. Added to this, I know that such a man as you ought not, or if he ought, he will not make women his first pursuit." Who shall console us for acute bodily anguish?" replied Lord Byron in a tone, to use Harriette's own words, "of wild and thrilling despondency."



"A dull morning ushered in the ninth of November 1918 in Berlin . . . the streets looked as they had looked for many months past. Men, most of them middle-aged and old, all of them weary, were hurrying to the factories. Women were hurrying to the factories. Many of

them had a lemon-coloured complexion; they worked in munitions plants and handled picric acid. There were other women; they carried the morning newspapers from door to door. Other men; they carried long poles with which they turned out the gas-jets high up on the lamp-posts. There were no bakers on their rounds with rolls (the Berliner's traditional breakfast food), no milkmen on their rounds with milk; there were no rolls, there was no milk.

"The street-cars were driven by women; the conductors, too, were women. The street-cars, the city trains, the underground trains clattered along noisily; their bearings were worn out and there was not enough metal to replace or repair them, not enough grease to lubricate them properly. The people clattered along noisily; they were ill-clad and their shoes had soles of wood and their heels had rims of steel.

"Everywhere in the streets of the capital were soldiers in groups of three . . ."

This is the setting for events in Germany between November 1918 and March 1919, when a Socialist Republic was proclaimed (by accident), thwarted in its growth (by design) and finally destroyed — by intrigue and civil war. The author was there — and he tells a graphic and dramatic story of the struggle between and within the political parties. A struggle that led from World War I straight into Hitler's Third Reich.

## FAILURE OF A REVOLUTION

By Rudolf Coper



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### Germany's evil genius?

Friedrich von Holstein was one of Bismarck's chief subordinates at the German Foreign Ministry. From 1890 until 1906, he was largely responsible for planning and directing German foreign policy, though he never held a conspicuously high rank. Since his death, equal measures of prejudice and lack of information have combined to make of him an evil genius of sinister and self-seeking policy.

But Holstein kept diaries, wrote countless letters, and began memoirs. It is a selection from these that show his keen sardonic mind, his sharp eye and the gift for character and tableau of a disenchanted novelist. It is with the publication of these important documents that the true assessment of Holstein's place in German history can begin.

## THE HOLSTEIN PAPERS



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## THE NEW BOOKS

In her twenty-odd years of activity Harriette enjoyed the attentions of scores of anguished Lords, half-a-dozen Dukes, came within an ace of marrying a Marquis, helped endless Regency rakes to squander their fortunes. Only once did genuine sentiment seem to enter her life with her great love, Lord Ponsonby, “the handsomest man of this time,” who almost killed her when he returned to his beautiful wife.

“The airy foundation on which I built my castles, caused them ever to descend,” Harriette commented later. “Once in my life, when I raised my air-built fabric unusually high, it fell with such a dead weight on my heart, that the very vital spark of existence was nearly destroyed. I have never enjoyed one hour’s health since.” But she was not long daunted. A few pages later she is remarking philosophically, “It will not do, I see, to lay one’s self out for love . . . it comes, like money, when one is not thinking about it. Reading is a much more independent amusement than loving. Books one may cut, when one is tired of them. . . .”

Her own book isn’t likely to be cut. Near its conclusion Harriette writes: “I have a few more high characters in reserve to sketch for the benefit of my readers; but they are too noble and brilliant to come in at the fag-end of a work. I mean therefore to conclude these memoirs, and take my rest for a month or so, in order to collect my ideas for a new work.”

Unfortunately the new memoirs never appeared. After writing a couple of unsuccessful *romans à clef* she retired and to the relief of the British aristocracy was never heard of again.

ISAAC BABEL, DYLAN THOMAS

**I**SAAC BABEL, an Odessa-born Jew, was a gifted protégé of Maxim Gorky. For a few years he was considered one of the leading writers of the Soviet Union. He died in a Russian concentration camp in 1939 or 1940. **The Collected Stories of Isaac Babel** (Criterion, \$5.00) represent the bulk of his work, explain both his reputation and his ultimate disgrace. For Babel’s stock-in-trade is irony—and irony, even

when masked with wild and wonderful figures of speech and sprinkled (very sparsely, it’s true) with pious allusions to Lenin (“Then I covered my little broken trunk with hair, turning it into a pillow, and lay down on the ground to read *Pravda* Lenin’s speech at the Second Congress of the Comintern”), could not have been a welcome commodity in a police state.

And Babel wrote very little. In 1934 he told the First Writers’ Congress facetiously that he was practicing a new genre, “the genre of silence,” a joke hardly likely to be amusing to commissars for whom efficiency and production were everything.

What Babel did write however was unquestionably distinguished. The fifty-six stories, some of them only a few paragraphs in length, deal mainly with the Cossack invasion of Poland in 1920 and slices of Odessa ghetto life. They are obviously embellished autobiography. The embellishments include a decadent Western use of ambiguities, violent contrasts of brutality and sensitivity, the most extreme of expressionist similes: “blue roads flowed past me like streams of milk spurting from many breasts,” “the damp mold on the ruins flowered like the marble on opera seats,” “the sun lolled from the sky like the pink tongue of a thirst dog.”

“My First Goose,” one of Babel’s best stories, tells of the arrival of a sensitive, bespectacled Jew (undoubtedly Babel himself) at his Cossack billet, and how he overcomes the scorn of his fellow officers by stomping to death a blind peasant woman’s goose. It is, in painfully concentrated form, the universal story of every intellectual who from cowardice attempts to recommend himself to barracks cruelty and stupidity by sharing in it. “Awakening” is as gentle as “My First Goose” is brutal and illustrates the difference between the Cossack stories, lurid and apocalyptic, and the Tales of Odessa, humorous, humane, and specific. Again the tale has a personal flavor, a youngster under the aegis of a sympathetic older man comes alive to the beauties of the world around him and to his true vocation, writing.

“We had a long way to go,” says



a youth: "the moonlight congealed  
rushes unknown to me, on trees  
had no name. Some anonymous  
emitted a whistle and was extin-  
ished, perhaps by sleep. What  
it was it? What was it called? Does  
it fall in the evening? Where is  
the constellation of the Great Bear?  
On what side does the sun rise?"

At some point the curiosity and  
emotion to art and truth that was  
kindled in a young man that night in  
Mexico flagged and died. A talent  
that found a goad in the brutalities  
and humiliations of military service  
faded completely under the vacillat-  
ing and arbitrary favors of an estab-  
lished police state.

"I have so much respect for the  
order that I am dumb," Babel said  
in his 1934 speech. Considering the  
sitings he left behind, it is a terrify-  
ing and tragic remark.

THE WORST prose," Dylan  
Thomas once remarked, "is written  
by poets who have tried hunting  
poetry and given it up. The best  
prose is about what happens and  
why to Tom, Dick, and Harry, not  
about witches and dreams and gob-  
lins. Though possibly one might  
compromise, have a Tom Witch,  
Dick Dream, and Harry Goblin."

Thomas never gave up hunting  
poetry although it was obviously a  
fruitful and in the end a fatal search  
for him. Like Babel he seemed to be  
destroyed by the disparity between  
his own brilliant vision and the drab  
world around him. Nonetheless he  
did try his hand at prose. *Adventures  
in the Skin Trade and Other Stories*  
(New Directions, \$3.50) is a selection  
of his prose fiction written over a  
period of fifteen years. The early  
stories represent the compromise  
mentioned above, abounding in Tom  
Witches, Dick Dreams, and Harry  
Goblins. The results are not too  
happy. The Thomas gift for juggle-  
ing words, clanging and tinkling  
them together in weird and beautiful  
combinations, is everywhere appar-  
ent. But for prose his appositives are  
exasperatingly vague, his pronouns  
angle from nothing, his plots are  
fragmentary and obscure. The vast  
possessed landscapes haunted by  
incest, incest, death, and madness are  
reached from inspired nightmares.  
But like most dreams, no matter how  
beautifully related, they end by

being tedious to anyone except the  
teller.

Two of the stories in the book are,  
however, totally different. "The Fol-  
lowers" is a minor masterpiece  
spotted with a wry wit and brilliant  
descriptive writing:

We walked towards the Marl-  
borough, dodging umbrella spokes,  
smacked by our windy maces,  
stained by steaming lamplight,  
seeing the sodden, blown scour-  
ings and street-wash of the town,  
papers, rags, dregs, rinds, fag-ends,  
balls of fur, flap, float, and cringe  
along the gutters, hearing the  
sneeze and rattle of the bony  
trams and a ship hoot like a fog-  
ditched owl in the bay. . . .

The title piece, the beginning of  
what was to have been Thomas' first  
novel tells the story of Samuel Ben-  
nett, a delinquent Dick Whittington  
embarked on a wild pilgrimage  
through modern London. As a pic-  
ture of urban low-life it is unequalled  
in contemporary fiction.

Here is Thomas' description of a  
basement dive:

There were deep green faces,  
dipped in a sea dye, with painted  
cockles for mouths and lichenous  
hair, sealed on the cheeks; red and  
purple, slate-gray, tide-marked,  
rat-brown and stickily white-  
washed, with violet-inked eyes or  
lips the colour of Stilton; pink  
chopped, pink lidded, pink as the  
belly of a newborn monkey,  
nicotine yellow with mustard  
flecked eyes, rust scraping through  
the bleach, black hairs axle-  
greased down among the peroxide;  
squashed fly stubbles, saltcellared  
necks thick with pepper powder;  
carrotheads, yolkeheads, black-  
heads, heads bald as sweetbreads.

"All white people here," Sam-  
uel said.

"The salt of the earth," Mr.  
Allingham said. "The foul salt of  
the earth. Drunk as a pig. Ever  
seen a pig drunk? Ever seen a  
monkey dancing like a man? Look  
at that king of the animals. See  
him? The one who's eaten his  
lips. That one smiling. That one  
having his honeymoon on her  
feet."

Those of us who regret the loss  
of Thomas' poetry as much as any  
literary catastrophe in recent years  
should now be conscious of a double  
deprivation.



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by HELMUT DE TERRA

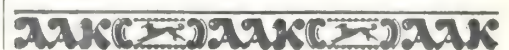
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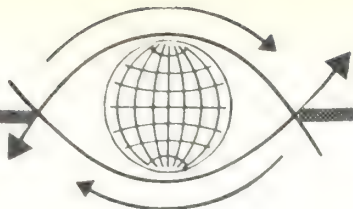
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## THE NEW BOOKS

### AMERICANS ABROAD

**KAY BOYLE** and Paul Bonner are two American writers very much at home abroad. They have both been accomplished expatriates for long stretches of time and enjoy displaying their European savvy in their books. Beyond that they couldn't be more different.

Mr. Bonner's milieu is the capitals, the high world of diplomacy, industry, and finance. Miss Boyle seems more congenial with the small, nameless people in the provinces. Mr. Bonner is an amateur who turned pro only recently. He writes obviously for his own and his reader's amusement. Miss Boyle's first book was published twenty-five years ago; in nineteen volumes since then she has established herself as one of the most accomplished literary craftsmen in America. It is one of the ironies of art that for all its faults Mr. Bonner's latest book, *Excelsior!* (Scribners, \$3.50) is a modest success while Miss Boyle's *The Seagull on the Step* (Knopf, \$3.50) for all its excellences is a pretentious failure.

*The Seagull on the Step* begins promisingly with a hectic bus ride along a Côte d'Azur corniche. But after thirty-nine pages the bus goes out of control, flings itself through the cliff railing "into the deep blue bowl of space" and Miss Boyle's story takes off simultaneously into the wide blue yonder of symbolic fantasy.

Miraculously saved, the heroine, Mary Farrant, a pretty, humorless young Ohio girl, doesn't let the accident deflect her from her grim purpose of getting to know the French as they really are. She is taken up by a hard-shelled old General's widow with a heart of gold; propositioned by a money-mad doctor; romanced by an idealistic ex-member of the French Maquis whose tanned cheeks are periodically "slashed" with "long dimples." They all represent some facet or other of the French national character. Poisonings, arbitrary imprisonments, murders, acts of heroism, altruism, anti-Americanism, senseless greed follow each other in symbolic profusion.

Everything, Miss Boyle makes clear, has a higher significance. At one point the General's widow picks up the corpse of an Algerian beggar who has just been pushed over a cliff

and strikes a pose "facing across the water to North Africa, she, the *haut bourgeoisie* of France, with the broken body of a colonial native held against her breast." At another Mary declaims musically, "I was the Dame aux Camélias . . . and Puccini's Tosca and all the dead young queens!" as she throws over her stuffy American boy friend in favor of the idealistic Frenchman.

"It took a little time for the thing to become clear," says the heroine near the book's end. It is unlikely that the reader will ever sort out Miss Boyle's complicated allegory.

MR. BONNER's tale of international intrigue (a July Literary Guild selection) is also concerned with justifying the ways of Europe (in this case the Swiss) to America. His hero Robert Eggli, a patriarchal Zurich banker of fabulous wealth and power, is eighty and still uncertain which of his sons he shall name as his successor: Walter, plodding and fearful; or Jacques who has become a smooth Americanized Wall Street type. Pearl Harbor is the historic event which serves as the story's catalyst. The family congregates. The father watches his sons' reactions; the sons, their father's. Agents of three nations converge on Zurich to discover what side the old man thinks will win the war, how the enormous Eggli holdings will be juggled. After many scenes of espionage and counterespionage, family wrangling and subterfuge, incidental love affairs, the old man dies with his neutrality inviolate and the family business still undecided.

"When the Germans are defeated, when that idiot Hitler is dead, then the money which German industries and banks have placed here for safe-keeping will go back to help them rebuild," old Robert pontificates a few moments before he finally expires. "That is my contribution to the Government of the United States. The day will come when those funds will be used to prevent the Slavs from taking over Europe. Then your people will thank God for Robert Eggli, for Switzerland!"

That is obviously the point Mr. Bonner has wished to make all along but shrewdly he doesn't bore his readers with it too frequently or at too great length.



# BOOKS *in brief*

KATHRINE GAUSS JACKSON

## FICTION

**The House of Dolls**, by Katzetnik  
1963.

Long ago, during World War II, I resolved never to read another story about the concentration camps. I had read so many that there were, I thought, no facts of horror that I didn't know and to go on torturing my mind and heart couldn't help anybody. Now, ten years later, I have just read the most utterly horrifying one of all, though horror is much too mild a word to describe what went on in houses of prostitution set up by the Nazis for their soldiers. Fourteen-year-old Daniella, a Jewish girl, left her home in a Polish town in 1939 to go on a school excursion and never returned. She, with numberless others like her—young, gay, beautiful—were shipped to the dreadful slave camps where those assigned to the prostitution houses were actually the lucky ones. There were the others in the medical laboratory cages and in the work camps. This novel, written by an prisoner in the camps, a man whose real identity is unknown, is allegedly based on an actual diary. I say "allegedly" because the publishers offer no proofs (as in the case of the Anne Frank diary where facsimile pages were shown) nor facts to explain how or where the diary was found. But the novel is powerful and terrible in its own right and the author writes with enough distinction to make it all too, too credible. Simon & Schuster, \$3.50

**We Shall March Again**, by Gerhard Amer.

Reading the novel above makes the reading of this one really intolerable. It is the story of one of the "little men," an interpreter in Hitler's army, who let himself be swept into conformity with Nazi beliefs, and it shows with dogged logic the disintegration of the human spirit in mass hysteria. It is written by a German who *was* in the army and, though he says he never will be again, the thesis of his own book makes one wonder. And the book

sold more than 70,000 copies in Germany within a few months. One can not emerge from this long, long novel and the one above without a better understanding of the French point of view on German rearmament. Putnam, \$3.75

**The Innermost Cage**, by Kathrine Talbot.

An elaborate story of a woman novelist and an unlikely lot of husbands and friends whose lives she dominates as the book opens. And all her drives, the author lets us know, derive from a dreadful childhood experience: ship-wrecked with her missionary father and mother in the Pacific, she alone of a lifeboat full of people survived. Eventually as the story progresses, her plush life, her success, her love turn to ashes and in the end the novelist heroine comes to a re-interpretation of the nightmare of her childhood. Nice perceptions, but wooden, improbable characters, perhaps because it's very hard to write a credible, sympathetic novel about a novel-writer. Putnam, \$3.50

**The Young Lovers**, by Julian Halevy.

Almost never, in reading a first novel—and I read a lot of them—do I become so identified with a group of characters as I have with the young lovers in this book and with their group of serio-comic friends. I literally both laughed and, I confess, cried over and with them. It is not sad, but it is serious or it couldn't be at times so funny, and one cries at the rightness of things too. Ed, called "The Groper" by his undergraduate friends, meets Pam—lost and desperate—one night in the New York subway. He takes her to the downtown studio where he lives with two friends. The story goes on from there. There are tender scenes, hilariously absurd ones, intense scenes where young people try to fight their way through today's confusions of work, love, the draft, to some understanding of themselves and their place in the world. And there is some of the most happy-making undergraduate kidding that I've ever seen written down, sometimes corny, as such humor sometimes is, but sometimes just as witty as it can be. Well, it just seems very real and gay

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### NON-FICTION

**The Margaret Sanger Story and the Fight for Birth Control**, by Lawrence Lader.

The second half of the title of this book necessarily limits the first: the story of the movement is itself so overwhelming that the story of the living woman has to suffer to some extent. But here we have an ably written, carefully documented account (but, alas, no index) of a personal belief and dedication that have changed and are still changing family life and social conditions all over the world. How could a book, then, do full justice at the same time to the character of the woman who was so convinced of the rightness of her cause that she defied the laws of the land; who went to jail nine times for that belief; who is the author of a dozen books; who is so beautiful and dynamic that men like Havelock Ellis and H. G. Wells were among the many who have loved her? Her correspondence with the great people of the world who were interested in her or her cause was open to the author and fragments of it appear in these pages to whet the appetite. But reasons—space reasons as well as personal ones, we assume—have cut down on what could be published at this moment. What is here, however, is a rich store, and it is an absorbing and impressive book about a crusade which too many of us come-latelys tend to take for granted.

Doubleday, \$4

**The Art of Indian Asia**, by Joseph Campbell.

Every now and then a tremendously handsome art book at an astonishingly low price comes into my office, and as often as not it is one of the Bollingen Series. This one in two volumes, aggregate weight (including handsome box) 13 pounds 2 ounces, is as much book for the price as I can remember seeing in a long time. I am not scholar enough to evaluate the text, other than to say that it is a 400-page introduction to a complex subject and that it contains many sentences such as: "No review of Indian Art would be complete if the branches of the tradition,

etc., etc." But the second volume, which contains 614 half-tone plates, is a magnificent gallery of one of the most beautiful and sophisticated of all the schools of the visual and worshipful arts.

Pantheon, \$17.50 up to Aug. 15  
\$22.50 thereafter

**How Not to Write a Play**, by Walter Kerr.

Those who read in our April issue the stimulating and controversial "Killing Off the Theater," taken from the early part of this book, will want to come back for more fun about the theater and here it is. There is a section called "How to Lose Friends by Influencing People," another on "How to Spoil a Good Story," and a third called "Arthritis in the Joints." All this sounds very abstract, but it is actually as down-to-anecdotal-earth, as specific in theatrical terms, and as pleasantly in the vernacular, as chatter around the baseball diamond. Yet the writing has style and even occasional elegance that make it a continuous pleasure. Simon & Schuster, \$3.50

**This Way, Miss**, by George Jessel.

This is a personal theatrical memoir by a stage celebrity which makes no pretensions to elegance or style, and alas, has none. It has heart, though—almost too much; any father talking to a thirteen-year-old daughter has to watch that, and sometimes when Mr. Jessel starts to talk about Life for his daughter's benefit, the spillways open. But at least he wrote the book himself. It is a mixture of biography and speeches by the well-known theatrical MC and toastmaster—tributes to living stars of the screen and stage, and funeral orations too. A eulogy for John Barrymore is perhaps the best.

Holt, \$3.50

### FORECAST

#### **Big Names, Big Ideas**

One doesn't always think of the summer as a time for books, but sometimes the publishers choose the still pond of summer for the throwing out of a large book for a bigger splash. And so we have in August, from Harper, *World Indivisible: With Liberty and Justice for All*, by West Germany's Chancellor Konrad

Adenauer; from the University North Carolina Press, *Hiroshin Diary*, an eye-witness account of the bombing by Dr. Michihiko Hachi (part of it to be published in the August 9 issue of *Look*); from Simon & Schuster, *Nightmares of Eminent Persons* (Stalin and the Queen Sheba among them) by Bertram Russell; and *The Lessons of History* "a general and commanding view of the great subjects of modern history first published in 1840, by William Smyth, with an introduction by Bernard M. Baruch.

#### **Random House and the Clubs**

Random House is wearing a canary-swallowing look these days with a book of reminiscences, *Grandfather Stories* (July 15) by Samuel Hopkins Adams, chosen as Midsummer selection of the Book of the Month Club; *Minding Our Own Business* (July) by Charlotte Paul the September Selection of the People's Book Club; and Robert Penn Warren's new novel, *Band of Angels* (August), already announced as the Literary Guild choice for September. Not a book-club choice but a succulent morsel on any list. Random House will also publish in the fall a new novel by John O'Hara, *Ten North Frederick*. Book-of-the-Month choice for August, is a novel of World War II, *The Sixth of June* by Lionel Shapiro (Doubleday).

#### **King of the Wild Frontier**

The TV-inspired renaissance of Davy Crockett (whatever P & O say about him, see page 16) is already well on its way in the book field too. Reprints have appeared, such as Scribner's handsome *The Adventures of Davy Crockett (Told Mostly by Himself)* illustrated by Col. John W. Thomason, Jr., and Citadel's *Davy Crockett's Own Story*, his long out-of-print autobiography. There are several juveniles also in print. *The Story of Davy Crockett* by Eric Meadowcroft (Grosset and Dunlap), *Davy Crockett, Young Rifleman* by Aileen Park (Bobbs-Merrill), and several more are still to come. In August, for instance, come Stewart Holbrook's *Davy Crockett* illustrated by Ernest Richardson (ages nine to sixteen) and a picture book for still younger readers, both from Random House . . . Shot any ba'ars lately?

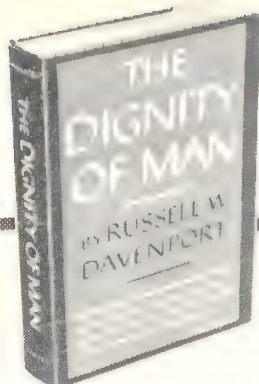
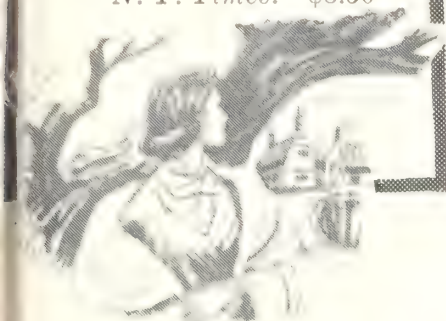


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—N. Y. Times. \$3.50



## Russell Davenport

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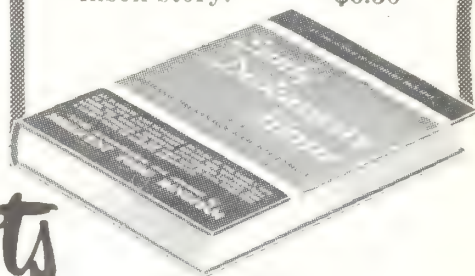
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# the new RECORDINGS

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### EPOCH AT BENNINGTON

The first American performance of Edgar Varèse's new work, "Deserts," combining tape-recorded "organized sound" with the performance of live wind and percussion players, was the crowning sensation of Bennington College's recent Symposium on Music and Art. Other important composers of contemporary music were also represented and present, notably Roger Sessions (Piano Sonata #2) and Vermont's pioneer modernist, Carl Ruggles ("Angels"), who will be eighty this coming year. Alongside the powerful works of these living personalities, three short pieces for orchestra by the late Charles Ives, another New England pioneer, seemed mild and something less than controversial.

"Deserts" is a work of major proportions—it takes something like twenty-five minutes to play—and its idiom is, as the phrase goes, "advanced." Its dissonance is compelling and thrusts almost frighteningly at the emotions; the percussion effects are remarkable both in rhythm and tonal variety. There are no tunes, no beat, and no key; but the sense of organization—the presence of motives, of dissonant but recognizable harmonic combinations, of varying tensions—is overwhelmingly convincing even on a first try.

Perhaps the most astonishing tour de force in this work is the unity estab-

lished between the taped and the "live" portions, which alternate as the piece progresses. The taped interpolations, or two simultaneous tracks played antiphonally by loudspeakers on opposite sides of the hall, were assembled from recorded industrial noises—grinding, friction sounds, enormous hammerings, the agonized wails of metallic saw-crashings of metal, and so on—translated by tape trickery and "organized" over a period of many months of taping, editing, according to a complex, second-by-second working "score." The "live" music is scored conventionally—if that is the word—for woodwinds, ten brasses, piano, and a battery of percussion instruments varying from standard tympani, vibraphone, xylophone, as sorted special rattles and gourds, to a pair of green leather cushions—these last for a precise "thwack" (with a special set of wooden paddles) that was an exact necessity, of course, in M. Varèse's minutely calculated effects.

The musicians alternately sweated with anxiety as they played their portions of the music, then relaxed in amused incredulity as the batteries of loudspeakers on each side took over with the factory noises, so oddly similar to their own efforts. At the dress rehearsal in the big Bennington armory the audience shrank back in horror, hands over ears, as Varèse enthusiastically turned up the 50-watt amplifiers to dramatize the mastery of man-made by

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**Musical Organ Clock** (c. 1787). Vanguard VRS 7020 (10").

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chine-made sound! Fortunately, clearer and more conventional minds prevailed at the actual concert and the volume level was at least endurable. At the end of the performance the packed audience stood and stamped and whistled and shrieked for minutes—so intense was the impact of this half-hour of fantastically organized noise. A good proportion stayed on for an immediate repetition of the entire work.

"DESERTS" is, I think, an epoch-making piece in the experimental sense. As taped music has so far been little more than intriguing experiment with the strange sounds of the new medium, it is ingeniously exploring the odd plops, cracks, and groans, the pulsing artificial reverberations, and the weird "electronic" atmosphere that is beginning to become familiar to us in many forms; there has been precious little evidence of serious musical organization that could compete with the best in "regular" music.

Varèse, like Monteverdi in the seventeenth century, is the first big musical mind to take up the materials of a new musical experiment and put them to really serious uses. The impact of Monteverdi's first operas must have been very much like the sensational effect of "Deserts" on the audience at Bennington. Perhaps a qualitative comparison between these two is premature, by a century or so. But there is no doubt that Varèse brings to his "organized sound" (he uses the term in order to edge the question, "Is it music?") not only dauntless originality but a musical technique, particularly a command of orchestration for percussion and of rhythmic organization, that is outstanding among all twentieth-century composers of whatever school. He ranks ahead of most other tape experimenters and, whatever we may think of his music, we must accord him full musical "big league" status.

### Popular Modern Orchestral

**Hindemith: Symphony: "Die Harmonie der Welt" (1951).** Berlin Philharmonic, Hindemith. Decca DL 9765.

Hindemith is a curious figure. Though enormously inventive, prolific of music, a searching theorist and enthusiast for musical history and the revival of older music, an influential teacher and a magnetic personality whose force has been felt throughout music—nevertheless he seems to have crystallized his expression or good in his earlier years. In this he is somewhat like Mendelssohn, though the two are utterly different in other respects.

Here is a big, magnificent symphony,

with all the Hindemithian largeness of concept, yet it seems oddly repetitive of old ideas, already-familiar techniques, different only in detail. I can't avoid the feeling, though it is a dangerous generalization, that it represents a sort of dynamic stagnation.

The music is not unlike the familiar "Mathis der Maler" symphony of many years ago. It is similarly based on a Hindemith opera that evokes his favorite area of medieval philosophy and art; here we have, in place of the altarpiece of "Mathis," the Boethian concept of relating the music of instruments to the harmony of body and soul and the music of the universe itself.

"Mathis" has been a durable favorite with musical audiences for some twenty years; it would be unwise to suggest that this similar work, at least on brief acquaintance, is any less good. It's well worth a try if "Mathis" has meant good things to you.

**Bartok: Concerto for Orchestra (1944).** Phila. Orch., Ormandy. Columbia ML 1973.

The work that did the most to bring Bartok to popular acceptance—after his death—now makes a very special grade in achieving the "Philadelphia-Ormandy" category. In a mere ten years, in other words, the concerto has already entered into the stable and conservative American concert repertory—a heartening sign, since, although the music is ingratiating and colorful, its idiom is in many places drastically dissonant.

Who today minds dissonance, *per se*? Most ears are now so conditioned to it, popular as well as "classical," that at last we are realizing that in the Western Tradition dissonance is relative, and is invariably accepted as soon as its sense and intention are understood.

Like other Ormandy playings, this one is on the highest level of competence. It is flawlessly styled, humorous, light, electric when required; the recording balance treats the solo instruments fairly and in a modern way. But I still like Fritz Reiner's old Columbia version better (ML 4102), for its extraordinary tension and brilliance.

**Saint-Saëns: Le Carnaval des Animaux. Britten: Young Person's Guide to the Orchestra.** Peter Pears, narr., Philharmonia Orch., Markevitch; Giza Anda, Bela Siki, pfs. Angel 35135.

The gentle and humorous "Carnival" seldom gets an understanding performance in this day of high-powered virtuosity; this one is a delight, for all its vastness of recorded sound, and far superior to a number of other recent versions.

The coupling is more appropriate than may seem, since both works sparkle with orchestral humor of a pointed sort, and both make excellent hi-fi listening for children and adults alike. The Britten "Guide" is done here in its proper form, with spoken narration by Peter Pears. The piece is much improved, since the narrator identifies each instrument and choir of instruments as they play. Nothing pompous here—Peter Pears is the soul of casual informality, his diction is impeccably clear, and the text is brief and direct. A spirited performance and the recording, of both the narration and the music, is wonderfully life-like.

**Britten: Sinfonia da Requiem.** Danish State Radio Symph., Britten.

**Britten: Diversions for Piano (left hand) and Orch.** Julius Katchen; London Symphony, Britten. London LL 1123.

Two early Britten works (1940), of which the "Diversions" is to my ear the more interesting. The variation form in which it is cast is the composer's strongest expression and is also the basis for the "Young Person's Guide" (on a theme by Purcell). Though somewhat academically dissonant, the "Diversions" fairly sparkle with dramatic contrast through eleven variations, skillfully ornamented by the one-handed piano part.

The instrumental "Requiem" is possibly more solid and a bigger piece, but it seems to me more pretentious and heavy than is good for pleasurable listening. Britten is not at his most communicative in the weightier symphonic kind of structure.

**Britten: A Simple Symphony.** Strings of the New Symphony Orch., Goossens. London LD 9174 (10").

This short and unpretentious little opus is distinguished by the composer's remarkable account (on the jacket) of its origin. It seems a small English schoolboy known as Britten *mi*. (he must have had an older brother), wrote vast quantities of music in his odd moments—songs, piano sonatas, a monster symphony, a half-dozen quartets, and a vast tone poem, plus a full-scale oratorio, "Solomon"—these and others up to Opus 100 composed and solemnly catalogued before the age of fourteen. An older and wiser Britten (age twenty) looked at the vast pile of manuscripts and found only enough in them to eke out this simple symphony, as a humorous tribute to the past, unlamented. A nice illustration, in passing, both of the practical experience that makes a good composer and the self-judgment that puts experience to constructive use.

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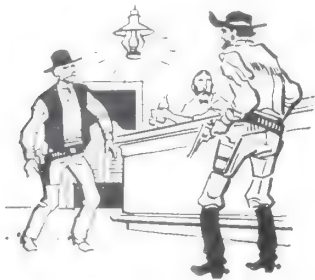
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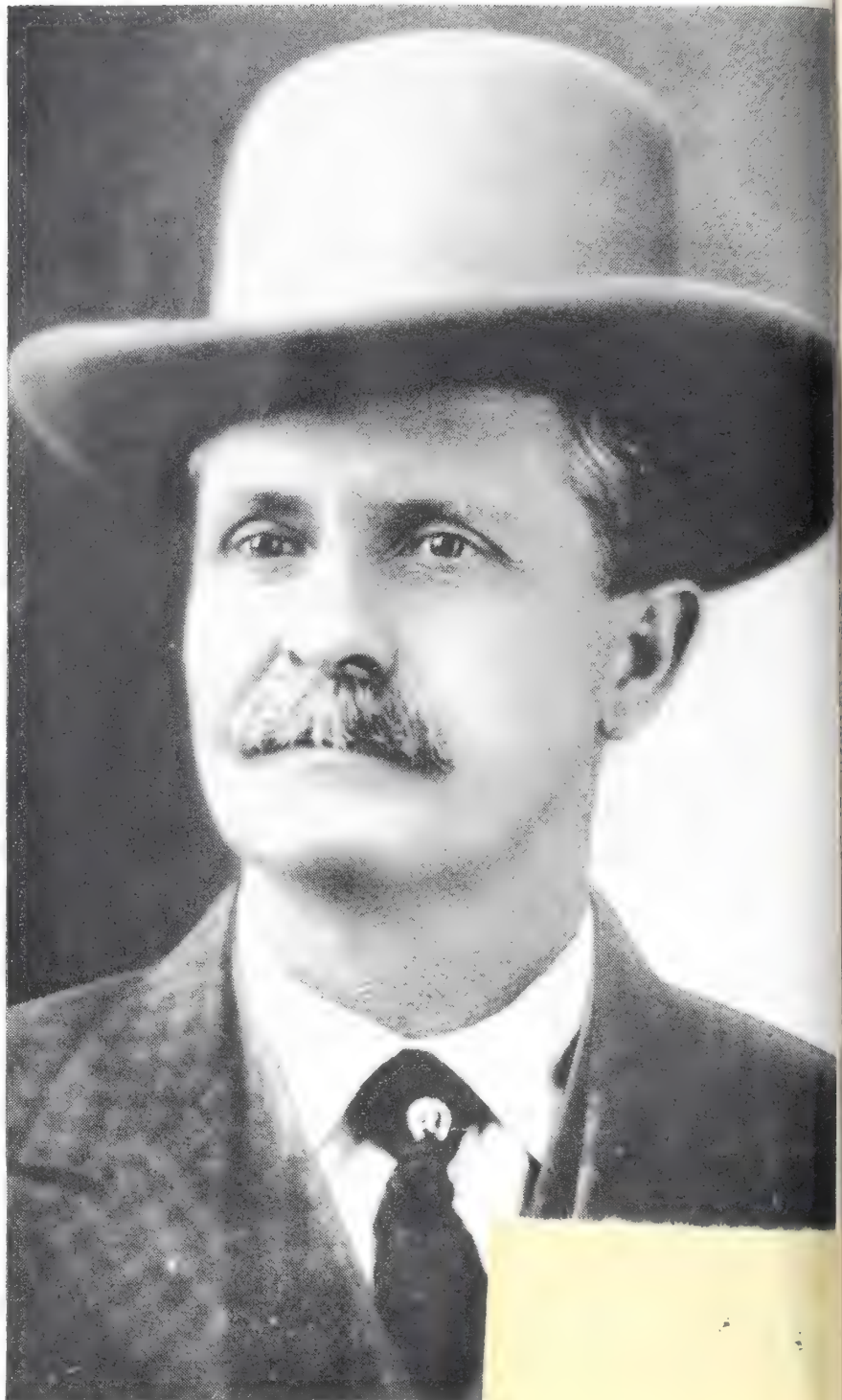
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# LETTERS

## Wives and Senators

TO THE EDITORS:

Richard L. Neuberger's article in your June issue is a classic modern paradox. Never until now would a Senator, of all people, make a boast of having been boosted into office by his wife.

WILLIAMS: Maurine Neuberger for President.

JAMES I. MORTON  
Berrien Springs, Mich.

TO THE EDITORS:

Youthful, vigorous, possessed of great facility with words, Oregon's brilliant junior Senator, being "liberal," proposes that all political speakers not equally youthful and articulate should be penalized for trying to "hide the ~~vanities~~" in endeavoring to conceal their ineptitude at word-play. ["My Wife Put Me in the Senate," June.]

Such ~~vanities~~ cannot but tarnish beyond the power of even the incomparable Maurine to brighten. We doubt much if Wayne Morse or B. DeVoto approves, and suggest that they watch their young knight more closely lest he unhorse himself.

R. A. McEVILLEY  
Norwood, Ohio

## On the Record

TO THE EDITORS:

If Richard H. Rovere's "The Kept Witnesses" [May] is a "dispassionate study," to quote *Harper's* editors, words have lost all meaning. If given space (which *Harper's* will not do) I could easily prove that author Rovere is devoid of decency, honor, and honesty.

One example: "The job formerly held by Paul Crouch—who earned \$9,675 from the Department in two years of witnessing—was as an air-line employee at eighty-five cents an hour." . . .

My last employment before I was hired by the U. S. government was from the California state government in 1950, at \$150 per month. The air-line employment was a wartime defense job with Pan American Airways, Brownsville, Texas, in January 1945.

At the end of 1944 pulmonary respiratory illness forced me to quit a defense job with U. S. Steel Products Co., Alameda, California, where my wages were about \$100 per week, and move to the warm dry climate of Texas. There, in another defense job, I started at eighty-

five cents per hour as apprentice airplane mechanic's helper.

My wages remained at that figure only a very brief period. As I was promoted, becoming an airplane mechanic, I had one wage increase after another. During my two years on that job I became Secretary of the Brownsville union local and a state vice-president of the CIO.

From that job I went to Miami as editor of the CIO endorsed newspaper, *Union Record*, and as state publicity director of the Florida CIO. In December 1947, I was editor of the weekly newspaper, *Dade County News*. In 1948 I worked for the *Miami Herald*; in 1949 for the *Miami Daily News*. My next job, and last one before federal employment, was with the California senate fact-finding committee on subversive activities as a special investigator.

This is only one of many examples I could give of falsehoods by insinuations and innuendo in Mr. Rovere's "dispassionate study." It is a sad day for American journalism when *Harper's* is not ashamed to stoop to the level of the *Daily Worker*.

PAUL CROUCH  
Hilo, Hawaii

TO THE EDITORS:

Each man should be the world's leading authority on where he has worked and at what pay. As Mr. Crouch well knows, however, practically every assertion in his letter has been challenged by principals and their attorneys in the several litigations in which he has lately been involved. I should not be in the least discomfited if it turned out that he had in fact earned more than I said and had in fact held the positions he describes. But my version of his employment record tallies with that of a number of other writers and several lawyers who have looked into it.

On April 15th the Attorney General made an announcement that seemed to forecast some unemployment in the field of professional witnessing. He said the Department of Justice would no longer continue to retain "salaried consultants" but would continue to hire "expert witnesses." It had never previously been disclosed that any "consultants" were on "salary" and no distinction between "witnessess" and "consultants" had previously been made. But if there is to be less work for professional witnesses, it is to be hoped that those affected will be able to look after themselves well.

RICHARD H. ROVERE  
Hyde Park, N. Y.

TO THE EDITORS:

If Mr. DeVoto's article ["For the Record," June] were to be viewed only in relation to his flattering comment on me, I would not bother to write this. The lawyer is irrelevant to the point he makes. DeVoto slaps the highest court in Massachusetts by preaching that those great judges would defeat a sound argument just because it was uttered by a lawyer from New York. The next step in such thinking leads to employing only Protestant, Catholic, or Jewish lawyers in order to toady to particular jurists.

I can assure Mr. DeVoto that he is totally in error when he says that the *Strange Fruit* case had to be lost before my firm could win the *Forever Amber* case. . . . The *Strange Fruit* case was lost only because it was not defended with adult frankness. The highest court in Massachusetts, understandably, refused to permit public circulation of a volume containing an Anglo-Saxon four-letter word when the publisher himself refused to explain or mention this word in his brief. . . .

Moreover, the experience of attorneys in our Republic over the last two decades should make clear that DeVoto's provincial attitude towards lawyers from other states is less than valid. I can exhibit hundreds of letters received from timorous DeVotos throughout the nation, urging that I should not appear in New Jersey in the Frank Hague case, and in other cases. Also, please page Thurgood Marshall, a great Negro barrister unafraid to argue in the South. When my firm in New York agreed to defend *Forever Amber* in Boston, victory was assured primarily because the publisher, George Brett of Macmillan, was not acting on invalid fears. My fast friend, Mr. Albert, who tried the *Strange Fruit* case, was restricted in his approach by the publisher, its New York counsel, and the DeVoto strategy. . . .

MORRIS L. ERNST  
New York, N. Y.

TO THE EDITORS:

To one who went through the mill the brilliance of Mr. Ernst's retrospective victory in the *Strange Fruit* case is diminished by the ease with which he wins it. From the inside the case looked harder, but the exhibitionism of his letter to you is one of the reasons why he was kept out of it.

BERNARD DEVOTO  
Cambridge, Mass.

## The New Jazz

TO THE EDITORS:

In the June "After Hours" there were some observations about "chamber jazz" which I felt were quite worthwhile



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However, I wish to take exception to some of the remarks about the big bands. As a member of the current Kenton band, I offer an insider's view.

The remark, "Where Kenton served, so did he solidify" tends to imply that Stan's style is static. But Stan's concepts of jazz are growing, there are continuing developments of the styles of his arranging staff, and the staff has changed over a period of years. Moreover, as the personnel of an organization changes, so necessarily does the style; for just as bands shape soloists, so do soloists shape bands. . . .

DON KELLY  
Hollywood, Calif.

TO THE EDITORS:

Mr. Harper's amateurish survey of the new jazz beats all the professional ones appearing up to now in any but trade magazines. He is to be thanked for not treating latter-day jazz as a fad, for not hero-worshipping, for not being cute.

So it is the highest praise to say that he forgot to mention only one thing: small jazz groups can in some ways be heard best in night clubs, cocktail lounges, and taverns. Even the best quartets and quintets suffer in a concert hall of any size, and hi-fi can give sound but not the whole life.

LOWELL RICHARDS  
Seattle, Wash.

## Vive la France

TO THE EDITORS:

Others will undoubtedly comment on Perry Laukhuff's "How to Bargain with Russia" in the June issue. My shock is confined, within this letter, to the not-so-glittering generalizations on France and the French appearing in the P & O commentary on the Laukhuff piece.

The almost venomous francophobia disclosed in the following quotation deserves rebuttal: "The French find it achingly difficult to make up their minds about anything. They hate Germany, envy England, fear Russia, and resent the United States. . . ."

Poppycock! Internally your statements are contradictory. First you state categorically that the French find it difficult to make up their minds. Then you proceed to state categorically that they have made up their minds to hate Germany, envy England, etc. Actually the French have no trouble making up their minds. . . . A fair study of the foreign policy of the Fourth Republic will disclose that French foreign policy has quantitatively and qualitatively been freer of shifts than that paragon of all virtues, American foreign policy, whatever it currently may be. The French have not vacillated between massive retaliation, unleashing and leashing Chiang, and the dominoes

game we almost played in Indochina, to mention a few of our "beauts."

Numerically the French have had no more foreign ministers than we have had Secretaries of State in the last decade. The ministers may play musical chairs, but the names are the same. . . .

The French are hard-headed realists. . . . To hate Germany is natural and normal. How many French families do you know that did not lose someone in all or any of the three recent wars with Germany? . . .

I would like some documentation of the assertion that the French envy the English. . . . The French vocally express their sympathy for the English, their climate, their lack of humor, their self-regimentation, and their allegedly chilly females.

Yes, the French fear the Russians. This is a common bond to be found throughout the West. . . .

Do the French really resent the United States? The public-opinion poll published in *Réalités* several months ago does not bear you out. The French do have a resentment, directed toward our naiveté and childishness—not against us as a country. . . . Have you thought how we would react if M. Pinay came over to advise us to defeat the Bricker amendment?

E. ERNEST GOLDSTEIN  
Madison, Wisc.

## Bargaining with Russia

TO THE EDITORS:

Seldom is such a timely and penetrating magazine article written as "How to Bargain with Russia" in your June issue. . . . Both our diplomats and the American public should be better prepared for the necessary ordeal called Operation Negotiation as a result of this realistic briefing.

E. T. CLOUGH  
Milwaukee, Wisc.

TO THE EDITORS:

. . . I agree with all five of Mr. Laukhuff's suggestions for avoiding disaster in the coming conferences with the Soviet Union, but wish to stress the importance of his point, "We should never let the Communists make all the proposals."

If we are to seize the ideological initiative in talks "at the summit," we must come forward with some positive plan for ending the Cold War, avoiding a hot war, and organizing the world for peace. World disarmament under a strengthened UN, with limited but adequate powers for the prevention of war and subversion, must be our declared goal. . . .

PALMER VAN GUNDY  
Santa Monica, Calif.

## Florida Politics

TO THE EDITORS

Floridians are grateful to *Harper's* for Mr. William L. Rivers' story about Florida [February]. But his otherwise excellent article was marred by a number of errors and several significant suppressions.

*Error:* Mr. Rivers wrote that I (Fulmer Warren) am "a certain candidate for the United States Senate."

*Fact:* Although I am grateful to Mr. Rivers for nominating me, I have no intention whatever of running for the United States Senate.

*Error:* Mr. Rivers wrote that I am "the most ambitious politician in the state and the only efficient machine-builder of recent years."

*Fact:* I have no further political ambitions at all. The only political ambition I ever had was to be elected governor. I not only never built a political machine, I didn't even make the attempt. I was never able to get anybody but myself elected, and it took me two campaigns and thirty years to do that.

*Error:* Mr. Rivers said formal impeachment charges drawn up against me "remained in committee and never reached the legislature."

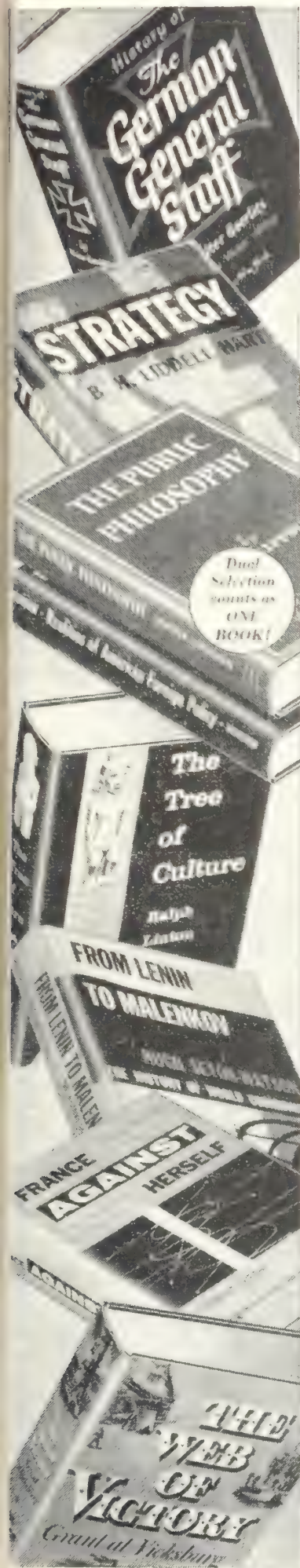
*Fact:* A disgruntled legislator whose unreasonable patronage demands had been rejected by me introduced impeachment charges against me. After full debate, the house of representatives of the Florida legislature rejected his charges by a vote of 76 to 6 in my favor. Two of the six who voted for the impeachment charges were defeated for re-election. Two were defeated as candidates for other offices. Only two were re-elected. The charges were so absurd and groundless that the house of representatives expunged them from the permanent record.

*Omission:* Mr. Rivers omitted the fact that illegal gambling, which openly operated in Florida for more than fifty years under governor after governor, was suppressed within fourteen months after I became governor on January 4, 1949. In February 1950 Florida newspapers reported that open gambling had been suppressed. Only sneak gambling remained and it had been considerably reduced. (This was several months before the so-called Kefauver committee had even been created by the U.S. Senate.) The anti-bookie bill which had been defeated in five previous sessions of the Florida legislature during the administrations of three governors, was passed with my active assistance at the first session of the legislature after I became governor.

Mr. Rivers omitted the fact that I suspended more law-enforcement of-



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## LETTERS

ficers for neglect of duty to enforce the law against gambling than any of Florida's other thirty-two governors; in fact, I suspended almost as many for this cause as all other Florida governors combined.

*Omission:* Mr. Rivers acknowledged that "from 1947 through 1953 the number of manufacturing plants in Florida had increased by 71 per cent," but he omitted to mention the chief cause of this phenomenal efflorescence. It is generally acknowledged that this near miracle of manufacturing expansion was set in motion by the Industrial Development Council composed of ten of Florida's top industrialists and chairmanned by the state's most successful public-utility magnate, Mr. McGregor Smith, president of the Florida Power and Light Company, all of whom were appointed by me to this council, which was established by my executive order.

Mr. Rivers seemed to attribute this industrial invasion of Florida partly to a 1953 law of the state legislature which permitted insurance companies not organized under the laws of the state—and therefore subject to a 2 per cent state tax on premiums collected here—to deduct any taxes paid to counties and municipalities on Florida buildings owned and occupied as home offices. Obviously this law passed in 1953 could not have caused the vast movement of manufacturing and other big businesses to Florida during the preceding five years.

FULLER WARREN  
Miami Beach, Fla.

## Vive the Moros

TO THE EDITORS:

I find it difficult to describe my feelings when I pulled the wrapper off the June issue and beheld the countenance of a man who might be almost any one of my hundreds of Moro friends. I wish to thank *Harper's* and Mr. Faubion Bowers for "The Land-Locked Pirate of the Pacific."

I lived twelve years among the Moros and employed many thousands of them, thereby acquiring a fairly comprehensive knowledge of their virtues, their faults and foibles, all the way from sultans to sacups (slaves). . . . The Moro aristocracy are a fine people to know and no one can know them without harboring a profound admiration for their good qualities, among which their unexcelled bravery is not the least.

I have a warm spot in my heart for Mr. Bowers' hero, Kamlon. I do not believe he is the sort of Moro who goes *amok*, and I really believe the whole Philippine army cannot take him if he does not wish to be taken.

GEORGE A. KERR  
Lynchburg, Va.



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Our government is taking major strides to release atomic information to U. S. companies, and to invite them to share in atomic development. The outlook is promising.

For example, General Electric has been chosen by the Nuclear Power Group, Inc. to build the largest all-nuclear atomic electric plant yet announced. The plant, which will serve the Chicago area, will be owned and operated by Commonwealth Edison Company,\* and is expected to be in operation within five years.

The Yankee Atomic Electric Company, representing a dozen New England power companies, has plans to build an atomic electric plant in western Massachusetts.

33 other companies—25 of them electric utilities—have joined together as the Atomic Power Development Associates, Inc., to concentrate on research for the economic utilization of atomic energy for electric power. Part of this group plans to have a breeder-reactor-type atomic electric plant operating in the Detroit area by 1959.

Many homes in the New York City area, if present plans work out, may have atom-made electricity within five years.

These are only a few of the peacetime atomic energy programs now under way in the United States. By 1970, our forecasts indicate, 14% of all new generating plants built in the U.S. will be atom-powered. And by 1980, the atom's share of plants built that year may be 65%.

## The free world's security depends on progress

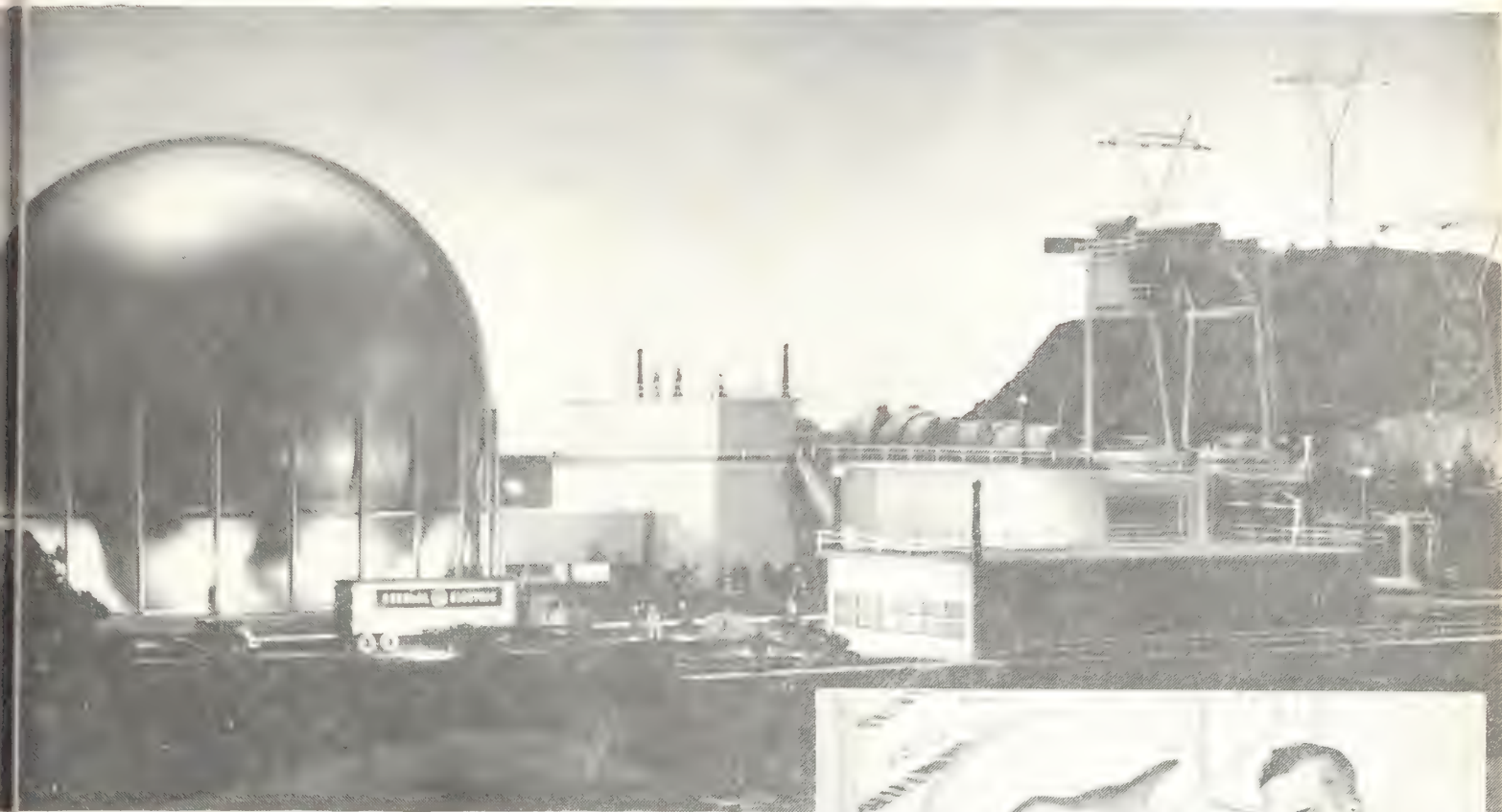
These plans and forecasts are encouraging for the fate of the entire free world may well depend on how swiftly America develops wide peacetime use of atomic energy.

\*Co-sponsors of the project include: American Gas and Electric Service Corporation; Bechtel Corporation; Central Illinois Light Company; Illinois Power Company; Kansas City Power and Light Company; Pacific Gas and Electric and Union Electric Company of Missouri.





# produce electric power from the atom



electric plant of the future? This model shows what a power plant built to produce atom-made electricity might look like. At right, Francis K. McCune, General Electric Vice President and General Manager of our Atomic Products Department, points out a symbolic view of an atomic reactor housed in the protective containment structure. If you would like a copy of a 16-page illustrated booklet, "Putting the Atom to Work," plus a full-color diagram showing how electricity can be made from atomic energy, write General Electric, Department G2-119, Schenectady, New York.



and and other European countries are hungry for the abundant electricity that the atom promises. They see this as a chance to regain the stature they had before their resources were depleted by war. "Have-not" Asia and Latin America need it for their industry and their people. And so nuclear energy. Communism has become a long-range incentive for economic and political change. Communism *plus* atomic energy might convert the world where Communism *alone* has failed.

In America, the problem is clear-cut. We must make swift, broad progress in developing peacetime atomic energy for the world. We must be ready to fulfill the promise of atomic fuels and the knowledge sooner than anticipated. How can this be done?

## Competition will spur achievement

In my opinion, America's atomic program will continue—and become even more bold—as more and more competing private manufacturing companies apply their skills, efforts and resources to the problem.

General Electric has been engaged in basic nuclear research since the 1930's. Today more than 12,000 of our employees are assigned to atomic projects. For the government, we are producing plutonium at the Hanford Atomic Works...building a submarine atomic power plant in West Milton, New York...developing a nuclear propulsion system for aircraft at Evendale, Ohio...studying possible portable nuclear plants for the Army. Canadian General Electric will build Canada's first atomic electric reactor near Chalk River, Ontario.

We have established a department to design, develop, manufacture and market atomic power equipment for peacetime use. Just recently this department announced the design of a new dual-cycle boiling reactor, which provides for greater efficiency and overcomes many of

the problems inherent in earlier power-reactor designs. In the next few years, we expect, our work in peacetime atomic energy will double and redouble. And the field is so big and so vital that there is almost unlimited opportunity for many more companies.

American free enterprise has made it possible for the U. S., with only 6% of the world's population, to produce almost 50% of the world's energy and industrial output. Working with the government, private companies have already begun to turn a major source of fear into a major source of fuel, and they are ready to risk their money and their time to do more. As we see it, this is progress in the American way.

*Progress Is Our Most Important Product*

GENERAL  ELECTRIC

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## *the easy* Chair

### SPREAD OF AN INFECTION

OUR SECURITY system has an inherent tendency to constantly erode away more of the free system which it was designed to preserve. As I write this, the Supreme Court has just shown how this tendency has been operating in a whole category of cases, exemplified by that of Dr. John P. Peters, professor of medicine at Yale.

Dr. Peters was a part-time employee of the U. S. Public Health Service. His job was to advise the Surgeon General about the worth of applications for financial aid to medical researches. It did not involve any classified or confidential information and no question of security was involved. The Federal Security Administration had twice investigated his loyalty and had twice found that no evidence justified doubt of it. Nevertheless, the Review Board of the Civil Service Commission, on its own initiative, decided to reopen the case and notified Dr. Peters that it had "derogatory information" about him. At the hearing it held, no witness testified against Dr. Peters, he was not told who had provided the "derogatory information," and of course he had no opportunity to cross-examine the anonymous informants. As the Supreme Court has observed, the Review Board did not itself know the identity of some of them, and some of them had not testified on oath. But it found against Dr. Peters and he was discharged from the Public Health Service.

Of the Supreme Court's opinion I mention here only its finding that the Review Board had no power or authority to reopen the case. It was, in fact, seeking "to do by [its own] regulation what it was not permitted to do under the order" that created it. That is one manifestation of the inherent tendency of the security system to encroach always farther on the free system.

A manifestation of a different but equally alarming kind is the policy of the Public Health Service in regard to the very kind of financial grants about which Dr. Peters was employed to give it his advice. For more than three years the Service had been refusing and revoking grants for medical research—research on wholly non-secret projects—on the ground that it had reason to doubt the loyalty of the applicant or the grantee. This policy has had little public notice, in spite of the well-publicized case of Dr. Linus C. Pauling.

Dr. Pauling, professor of chemistry at Caltech, had been conducting, on PHS grants, non-secret researches of such importance that they figured largely in the Nobel Prize that he received some eighteen months after the Service maneuvered him out of them. Or finessed him out of them. The point which must be made in this case is that the Service was willing to go on supporting the research and to have Dr. Pauling go on directing it, so long as the grants were not made in his name. The names of two of his associates were substituted.

Public admission that this scandalous restriction is the official policy of the Service was forced in April 1954, largely by a resolution of inquiry and protest passed by the American Society of Biological Chemists. It had become official policy at least as early as June 1952. Thus, though Secretary Hobby, of whose Department PHS is a division, is responsible ex officio for its continuation, I point out that she was in no way responsible for its adoption. No one has been able to find out who was responsible for that adoption. Nor is anyone in the Service known to approve of it. In the six months I have been trying to find out about it, everyone I have talked to has deplored it, and a nationally known scientist writes to me, "I know of no one in PHS—administrative or staff—or any other government agency that will defend the policy. Yet nothing is done to change it."

The reason for its adoption, however, is entirely clear—and craven. The Service gazed thoughtfully at the investigating committees of Congress and decided that it must look good, regardless. If for any reason any of them should inquire into its procedures it must be able to say, in Mrs. Hobby's words, that if "information of a substantial nature reflecting on the loyalty" of an applicant or grantee "is brought to our attention," then "it is the practice of the Department [of Health, Education and Welfare] to deny support." This practice is much more restrictive than that of any of the military services, which also make grants for medical research, and it is recklessly irresponsible. Its harmful effects widen out beyond control. It



damages the public, the Service itself, and science at large. It undermines not only freedom of inquiry and teaching but other personal freedoms. It threatens the very basis of scientific progress. And it exposes a steadily increasing number of wholly innocent people to suspicion, scandal, loss of reputation, frustration of their professional careers, and unjustified shame and loss of self respect.

**A** PROFESSOR at a leading university was engaged in a research of basic importance and of constant usefulness to a large field of medicine; it involved no question of security. It was the only project of its kind in the United States, if not in the world. For some years the project had been supported by PHS grants, after being previously supported by private funds. On applying for renewal of the grant, which had always been routine, he was notified that his request fell "in the group of applications for which grants cannot be made" (the standard euphemism) and that PHS support would terminate seventeen days later. The action was taken because of unspecified, anonymous, and unsupported charges of a political nature. (Presumably relating to a time when he was a student.)

As a result a laboratory that had been serving as a reference laboratory for other scientists working in the general field was liquidated.

The head of this man's department was given to understand that PHS would continue to support the project if someone else were made its nominal director. Clearly the need was not to get him off the project but to get his name off the books as the recipient of PHS funds. The Service continued to ask him to "referee," that is pass on the value of, applications for research grants. It also asked him to take into his laboratory for training a scientist from a foreign country whose stay in the United States it was financing. He refused both requests, adding that he would gladly take the foreigner for training if he could get support from other sources or if the Service would bring its policy into line with that of other government agencies that grant funds.

Everyone lost here. The professor, who had been carrying on the liquidated research only as a public service, could continue the one in which he was principally interested since it was not supported by PHS. But, though he is secure in his professorship, the medical world will know from now on that his grant was canceled. Medicine and the public lost a valuable source of knowledge. The foreign scholar lost his training. The Service lost not only the professor's services but all the increments of knowledge bound up with his research—the very substance

that constitutes the intercommunication of a scientific knowledge. But no Congressman could say its nose wasn't clean.

At another university two grants to a distinguished scientist for a non-secret research were terminated, long before their contractual term, as a result of what at first was specified only as "an administrative decision." By bringing its great prestige to bear, the university was able to learn that the action had been taken because PHS had "derogatory information" about the scientist. It was told, by the Surgeon General in person, that nothing could be done about inquiring into the truth or falsity of this information, or about getting the grants reinstated: PHS had acted and that was final. But they were reinstated—and note why. The faculty of the university division to which the scientist belonged passed a resolution censuring PHS for not providing for re-examination of the "derogatory information" jointly with him and with the university. More to the point, it resolved to recommend to members of the staff that they accept no new PHS grants unless the present policy were changed, and that other sources of support be sought for all work now being done by the staff that was financed by PHS. A similarly formidable protest procured the reinstatement of another PHS grant that had been canceled; in this case the scientist actually held a clearance for work on *secret* projects, whereas the one he had been working on was non-secret.

**B**UT USUALLY the outcome has been otherwise. An institution has a faculty, a department has a staff, a professor has students. The research they do depends on funds and these funds increasingly depend on the federal government, which has become the principal subsidizer of scientific research. When the president, chairman, or professor faces a threat that PHS may cut off indispensable funds, what is he to do? Complex public interests are at stake, together with the fundamental values of science and free inquiry. But also the functioning of the institution, the achievements of the staff, the training and eventually the careers of the students are jeopardized. It is easy to say that PHS ought to be prohibited from canceling grants on the same secret and unverified grounds that have made many other aspects of the security system a danger to our freedoms, but it does so cancel them. It is just as easy to say that the administrator in charge should not hesitate but should reject the terms, accept the cancellation, and make a public uproar. But.

But this action would indelibly stamp with public suspicion the applicant for the grant, whose future has already been compromised by

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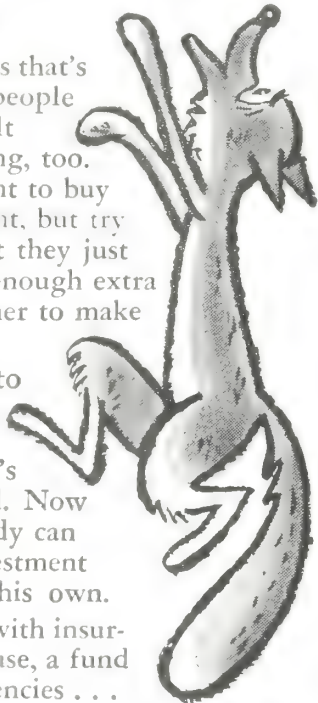
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## THE EASY CHAIR

the fact that PHS has put the same mark on him in what is only semi-privacy. It would expose the department and the institution to the same corrosive suspicion.

It would affect all research done at the institution, not only the project involved. It would have repercussions throughout the domain of medicine, open opportunities to crackpots and scoundrels, perhaps turn away desirable students and scientists who might otherwise have been attracted to the institution, and perhaps close other actual or potential sources of funds for research. So at least it has seemed to a good many institutions and officials. There is a tremendous pressure to take the safe and craven course, and this is the situation which the timeserving timidity of PHS has been exploiting.

IN APRIL 1954 Mrs. Hobby said that "fewer than thirty persons have been denied support." The attorney pleads that his client has committed fewer than thirty felonies—and the total is larger now. But Mrs. Hobby's statement was disingenuous. How often has the threat to withdraw or withhold support succeeded in getting scientists removed from projects which PHS was supporting? These incidents are kept as secret as possible but I judge that there have been a good many more of them than of instances in which PHS found it necessary to carry out the threat. Usually, when it directs an institution to replace a scientist with someone else, he is replaced.

Moreover, the policy goes beyond the people who are doing the research. One university was told—by telephone—that if it did not remove from a non-secret project a technician who worked in the laboratory, the grant would be canceled the next day. It fired the technician. In response to a similar ultimatum another university fired not only a technician who was suspect but the technician's wife, who was employed in a different department and had no connection with PHS research. Observe the use of the telephone; there is no record and the PHS responsibility does not appear. But cravenness has been carried even farther. PHS has sent emissaries to deans and chairmen to advise them not to indorse applications for grants

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people about whom "derogatory opinion" might exist. This will free the Service from any accountability at all for its own policy, but would thenceforth appear to be that of the institution itself. Also suggests, and comes close to establishing, the existence of a PHS black-st.

Remind you again that the releases in question do not come under the security system, though it has been extended to them. They are not secret, classified, or confidential. They have no bearing on national defense. Indeed, the National Science Foundation has subsequently given grants to scientists aided them by PHS.

The public loses on every count, and one of the counts is that PHS is too. Many of its staff are disgraced, embittered, or cynical; promising young scientists are refusing to join it. Some staff members believe they ought to stay on and work from within to overturn the policy, others that they ought to force a public showdown by resigning; institutional antipathies are being created which they could become permanent. The Service has lost the advice and assistance of a good many scientists who had always been able to count on, and now refuse to "referee" applications or to attend PHS conferences. The Study Section—a staff review-group—reported that it was unable to evaluate a project in its field because it could no longer get advice from outside authorities in that field.

BUT THE worst damage is indirect; it is the same sinister damage that the free working of the intelligence has suffered in other fields from the excesses of the security system. Nearly twenty years ago, when he was in graduate school, an officer of the Service who has long directed one of its principal medical searches joined a radical but quite legal student organization to which some members of the Communist Party unquestionably belonged. It is because of him, further, that he has always freely expressed his political opinions, which are liberal—that is to say, extreme New Deal. When he was interviewed by a security officer, he had no difficulty clearing himself of suspicion. But, though he had announced at the beginning of the in-

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## THE EASY CHAIR

interview that he would refuse to identify other persons, when he said that he had once been asked to join the Party, the investigator demanded that he reveal the name of the person who had asked him. His willingness to name that person, the investigator said, would be used as a measure of his good faith when his own case was appraised. A trick used by Congressional investigators has spread to the Public Health Service.

This man, who did not reveal the name, writes to me, "I was suddenly overwhelmed by terror and helplessness at the realization that [my own] criteria of innocence and morality were not likely to be shared by those who would be deciding my case." He adds that with this new fear has come a new shame. He repeatedly feels a powerful impulse to refrain from expressing, in any company, political opinions he had never before hesitated to express. And with this first step one sees a great danger opening up. Such a pressure is likely to increase and spread. A man who feels he must conceal his political opinions may be led to avoid the ordinary controversies of his profession, and the judicious avoidance of strong professional stands is likely to end as the avoidance of strong or even firm stands about anything. Thus the system which is supposed to protect our military secrets becomes a forcing bed for moral and scientific cowardice.

THIS FEAR of unpopular or unorthodox opinion is the deadly blight that the security system has been spreading through our intellectual life. The very distinguished scientist whom I have quoted acknowledges its effect on him. And the Public Health Service has exposed to the same blight all those it has threatened in the ways I have described, and all medical scientists and medical students who have taken note of the premium thus put on conformity and mediocrity. On cowardice. The Service, through its own timidity, has joined the forces that threaten to destroy American science.

In *Science* for April 29, Dr. John T. Edsall of the Biological Laboratories at Harvard, a nationally distinguished biochemist, at last pried the lid off this disgraceful situation.



## THE EASY CHAIR

He measured, austere, judicious analysis of the PHIS policy and of its certain implications and fully predictable effects is unanswerable. And in the course of it he announces: "I shall neither ask for nor accept funds from any government agency that denies support to others for unclassified research for reasons unconnected with scientific competence or personal integrity."

AT THE request of Mr. Sherman Adams, the National Academy of Science has agreed to "investigate" this policy of the Public Health Service—which is already known and fully acknowledged. All the Academy can do is to express disapproval and recommend a change. The Administration is already up to its knees in protests of exactly that kind. Since I began to write this column, indeed, another one directed at the policy here described has been published. It is signed by 1,400 medical men, surely a formidable number, and just where will it get? Mr. Adams may fall on the AMA to go over the board the National Academy is now going over. Protests have got nowhere; the situation calls for a specific kind of action.

It seems clear that only the scientists can save science and with it our additional freedom, that Dr. Edsall's stand offers the only realistic hope. Scientific research must have government funds but also the government must have scientists. They know—and they can make clear to the public—that they cannot work effectively without the freedom of inquiry which it is the inherent tendency of the security system steadily to contract and annul. When they act, then the public will act. When they refuse to work for the government unless clearly stated and effectively operating safeguards have insured them full freedom of inquiry, the security system will be modified. But not till then.

But meanwhile the public could require the Public Health Service to manifest on its highest level at least a desire to return to its honorable tradition, the tradition in which its great achievements were made. Its highest level is the office of the Surgeon General.



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# PERSONAL and otherwise

## The Loving Care of Determined Women, And What It's Doing To Us . . .

**L**IKE all brides, she looked heartbreakingly sweet and tremulous. As they turned to march up the aisle, she lifted a radiant face to the man beside her and whispered:

"Stand a little straighter, dear."

These tender words were, of course, spoken in the splendid pioneer tradition of American womanhood. She was merely starting early to civilize the wilderness she had just married.

To her—as to most brides in this country—her husband represented 175 pounds of raw material. So raw, indeed, that a less courageous race of females might shrink from the task of trying to refine anything from such earthy and intractable ore. No such doubts, however, bother a true American girl. She knows it is her duty to make something out of the sorry clod, if she has to wear her tongue down to the roots.

This undaunted approach may, perhaps, have something to do with the divorce rate, axe murders, and the number of morose characters nursing a shot glass late at night in men's bars. Nevertheless, it has made American civilization the envy of the world; or, anyhow, the feminine half of it. Never before in history has any nation devoted so large a share of its brains and resources to the sole purpose of keeping its women greased, deodorized, corseted, enshrined in chrome convertibles, curled, slenderized, rejuvenated, and relieved of all physical labor.

In benighted lands, from England to Indonesia, women are still deluded into thinking that they ought to make life a little pleasanter and easier for their breadwinners; only here is the Ideal Male one who dedicates his life to the pampering of women. In India, for example, as recently as 1953, a woman was observed in the act of fixing a quiet room and a cool drink for a husband on his way home from work. In

Dallas and Des Moines, as we all know, the ladies make a different kind of preparation.

That precious moment when the male stumbles back to his lair, numbed and exhausted, is what they have been waiting for all day. By striking hard while his resistance is low, they know they can pressure him into almost anything. This, then, is the Conversation Hour: the time to touch lightly on the need for a new vacuum cleaner, his gaucheries at last night's bridge party, the prospects for remedying his cultural poverty by a course of lectures at the Women's Club, and his duties at the PTA meeting—which, by happy coincidence, will start in just twenty minutes.

For, in return for their emancipation, American women have undertaken to reform their menfolks. This goal they inherited from Grandmother, who had to tame the frontier. She did it by boiling lye soap out of skillet grease and wood ashes, scrubbing puncheon floors, busting up saloons, shooting Indians, building log churches, and shearing both the mane and the six-guns off the Wild Bill Hickok types who infested what would be, someday, a nice residential neighborhood. Since these robust chores are now pretty well finished, her granddaughters have to focus their civilizing zeal on the one thing in sight which still needs to be tamed and curried.

The measure of their success is the number of Walter Mittys in our society. Again, never in history has any country contained such a high proportion of cowed and eunuchoid males, drilled with Prussian thoroughness to shun all household sins. Never, but never, do they drop cigar ashes in the icebox, prop their feet on a coffee table, leave an unwashed dish in the sink, kick a baby, or stuff a sofa cushion into the mouth of a babbling guest. They endure their married lives in mute docility, and die mercifully early in life



um ulcers and high blood pressure.

Occasionally, however, the domestic reform program proves unsatisfactory. Perhaps the subject escapes, or proves impossibly obdurate; more frequently he yields so promptly to the Treatment that after a few years he no longer offers a challenge to his wife's talent. Then she is almost certain to turn her energies either to good works or to politics. They both do much the same thing: a new day is ripe for reform.

Some of the results are examined by Marion Sanders in her "Women in Politics" (p. 56). Not all of them, however. With typical feminine cunning, Mrs. Sanders minimizes the extent to which women already have taken over our political machinery. Men may think they are still safely in control; they do, of course, hold (at least nominally) the commanding positions. Nevertheless, women have crept—almost unnoticed—into key positions in both parties. Note who actually does the political work in your own community. Who is it that sells the tickets to the Annual Dinner, mails out the reminders to the register, gives tea parties for the Fearless Leader, keeps minutes at the committee meetings, drives voters to the polls on election day? Nine times out of ten, a woman. The insidious fact is that they work harder.

One of these mornings all of the strict leaders in the country will roll down to their club rooms, compelling their cigars without a worry in the world. When they open the doors they will find that the windows have been swathed in pastel curtains, the spittoons and pinochle racks thrown out, the poker layouts converted into vanity tables, and all those cracked and cherished leather chairs draped with chintz. And if they don't like it, the ladies will be ready and able to elect a bunch of ardent Amateurs to take their place. It's later than you think.

TYPICAL infiltrator is Mrs. Sanders, co-chairman of the Democratic County Committee in Rockland County, New York, and an unsuccessful candidate for Congress in the 1952 election. (She was beaten, significantly, by another woman.) Mrs. Sanders is now organizing Democratic Women's Workshops throughout New York—plugging tire-

## All Right...Let Us Judge CATHOLICS BY THE BIBLE!

Many sincere people regard the Bible as the sole authority for Christian belief.

And they reject the teachings of the age-old Catholic Church because these teachings and forms of Catholic worship are not mentioned by name in Holy Scripture.

"Where," some will ask, "does the Bible say anything about the Mass or Purgatory? And how about confession to a priest, praying to Mary, and those seven Sacraments you Catholics talk about? They're not in MY Bible."

Although everything contained in the Bible is true, yet the Bible is not the sole source of all truth. For example, we know that Christ established His Church... that the Church existed long before the Bible was completed... that millions lived and died in the Savior's truth without ever having seen a Bible.

But we are willing to set aside these historical truths for the moment and judge Catholic beliefs and practices by the Bible.

Take first, for instance, the fact that the Bible does not mention the Mass or purgatory by name. Well, neither does it mention the word Bible by name. Furthermore, nowhere within its covers is it stated what are the writings which contain the inspired Word of God. The only authority you have for this is the word of the Catholic Church, which preserved and collected the Scriptural writings and put them between the covers of a book.

The word "Sacrament," meaning a sacred rite, is not used anywhere in the Bible. But Holy Scripture does make clear the sacredness of such Catholic rites as Baptism, Confirmation, the Eucharist, Matrimony, Penance, the Last Anointing, and Holy Orders, the latter rite being the deputizing of the successors to the Apostles.

The Sacraments were in possession of the Church and in daily use before



a single line of the new Testament was written. People were being received into the Church by Baptism long before there was a New Testament. They were receiving Confirmation, were being married according to Christ's teaching, and praying over and anointing the dangerously sick.

Christ definitely *did* establish His Church. He *did* deputize His Apostles, and their successors, to continue His teaching. He *did* promise that His Church would endure forever, and could not fall into error. But He *never did* say: "All My teachings shall be in a book. Read and believe nothing else."

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lessly away at the job, while male politicians watch her with lazy and fatuous indulgence.

Her husband—one of the rare, uncowed type—is a doctor; her son is a research physicist; and her daughter is doing graduate work at Teachers' College. She has done overseas propaganda work for the government, press agency for Broadway plays, inspirational prose for the Port of New York Authority, and has promoted various causes, mostly noble.

#### THE COVER-UP SYNDROME

**M**RS. Oveta Culp Hobby, on the other hand, is a cautionary example of what can happen to a lady politician who gets in beyond her depth. Both parties have long made a practice of displaying one woman in the cabinet, as a token of their esteem for the industrious sex. Normally she is placed in a decorative but quiet niche, where she can busy herself with functions vaguely related to Home and Fireside. The Labor Department provided such a haven for Madame Perkins of the memorable hats; the Department of Health, Education, and Welfare—sometimes known in Washington as the Department of Creeping Socialism—seemed tailored to fit the shapely Mrs. H. Little was happening there, and the declared aim of the Eisenhower Administration was to make it a good deal less.

Nobody could have foreseen—to paraphrase the words which will dog Mrs. Hobby through history—that this bureaucratic backwater would be riled up by the eruption of two raging political issues. One of them—the bungling of the polio vaccine—is analyzed by **Leonard Engel** on page 27. The other—the rising indignation of the nation's scientists and educators—is reported by **Bernard DeVoto** on page 12.

In both cases, Mrs. Hobby fell victim to a malady which pervades the entire Administration. This is, of course, the Cover-up Syndrome—combining distrust of the public, a yearning to hide unpleasant facts, and childlike faith in publicity men.

Perhaps this ailment was inevitable in an administration made up almost entirely of business executives. From long habit, they tend to confuse information with advertis-

ing. All their lives they have been telling the public only the "constructive" items about their firms and products; and naturally they feel that the public has no right to hear anything except the "constructive"—i.e. politically helpful—facts about the nation's business. Secretary of Defense Charles E. Wilson, the man born with a silver foot in his mouth, put this view recently with that forthright naïveté which makes his official utterances such a constant delight.

Moreover, the really big executive is trained to regard public relations as a specialized and mysterious function, to be handled only by experts. He would never dream of tackling the job himself, just as he would think it unsound to draft his own law briefs or design his own packaging. A problem arises, however, when this habit is carried over into politics. Almost always the professional public-relations man is both contemptuous and afraid of the people he manipulates; and while this attitude may be appropriate enough in Hollywood, it is disastrous in Washington.

The professional politician, in contrast, seldom makes this mistake. He knows that his relationship with the voters is the one function he can never delegate to anybody. Living in ceaseless contact with the public, he develops a healthy respect for it—and he soon learns that it is wise to announce uncomfortable facts immediately, if only because they are sure to leak out in the end. Thus Winston Churchill, the greatest of them all, never hesitated to speak the hairy truth—earning thereby a trust which no amount of clever propaganda could ever have bought for him.

Strangely enough, President Eisenhower, the professional non-politician, also seems to have something of this instinct. Almost alone among the men in the Administration, he can convey an impression of candor—of willingness to trust the good sense and good will of his listeners. And this, of course, is what makes him the indispensable Republican.

•••Mr. Engel, who dug up the embarrassing facts about the Salk vaccine which Mrs. Hobby's department tried to conceal for so long, is one

of the most distinguished writers on medical and scientific subjects. In 1953 he won the George Polk Memorial Award for reporting in this field. His most recent article for *Harper's* was a report on lung cancer and smoking, last December.

•••As Mrs. **Opal Loomis Thompson** explains on page 34, her husband is another obdurate specimen; and his reform obviously is far from complete. She has not therefore gone into politics. In fact, she lives twelve miles from the nearest telephone—the basic political tool—and forty miles from the nearest town, Sandia Park, New Mexico. Her 800-acre ranch is close to a deserted mining town, where she sometimes pans a little gold out of the old diggings. It doesn't pay as well as her previous secretarial job, she says, but it is a lot more fun.

•••**Leslie Roberts**, who wrote the first eyewitness account (page 37) of the greatest Arctic expedition in history, is uniquely qualified for that particular assignment. A Canadian who is thoroughly familiar with the Far North, he has devoted most of his writing career to the Arctic and to aviation. Of his twelve books, three deal with military flying. During World War II, he served as executive assistant to the Canadian Minister of National Defense, and helped organize the air ferry to Britain. He has contributed to many American, British, and Canadian periodicals.

His research for "The Great Assault on the Arctic" took him to many points close to the North Pole, traveling in a wide assortment of military and civilian aircraft. They are faster and more comfortable than dog sled—but in those latitudes, not much less dangerous.

•••"The Middle-Aged" (p. 42) is by **Adrienne Cecile Rich**, whose first poem to appear in *Harper's*, in 1951, was written when she was a senior at Radcliffe. Since then she has published a book of poems, *A Change of World* (Yale), and written another, *The Diamond Cutters*, which will be brought out by Harper this fall. She has been married and has a son.

•••"The Kill" (p. 43) is a new story about Occupied Germany from **Kay**



le who lived in that country during most frustrating period after war and published a collection of stories about it in 1951, *The King Mountain*. In her most recent novel, *The Seagull on the Steps*, set out this spring by Knopf, Boyle returned for her theme of war, the scene of many of her stories which now number well beyond twenty.

Kenneth Tynan's report on *Studios* (p. 52) gives a trained film critic's view of those excellent British movies which Americans come to admire in recent years. A critic of the *London Observer*, occasional director, actor, and writer for the theater and TV, Mr. Tynan—who is still under thirty—has written three books, chiefly about the theater. His next book, *Bull Fever*, published in this country in 1954.

Mary McCarthy wrote her penetrating sketch of "Mr. Rodriguez" during a recent visit to Portugal. Author of many stories and novels, including *Cast a Cold Eye* and *The Groves of Academe*, Miss McCarthy is also known for her critical articles. Her recent analysis of her own short stories, "Setting the Colonel's Hash" (*Harper's*, May 1954), was an astonishingly frank and incisive statement of the critical and creative errors of today.

The question of "When to Change Jobs—and Why" (p. 71) is up for serious consideration at least once in every ordinary American's life. Dr. Alan Gregg puts the question in the perspective of mature experience. Now a vice president of the Rockefeller Foundation, Dr. Gregg has been associated with its educational and medical programs since 1920. He took his medical degree at Harvard and served in the Royal Air Force Medical Corps during the first world war.

The profile of Louisville (p. 77) is drawn as a special *Harper's* review by William Manchester, the able newspaperman, novelist, and biographer whose assignments for the *Baltimore Sun* have recently taken him all the way to India. Mr. Manchester's books include *City of*



## Who will help Gabriella?

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*Anger*, a novel, and *Disturber of Peace*, a biography of H. Mencken. He has recently joined faculty of Wesleyan University Middletown, Connecticut.

Louisville's extraordinary renascence is the result, in considerable part, of an earlier article in *Harper's*. In September 1937, George R. Linton analyzed the city's coma with frankness which shocked many Kentuckians. Charles Farnsley was one of them—but, he says, the shock opened his eyes to Louisville's chronic case of dry rot. He resolved then to do something about it, and when he became Mayor, he did.

•••Guest reviewer of "The New Books" this month (p. 88) is Brainerd Catton, editor of *American Heritage* and author of several remarkable books about America: *The Lords of Washington*, *Mr. Lincoln's Army*, *Glory Road*, and *A Stillness Appomattox* (for which he won Pulitzer Prize).

## COMING NEXT MONTH

Almost everybody seems to have strong feelings about the growing difficulties of our public schools. Very few have the perspective of Sir John Wilson, assistant director of the White House Conference on Education, who challenges some of the popular "Easy Answers to Hard Questions."

Regardless of political developments, Richard Milhous Nixon probably has before him a full quarter-century of service to the Republic. Already he has done more to set the tone of the present Administration than many people realize. Richard Rovere continues his brilliant series of political portraits with a full study of the man "Most Likely to Succeed."

Some exciting new discoveries have been made recently about photosynthesis, the mysterious process which turns light into the fuel of life. George W. Gray of the Rockefeller Foundation explains the possibilities they open up.

Decorating the home is usually considered an appropriate feminine pursuit. But, as New York psychologist, Dr. Milton Sapirstein, demonstrates, in an unexpected and enlightening article, it may also be a Special Neurosis in Women."









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See preceding pages for more Schools and Colleges.



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Thoughts about College, — 6

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## *THE SALK VACCINE: WHAT CAUSED THE MESS?*

LEONARD ENGEL

Who is responsible, and why, for the chaotic confusion over the polio inoculations? A noted medical journalist disentangles the essential facts.

THE PEAK of the polio season usually comes in the second half of August or the first part of September. This year, we might have had substantially fewer cases of polio than usual. As it is, the number we do have will be largely a matter of luck.

We will have whatever number of cases do occur instead of the smaller number we might have had because of the Great Vaccine Mess. During this past spring, the country was made to witness a spectacle without precedent. On April 12, Dr. Thomas Francis, Jr., of the University of Michigan, reported on the largest and most carefully executed field trial of a vaccine product in history, the 1954 test of the Salk polio vaccine. The trial confirmed a major medical discovery.

The Salk vaccine was found to be adequately effective in preventing paralytic poliomyelitis, and remarkably safe. A month later, the hopes the Francis report had aroused, and the vaccine itself, had been very nearly dissolved in an incredible sea of confusion.

How did this come about? Who and what were responsible? It is no doubt too early for anyone to attempt a final assessment of what happened. The principal details, however, can be established.

The Great Vaccine Mess was a tangled compound of many factors. It involved technical questions so abstruse there are scarcely two score men in the United States competent to pass on them, and everyone with a direct part in the situation, or nearly everyone, acted from the best of motives.

But demagoguery and political expediency also contributed to the brew. So did oversensationalism by the press, radio, and TV, and a misguided attempt by the Department of Health, Education, and Welfare to withhold from the public for many weeks information the public was entitled to have from the beginning. Also involved were timidity and lack of leadership; a complete failure to educate the public properly on vaccines (despite all the propaganda); the

constitutional unwillingness of scientists to give absolute guarantees: and many things more.

The point is, though, that the mess was unnecessary. If the hurried planning might not have avoided the accident with Cutter vaccine, many more children than were inoculated could have been immunized *safely* in time for this year's polio season. The vaccination program was perhaps not the best that could have been devised. But it was not a bad program. It could have been kept on the track. All that was necessary was a little judgment and some capacity for decisive action in the right places at the right time.

#### HOW IT ALL STARTED

**T**HE BEST WAY to unravel the Great Vaccine Mess is to set down, first, a simple chronology of events as they were seen, let's say, by an average newspaper reader or TV viewer. Then we can get on to some other things that also happened—though they were not in the papers—and to an examination of what went wrong.

The place to begin is New York in October 1954. In that month, the National Foundation for Infantile Paralysis, whose office is on downtown Broadway, announced that it was taking a "calculated risk." The Foundation had paid for the development of the Salk vaccine and paid for and arranged the field trial. Now, without waiting for Dr. Francis' report on the trial, it

was ordering enough vaccine to immunize nine million children. Its purpose was to get manufacturers into production and to have vaccine on hand as soon as the trial results were announced—in the event that these were favorable.

During the March of Dimes in January, Foundation workers and Foundation publicity carried the message of the "calculated risk" into nearly every home in the country. As the date for the Francis report drew near, interest was whipped up still more by advance newspaper stories—like an erroneous New York *World-Telegram & Sun* report that the vaccine had been found 100 per cent effective.

The date for the Francis report was set by Dr. Francis himself. It could not be later than mid-April (otherwise the inoculation of school children could not be completed before the end of the school year). Dr. Francis was pressed by the big news magazines to make it early in the week (to meet their deadlines). The University of

Michigan, where a special scientific meeting was held to hear the report, asked that the day not be a Monday (to avoid calling out a make-ready crew on a Sunday, at Sunday rates). So it was April 12, the second Tuesday of the month and the tenth anniversary of the death of Franklin D. Roosevelt, the most famous polio victim of all—a circumstance which was to lead to caustic remarks later, but of which Dr. Francis insists he was at the time unaware.

By 9:00 A.M. of the big day, nearly two hundred newsmen were jammed into a temporary newsroom on the third floor of the Michigan graduate school administration building, awaiting copies of the report. These arrived at 9:15 under the escort of a university press officer and four Ann Arbor policemen. (It took the four policemen to get the press officer and his cargo through the crowd of newsmen and into the newsroom.)

Dr. Francis began reading his report to an audience of five hundred physicians and scientists in the auditorium downstairs an hour later. As the cameras ground, he announced that the vaccine had been between 60 and 90 per cent effective in preventing paralytic polio, and even more effective in avoiding the bulbar form of the disease. Side reactions among the 440,000 children who had received the vaccine had been very few and mild. There was no evidence to connect the vaccine with the cases of polio that did occur among inoculated children: those children simply did not develop immunity or did not develop it in time.

In Syracuse, New York, the success of the Salk vaccine was signaled by air-raid sirens, church bells, and the turning of all traffic lights red for one minute. In Washington, late that afternoon, the Secretary of Health, Education, and Welfare signed licenses for manufacture of the vaccine. Parke, Davis & Co., one of six vaccine firms under contract to the polio foundation, made its first shipment less than four hours after its license was signed. Vaccination of first- and second-graders under the Foundation program got under way, in San Diego, April 16.

Dr. Hart E. Van Riper, medical director of the polio foundation, predicted that there would be enough vaccine to immunize twenty million children by July 1. This was raised to thirty million when the Foundation's medical advisory committee decided on two shots for each child this spring, with the third put off until next winter. (The longer interval between the second



and third injections. Dr. Salk reported, would provide more solid, longer-lasting immunity.) Newspapers re-raised Dr. Van Riper; they guessed there might be enough vaccine to inoculate forty-five million children before the polio season.

To get some of this vaccine for youngsters not covered by the Foundation program, state and local health departments throughout the country began placing orders with the vaccine manufacturers. The manufacturers said no orders could be accepted until commitments to the Foundation had been fulfilled. It was soon evident that vaccine production was neither so large nor so elastic as expected and that the Foundation contracts would take longer to complete than anticipated. New York and many other communities had to postpone scheduled inoculation clinics repeatedly because the vaccine had failed to arrive. The *World-Telegram & Sun* (Republican) charged that vaccine was being diverted to commercial channels and the "black market." Congressmen (mostly Democratic) charged that the Eisenhower Administration was failing to make adequate plans to meet the demand for the vaccine, and introduced bills to control the vaccine's distribution.

#### THE CUTTER CRISIS

**O**VER the next ten days, the vaccine shortage dominated the news. Then, during the night of April 26-27, the U. S. Public Health Service received word of six cases of paralytic polio in children inoculated with vaccine manufactured by the Cutter Laboratories of Berkeley, California. This was more than could have been expected to occur by chance, among the comparatively small number who had received Cutter vaccine, in the post-inoculation interval before immunity develops. The Surgeon General of the United States, Dr. Leonard A. Scheele, at once banned the Cutter product and started an investigation to see what, if anything, had gone wrong with it.

Additional cases of post-inoculation polio soon appeared, many involving Cutter vaccine, but also some where the injections had been the product of other manufacturers. The latter almost certainly had nothing to do with the vaccine. Like *all* other vaccines, polio vaccine takes a period of some weeks to produce immunity. During this interval, the inoculee is still susceptible to the disease, and some inoculees will get it, if

there is polio around—as there was in most of the areas where inoculations were taking place. But no one in a responsible position had the wit or courage to make this clear for many weeks, not in the Public Health Service, not in the American Medical Association, not even in the polio foundation itself. So the panic grew.

In the meantime, on April 29, a committee of polio experts met at the National Institutes of Health (the research arm of the U. S. Public Health Service) to consider the problems posed by the Cutter vaccine. The committee, on April 30, recommended continuation of the polio program with the vaccine of other manufacturers, and the appointment of a smaller committee to see whether more stringent safety standards for polio vaccine were possible.

This second committee met on Thursday, May 5. On Friday, it was joined by representatives of the vaccine firms. At 4:00 A.M. on Saturday, May 7, the Surgeon General ordered a complete halt to the immunization program. He said he had acted because mass immunizations were scheduled in several states over the weekend, and because there had been insufficient time to evaluate the committee's findings.

During the next several weeks, a team of Public Health Service experts and consultants visited the vaccine plants. As a result, vaccine of two manufacturers that had been distributed but not used was "re-cleared" for use. (Vaccine of two other manufacturers was cleared later.) Between trips, the touring experts consulted with more experts at *ad hoc* conferences. These went on at the National Institutes of Health until far into the night.

**FINALLY**, on May 25, Dr. Scheele appointed still another committee. This one, which consisted of two representatives of the Public Health Service and five polio experts (including Dr. Salk), recommended a series of changes in the procedure for testing polio vaccine. After a day of debate, the changes were accepted by the manufacturers.

Meanwhile, it developed that there *was* live polio virus in some Cutter vaccine. But this information did not come from the Public Health Service; to all questioners (and there were many), PHS was still replying as late as the first week of June that investigation of the Cutter vaccine was not yet completed.

The information came from Dr. Louis B. Gebhardt of the University of Utah, via an enter-

prising young lady named Jane Krieger who works for the *New York Times*. Dr. Gebhardt undertook to test a sample of Cutter vaccine for the Idaho health department. One of his monkeys died of polio after inoculation with the vaccine. Without leaving her office, or talking to Dr. Gebhardt, Miss Krieger got hold of this interesting news even before (according to a PHS spokesman) the Public Health Service.

During the weeks following the first Cutter cases, Dr. Scheele many times reiterated his faith in the Salk vaccine. But his actions and his constant qualifying phrases ("there is still some information we are checking") belied his brave words. Parents and local health officials took the hint. Attendance at immunization clinics fell sharply. Communities in ten states put off their immunization programs (but most later reinstated them).

A few days before this article first went to press, Dr. Scheele announced that the program was "back on the track." But new supplies of vaccine did not begin to flow for another week. Even Dr. Scheele conceded that it would be July before the second round of shots in the Foundation program could be completed in most states. It would take still longer to restore public confidence in the polio vaccine and in the United States Public Health Service.

#### WHAT HAD GONE WRONG

**E**VEN a cursory reading of the record raises many questions about the way the Salk vaccine has been handled. For example, the National Foundation has been severely criticized for the huge publicity send-off the vaccine received. It is certainly true that the Salk vaccine has received much more publicity than any medical discovery should. But it is also true that the vaccine would have had an over-exuberant send-off no matter what the Foundation did.

Over the past two decades, polio has been built up into something more of a threat to health than it really is (though the incidence of polio has been rising in recent years, and it was well on its way to becoming an important health problem). The build-up was partly a consequence of the polio foundation's annual drive for funds, but only partly. It was also a product of polio's uncommon nastiness. This has made polio a dramatic story—and newspapers, radio, and TV feed on dramatic stories.

"It wouldn't have made a particle of difference

if Dr. Francis had read the report to himself in his bedroom or sent it in to the most obscure medical journal he could find," comments a veteran Associated Press man. "Reporters would have broken into his bedroom or stormed the journal's printing plant and taken the report out of there line by line. The Francis report was the story of the year. The newspapers would have got it somehow and played it for all it was worth." It will take something more than simple restraint on the part of sponsoring agencies to avoid runaway publicity on other medical discoveries in the future.

It has also been argued, on the one hand, that the Cutter incident would not have occurred if the vaccine had not been rushed into production prematurely, and, on the other, that it would not have occurred if the federal government had made plans for orderly large-scale production and distribution of the vaccine in advance of the Francis report. The contention that mass production of the vaccine was premature ignores the fact that the Salk vaccine is one of the most thoroughly tested biological products in history, and that a very large quantity of it—3,500,000 cc—was produced last year. It also ignores the chaos and the outraged cries of press and public that would surely have resulted if there had been no vaccine on hand when Dr. Francis released his report.

It may be that trouble could have been avoided by a government vaccine program, as in Canada (where a modest government program, which seeks to immunize about one quarter of Canadian children by summer, has been going very well). However, the kind of trouble that occurred at Cutter can occur in plants operated by or working under contract to the government, as well as in plants producing for the Foundation or the commercial market. In view of some of the technical difficulties that have since developed, moreover, it would hardly have been desirable to produce vaccine on a big enough scale for the entire United States before the Francis report had approved it.

In any event, the contention that the federal government should have ordered vaccine before the Francis report neglects political realities. During the weeks when the vaccine shortage was uppermost in the country's mind, the Eisenhower Administration still resisted federal control of distribution. It is absurd to suppose that the President could have been persuaded to endorse, or the Congress to pass, a vaccine production



program last fall or winter when the need seemed at less pressing.

More serious, to my mind, is the evidence that there was a notable lack of real planning for the technical aspects of producing vaccine on the part of the Foundation, agencies like the American Medical Association, and—most important, because they have the legal responsibility—the Public Health Service and the Department of Health, Education, and Welfare. No matter how it's sliced, the production of 3,500,000 cc last year was mass production. Any difficulties that turned up this year could and should have been detected last year. Whether or not it could have been avoided, in any event, the Cutter incident was subsequently so mismanaged that it very nearly wrecked the program we had.

In the first place—for reasons that I find hard to understand—the department and the Public Health Service have not been candid with the public. From about the beginning of May through at least the first week of June, a curtain of silence was drawn down around Public Health Service scientific and technical personnel working on the polio vaccine problem. When I visited Washington and Bethesda (the Washington suburb where the National Institutes of Health are located), I was not permitted to see any PHS scientific or technical people. The excuse offered was that all were busy preparing a report for the President on new measures to re-assure the safety of the vaccine. But reporters had not been able to obtain information directly from PHS technical people for weeks; and, except for a press conference held by Dr. James A. Shannon, associate director of the Institutes of Health, the press had seen PHS personnel only casually (mainly in the NIH hospital cafeteria, the only eating place in the sprawling medical research plant). Reporters were forced to submit questions through Department and PHS press officers. Practically all the important questions went unanswered for weeks, though no secrets of state were involved, just the health of the American people.

### THREE BIG QUESTIONS

ONE CAN nevertheless establish some of what happened in the Great Vaccine Mess, and much of what the Department and the Health Service did not see fit to tell. I address myself to three questions: What went wrong with the Cutter vaccine? Why did Dr. Scheele call off

the immunization program at four o'clock in the morning of May 7? And who finally got the vaccine program "back on the track"?

Let us take up the Cutter affair first. Although the Public Health Service has been at some pains to avoid saying so, there was presumptive evidence of the presence of live virus in some samples of Cutter vaccine from the first dozen polio cases associated with it. First, some cases turned up in areas like Idaho, where polio does not ordinarily occur at that time of year. Second, in most of the first cases, paralysis began in the injected limb; such an association is not usual, though it may occur once in a while, when there is no connection between vaccine and post-inoculation disease.

By now, of course, the presence of live virus in one sample of Cutter vaccine has been confirmed. (As recently as June 7, however, the Health Service refused to say whether *its* scientists had found virus in the vaccine or not.) How did it get there?

As Dr. Shannon of NIH points out, this may never be known for certain. The vaccine involved was shipped from the Cutter plant shortly after April 12. Its defects did not become known until two weeks later. How can one be sure precisely what submicroscopic viruses were where when that vaccine was processed, perhaps months before?

Nonetheless there appear to be only two ways in which live virus could have got into the vaccine. One was somehow to survive the killing treatment and pass undetected through the battery of safety tests to which all polio vaccine is subjected. Recent calculations suggest that this could have happened.

The other possibility is that the virus got in accidentally during bottling or at some other time after the killing agent was neutralized. (The agent employed to kill the polio virus, formaldehyde, is toxic to human tissue as well as virus and must be neutralized before the vaccine can be used.)

In favor of the second possibility is the fact that part of one of the suspect lots was apparently all right; no cases of polio turned up among children injected with a 22,000 cc subplot of one of these lots. This implies (though it by no means proves) that the virus got in after manufacture was completed and before the vials in which the vaccine was packed were sealed. Moreover, Cutter alone among the six vaccine manufacturers bottled in the same building where live

virus was handled. Polio virus may well get into the air in such a building. Two considerations would imply this. First, production workers in at least one other polio vaccine plant have been found to have very high concentrations of anti-polio antibody in their blood, sure evidence of repeated exposure to the virus. Some of this was probably air-borne. Second, accidental polio infections have occurred from time to time in diagnostic laboratories. Some of these are also thought to have been air-borne.

It should be emphasized, whatever went wrong or was wrong at Cutter, that the Public Health Service is right in the boat with Cutter. The PHS Laboratory of Biologics Control prescribed the safety tests. PHS regulations permitted bottling in the same building with live virus, provided certain precautions were observed (and they were observed). PHS inspectors visited and approved the Cutter layout before Cutter received its license.

ALMOST NONE of the above was stated or admitted by the Public Health Service. Nor was the Surgeon General telling the whole story when he stated that he had called off the immunization program on May 7—the act that really sent the program into a tailspin—to allow more time to evaluate the findings of the expert committee that had been meeting in Bethesda.

During the ten days between the first Cutter cases and May 6, Secretary Oveta Culp Hobby had evidently made it plain to Dr. Scheele that there must be no more post-inoculation polio cases on the Eisenhower Administration's political doorstep. The immunization program was to be stopped unless and until the Surgeon General could give, or obtain from the experts, an iron-clad guarantee of no more Cutter incidents.

Dr. Scheele is an experienced public-health man. He knew that there is no medical preparation whatever that is absolutely and unconditionally safe; that some risk is taken when any medicine, even as innocuous as aspirin, is given. He knew also that the product of the other five vaccine manufacturers was (and is) as safe a vaccine as there is; and that the risk of another Cutter incident was very small—especially since other manufacturers began strengthening their safety procedures as soon as word of the Cutter affair got around.

But the Surgeon General is not a specialist in immunology, one of the most highly complex

branches of modern medicine and biology; not one physician or public-health officer in a thousand, for that matter, can have a really adequate knowledge of it. Dr. Scheele put the problem to the experts who met on May 5 and 6. Being experts, and therefore men who wouldn't absolutely guarantee anything, the committee would not give him the guarantee he needed. Furthermore, they brought up a variety of technical problems concerning the vaccine which should have been thrashed out prior to April 12 but which were now brand-new to Dr. Scheele. He felt he had no choice but to close down the program.

The person who finally started the program back on the track was none other than Dr. Jonas Salk. In the two weeks after the shut-down order, Dr. Scheele called platoons of additional experts to Washington. ("I've had more calls to the Washington airport in the past two weeks than in the last twenty years," said a Bethesda cab driver.) The experts now met in "ad hoc" conferences. This meant that anyone could say whatever he wanted to, at any length he desired, and no one had authority to decide anything. The "ad hoc" conferences stretched on and on into futility until one man decided he had had enough.

On Friday night, May 20, Dr. Salk went home to Pittsburgh. On Saturday night, he sent Dr. Scheele a wire informing him that he would attend no more "ad hoc" conferences and calling upon the Surgeon General to appoint a committee with power to act and get the program going again. A wire from Basil O'Connor, president of the polio foundation, seconded Salk's proposal. The committee (a larger one than Salk had suggested) was appointed May 25; Salk was named a member (though he had not proposed himself). In two days, this committee—given different titles in different Public Health Service releases—drew up and secured acceptance for a new set of safety standards. At last, the wheels slowly began to turn again.

#### LOOKING BACK

THE NEW safety standards, which were announced May 27, make three material changes in the procedure for testing polio vaccine. First, larger samples of each lot must be tested to make more certain that any live virus present is picked up. Second, the killing process is somewhat lengthened and two successive nega-



tive tests for live virus instead of one are required at the end of the killing process. Third, the vaccine must be tested for live polio virus after bottling.

The new standards invite two comments. To begin with, there is no requirement for duplicate testing of all lots of vaccine (although the Public Health Service is increasing the number of lots on which it is running tests). The reasons why PHS has not asked for full duplicate testing are that the Health Service hasn't the manpower or facilities to perform them, and doesn't believe duplicate tests are necessary. Last year, the vaccine used in the field trial was triplicate-tested because few laboratories were experienced in performing the tests, and as a test of the reliability of the safety tests themselves. The tests (especially the tissue culture tests) were found sufficiently reliable so that no purpose would be served by holding up immunizations this year until all lots of vaccine could be duplicate-tested.

THE OTHER comment is that the new testing procedures, as Dr. Scheele has said, make a safe vaccine safer. They lock up all the doors through which live virus could have got into the Cutter vaccine, or might get into other vaccine. However, they could *and should* have been developed before the Cutter incident. Failing that, they could and should have been developed without putting the immunization program into reverse.

In saying this, I am aware, of course, that I have the benefit of hindsight. Also, I am urging someone else to have shown courage I, for one, might have lacked, had I been in the kitchen when the heat was on.

It seems to me that the Surgeon General should have announced, as soon as he realized that some of the Cutter vaccine had gone sour, that Cutter's polio vaccine production unit had been shut down and would not be reopened until it had been entirely rebuilt under the most severe safeguards. Simultaneously, he should have directed other manufacturers to perform a final after-bottling live virus test on a sample of adequate size. This would have provided immediate protection against live virus in the final product (however it got there), and enabled the immunization program to proceed. Any other needed changes in safety standards could then have been made later.

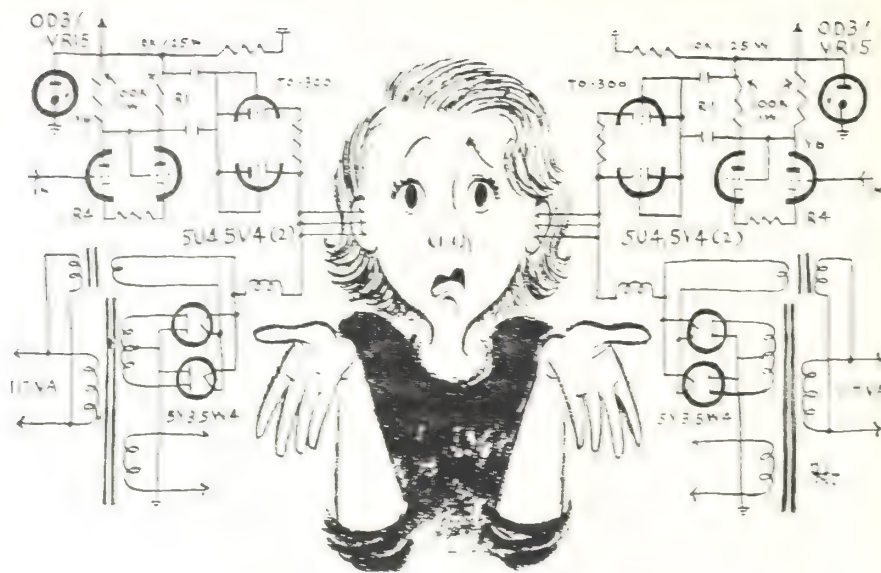
The Surgeon General must or should have recognized almost immediately the probability

that he was dealing with live virus, and that how it got there was likely never to be settled for sure. Instead of first conducting a "scientific experiment" to settle largely unanswerable questions, he should have been busy putting out the forest fire that the Cutter accident had started.

If he had paid attention to putting out the fire, much less damage would have been done to the immunization program, to the Public Health Service, to public confidence in the Salk vaccine, to the dignity of the medical profession in general, and, incidentally, to Cutter Laboratories. An ironical feature of the policy the Surgeon General and his superiors actually followed—ironical because this is a Republican, pro-business administration—is that it has served only to deepen Cutter's difficulties. If the Surgeon General had announced that the Cutter polio-vaccine unit would have to be rebuilt—which it will have to be anyhow, if the Berkeley firm again expects to sell the vaccine—Cutter's name would soon have dropped out of the headlines. The Health Service's prolonged refusal to say what the situation was at Cutter and what was being done only kept reporters asking questions and thus kept Cutter's name in the newspapers.

Perhaps the misguided silence on Cutter was merely one more manifestation of a failing that has plagued the Health Service and the Department of Health, Education, and Welfare throughout the vaccine mess. The Health Service and the Department not only hurt the polio program and themselves by doing the wrong things. They did it through plainly avoidable public-relations ineptness, typified by Dr. Scheele's penchant for announcements in the small hours of the morning and by Secretary Hobby's classic fatuity: "No one could have foreseen the public demand for the vaccine."

Shortly before I left Washington, I stopped by for a chat with a friend in the Public Health Service who has nothing to do with polio or vaccines. "The only good thing this mess has shown," he said, "is that people are more discriminating than we think. Most of the kids who missed out on their shots will be back, though perhaps not as soon as they should be. But I don't know how our service will come out. I asked a housewife who withdrew her youngster from the program at his school whether she'd lost confidence in the vaccine. 'No,' she replied, 'I'm just waiting for the Public Health Service to get itself squared away.'"



# The High Fidelity Wife

## *or, a fate worse than deaf*

By OPAL LOOMIS

*Drawings by Donald Higgins*

**F**ORTUNATELY most husbands take up High Fidelity gradually. If the average wife could foresee what it would do to her house, her husband would find himself out on the street, while he could still move his equipment in a suitcase.

The trouble is that High Fidelity won't stay put. It starts innocuously enough in one small corner. Then it spreads. And moves. The corner that was perfect in the beginning is suddenly all wrong, and the equipment has to shift to the other end of the room. My family has a thirty-five-foot living-room and there isn't a foot of wall-space that hasn't, at one time, been just right for High Fidelity.

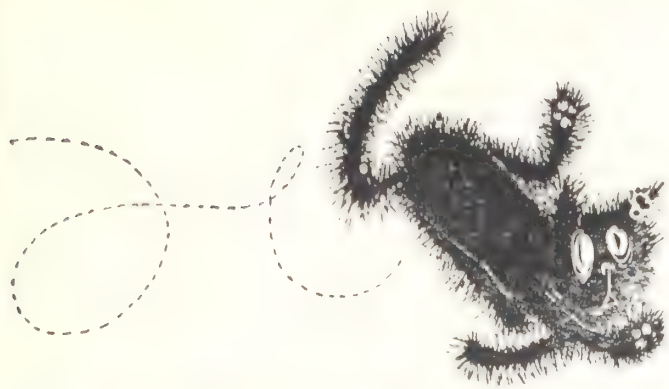
We no longer have pictures on the wall. They went up and came down so fast, I just gave them all away. We have several hundred books in movable bookcases. Without doubt they have been dusted more than any other library in the country. Not because I am a good housekeeper,

but because the bookcases are always on the move—and, since the books have to come out first, I dust them as they go by. As of today, the bookcases are haughtily sitting eighteen inches off the floor, weighing down the loudspeaker baffles.

We have a huge, black, cantankerous Persian tomcat that ruthlessly dominates the house. Since he is very old, he spends most of his time sleeping. The baffles must have looked to him like a cool dark place to sleep. Anyhow, one day he crawled in and was never missed. The music was turned on and the house rocked through the long-playing record of Mussorgsky's "A Night on Bald Mountain." When silence—and, presumably, safety—finally returned, the cat came weaving out. He was bug-eyed and his fur stood out like the bristles on a pig. He hasn't hunted since. I don't suppose he can hear anything softer than the bellow of an elephant.

I was out in our combination hen house and barn one day when my husband, Steve, was playing records. I went back and told him the bass was so loud that in the barn it sounded like the beat of a tom-tom. We have a flock of white Leghorn hens that we bought in good faith, but which have proved too tough to eat and too old to lay. Never emotionally stable, they would





hide their giddy heads under their wings and, when the bass boomed out, take off in sightless flight.

Steve just beamed about the bass. When we got a cow, he said, we probably should run a speaker to the barn, since music was conducive to relaxed production.

"A woofer?" I asked.

"No," he answered seriously. "I think a tweeter would be sufficient."

With one cow we obviously won't have a milking parlor or even a stanchion. I can hardly wait. Already I can see myself chasing about the barn with a pail in one hand and milk stool in the other, while the Guernsey gaily pirouettes from manger to door and back again.

#### SOLDERING THE CARPET

ONE thing about the Hi-Fi fan that never ceases to amaze me is his dissatisfaction with his work. He will probably modestly admit that his set is superior to any of his friends' and that the stuff he has assembled excels anything that can be bought for \$1,000. But the day the music comes through so perfectly that apparently nothing can be done to improve any of the multitudinous arrangements—that is the day to watch out.

The Hi-Fi fan believes that if he is satisfied he stagnates. So there must be room for something that will be just a little sharper, or clearer, or softer, or less rumbling—or, as in our case, if eight speakers will do the job, nine ought to do it better.

In half a day, the equipment that had been at least tentatively set along the walls of the room will be scattered all over the floor. Then the soldering starts. Solder has a horrible, evasive smell that keeps me going from room to room convinced that someone has dropped a cigarette and the house is on fire. The surplus falls to the floor in lovely quicksilver drops that

harden and cling to the rug; and the vacuum cleaner isn't made that will move them. Enough solder has been spilled in our living-room to put together the Golden Gate bridge.

Someone is always saying to me: "It must be so interesting to see how all the equipment is actually assembled, and I know the tonal qualities heighten your music appreciation."

In the first place, I don't understand any more about it than I did five years ago when Steve first started it. When the room is full of Hi-Fi fans and they are talking about cobreflex or potentiometer or klipschhorn or clarostat or schematic or oscillator, I never know whether it is one of the components of the equipment, or the name of some fiend who has thought up another of those wavy-lined plans for new and better circuits that are so intriguing to my husband.

As for musical appreciation, my ear is far from keen, but, even so, High Fidelity has shown up the thinness of the music I used to like. I am not convinced, however, that I am ready for what has taken its place—at least not in the volume I receive it.

"When you go to a concert," Steve says, "you don't yell about the volume. There is no difference between listening to a record and listening to a concert."

But there is. When I go to a concert I don't sit on the podium.

I am and always have been terrified of electricity, probably because I don't understand it. One cord into an electrical outlet is never sufficient with High Fidelity. There are dozens of cords. They wander over the floor and hang from the top of bookcases and the backs of divans. When I mention that I have just read something about the danger of overloading a circuit, I am always told—this is different. No possible danger. I am still not convinced, although I have to admit the set has never



actually blown up. I know that High Fidelity plays the devil with the light bill but I don't even win that argument. It's the icebox. From a little discreet gossiping in various kitchens, I find that all High Fidelity fans have defective refrigerators.

Our equipment has become so complicated I no longer try to play it. There are controls to turn on for records and different controls for the radio. The controls have to be turned on in some kind of sequence which is not in the order they appear in different panels. Most of the controls have lights which make the equipment look like a pinball machine when everything is on. I can't remember the sequence of lights any better than I remember the bare knobs, so I just won't turn it on. There are twenty-one control knobs altogether.

#### FINE FOR MICE

ANOTHER puzzlement is how to house-break our friends and loved ones to a Hi-Fi home. We have a friend who visits us occasionally. He is an old man who has lived by himself for many years back in the mountains. He likes a radio on at all times. Although he despises most of the programs, he says the radio is company—poor company most of the time—but still company. The old man has in his home a radio with a broken connection of some kind which gives him no trouble. He just slaps a wet rag over it, to make contact. Steve lives in agony that the old man will try to get music from our set and not get everything turned on. Like a lot of elderly people the old man is impatient. If he didn't get music when he thought he should, he would probably try the wet rag treatment. I haven't been able to find out what would happen if a sopping towel were thrown over a High Fidelity set, but I gather it is not recommended.

My aunt got the idea that, since everyone else had heard the set in operation, we just didn't

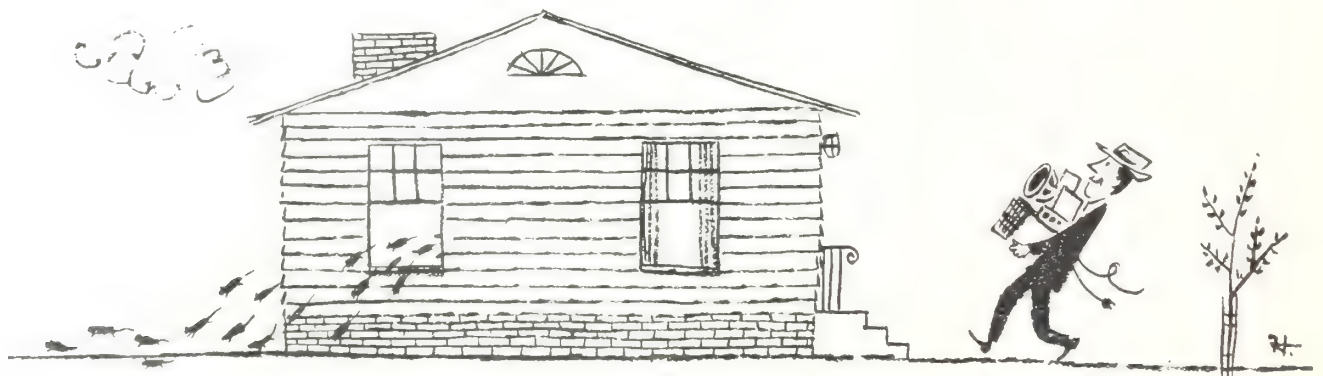
want her to hear it. One stormy night just before dusk, she came to our house. She settled herself determinedly on the edge of the only straight-backed wooden chair we own, and announced she had come to hear a record.

"I've heard it's a little loud," she said. "But that's all right. I want to hear it just the way other people hear it."

My aunt's idea of a nice record is "Over the Waves" in a softly muted rendition. Our record selection is not large, and after some discussion she chose her own—probably from the picture on the folder. It was "The Pines of Rome." Outdoors the storm broke and, to the background of heavy thunder and hair-raising bolts of lightning, the record played. The only lights on in the house were the tiny bulbs in the controls. It was eerie.

I have a pet Toulouse goose, Abraham—who, when he feels he is ignored, pecks on the window. While my aunt was sitting with her back to this window, Abraham came tap-tap-tapping for all the world like Poe's raven. I always jump even though I am used to him. My aunt never moved a muscle. She just sat a little straighter and looked a little grimmer. When the record was over my aunt never said a word. She sat a few minutes, then I offered her a cup of coffee. On the way to the kitchen she paused. She hates cats, but for a moment she looked at the cat with compassion. I thought she was going to offer him a home.

High Fidelity has done us one good turn. When we recently moved to our present home, we discovered it was full of mice. After the equipment was set up and we started the music, the mice left. My husband is very sensitive about this. He says it was merely the vibration and as soon as the mice are used to it, they will be back. . . . I don't think it was the vibration and, personally, I don't believe they will be back. No mouse is capable of the high fidelity of a good wife.





# The Great Assault on the Arctic

## *Building the DEW Line:*

### *the first eyewitness account*

A SMALL army of Canadians and Americans are now engaged in one of the great pioneering adventures of all time. They are attempting the first mass assault on the Arctic.

Their mission is to build a chain of radar stations across the roof of the continent—much of it in frozen, deadly wilderness where no white man has ever penetrated. Already they have moved thousands of tons of material—ranging from electronic instruments to bales of straw (an unexpectedly vital item)—into places where explorers once thought it impossible to take even a single dog sled. They are trying to establish a network of *permanent* settlements in the shadow, figuratively speaking, of the North Pole.

The result of their labors will be the DEW Line—the Distant Early Warning system, intended to give the first signal if Russian bombers should ever attack us by way of the direct, short route across the polar regions. The exact location of these radar pickets is, of course, a secret; and the entire project is being conducted with as much secrecy as possible. As a consequence, many Americans have never even heard of it. I had the good fortune to be the first reporter who has ever watched this operation—which must be described, in all sobriety, as fantastic.

The assault plan is as complicated as a large-scale military invasion. It calls for approaches on two fronts, an eastern and a western . . . for interlocking movements by air, river, and sea . . . for the use of helicopters, Flying Boxcars, snow trains, icebreakers, landing craft, and dog teams . . . for tractors delivered by parachute

onto the ice . . . for Eskimos, electrical engineers, and bush pilots . . . for the intimate co-operation of military men, civilian construction workers, explorers, and sourdoughs of two nations. The cost will be somewhere around \$300 million, plus a vast amount of hardship, ingenuity, daring, and at this writing at least four lives.

When the plan was first conceived, some experts on the Far North believed it could never be carried through on schedule. They may still be proved right.

The crucial test will come late this summer, during the few weeks when (it is hoped) the Arctic seas will open up for shipping. In that brief period, convoys totaling more than one hundred vessels—led by icebreakers of the Canadian and United States Navies—will try to carry 60,000 tons of freight into the eastern Arctic and as much more into the western polar seas. They will have to nose their way through uncharted waters, never before visited by anything bigger than an Eskimo's kayak. At some points, near the center of the line, the sea-ice has never gone out within human memory. At others, the sea-ice opens in some years, but not in others. Everything will depend on the weather.

The first attack, however, already has been made, by air. It has been carried out with surprising success, in view of the innumerable hazards and difficulties which the planners could not possibly have foreseen. If the water operations this summer—by way of the Hudson Strait in the east and the Mackenzie River and Bering Sea in the west—encounter equal luck, the permanent occupation of the polar waste will be assured.

The men at headquarters seem cautiously confident. They are also—to outward appearances—unexcited and unaware that they are directing an adventure. In fact, they look much like Wall Street businessmen; which, in a way, they are. Headquarters is a lower Manhattan office of the Western Electric Company. This is the firm which is planning and supervising the whole operation, under a management contract with the United States Air Force. The men in charge are a company vice-president named P. A. Gorman and V. B. Bagnall, project manager; it would never occur to the bankers and insurance men in the neighboring offices to think of them as romantic characters.

MY JOURNEY to the DEW Line began one night last May, at an airfield in southern Canada. It is one of several rear bases strung along the transcontinental railroads. Apple trees were blooming in the French Canadian village a mile away, and the air was sultry. My parka and the rest of my Arctic garb made me feel uncomfortably hot, and a little foolish. This costume is compulsory, however, for the long ride north—just in case.

A little before midnight I climbed into a C-124 Globemaster, loaded with lumber and shiny new trucks. The skipper, Captain Hershel L. Harrell of Texas and the Ninth Troop Carrier Squadron, USAF, invited me to ride up front with the crew. I was glad to accept, because air navigation where we were heading is likely to be unconventional, and well worth watching. The magnetic pole, for instance, sometimes makes the compass spin like a roulette wheel, and atmospheric conditions can play odd tricks with radio direction signals.

Our flight, however, was cheerfully uneventful. Two hours after take-off I saw the lights, twinkling far below us, of a tiny settlement on the Labrador iron beds. After that, nothing at all until dawn. Then we saw a new world—a frozen, white sea running flush to the horizon.

At about 5:00 A.M., a thousand miles from our starting point, we sighted land: a few dark hilltops sticking up through the snow. A few minutes later Harrell touched down his wheels, and taxied promptly off the landing strip. Another plane was due any minute. This advance base camp was handling, when the operation was at its peak, as many as 149 landings and take-offs in a twenty-four hour period.

The scene on the ground might be described

as one of urgent, organized confusion. Three small Canadian bush planes were warming up for flights to destinations still further north. A yard gang hustled up to unload our Globemaster. Harrell and his crew headed for the mess hall, to get a quick meal before starting their return flight. I reported to the busiest man in sight—Bill Stuart, general superintendent of the Foundation Company of Canada, which is building the eastern section of the DEW Line. Over breakfast, he explained to me why everybody was in such a hurry. The ice, he pointed out, was melting under our feet, and nobody knew how much longer it could take the pounding of 80-ton aircraft, landing at 100 miles an hour.

This strip, therefore, was a key clearing center in a big, complex air transport system. I had got a glimpse of the eastern network a day earlier, in a closely-guarded operations room in Montreal. There a huge wall chart showed the whereabouts of fifty-three aircraft in motion between railheads, advance bases, and radar sites. That day, planes serving the eastern front had moved 456 tons of freight over an average flight distance of a thousand miles. An equally urgent operation was winging ahead in Western Canada. For warming weather was weakening the ice of the landing strips in the far north, and any day might see them unfit for further service. Meanwhile, every possible ton must be hauled in.

THE AIR fleet was a motley one. It included more than a hundred planes collected from fifteen Canadian lines; two squadrons of U. S. Air Force Globemasters; and aircraft chartered from such outfits as the Flying Tigers. In less than 100 days they had distributed 22,500 tons of freight and 1,500 men to points traversing the continent well beyond the Arctic circle. On only a few days were all the northern destinations open simultaneously; on many, the entire fleet was grounded by bad weather.

There were crack-ups. Two Globemasters—that is, \$6 million worth of aircraft—were written off, but everybody aboard survived. A DC-4 made a forced landing on a floe of sea-ice; I heard talk that it might be floated off with pontoons later in the summer, as the floe disintegrated. Others damaged propellers and undercarriages in rough landings. Bill Holohan, boss of the Flying Tigers, has been quoted as saying: "The DEW lift is one of the toughest assignments the Tigers ever tried, like a front-line operation so far as danger and unorthodox flying



conditions are concerned." The Canadian bush pilots, on the other hand, tended to call it "pretty much routine, so long as you look where you are going"—a view which may be an overemphasis of their professional *sang froid*. The remarkable fact, however, is that only four men were killed in two plane accidents throughout the feverish period of the spring air lift.

One explanation is the kind of men involved. Some of them are redoubtable experts on the Far North—for example, Captain Gerry McInnes, chief pilot of Maritime Central Airways, whose friends call him the Arctic Fox; and Tom Manning, the "white Eskimo" who went in with the advance parties to show them how to keep house in a sub-zero wilderness. Others are veterans of the Berlin airlift, and of the first transatlantic bomber ferry flights in World War II. A German, nicknamed "DEW Line Jerry," flew with the *Luftwaffe* at Stalingrad. Whitney Dahl narrowly missed a date with a Franco firing squad, after he had been shot down during the Spanish civil war. Men, in short, who have an instinct for survival.

The engineers and scientists and construction men are, in their own way, just as impressive as the fliers. Each is a specialist, with a matter-of-fact attitude toward his own specialty—whether it is driving a snowmobile by compass through an untracked waste, or building a camp in 50-below weather. Beneath their casualness, however, is a solid pride in doing a job the likes of which no one ever tackled before. Bill Stuart, for instance, is a grandfather with a long and successful career behind him. He was on the point of going west to build a big hydroelectric project, when the Arctic assignment turned up. He didn't hesitate an instant.

"You can always build a dam," he explained, "but there is only one DEW Line."

#### THE SHIELD OF STRAW

**O**R TAKE Slim Horne. He is a heavy-shouldered man in his thirties, standing a good six feet in his bush socks and weighing about 225 pounds. His title is site superintendent. His job is to boss all construction at one of the many radar sites—in this case, the very first site opened up in the eastern half of the Line. There he will build the peculiar dome-shaped structure which will house the radar equipment, and living quarters for the operators.

On the day when this footnote to Arcticana

was recorded, Horne had his troubles. Specifically, they were radio trouble, straw trouble, and Eskimo trouble. South of the Arctic circle, where repairmen are just around the corner, the first would have been no real trouble at all; and the last two could never have happened.

Horne's site can be classified as moderately difficult. The "easy" ones—mostly in the center and western part of the line—are on ground level enough to permit the building of gravel landing strips which can be used all year round. Some of the tougher sites are on mountain tops, reachable up till now only by helicopter; others are on terrain which is hard going even for snowmobiles, and a long way both from the coast and from any air strip. Slim's location does not have an all-weather strip, but it is reasonably close to the water, where planes can land as long as the ice holds up.

At the time I visited it, no radio signal had come from there in two days and the weather had been so bad that planes couldn't get in. Consequently, when the skies cleared an aerial party set out—not in alarm, or even great concern, but merely because it seemed a good idea to investigate Slim's silence. Our pilot was McInnes, and the party included both Bill Stuart and Georges Patry, chief electrician for the forward area base camp. We found that the silence was due to nothing more serious than a radio breakdown, which Patry and his helper soon cured by devising an emergency hookup. The straw problem was more serious.

The ice between the landing strip and the shore was beginning to erode at the point where land and water meet. Unless something could be done to keep off the glare of the sun, a gap would open soon over which it would be impossible to pack freight. Covering the weak spot with lumber or tar paper was suggested but Horne and McInnes shook their heads. Only straw would do. Because it does not draw the heat like other materials, it serves as a preservative for ice. Hasty notes were made.

When the party reached base camp that evening, the warehouseman had no straw on hand. But that night a plane took off from the railhead, more than a thousand miles to the south, and the next morning bales of straw were unloaded at Slim's site.

The Eskimo problem was still different. The Canadian government had seen in the DEW Line project an opportunity to establish a new point of contact with the native population of the Far

North. Wherever possible, it wanted Eskimos employed—but such employment had to be of a kind for which the Eskimo is suited by temperament and knowledge. It is the official hope that Eskimos working on the project will be taken in as members of the family by the men on the job, but that the construction bosses will not interfere with their native customs. For example, a directive signed by R. D. Van Norman, an officer of the Arctic Division of the Department of Northern Affairs whose current parish is the DEW Line, reads: "Young single Eskimos working at sites isolated from Eskimos . . . may bring a couple of Husky pups along with them for the two-year period in which they separate themselves from their normal homes." So far the arrangement has worked out splendidly, and the Husky pups think the diet is wonderful.

Slim's difficulties involved an Eskimo named Powta whose wife died late in April. Van Norman believed that employment by white men on a site away from his normal haunts would help assuage Powta's desperate grief. But Powta had a teen-age son. Could some arrangement be made to keep the two together? Van Norman spoke to Stuart; Stuart spoke to Murray Mulverhill, Arctic manager for the firm of camp caterers who are feeding the Foundation Company's sector of the Line. Mulverhill said he would take the boy as a kitchen worker at Slim's camp, if Slim would take the father. So after the radio set had been fixed and arrangements made to get straw, Stuart and Horne conferred on the Eskimo question.

"Sure," said Slim, "send them both in."

THESE problems were trivial in comparison with the worries Horne had been coping with for the last four months. He had occupied his site on February 9—exactly seven days after the first planeload of men and equipment had flown north from Montreal to establish the main eastern base camp. There had been no time for the leisurely planning which usually precedes a major Arctic expedition; for one of the most fantastic aspects of the DEW Line project is the speed with which it was launched.

Although military and diplomatic talks had started several years ago, the decision to go ahead was not reached until late in 1954. Last winter Western Electric invited a group of construction companies to submit proposals. Among them were Northern Construction of Vancouver, the Foundation Company, and the Puget Sound

Bridge and Dredging Company of Seattle—the ultimate contractors for the western and eastern sectors and Alaska. The Foundation Company was awarded its contract on January 21 . . . on February 2 the first aircraft took off with an advance party for the forward base . . . and Slim Horne was at work on his site, many miles further north, exactly a week later.

McInnes took in the first load. It consisted of four men, two tents, a stove, oil, enough food for three weeks, and the sleeping bags without which nobody stirs in the Far North. The total weight was about 5,000 pounds. Its destination was a pinprick in the map, marking a point which electronics experts had decided was just right for a radar installation. McInnes had no landmarks to guide him, for in winter everything here—sea and land, high ground and low—is solid white.

But he found the pinprick, somehow, and came in low for a look at the ice. The hummocks looked rough. McInnes circled, turned into the wind, and eased the skis of his undercarriage down to the surface. The plane bounced hard a couple of times, but it didn't crash; and the DEW Line was in business. The second load was virtually a replica of the first, plus a walkie-talkie radio set. The third load consisted of a small tractor. Its job was to level a landing strip on the ice, so that bigger planes—landing on wheels—could bring in heavier loads.

Here, as at most of the other eastern sites, the main task was to get ready for the big sea-lift which would come in at midsummer. That meant bringing in by air a lot of heavy equipment needed to unload the ships and move their cargoes—tractors in varying sizes up to twenty tons, cranes, fork lift trucks, generators, welding equipment, and compressors. Such big loads could be moved only in Flying Boxcars and Globemasters; hence the need for long, smooth landing strips.

The first big hitch came when Horne discovered that the first tractors wouldn't work. They were too small to break up the big hummocks, packed as hard as concrete. The only answer seemed to be bigger tractors; but they wouldn't fit into any plane which could land on the un-leveled ice.

The American fliers believed they could figure out a way to parachute a big tractor from a Flying Boxcar, but it would involve setting up advance refueling points to avoid overloading the plane. The Pentagon said "No"; but after three weeks of urgent argument by radio, it changed



its mind. The tractors had to be delivered somehow, or the landing strips would never be cleared.

So a huge tractor was mounted on rollers on the Boxcar's cargo deck, and the rear doors of the plane were taken off. As the pilot made his run over the site, a small parachute was released; it yanked the tractor over its rollers and out the open door. Then three big parachutes were supposed to open, and float the load gently down under their combined support.

One factor had been overlooked, however. The temperature was 45 degrees below zero, and such extreme cold affects the elasticity of nylon shroud-ropes. As a result, the first two tractors that were dropped went crashing through the ice.

For the next try, the Air Force men wrapped the tractor in heavy packing to cushion the landing shock. This made it harder to roll out of the plane, and added considerably to the overload—but it worked. To quote Bob Shaw, Foundation Company vice-president in charge of the eastern sector, "From then on we were parachuting eight-ton tractors all over the Arctic. We never lost another."

Horne had his landing strip in operation in short order, and could turn his mind to small worries, such as straw and Eskimos.

#### WAITING FOR THE SHIPS

ELSEWHERE, however, the tractor troubles were still far from over. Some sites are spotted in a region along the Atlantic where high mountains rise precipitously from the sea, and deep fjords wind far inland. Here earth and ice can be worked only by out-sized tractors—D-8s, weighing more than twenty tons apiece and taking up so much cargo space that they can be moved intact only in Globemasters. Because of the arrangement of doors on this type of plane, however, parachuting was impossible—even if the huge weight had not made that system of delivery highly dubious. Moreover, ice conditions made it impossible to bring Globemasters down on ice strips in some of the fjords.

The next idea was to establish a single tractor depot, at some accessible airstrip near the center of the Atlantic coastal area, and drive the tractors overland (and over-ice) to the various sites. This, too, had to be abandoned when a snowmobile, sent out for a trial run, hit hummocks "as high as houses and ten times as solid."

The final solution was to take the tractors

apart and load them piecemeal into Flying Boxcars. In spite of weather which McInnes described as "eight thousand feet thick and full of rocks," these planes were able to make safe landings at one isolated site after another. Ground crews then reassembled the tractors in such shelter as they could find—a much more difficult, and painful, business than it sounds. You can get the idea by putting on thick mittens, and then trying to bolt together heavy chunks of metal, so cold that they sear fingers through all their wool and leather covering.

Because of such unforeseeable delays, the last of the eastern sites was not occupied until April 22. On May 19 five strips were declared "dangerous to all aircraft" and several others were restricted to light planes. By the end of the month all the strips were out of operation. Some of the sites were still under-equipped, but all were in working condition—and the crews who manned them settled down to building roads, gravel air strips, and housing.

Whenever the weather is right, planes fly over to parachute fresh food and mail. They also scout for breaks in the ice, exposing patches of open water reasonably near to the sites. When one of these is discovered, freight planes can drop drums of gasoline and diesel oil, without parachute; as they bob to the surface, the site-crew fishes them out and rolls them to the fuel dump.

Occasionally a stretch of open water may be large enough to accommodate a flying boat; and in an emergency—accident or serious illness—helicopters would bring what help they could. But no more heavy freight can move until the ships push through (God and weather permitting) sometime in August.

Then, if all goes according to plan, landing craft will ferry equipment from the cargo vessels to the nearest place of safekeeping on the shore. From there, aircraft will take over the job of delivery to sites unreachable by sea. Nobody pretends to know all the answers at this stage—but there is a reasonable hope that the great bulk of the material needed to complete the Line will be safely stored somewhere above the Arctic circle by mid-fall.

Throughout the entire operation, Canadians and Americans—individuals and governments alike—have been working together with remarkably little friction. This is not to say that Canada did not drive a hard bargain. She did. She insisted that actual construction of the sta-

tions must be done by Canadian contractors, that materials should be purchased in Canada when practicable, that all possible flying should be done by Canadians, and that Canadians should have the first call on all employment. The United States, moreover, is financing the entire project; but Canada will have the right to take it over at any time, presumably after reasonable notice and agreement on terms.

If these conditions seem stringent, the relative populations and national incomes of the two countries must be borne in mind. By both measurements, the United States outweighs Canada about sixteen to one. Furthermore, the Canadians already have contributed enormously

to the joint air defense program in the building of two earlier radar lines—Pine Tree, which runs close to the border, and Mid-Canada further to the north. They paid one-third of the bill for the first of these, and are meeting the entire cost of the second—a total of about \$250 million, or not much less than the price tag for the DEW Line.

Perhaps there was another factor, too, which helped shape the DEW Line financial arrangements. The spending of several hundred million United States dollars will create what economists call an "invisible export" for Canada. It may be that the State Department and the White House saw an opportunity here to help balance the international account by indirection, without risking a fight with the high tariff lobbies. This of course is conjecture; but it could be close to the truth. It helps offset, to some extent, the feeling of some Canadians that when such installations are set up on Canadian soil, Canada should pay for them, build them, and man them.

A much more important point is that, once the two nations had agreed to go ahead with the project, neither felt any urgent need to get every detail down on paper. Canada consented to the arrangement in the summer of 1954, yet the formal agreement was not signed until May 5, 1955, three months after the air lift had started. Meanwhile, the men on the spot were informally working out innumerable understandings—any one of which might have been, in a less trustful climate, the subject of prolonged diplomatic haggling. These two countries often drive hard bargains. But once they agree, a handshake is enough.

Certainly diplomatic considerations have caused no worry to the men at work in the Arctic, where the problems are physical rather than political. When they do think of the DEW Line's international implications, the talk usually turns to Russia. Far North experts generally feel that North America has fallen far behind the Soviet Union in knowledge of the strategic Arctic. As Captain O.C.S. Robertson, the Canadian Navy's leading northern authority, says, the Soviet Arctic specialists "are miles ahead of ours," particularly in seafaring.

The DEW Line undertaking offers both nations a chance to learn and catch up. Entirely aside from its value as a sentry system, the project is serving as a training ground for what Bill Stuart calls "a new way to meet the Russians at the summit—the summit of the world."

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ADRIENNE CECILE RICH

## THE MIDDLE-AGED

THEIR faces, safe as an interior  
Of Holland tiles and Oriental carpet,  
Where the fruit-bowl, always filled, stood in  
a light  
Of placid afternoon—their voices' measure,  
Their figures moving in the Sunday garden  
To lay the tea outdoors or trim the borders,  
Afflicted, haunted us. For to be young  
Was always to live in other people's houses  
Whose peace, if we sought it, had been made  
by others,  
Was ours at second-hand and not for long.  
The custom of the house, not ours, the sun  
Fading the silver-blue Fortuny curtains,  
The reminiscence of a Christmas party  
Of fourteen years ago—all memory,  
Signs of possessing and of being possessed,  
We tasted, tense with envy. They were so kind,  
Would have given us anything; the bowl of fruit  
Was filled for us, there was a room upstairs  
We must call ours: but twenty years of living  
They could not give. Nor did they ever speak  
Of the coarse stain on that polished balustrade,  
The crack in the study window, or the letters  
Locked in a drawer and the key destroyed.  
All to be understood by us, returning  
Late, in our own time—how that peace was made,  
Upon what terms, with how much left unsaid.





# THE KILL

A Story by Kay Boyle

*Drawings by Rudi Lesser*

WHEN they first came to Germany with the army of occupation, the boy was six, and all through the first year, and the year that followed, the thought of going hunting was there, casting its shadows of longing like twilight across the bright hours of all that children have to do. He saw his father and the other men go off on Friday nights, or on the eve of an American holiday, wearing their combat boots and their field jackets, and he wanted to put the food he would need, and the ammunition, into the rucksack his mother had bought him to serve the puerile end of picnicking behind the house, and go off with it riding his shoulders as he had seen the others go.

"We get across a lot of country in one evening, John," his father said all that first year to him, or else he said nothing when the boy asked, but went on cleaning the long smooth metal chambers of the rifle he had shot the wild pig or the

roe-buck with the night before. He was partly American Indian, a small, strong, muscular man with black hair cut close to his wide, long skull, and copper-colored skin drawn tight across his cheekbones and the high bridge of his nose. "It's tough on the legs," he would say, and he would fit a clean white square of muslin into the eye of the steel cleaning rod, and slip the rod neatly into the barrel of the gun, and manipulate it quickly in and out.

Or, "You'll have to wait until you're older, John," his mother said in a dreamy voice to the boy, as if speaking of something as far as love or combat to him, as she studied her own young, prettily tinted face in the glass.

The father was a master sergeant, and toward six o'clock on Friday evenings in the spring and summer, the other non-coms he hunted with would begin coming to the house. They would leave their Fords, or their Pontiacs, or their Chevrolets parked in the lane, and they would come up the dirt path and crowd into the narrow hallway, and set their musette bags and their rifles against the wall. The boy knew all their faces, and he knew some of the names as well, but he knew best the tumult of their preparations, the stamping of feet from hall to kitchen, and the talk of ammunition, and destination, and what the weather might turn to before dawn. He would wait in the hall, dark-browed, dark-eyed, and troubled, standing close to the burnished wood and the metal of their rifles, brushed by the canvas of their jackets as they passed.

"Look at them," the boy's mother would say when the time came for them to go. She would stand at the dining-room window with him, watching them in their boots and khaki, their fatigue caps worn casually on the backs of their heads, as they loaded the two or three cars they would drive away in, leaving the others parked in the lane before the house. "All going off and leaving their wives as if they were sick and tired of them!" she would say, her glossy hair touching her shoulders, her small voice filled with grief.

"Maybe they're not all married," the boy would say, standing there in his blue jeans and his faded cowboy shirt, watching them go.

"Sure, they're married. But they don't care about that. They go off anyway," his mother would say in bitterness. It was not until after supper, when the stars were out and the cars stood locked and silent before the house, that she would begin to cry.

And then it was the second year, and he

was seven, and one morning in June he and his mother walked down a cobbled street of the hillside town together, and he spoke of the boy's-size rifle that could be sent from a stateside store named Roebuck, if his mother would just sit down and write the order out.

"You'll have to wait a while, John," his mother said. They had come to a toy store as they walked, and she stopped to look at the music boxes, and the farm beasts carved in smooth, white wood, and the cuckoo clocks, and the reflection of woman and boy was there between them and the things behind the show-window glass. The mother was wearing a pale wool sweater, and a rose-colored skirt, and on her feet were suede slippers such as a ballet dancer wears, and she stood there, chewing her gum reflectively. "Look at that darling little fawn," she said, but the boy was looking past the wooden animals to the other things that hung inside. He could see tomahawks, cardboard but painted silver so that they had the vigor of weapons, with Indian horses splashed in savage flight across their ersatz metal; he could see leather-thonged bows, and painted arrows, and the feathered headdresses of Indians, and, beneath these, the world of music boxes abruptly died. "I'd like to buy myself a music box," said the mother, and she turned to go through the shop door, touching her own soft, light, un-Indian hair.

The German who owned the store stood just below the headdresses and the tomahawks, but so far removed from them that he seemed a figure cut from a newspaper tabloid and placed, as colorless as print, under their barbaric reality. He spoke English in a way the mother did not, and had she referred to this, he would doubtless have told her that he spoke a better English, for what was she but an American who had no right to the English tongue? He had been a POW in England, he said, as if this were a distinction to which she could never hope to attain.

"Gosh, those music boxes are cute!" the mother said, and then the boy asked her a question about his father's people.

"What kind of a headdress do you think my grandfather wore?" he said.

"Well, maybe on the reservation he didn't wear a headdress," said the mother, but her mind was on the music boxes with the pretty Alpine scenes done on their lids. "Maybe your grandfather's grandfather, or somebody way back like that, wore a headdress. My husband, he's part American Indian," she said in explanation to the

storekeeper, and he looked at her with a bleak, jaundiced eye.

"These come from Munich," he said, and behind the counter he turned to take one down. He held it before them, the ivory-stemmed, many-colored feathers springing thickly from the headband of green leather, and the strings of beads and the raccoon tails swinging shoulder-length on either side. "The Indian was introduced to Germany by the German author, Karl May," he said, permitting the Indian no choice of nationality.

IN THE end, it was a music box in the shape of a drum and painted mauve, with a mountain chalet done in light and shadow on the cover, that the mother bought. When she lifted the lid of it to take the powder puff out of its circular mauve tray, intricate threads of music were plucked, as if by magic, from within. There were three tunes in it, and the "Blue Danube" was the one that played the longest, and when they were back in their own house in the American community, and the delicate skeins of the tune unwound beneath the powder puff, the mother waltzed slowly through the room, her eyes half closed, her soft hair floating like a young girl's from her shoulders as she danced. No matter how long she lived, she said to the boy, she would never like anything better than listening to the three small tunes the box contained.

"Maybe when you have time, you could look at the Roebuck catalog and ask about the boy's-size rifle," the boy said tentatively when the "Blue Danube" was done.

"Oh, I wish you had some feeling for music, John, that's what I wish! All this business of shooting and killing, it makes me sick!" his mother said, her voice coming the long way back from enchantment to him. She moved to the table, and picked up the little mauve drum, and she turned the silver key tighter and tighter so that the music would play.

That was a Friday, and in the evening the sergeant neither the boy nor his mother had seen before walked into the house. He was a heavy, big-boned, slow-moving man who, perhaps because he did not raise his voice as did the other non-coms, or because his eyes, which were yellow as a cat's eyes, moved from object to object in retarded motion, appeared to function in a condition of total repose. He came into the front hall, and he leaned against the wall, smoking slowly, his rifle hanging from his shoulder, his



bag at his feet. He stood there, immune to the uproar of the others, his eyes looking through the kitchen doorway at the mother in a corn-colored sun dress making sandwiches at the table, but looking as impersonally at her as he looked at the pictures on the wall or at the thin boy in his dungarees.

"Ain't you coming along with us, son?" he said then, and he stood with his pale eyes holding the boy's eyes motionless while the stream of preparation moved around and past them in the encumbered hall. "When I was your age, I used to go hunting every Saturday night with my old man. You get some kind of coat on you and come along," he said, and the boy hesitated only an instant before turning quickly toward the stairs. "I'll be waiting at the door for you," said the sergeant, and he was there when the boy came back with his mottled calf's-hide jacket on, and they went together down the dirt path to the cars. The father's winterized jeep stood by the curb, and the sergeant opened the door of it as if he had done this many times before, and when the boy was in, he swung his musette bag in over the front seat, and he climbed up, carrying his rifle with him, his back and shoulders stooped within the cramped interior, and he sat down on the rear seat by the boy. "My old man used to call it going to the other side of the moon," the sergeant said. He stretched his heavy, slothful legs across the accumulation of paraphernalia that already cluttered the floor, and his big shoulders pushed against the plexiglass of the rear window, the surface of which had been rendered opaque by days or weeks, or months, it may have been, of rain and dust and grime.

"My father tells me about a lot of things," the boy said. "He says if my grandfather went hunting with us, well, he'd put his ear to the ground to find out where the roebucks were feeding."

"That was the Indians' telephone," the sergeant said.

"He was a chief, and I guess he wore a head-dress," said the boy. "I saw them in the German store today."

**A**ND THEN the father and the others, bearing their variegated equipment, came out of the house and down the path, and the boy's heart went bleak within him, for he knew what was to come. The father was trimly dressed and belted in his khaki, and his step was quick and light as he came toward the jeep. He laid

the bag, and the binocular case, and the cigar box of ammunition on the motor's flat, square hood, and, his gun hanging from his shoulder, he leaned in to set these things in place. The muscles twitched in his copper-colored jaw as he worked, but, except for this, there was no sign that he had seen the sergeant and the boy.

"I'm taking this young man out hunting with us tonight," the sergeant said at last from the shadows of the rear seat.

"Only he isn't going hunting," the father said, and he did not lift his head. "You get on back to the house, John," he said. He worked in silence and proficiency, dark-skinned, intent, and, before the boy moved to go, the quality of the conflict altered, for the mother had come on her ballet-dancer slippers through the yard and across the dirt walk to the jeep.

"If I stayed home from the show to make them, maybe you could remember to take them with you," she said, standing incredibly clear-skinned and glossy-haired in the light that had no hint of evening in it, holding out to the father the paper of sandwiches he had left behind. Only when the father turned back from the open door did she see that the boy and the sergeant were seated in the jeep, and the look in her face turned sweet and slightly dazzled in the summery air. "Oh, excuse me! I didn't know there were people already in," she said politely.

"I can't say as he asked me to get in, but I always like a jeep," the sergeant said, and he lifted his hand slowly and took the fatigue cap off his head. "Only if I had a family, a fine little family like he's got, I think I'd buy me a regular car—"

"Oh, his family!" said the mother in derision, and she touched the ends of her soft hair.

"I keep a jeep because it suits me for hunting," said the father, and, having said this, he closed his mouth again.

"Oh, hunting!" the mother cried out; for whatever the time of year, each was possessed by his own complete desire: the mother for the father to dance with her at the Sergeants' Club, or to sit close to her in the darkness of a movie theatre, and the father's longing to move across the fields and through the woods in the twilight of morning or evening, and the boy's longing for the accouterments of man and his activity. "I don't recall having seen you or your wife around the community," the mother said, and smiled at the sergeant who sat in the shadows with the boy.

"Because I ain't got a wife," said the sergeant,

stirring gently in his area of quiet. "I'm in barracks, and I tell you it's real lonesome there. I guess that's what led me to take your boy along hunting tonight—"

"Except he isn't going hunting," said the father. He was ready to leave now, and he straightened up, and he had no time to waste.

"Why shouldn't he go?" the mother cried out suddenly. "Why in the world shouldn't he go?" Her slim bare arm in the sleeveless yellow dress moved quickly, and she flung the wax-paper parcel in past the father onto the driver's seat. "If some gentleman comes along who's considerate enough to want to look out for John, why, I think it's simply wonderful! I'm certainly very grateful to the sergeant. You," she said, turning sharply on the father, "won't have to be bothered with him at all. And there's no reason why you should be, is there? You're only his father, and that's really nothing, is it? That's nothing at all when rabbits and deer and boar and things like that are running around asking to be shot. Even a wife's just nothing then," she said.

"Get out now, John," said the father, his voice as low as if he spoke in the quiet of the forest.

"You're hard on him, ain't you, Sarge?" said the other sergeant, but he shifted his heavy legs so that the boy could climb across.

"I'm hard on everybody. You can get out too," the father said.

THE BOY and the mother went back into the house, walking a little apart from each other, and the boy went into the dining-room, and he stood close to the window, watching the cars from there as, one by one, with the hunters and their paraphernalia in them, they drove away. And the boy remembered another time that could not have been too long ago, for the reality of it had not altered, an evening when he and the father had walked through the woods together, and the silence had parted before them like water parting before a swimmer's hand. The father had carried no gun that time, but had talked of the way the leaves turned with the wind, saying this meant rain would fall before the night was through.

Indian blood, said the father's voice, will tell you to move upwind, and will tell you not to stalk your enemy before a storm, for after rain he can read the record all too well. And then the silence broke, and a babble of bird tongues filled the forest, and there stood the tough-hided

monster, the wild, reddish sow, with her forefeet spread, and her eyes of golden glass. "That's what the birds were talking about," the father whispered, and his hand touched the boy's shoulder, and they stood still.

"Anyway, I almost went hunting," the boy said now, but it may have been that he felt the quality of courage disintegrating in him, for he walked out of the dining room, and up the stairs.

THE LIGHTS were lit in the windows of the houses of the American community, and in the windows of the German houses across the valley, but he had not slept yet when his mother called him to come and eat.

"I made some peanut-butter sandwiches," she said. They were there on a plate on the oilcloth of the kitchen table, and beside them stood two glasses of milk. She did not wind up the music box, but instead she took out a pack of cards, and she and the boy began playing slapjack as they sat there eating the sandwiches, with their hands slapping hard at the faces of the knaves whenever they played them out. After a little while they heard the front door open, and they turned their heads, and they saw the sergeant who was a stranger to them standing there. He had closed the door behind him, and he stood in the hall with the hunting equipment still slung from his shoulder, holding his fatigue cap in his hand. "Oh, Lord, I must have forgot to lock it!" the mother cried softly, and the cards fell from her hands.

"If you let me come in, I wouldn't stay long," the sergeant said in a low voice.

"Well, it's getting late for callers," the mother said, and the boy watched her shake her hair back like a lovely movie star.

"I wouldn't take up much of your time," said the sergeant, moving down the hall. "If I could sit down for just five minutes, I'd tell you what I been thinking about ever since I met you, and then I'd go away."

"My husband, he doesn't care for late callers," said the mother, but she looked with singular pleasure at the sergeant, her chin lifted, her eyes half closed, as the boy had seen her look into the glass. "What kept you from going hunting with the rest of them?" she said.

"A woman," the sergeant said, and now he had ceased to move again, and he waited in the narrow hall. "If you asked me to sit down, I'd tell you about her," he said, speaking very humbly.



"There's an alarm clock on the kitchen dresser," the mother said, turning her head to look at it. "You can come in and sit down with John and me five minutes, and then you'll have to go."

"Thank you kindly, ma'am," said the sergeant. He began to move again, reaching dreamily, lazily, to lay his cap on the coat-rack shelf above his head, slipping the bag and the rifle from his shoulder and hanging them below the cap, moving carefully, deliberately. Then he came down the hall toward the woman and the boy who sat in the bright, square box of kitchen light. "This is like coming home," he said. He drew the third chair out from under the table, and he sat down and folded his arms in the khaki sleeves of his jacket on the oilcloth cover, and he looked at the mother's face.

"Get him a coke, John," said the mother. As she picked up the scattered playing cards to lay them straight, the sergeant kept his eyes on her narrow, white-skinned hands.

"I don't want to drink nothing. I just want to sit here dwelling on things," said the sergeant gently. But still, once the boy had opened the bottle and set it down before him, he lifted it and drank. "Thank you, son," he said, and he looked at the mother's face again. She was straightening the cards in her fingers, and petals of color lay warm under her eyes. "Sometimes a man'll go so blind he won't see the treasures he has right under his own roof," he said.

"Get the sergeant an ashtray, John. Maybe he'd like to smoke," the mother said.

"I don't want to smoke," the sergeant said, but still he took out a cigarette, and lit it, and then he broke the match in two, and dropped it into the ashtray the boy had put down on the cloth. "I wanted to know one thing. I wanted to know the name and the location of the German store in town where they got them Indian feathers. I want to buy them, that headdress, for the boy." He took the cigarette from his mouth, and his yellow eyes were on the mother's face as he held it out to her across the oilcloth, and across the bits of peanut-butter sandwiches still left on the plate. "I lit it for you. You take it," he said in a low voice to her.

When the mother reached out for it, her hand was trembling, and her eyes were held by the sergeant's eyes as she put it in her mouth. She drew a deep breath of the smoke in, and then she turned her head and spoke to the boy, and her voice was trembling and light.

"You'd better go upstairs to bed, John. It's getting late," she said.

The boy waited a moment, still hoping she might say the store's name where the feathers might be bought, but she did not say it. She was looking in weakness and helplessness at the sergeant, and the boy went down the hall, his eyes on the sergeant's rifle on the coat rack, and he went up the stairs.

THAT was Friday night, and on Saturday the shabbily-garbed offspring of the American army of occupation played their wild games in the yards and streets of the community. The heels of their cowboy boots were worn, but nailhead-studded holsters hung at their hips, and the imitation ivory revolvers these encased were bejeweled in emerald and ruby and topaz. Dogs raced behind the fences of the individual yards, yelping for freedom, and others ran with the children—boxers, and wire-haired terriers, poodles, spaniels, dachshunds, or schaeferhunds, each dog in itself the indice of the temperament of the humans with which it lived. Little girls, wearing blue jeans only a few sizes smaller than those their mothers wore, followed, the shifting center of agitation, pushing their burdened doll-coaches and whispering together, forever lingering on the outskirts of the games the cowboys played.

The boy was out with these others in the tide of sun, ready to lash or be lashed to the stake for burning, or to draw his jewel-studded pistol from its holster and menace the girls from ambush as they came. The mothers were down the hill at the commissary, getting the weekend groceries in, and the fathers were gone—they were off in the wilderness, hunting still, exempted for a little longer from daily liability. The German housemaids had ceased their work, and they leaned their strong, bare arms on the windowsills, and, wooed by sunlight, they called their own language out above the Midwestern or the Southern sound of the children's voices, and the barking of the dogs.

"Lise! Helga! Erika!" the maids called to one another, and the German delivery men on the American milk truck that had halted at the end of the lane called out: "Lise! Helga! Erika!" in falsetto mimicry. The milk truck was khaki-colored like an army truck, and its windows were barred like the windows of a prison-van, but on the rear door of it was painted a pink-legged stork, better than life-size, with its eye coc-

half in sagacity, half in humor, and in its beak it held the four ends of a folded diaper in which were borne bottles of milk for the children of the American community. "Helga! Lise! Erika!" called the male voices in mockery, and the men jumped onto the truck and slammed the barred doors closed. The motor throbbed, the gears changed slowly, and as the truck jerked into motion, and the big wheels turned, a wild, stricken cry was heard on the bright air, a cry so alien to the medley of other sounds, so wounded in its anguish, that the truck ground to a halt again, and the men jumped down.



**T**HE THING that had cried out in fierce reproach lived still. It was a wire-haired terrier, part white, part black, which must, a little while before, have tired of playing and flung itself down, panting, in the truck's area of shade. And now, still panting, it made its way across the lane, and its entrails followed, writhing with their own hot life as they whitened in the dust. The first sharp note of terror had ceased, but a wail of indescribable mourning came now from the bright-tongued, dripping mouth, a long, outraged lament for all that was lost forever, all that must be traded in for death with this breath or the next because of one fatal instant of immobility.

The German maids were fixed like images of women in the open windows in the sun, and the three men from the milk truck stood mute before the spectacle, their hands fumbling in their pockets for cigarettes, while the dog sought to sit on the soiled, flattened rags of its hind legs, and could not, and turned, snarling and snapping in frenzy, seeking to tear the dusty strings of its own vitals away. Even the little girl whose property he had once been watched tearless and in silence, as the cowboys watched. But it was

the children who knew what there was to do. They held the dogs back by their collars, striking the muzzles of boxers, or poodles, or schaeferhunds when the high whining of curiosity whistled too loudly through the eager snouts, and they spoke cautiously together, as if in church, and then the boy turned to the men.

"If I got my father's pistol, would you shoot him so he'll die?" he said.

For a moment the three Germans did not speak, and the dog turned its head again and snapped at its own disemboweled and living substance, its eyes glazed sightless with pain. Then the tallest man, wearing glasses, opened his mouth as if he had an answer to give, but instead he straightened a cigarette out in his fingers, and put it between his lips. The driver of the truck smoothed his brass-bright hair back with the palm of his hand, and ran his tongue along his lip, and looked at the other men, but he too did not speak. The third man was dark, with a slender, sunburned neck and square brown hands, and he wore the anciently but snappily cut black breeches and the high military boots, now cracked with wear, that father or uncle or history had bequeathed to him. Having no military decorations to embellish what he wore, he had stuck two daisies, with a length of the coarse stalk and green buds, behind his ear.

"Okay, I'll shoot him," he said, his accent as good as an American's, and the boy turned swiftly, and ran through the sunlight toward the locked, silent cars that waited still at the far end of the street, swerved between the last two, and then raced through the gate of his front yard, and up the path, taking the corner to the back door fast.

**T**HE WALTHER pistol was kept in his mother's and father's room, on the top shelf of the clothes closet, strapped in a leather holster and concealed, for safety, under a pile of folded, khaki handkerchiefs. He knew he could reach it by standing on a chair. Twice his father had taken it out before him and cleaned it, and showed him how to handle it. It would be loaded, for the father kept it loaded ever since burglars had broken into the house, but the magazine safety would be on, and no cartridge in the chamber yet. The boy stood on the straw seat of the chair and reached into the corner of the shelf for it, and he could feel the



blood pounding in his eardrums as he touched the smooth leather of the belt and holster with his groping hands.

Then he was out again in the sunlit lane, and nothing had altered. The maids waited motionless at the windows still; the knot of children had not unraveled; the shadow cast by the halted truck, the Germans smoking their cigarettes, the residue of the dog's life staining the dust, were all unchanged. The dog lay propped on its front legs, its wild tongue panting, its lips drawn back from its white teeth as if preparing to laugh aloud.

"You'll have to release the safety," the boy said as he took the pistol out of the stiff, tan, leather pocket that strapped it fast.

"Okay," said the dark-haired German in the knee-high boots.

When he cocked the pistol, the children did not move. It did not occur to any of them to turn their heads or go. The German held the pistol at arm's length and took careful aim while the cowboys stood, holding their own dogs by the collars as they watched, or holding to their scooter or bicycle handle bars, and the girls to their doll-buggies in which their soft-skinned, life-size infants rode. And the terrier looked with his unhinged, frenzied eyes at the disaster which seemed scarcely to be his as it lay discarded in the dust behind him, and his bright, young mouth was still ready to laugh. The boy put his hands deep into the pockets of his blue jeans, and he closed his fingers tightly in his palms as he waited for the sound to come. But the German did not fire. Instead, he lowered the pistol, and he turned toward the boy.

"If the MPs come along, I'll get into trouble," he said, the cigarette jerking on his lip.

"But they won't see you. They're not around here," the boy said, and the German gestured with his chin toward the row of houses where the maids leaned eagerly from the kitchen windows in the sun.

"There's too many people watching. They'd all tell who done it when the MPs asked," he said, and he took the stub of the cigarette from his lip, and let it fall.

"But you've got to shoot him. You've got to do it," the boy said, his voice gone high.

"And if I don't get him the first time, then I'll have to shoot again," said the German, and he gave a short laugh. "That'll be giving the MPs two chances to hear. Or maybe the shot goes wild and hits the street, or hits a rock, and

bounces back, and one of the kids gets hit instead."

When he lifted his hand to draw the back of it across the sunburned square of his forehead, the two daisies on their tough, green stalk fell from behind his ear into the dust, but he did not see them fall.

"That's right," said the tall German who wore glasses.

"It's *verboden* for any Cherman to have a fire-arm," the blond one said.

"Okay, then let me have the pistol," said the boy.

He held it in his right hand, at arm's length from him, and there was no color left in his face, but his arm, his hand, were steady as he aimed.

"Does he know how to shoot?" the tall German asked, looking anxiously through his glasses at the other children.

"Sure, he knows how to shoot. His grandfather was an Indian once," a cowboy said.

And then the blast of it came. The boy heard the snarl in the terrier's throat, and he lowered the pistol, and he saw that the dog lay on its side, and the panting had ceased, and the shape of laughter was stiffening on its mouth.

"You got him right between the eyes," said the dark-haired German, and he lit another cigarette, and stooped in his ancient military boots to see.

ON SATURDAY evening, at supper-time, the doorbell rang, and the sergeant whose face they were beginning to know walked in as he had done the night before, and hung his cap on the clothes rack in the hall.

"You shouldn't have come back," the mother said, standing bare-limbed, her feet in gilded sandals, bare-armed, in a pink summer dress, holding to the kitchen table for support.

"I had to come back," said the sergeant. "I've been thinking about it all day."

"About what?" the mother whispered, and her eyes moved on his face.

"About last night," he said, standing big and indolent before her.

"I know, I know," whispered the mother, and the sound of her voice died.

And on Sunday evening he came back again, and, as had happened before, when they had eaten they had a game of slapjack, and then the mother sent the boy upstairs.

"The sergeant has to get to bed early too, so he'll be leaving any minute now," she said.

But on Sunday night it was different, for the hunters returned late from the woods, and the tumult of voices as they started their cars in the lane outside and called out to each other woke the boy from sleep. Once they had gone, he lay listening to his father's voice, speaking from the jeep, or from the hall, and he knew that at least one man had stayed with him. And then he heard the drag of bodies as the dead beasts were carried in, hearing even that intermission in their work when his father and the other man paused to open a bottle in the kitchen, and the sound of the sliding panel of the dresser as his father took the glasses out. Twice he heard the slamming of the refrigerator door, and then the whine of the spigot as they ran the water over the ice trays. After this interval, they came out into the hall again, his father and the other man, and, with his head raised from the pillow, the boy could identify each move they made. Now they were lashing the four feet of the roebuck together so that it might be hung in the cellar from a ceiling hook, and the boy heard the grunt of their breathing as they stooped, the scrape of their shoes on the stone of the cellar stairs as they bore the roebuck down. They made the journey twice, stopping to drink again in the kitchen after they had brought the second body in from the car and laid it on the floor. So it would be a boar and a roebuck, he thought, for two roebucks were not allowed one hunter. And suddenly he did not want to think of the lifted guns, and the animals panting out their lives, and he turned his face to the pillow to keep the sight away.

BUT STILL he lay listening, and after this work was done, and the door to the cellar closed, the men went again into the kitchen, and their voices murmured as they drank. In the end the other man went down the hall, and out the door, and the boy got from his bed, and moved in the darkness across the bare boards to the window. He watched the headlights brighten the lane a moment, and the last car go. Now only his father's jeep was left by the curb, and his father moved in the kitchen, and the boy heard the mother stirring in her room, she too having waited perhaps, listening, as he had listened, for the last hunter to go. He heard her seeking her slippers and dressing gown, and then she went softly down the stairs.

"Oh, my God, there's blood all over!" she said, not having reached the last step yet.

"All right," said the father, speaking from the distance of the kitchen to her standing on the stairs. "I'm a hunter, a good hunter," he said, his voice hard, and a little vain. "I'm also a good sergeant. I'll clean up any muck I've made."

"Who came back with you?" the mother said.

"A friend," said the father, and then there was a pause, perhaps as he lifted the glass from the table and drank again. "A friend who doesn't talk out of turn to other men's sons, and doesn't



get lonely for other men's wives. Next time he comes, tell him to take his cap with him when he goes."

"Well, I'm sure I don't know what you're talking about," the mother said.

And now the father walked out of the kitchen, and into the hall, and his footsteps halted near the stairs.

"Don't be frightened. The killing's over," he said, and the mother gave a little cry.

"You're hurting me! You're hurting my arm!" she said in a low voice.

"Well, there's the blood on the floor. So maybe there won't be a next time. Maybe we finished him off," said the father, speaking savagely.

"You wouldn't have done that!" the mother cried out, speaking scarcely aloud.

"You'd better not look in the cellar," the father said, and the boy heard him jerk the sound of laughter out.

"Well, that sergeant," said the mother, and her voice was dimmer, farther now, and the boy knew she must have moved down the hall into



the kitchen, and had perhaps sat down at the table where the sergeant had eaten with them, perhaps even taken the father's glass up in her hand. "He came back to get the name of the German store where the Indian headdresses are. He wanted to buy John one. That's all he wanted," she said.

"An Indian headdress made in Germany!" said the father. "Did you tell him that having Indian blood in your veins doesn't mean wearing feathers pulled out of a German turkey's tail?"

"He just asked the name of the store, and then he left. He's going to buy it on Monday for John," said the mother, speaking softly, as if in grief, perhaps nursing the glass in her slender, white-skinned hand.

LET HIM bring it here. I'll shoot him through the heart as he walks through the door," said the father, and the boy stood in the dark of the upstairs hall, listening to him speak. "Having Indian blood means the country comes to life for you, even this cursed, devil-ridden country, this country of barbarians," he said. "Not the people's faces, or their language, all right, not that, but my blood gives me what's in the grass and sky and trees. As long as men keep quiet, I can remember all the signs, and all the memories that aren't even mine, and not even my father's and grandfather's, but older than that. I can read the stars the way they did, and shoot just once, and kill with that one shot, because my blood remembers that they did." And, *Maybe she'll tell him*, the boy thought, standing in the upstairs hall; *maybe she'll tell him about the dog, and that I couldn't stop crying after she came up the hill. Maybe she'll tell him I kept on seeing him panting*, he thought, but the mother must have been thinking of other things, for she did not speak. "I got a boar and a roebuck this time. The others got zero," the father was saying, but saying it softly, without vanity. "They haven't got forest-sight."

The sound of it paused, and after a moment, the boy heard him set the bottle down on the table, and the water from the spigot running into the glass. "Nobody can take it away, nobody at all," he said. "I go out in the woods, and it's there, and there's nothing else, and the year, the country, and woman, even, they're wiped out. I'm a man alone, and I need to eat, and I'm going to kill in order to eat, and I shoot just once because I know distance, and light and dark, and my hunger's as steady as my eye. And then I

come back to this!" He broke it off suddenly, and the laughter jerked out. "To a hall with a sergeant's cap hanging in it! Listen," he said, and his fingers may have closed on the mother's arm again, for she gave a little cry. "I am my father's son, and my son is my father's grandson, and whatever I have, it was given him too. When he goes hunting, my son, he'll go when he's ready for it, and not with a stranger, but with me. Get that straight," he said.

The boy listened in the dark of the upstairs hall, and he thought: *Maybe when the stain's gone from the dirt out there, I won't see him sitting up panting. Maybe when it starts raining, and there isn't any more dust on the road, I'll stop remembering.* In the kitchen, there was the sound of water gushing into the pail, and then this ceased, and the father walked out into the hall and set the pail down, and the scrubbing of the boards began. *Maybe this year he'll teach me how to read the stars*, he thought, *and I'll learn that, and maybe next year will be different, and I'll want a gun again.*

"Listen," the mother said from the kitchen. "I bought one of those music boxes. You know, the powder-puff kind. I'll play the 'Blue Danube' for you. It's the prettiest thing you've ever heard."

"All right. Play it," said the father, scrubbing the wood.

As the delicate threads of the tune unwound, the boy went back to his bed again, and he lay down without pulling the covers over him, and lay looking at the dark in the window that was richer and deeper than the bedroom dark. Every now and then the father would halt in his scrubbing of the hall, and the boy could hear the whisper of the mother's feet as she danced across the floor. He hair would be floating free of her shoulders, and her pale silk dressing gown swinging around her, light and wide, and the boy felt a sense of peace laid like a cover over him. The door downstairs was closed against the night, and against any stranger who might come, and his mother danced, and, because of the whisky she had drunk, her eyes would be heavy, like a dreamer's eyes.

"Kiss me, kiss me, John, kiss me," she said to the father, and the scrubbing in the hallway ceased.

"Fix me another drink," said the father after a moment, and his voice was not the same voice. "I'll waltz with you, baby, once I've got the barracks clean," he said.

# Tight Little Studio:

## *home of the good British Movies*

It's no accident that "The Lavender Hill Mob," "Kind Hearts and Coronets," and "The Man in the White Suit" came out of the same studio: Sir Michael Balcon made them all.

NOT THE least remarkable thing about Ealing Studios is that anyone outside England has ever heard of them. Even by the less than Gargantuan standards of the British film industry, they are small; lodged in a West London suburb, they abut undramatically on to what was once a village green. Their domain covers only six acres, and of 121 movies made in England in 1953, only six came from Ealing. Yet the name has acquired a talismanic significance. With films such as "Passport to Pimlico," "Tight Little Island," "The Lavender Hill Mob," and "High and Dry," Ealing has established itself as the most lively and exciting movie production outfit in England, and its chief, Sir Michael Balcon, as the most stimulating of English producers. It has become the regimental mascot of British cinema: on its own small scale, it exemplifies the virtues and vices of British films as a whole. But more than most of its competitors, Ealing has a policy beyond profit. It is devoted to interpreting a national way of life, taking as its theme the extraordinary and resilient British, facing and coping with a series of perfectly alarming situations. The best blanket phrase, perhaps, is "patriotic neo-realism."

In spite of the documentary trail-blazing of men like John Grierson, British feature films had seldom soiled their hands with reality before the Ealing vogue began. Tuxedoed heroes, smiling whimsically, slid through chromium-and-ply-

wood night clubs, fox-trotting to dim, dubbed saxophones. Matinee idols in tweeds consoled hysterical blondes against mock-manorial backgrounds, apparently lit by magnesium flares; and comedians, crying "Oops," rode bicycles into haystacks. It took the war to focus British cameras on the more constricting realities of slum and suburbia, from which had emerged the men and women on whose endurance survival suddenly depended. At Ealing the new movement solidified into a style, from which the boudoir and the country house were banished and replaced with the factory, the bomb site, and the pub. Ealing's comment on life has been alternately glib and honest, coy and frank; but it has usually been a comment on fact, not fiction.

Wartime co-operation still permeates peacetime Ealing. Spiritual hermits who pass through its gates are warned by signboards that this is "The Studio with the Team Spirit." Of its permanent staff of four hundred, a third have been employed there for more than fifteen years; and its production units are expected to stick together through thick budget and thin, the thickest available being little more than \$500,000. Ealing's first concern is film-making, not star-making. Apart from Alec Guinness, it has built up no international names, and it has no actors under contract. Suburban in spirit as well as in site, it regards concepts such as sophistication or lyricism with extreme mistrust.

But let us drop the mask of the indefinite pronoun: "it," for all practical purposes, equals Sir Michael Balcon, Ealing's head of production, a stocky and ebullient example of the genus "Born Boss." If you praise Ealing, you are really praising Balcon. Ealing's prejudices are his prejudices, reproduced to the smallest stria-



tion; its flaws and fine points are his writ large.

It is doubtful whether anybody else could have preserved Ealing's independence. At one time, just after the end of the war, there was a distinct possibility that the J. Arthur Rank organization might engulf its competitors and achieve a virtual monopoly both of production and distribution in British films. Balcon successfully held the dike, but the present compromise, whereby Rank distributes Ealing films throughout the world, sometimes makes him fretful. As one Ealing man put it: "We've been granted dominion status in the Rank empire, but that's not quite the same thing as full self-government."

Without subsidies from the National Film Finance Corporation, Ealing might not have retained its autonomy; without increased box-office returns, it may yet lose it; without Balcon, it would have lost it long ago.

#### THE WAY OF A PIONEER

**B**ALCON'S career is that of a pioneer who learned his limitations without impairing his self-confidence. He was born fifty-eight years ago in Birmingham, England, the third son of a South African immigrant family. Poor eyesight kept him out of the 1914-18 war, at the end of which he joined the queue which was forming outside the newly booming film industry. He first sold films to exhibitors, then formed a company in London to make advertising shorts, and in 1922 risked a budget of \$110,000, heavy for its day and mostly borrowed from a Birmingham metal merchant, on his first feature production, called "Woman to Woman." To his amazement, it made money.

A year later he married a young South African girl named Aileen Leatherman, a step he has never retraced, and formed Gainsborough Pictures, of which he appointed himself production chief. In 1932 Gainsborough merged with Gaumont-British, a coalition which enabled Balcon to expand in all directions, and for four years he dashed so precipitately between London, New York, Paris, and Berlin that at length his doctor sent off an urgent cable prescribing complete rest for his wife and secretary. Balcon's movies during this period included "Jew Süss" (with Conrad Veidt) and "Rhodes of Africa" (with Walter Huston); more durably, there were three minor classics—Robert Flaherty's "Man of Aran" and a pair of expert thrillers, "The Thirty-Nine Steps" and "The Man Who Knew Too

Much," both directed by Alfred Hitchcock, who was the first of many technical virtuosi to reach maturity under Balcon's wing.

There followed, in 1936, a depressing but instructive interlude. Balcon was invited to take charge of MGM productions in England, a job he held for nearly two years of cumulative dismay. Accustomed to short intervals between decision and action, he was reduced to frenzies of impatience by the swarms of executives through whom he had to work, and after making one film, "A Yank at Oxford," he threw in his hand. The experience decided him. Never again would he work for an organization whose top was heavier than himself.

Luck, which rarely favors unemployed men in their forties, now supplied the ideal opportunity. Ealing Studios, which had been run by Basil Dean since their inauguration in 1931, were trapped in a financial blind alley as the result of making too many unprofitable historical romances. In 1938 Dean resigned, and Balcon took over. Clearly this was no time for crusading audacities, and Balcon's first two productions followed safe patterns of staginess and formality. The third, "There Ain't No Justice," was an attempt to expose corruption in prize-fighting; its tone, like its title, was mawkish and aggrieved, but the script was full of hints that someone at Ealing was committed, however tentatively, to realism. Cramped studio space soon forced Balcon's cameras out-of-doors, and his next film, a sombre semi-documentary called "The Proud Valley," was shot on location in the mining villages of South Wales. It had almost been completed when war broke out.

Paradoxically, the long sterility of war had the effect of fertilizing Balcon's gifts. It forced a mission on him: it convinced him that the need to report reality was so urgent that all other considerations became trivial. "We don't make pictures to make money," he could soon boast: "we make money to make pictures." Production of propaganda films fell nominally under the aegis of the Ministry of Information, but Balcon, a lifelong foe of bureaucracy, declared early in 1940 that henceforward Ealing would make its own propaganda in its own way. He never took a more fruitful decision. At once the Ealing nucleus began to form. Cavalcanti left the Crown Film Unit to join Balcon, as did Harry Watt, the director of "Target for Tonight"; and from the documentary field came Charles Frend, Robert Hamer, and Charles Crichton, three

ambitious young cutters whom Balcon promptly groomed as directors. Thus equipped, he could argue with anyone. In 1941 he made two films, "Ships with Wings" and "The Next of Kin," which reflected battle with such devastating bleakness that the Prime Minister wanted them banned; Balcon fought back furiously, appealed to naval and military juries for their opinion, and won. To have opposed Churchill at that stage of the war ought in itself to ensure for Balcon a place in history.

Though most of Ealing's wartime output was purely topical, ranging in theme from the hortatory to the admonitory, sheer entertainment was not overlooked. Few of Balcon's movies stand up better to revival than the compendium of ghost stories called "Dead of Night," which rose to a hallucinating climax in Michael Redgrave's sketch of a schizophrenic ventriloquist.

WAR HAD molded Ealing into an instrument of considerable power, but it had also dictated the instrument's use. After 1945 Balcon was free to brandish it for his own pleasure. Some years before he had enrolled in his script department a war reserve policeman named T. E. B. Clarke, whose skill as a raconteur more than atoned, in Balcon's eyes, for his total lack of film experience. In 1946 Clarke finished a script about a group of London urchins who inadvertently capture a criminal. Its verve, its vein of eccentric satire, and its emphasis on chases in the open air attracted Balcon immediately. His advisers dismissed it as a juvenile lark, but he was adamant; it appealed, he said, to the boy in him, which was and is a great deal of him. Entitled "Hue and Cry" and advertised as "The Film that Begs to Differ," it brought the "Ealing style" to birth, and incidentally confirmed a prophecy Balcon had made in 1943, when he spoke of "the new story-documentary technique . . . which I believe is going to be the most important trend in the cinema from now onwards."

He was still capable of enormous, grandiose errors: "Saraband for Dead Lovers," a costume epic in color, both cost and lost more than any other Ealing film before or since. But in 1948, the year in which Balcon was knighted, his admirers were rewarded with "Passport to Pimlico" (script by Clarke, direction by Henry Cornelius) and "Tight Little Island." This latter was directed by Alexander Mackendrick, a young Scot with the look of a slightly pallid longshoreman, whom Balcon promoted from the cutting

room. It illustrates the stringency of Ealing's economics that Mackendrick's first directorial salary was \$84 a week, or about half as much as the cameraman who was working under him.

The next three years saw Ealing at its best, beginning with the elegant, sabre-toothed "Kind Hearts and Coronets," in which Alec Guinness played eight speaking parts, one non-speaking cameo, and an oil painting. Guinness' flair for implying the existence of little fixed ideas, frisking about behind a deferential mask of normality, was more quickly appreciated and more vividly exploited at Ealing than anywhere else. "The Lavender Hill Mob" (1950) found him bowler-hatted, with a wild meditative gleam in his eye, as the myopic clerk who robs the Bank of England, and a year later he was inventing an indestructible fabric in Mackendrick's "The Man in the White Suit."

But the Guinness comedies, while they worked wonders for Balcon's prestige, made surprisingly little money, and since the end of 1951 art at Ealing has more than once been sacrificed to the box office. "The Cruel Sea" satisfied its makers by achieving the highest international gross in the studios' history; but what one critic called "the descending spiral" was already evident. "Where No Vultures Fly" featured animals and drew crowds. Balcon had lost Hamer and Cornelius; Clarke's talent was temporarily in eclipse; and it was left to Mackendrick to keep the flag flying with "High and Dry." The 1954 schedule comprised five pictures, of which one ("Lease of Life") was an amiable flop and another ("The Divided Heart") a critical success.

The remaining three dealt with the sea and the air, masculine elements in which Balcon and his colleagues seem most at home; as always, the plot ideas were admirably neat, but the execution seemed tired, the acting stiff and perfunctory. Much will depend on Mackendrick's new project, "The Lady Killers" (scripted by William Rose of "Genevieve"), a comedy in which Alec Guinness appears as "The Professor," *doyen* of the London underworld.

#### A TRUANT IN BIG BUSINESS

NOT A genius," Balcon once described himself, "just an obstinate success." No one doubts that his combustible obstinacy will sustain him through the present doldrums; as certain chemicals catch fire when compressed, Balcon explodes when threatened. On the large



canvas of world cinema, his is an odd, personal hieroglyph. Involved in big business, he cares little for big money. He has no taste for luxury (his car is a Humber, not a Rolls), and no talent for creating the kind of stars who command gigantic grosses. Ealing is first and foremost a forcing house for technicians—all but one of Balcon's directors came to him with no previous directorial credits. Every month a production conference is held, at which each unit presents a progress report and over which Balcon presides, like a buoyant and pugnacious housemaster with a passion for collective responsibility. He adores teaching. "Quite frankly," he says, "I like to impose myself on young people"; which explains why he has never employed such prima donnas of direction as David Lean and Carol Reed.

Ealing has been likened to a home for erratic adolescents who need a patriarchal atmosphere to give them security, and the simile is not inept. A composite Ealing type would be youthful, steak-faced, and check-jacketed; a cheery downer of pints at the Red Lion tavern opposite the studio gates; politically a liberal, socially a Bohemian, and tending toward rather caddish waistcoats. In such a closed circle there is a danger of inbreeding, of refusing to measure one's work by any standards more exacting than those of one's immediate colleagues; in spite of which it remains true that Balcon's methods have turned out more first-rate technicians than those of any other British studio. Nobody's integrity is strained with unsympathetic assignments. "Everyone at Ealing is a character": that is the rule, and Balcon exemplifies it, with his jerky, resonant speech, quick gestures and delighted combativeness. On a face so boyish, the small toothbrush mustache seems almost an affectation. He spends his weekends beneath Tudor beams in Sussex, farming idly, and observing with excited benevolence the careers of his two children, Jonathan and Jill. Ealing is his truancy, where the gaiety, the energy, and the cunning of childhood are allowed to erupt.

#### BLIND SPOTS

**S**UCH a temperament inevitably has blind spots, and this is where Balcon is a useful symbol: his blind spots are those of the British film industry as a whole. He has never made a film which paid any real attention to sex. His favorite productions—"The Captive Heart," "Scott of the Antarctic," and "The Cruel Sea"—

deal exclusively with men at work, men engrossed in a crisis, men who communicate with their women mostly by post card. A wry smile, a pat on the head, and off into the unknown: such is Ealing's approximation to sexual contact. Balcon even had qualms about the script of "The Divided Heart," in which a mother and a foster-mother vie for custody of a child: it invaded territories of emotion where he felt uneasy. He was recently asked whether he agreed that Ealing and sex were strangers to each other. "It's *perfly* true," he replied, with disarming candor. "Perhaps I ought to be psychoanalyzed."

His other blind spot also has wider implications. Many Ealing films have mocked at British vagaries, but none of them—indeed, no British film ever made—has embarked on serious criticism of a British institution. The law courts, the police force, the armed services, the Houses of Parliament, and the government offices are all as sacrosanct as the Crown: no film-maker would ever imply that the least whiff of corruption tainted any of them. Censorship, in this context, is an effect rather than a cause. The British do not relish self-criticism, above all at a time when national prestige is struggling to keep its head above water. Films such as "The Grapes of Wrath," "On the Waterfront," "Boomerang," "The Caine Mutiny," and "From Here to Eternity" could never have been made in England. The London critics' reaction to "From Here to Eternity" was especially revealing: they received it with muddled horror, and expressed astonishment that any nation could launch so damaging a blow at its own self-respect. Appearances, in fact, must be kept up.

In this attitude lies the reason for Balcon's ultimate inability to turn out the kind of masterpiece which goes beyond ironic comedy; which reshapes modes of thinking and feeling, scorching the mind as well as warming the heart. He would reject the responsibility of giving offense.

"If someone sent me a script criticizing the army," he has said, "something would stop me making it. You can call me middle-class if you like, but a script like that would—well, it would stick in my throat." The result is that Ealing looks like staying tied to the kind of film Balcon and Britain can swallow. His studio is a microcosm of his country, with its vigor, its levity, its love of hero-worship, its hatred of "artiness"; and its awkward evasions when confronted, in peacetime, with the more brutal and warlike aspects of truth.

*Grandes Dames. Battle Axes.  
Operators.  
and Ardent Amateurs*



# WOMEN IN POLITICS

By MARION K. SANDERS

*Drawings by Charles E. Martin*

AMERICAN women are feeling their political oats. The news has spread that there are two million more females than males of voting age in the United States. At most campaign headquarters last fall, women workers outnumbered men by two and even three to one. Their labors paid off spectacularly in many a skin-tight contest.

Politically speaking, we are in fighting trim. But our mood is not joyous. Indeed, from Phoenix to Binghamton, female partisans nurse elbows bashed and feelings bruised—not in honorable combat with the Republican or Democratic foe, but in the intra-party battle of the sexes. This useless guerrilla war is costing both parties a considerable treasure. It is hard to prove the much-advertised claim that women elected Ike; however, no one disputes that their efforts had much to do with his victory. Yet, at a White House political strategy conference on December 20, 1954, among those conspicuously absent were Bertha S. Adkins, Mary Pillsbury Lord, and the other heroines of the Eisenhower crusade. Columnist Doris Fleenon, a Democrat, called the omission a poor Christmas present for the girls. The sophisticated duenna of the Republican National Committee, Anne Wheaton—whose esteem for the President is matched only by her tolerance of male vagaries—observed that

“the incident has not passed unnoticed.” More volatile ladies of both parties were just plain mad.

A month later, New York State Democrats feted their great at a Victory Dinner. On the vast dais, the fetching but lonely faces of Angela Parisi, ebullient State Vice Chairman, and Representative Edna Kelly were submerged in a three-tiered sea of black ties. This seemed a puny dividend to the ladies who had made a heavy investment of time and toil in Governor Harriman's slim margin.

This kind of thing is mortifying. It is like letting little Nancy make the canapés and then sending her off to bed when the grown-up company arrives. It is also puzzling. Why bite the hand that feeds the ballot box?

Some of the wounds, one suspects, are self-inflicted. The standard posture of female politicians is defensive. We plant one foot high above grubby practical politics and the other on a rock inscribed, “In our aspirations and capacities we are identical with men.” No wonder our stance is wobbly. And no wonder the gentlemen are confused.

Are we, they ask, women first and Republicans and Democrats second? Are we part-time reformers or steady party hands? Why in the world do we want to get mixed up in politics anyhow?

Alas, there is no simple answer. Our faces may look familiar, but we are a diverse and mercurial lot. Learning to tell us apart is, I know, a great nuisance. He who troubles to do so, however, shall gain a pot of gold, that luscious prize—the women's vote.



To be honest we must admit that Dolly Madison would have got nowhere without James. Mrs. Taft, too, had to have William Howard in tow when she struck the shrewd bargain with TR which is said to have landed her husband in the White House. And, in addition to brains and beauty, the diplomatic assets of Clara Boothe Luce include *Time*, *Life*, and *Fortune*.

THERE IS NOTHING GRANDER  
THAN A GRANDE DAME

**G**RANDES Dames are creatures like Eleanor Roosevelt, Alice Longworth, Perle Mesta, or Helen Gahagan Douglas, endowed with special gifts of wisdom, wit, opulence, or glamor. Ordinarily they are revered from afar by their own sex. (An exception is Mrs. Roosevelt, whom millions of women worship for her courage and integrity and have taken to their hearts because she has so much trouble with her children. Similarly, Helen Douglas enchanted her feminine followers, not merely by her valiant campaigning, but because, like everyone else, she had to put up her hair in bobby pins every night.) One of the oddest Grandes Dames of all time is Lady Astor who—though an MP herself—was and presumably still is a violent antisuffragette.

Since the specialty of Grandes Dames is the management of men, it would seem foolish to dally long in explaining them. They can take care of themselves. However, their political role needs definition.

For example, the august mien of Mrs. J. Borden Harriman, a Wilsonian Democrat, once persuaded a number of Scarsdale ladies that Republicans are not the only people who wear shoes. Last summer, a California Grande Dame performed a gallant rescue. During the primaries, Democratic National Committee Chairman Steve Mitchell repudiated candidates Roosevelt and Condon on moral and security grounds. National Committeewoman Clara Shipser, an exuberant Berkeley housewife, tartly told him to stay out of state affairs and to stop passing ammunition to local smear-artists. She gave her letter to the papers, and found herself in a deep freeze for breaching political etiquette. Ladies don't talk back to national chairmen. First to rally to her side was a San Francisco dowager.

"Clara, you're so right," said Mrs. Henry Grady—adding with queenly humility, "What can I do to help? I haven't got much brains but I've got lots of guts."



The atmosphere began to thaw. And in November Clara was vindicated. Jimmy Roosevelt won, having been handsomely supported by southern California women who consider him a charming man with an unhappy wife. On the other hand, the National Chairman's slap may well have been the *coup de*

*grâce* that retired Congressman Condon.

In many parts of the world, the Grande Dame is the only type of woman who pulls any political weight. Foreign statesmen tend to ignore women who do not have mink coats, unless, like Eugenie Anderson, they learn Danish. Grandes Dames, therefore, make the best ambassadors.

This was impressed on me some years ago during a brief foreign mission of my own in Brazil, a country where women are just learning to vote and are seldom allowed to associate with men—except when doing the samba, a dance which has a leveling effect on the sexes, but not in a political sense. I was sent to Rio by the U. S. Department of State, which then employed me, to represent my division at a conclave of propaganda experts. For five sweltering days, the temperature and humidity maintained a steady 95. Business being finally concluded, most of us thought it would be nice, before winging home on *El Presidente*, to spend the final afternoon gazing at Sugar Loaf from cool Copacabana Beach. We sought leave to skip one item on the agenda, a mass call on the Brazilian Foreign Office.

Cheerfully dismissing the men in our party, the chairman seized my arm in a firm, if moist, grip.

"You must go," he said. "It is now known in Rio that there is one lady in this delegation. It is assumed that you are the mistress of the Secretary of State or you would never have been sent. The whole Foreign Office wants to look you over, and we cannot let our Good Neighbor down."

I have always felt that I owed Mr. Acheson, whom I have not had the pleasure of meeting, a personal apology for the wilted seersucker suit in which I trailed through those diplomatic

corridors. No Grande Dame would ever be caught unpressed at a time like this. I am glad that Mr. Dulles has sent to Montevideo Mrs. F. Peavy Hefelfinger, one of the stateliest oaks in our land. She has, I hope, repaired some of the damage which my visit inflicted on U. S. prestige south of the border.

Although splendid as exports, Grandes Dames are a trifle rich for American blood and, at home, should be reserved, like champagne, for special occasions. Mr. Bernard L. Lamb was, no doubt, carried away by the majestic hats in his audience when he exhorted the Federation of Republican Women's Clubs not to hold all their parties "at the country club."



"Meet the woman on the other side of the tracks," he said, "with her five dirty-faced children."

Now, in plain truth, a weakness for country clubs, salted almonds, and silver tea urns is a bipartisan foible. Such trappings have switched the enrollment of many a suburban housewife. But this is society-page stuff. Mr. Lamb, unfortunately, hit the news columns. This was in September 1953. Shortly thereafter, the country and a number of Democrats were stunned when Republican Congressional strongholds started toppling.

Grandes Dames are not tactical weapons and generally make poor candidates. Bipartisan cheers rang in Los Angeles last summer when brilliant, soignée Mildred Younger beat backward-looking State Senator Tenney in the primary. Rather listlessly, and with minimal hopes, the Democrats put up a young lawyer named Dick Richards to oppose her. He won. A candid Republican lady explained the outcome this way:

"Mildred made wonderful speeches but she didn't really *campaign*. I don't think you *can* really campaign in a Mr. John hat."

#### THE GREAT BATTLE AXES

I AM NOT a militant," said Daisy Harri-man in 1918, after viewing a rowdy suffrage demonstration. She was quite right. Although a dedicated suffragette, and a power in Washington and Oslo, she is a Grande Dame. The militants of the suffrage movement and their lineal descendants are today's Great Battle Axes. Burning with a pure white flame, they are the stern and prickly Conscience of the Party.

"Are you a lawyer?" one asked me suspiciously when we first met. "I can't work with lawyers. They always *want* something."

We became friends only when I proved that politics is, for me, the road to bankruptcy.

"Women's interest cannot be aroused in mere partisan strife," wrote a *fin-de-siècle* Great Battle Axe. "Their interest centers around questions affecting education, public cleanliness, public morality, civic beauty, charities, correction, public libraries, and such subjects as more intimately affect home life and conduce to the prosperity of the family. Men understand that, in legislative matters, when they oppose one woman they are opposing practically all women."

This was good bait for luring timid ladies to the polls. But it did not help political relations between the sexes. Men have been understandably leery of colleagues more bent on shampooing public morality than on winning elections. This is probably why Dorothy (No Sin) Lee is now on the Federal Parole Board after one aseptic term as Mayor of Portland.

The Great Battle Axes are our rough riders. They will storm any citadel for a principle and, above all, for the principle that woman's place is in the political sun. Not long ago, an Ohio Great Battle Axe abandoned her law practice and her husband and scurried to Texas where, she had learned, a woman running for Congress was being dumped by the men. It made no difference whether she was competent or not. She was a woman and that was enough.

Last summer valiant India Edwards flew to California and manned the stockades for a woman who was slated to become Democratic State Chairman. This feminist milestone had resulted chiefly from the strange laws of succession established to prevent civil war between the



northern and southern portions of that curious state, but India expected the boys to pull a fast one—which, of course, they did. Mud flew in the ensuing Donnybrook. Its target, Liz Snyder, is a seasoned campaigner and finally won out. India was very pleased. But when I last saw her, Liz looked more tired than triumphant. To head the Democratic party of California is like riding a two-headed horse with blind staggers.

#### THE LESSER BATTLE AXES

**T**IME seems to have dampened the flaming hostility toward men which stoked the engines of the Great Battle Axes. In any event, their successors, the Lesser Battle Axes, have learned to handle their aggressions more deftly. Products of the post-feminist era, many have been schooled in the art of competing with men in business and the professions. The League of Women Voters has produced some first-rate Lesser Battle Axes and so have the PTAs. The American Association of University Women nurtured CIO-PAC's Esther Murray, and Edna Jamison (who has been called Senator Kefauver's secret weapon) is a Tennessee Sunday School teacher. Most women leaders of local political organizations are Lesser Battle Axes. I am one myself.

We are, in general, married and blessed with supremely co-operative husbands—cheerful meet-ers of planes, warmers-up of stew, and payers of giant phone bills. These indispensable men are usually attached to the same political parties as their wives. I know of only one exception and this poor fellow now takes a Gibson before breakfast. Says Dr. Louise Young of American University:

"The husband of a woman in politics has to be mature."

A plaintive response to this tribute was made by Walter Louchheim, whose wife, Katie, runs the distaff side of the Democratic National Committee.

"Is it absolutely necessary," he asked, "for a mature man to have holes in his socks?"

Few husbands will go as far as Arthur N. Green, who is moving his electrical-heating business to Washington while his wife Edith represents Oregon's Third Congressional District. Perhaps most callings are less mobile than electrical heating. But since the election of a married woman to state or national office usually involves uprooting or forfeiting a valued male,

there is a chronic shortage of good female candidates.

There are other reasons too for this state of affairs which can't be laughed off. I know, for I've tried. My own plunge into political waters occurred in 1952. I dove, or rather bellywhopped, in by running for Congress in a district which has been a one-party fastness since the Civil War. I upset no precedents but I had a marvelous time. Part of the fun was slugging it out with my opponent, Katharine St. George. She is, obviously, a woman, but there any resemblance between us ends. For several weeks she followed the common practice of incumbents who are sitting pretty. She pretended no one was running against her. This gave me a brief monopoly of the local headlines. Word was then leaked from her headquarters that a *shocking disclosure* about me would shortly be unveiled. My strategists, determined not to be caught flat-footed when the blow fell, forced me to engage in Proustian remembrances of my peripatetic past. This was a grueling ordeal. Finally, they pinpointed *that night in Bratislava* as the softest spot.

Recently, I bumped into Claiborne Pell, who was our Vice Consul in Slovakia at the time, and he recalled the episode with gusto. However, my opponent never found out about it, so I am certainly not going to tell the story now. I assure you there was absolutely *nothing* to it, but I don't want it thrown in my teeth when I run for coroner. What she did discover was that I once edited a U. S. government magazine that was sold in the Soviet Union.

"The Russians," she said darkly, "must have liked it."

Since this exploit was featured in my campaign biography and had been praised by such diverse organs as *Time*, the *Washington Star*, and the *Wilkes-Barre Record*, it caused more of a splatter than a smear. I released a scathing reply. My county chairman, Mike Prendergast, an Irishman with a low boiling point, emitted a blast. This livened up an otherwise sedate campaign.

Much of it was conducted in split-level ranch houses where my followers exposed their neighbors to my magnetic presence. After one such gathering a dear little old lady bade me a warm farewell.

"I enjoyed your talk," she said. "Of course, I won't vote for you; but I won't be mad if you win."

This turned out to be the prevailing sentiment. It was not, however, because of the dearth

of constituents that I declined the party's designation in '54. We have picked up a lot of votes lately and politics is my true love. I am the happiest of party hacks. But as a candidate, I feel inadequate. Chiefly, I lack the priceless asset of a man running for office, that built-in housekeeper, secretary, chauffeur, and campaign manager—a wife. During my one bid for office, these burdens were borne by my young and heroic daughter. But she has since been hired by a politician who has a habit of winning. My



husband is a prince about jungles of pamphlets and queer characters in the living room, warmed-over coffee, unmade beds, and forgotten children. He puts up with these by-products of wifely campaigning, but he does not relish them.

I have found, too, that soothing the furrowed brow of your favorite candidate is less debilitating than working the saloon and church-social circuit yourself. This discovery has also been made by Maurine Neuberger, who has quit the Oregon legislature to be a full-time U. S. Senator's wife. Her decision would have irked Carrie Chapman Catt, but it does not surprise me at all.

LESSER battle axes take a cautious view on the question of women in public office. We pray, of course, that the Lord will one day send us another Margaret Chase Smith. This would be a boon even to the Lone Goddess of the Upper Chamber whose impact is somewhat diluted by a perpetual bath of cloying Senatorial courtesy. Hopeful eyes are upon Consuelo North Bailey, an ornament to the Republican party and to the State of Vermont, which has made her Lieutenant Governor. On the other hand, we note, too, that Wanda Sankary of San Diego produced a baby the day after she was elected to the state legislature. This was dramatic, but really quite inconvenient. So is the whole busi-

ness of running for office if you happen to be a woman. We can take it or leave it alone.

However, we are all far from gentle on the question of An Equal Voice Within the Party. Recently, a Midwestern Lysistrata enforced a women's boycott of state headquarters when she found that all the hot questions of strategy, candidates, and patronage were being settled at stag sessions. The boycott lasted two months. After a truce was signed, the ladies rolled up their sleeves, helped elect a governor, and sent a woman to Congress for good measure.

#### MINNIE O'GOLDFARB

**T**HERE is no use in whining about the things perpetrated in the 130 blissful years when men had politics all to themselves. It was natural for them to grab off all the good jobs and try to entail them for their male heirs. But what a rough time they have given us since 1920!

Take, for instance, the whole tribe of Minnie O'Goldfarbs. These are the girls they dredged up from somewhere (without, of course, talking to any of the women in their organizations) when the party rules were changed and co-chairladies, committeewomen, and such had to be appointed. Sometimes Minnie is Good Old Joe's widow and buys a table for The Dinner every year. Sometimes she is that woman down the block whose whole family votes right. Her cardinal trait is that she cannot distinguish a petition from an issue. Also, she was frightened in infancy by a man with a big cigar and still quivers in his presence. Like her blood-brother, the old-style political henchman, she expects to be paid off, in cash or a seat on the dais, for her lumpish efforts in behalf of the party.

Her memory is ever with me when I read those vast compilations of Women in Public Office and Party Posts that turn up seasonally. I simply take my customary Minnie O'Goldfarb discount of 50 per cent. For she is still cluttering up half the available spots.

Just as a mother may neglect her healthy children to pamper the family idiot, male politicians tend to ignore viable women workers while lavishing the tenderest care on Minnie. An extreme instance of such behavior occurred during my campaign for Congress. One of the several County Chairmen who controlled my destiny welcomed me to his fief with the blithe news that he was concentrating on the women's vote this



year. He was, in fact, running a woman for local office and we could, perhaps, blend our girlish campaign efforts. He turned to a shadowy figure cowering in the rear of the Court House, where our conference was taking place.

"Here she is!" he said, proudly.

"What are you running for?" I asked.

The shadow peered inquiringly at her master, over steel-rimmed glasses. She shuffled her feet, drawing my eyes to the inch of slip that had outdistanced the hem of what I insist was a Mother Hubbard. She said nothing.

"It don't matter what she's running for," said the County Chairman. "She's a woman and she's on the ticket. You two can really go places in this campaign."

Since Minnies live forever and never resign, they present a vexing organizational problem. They are not only dead wood but permanent stoppers in the few party openings that could be filled by capable women who deserve recognition. An astute Republican state vice-chairman is experimenting with a novel solution on the theory that if they can't be eliminated perhaps they can be housebroken. Last year she started holding women's caucuses before State Central Committee meetings.

"Those girls were stunned," she told me. "I guess it was the first time they'd ever sat in a meeting without some man at their elbows telling them how to vote. I held them in line 100 per cent. Of course, I don't know if the boys will let them come to my caucus next year."

#### THE OPERATORS

**M**INNIE should not be confused with the sleek siren at the chairman's right when the TV camera pans over the convention rostrum. Glossy as these lilies are, they spin and many a plum has been trapped in their webs. These are the Operators. Since their calling places them on frequent public display they must, like movie stars, spend a great deal of time in beauty parlors. They make good use of the hours so gained for solitary meditation. It is possible, also, that prolonged cooking of the scalp under dryers sharpens the wits, as heat tempers steel. Their footwork, too, is admirable. This is vital to survival in the big time where these girls play.

Most Operators are the machine-tooled products of entrenched machines and wear rhinestone-studded brass knuckles. They need them,

for bosses are rough on intruders, irrespective of sex, who might want a hunk of the patronage pie. The Operator cannot concern herself much with others of her kind. Maintaining her own toe-hold is a full-time job. Occasionally the Operator attains high office. Since a good Operator can out-manuever the craftiest bureaucrat, this is often in the public interest. Sometimes, however, she is miscast. For, unlike most politically active females, the Operator is not, temperamentally, a Do-Good-er. Take Mrs. Oveta Culp Hobby. She is, of course, not a Do-Bad-er. But except for an interlude in the WAC, when she associated mainly with generals, she has eschewed the Worthy Women's world. She could perhaps have done an even better job in the Commerce Department than as head of what Herblock has dubbed the Department of Not-Too-Much Health, Education, and Welfare.

#### THE ARDENT AMATEURS

**I**N OCTOBER 1954, Mildred Breidenstein, who runs a grocery, persuaded eighty-four ladies to stage political television parties in Isabella County, Michigan. Around the same time in Manhattan, Audrey Hess was stuffing a thousand envelopes. Zoë Wilson, whose husband is head of the Amalgamated Meatcutters, AFL, and Helen Stoll, a Portland lawyer's wife, saw to it that 80,000 phone calls were made in Multnomah County, Oregon, on and before election day. And in Nyack, New York, a former Iowa beauty queen, Connie Voss, who weighs ninety-six pounds, toted a davenport twice her size to her party's headquarters.

These are the Ardent Amateurs. They are wonderful and they abound. Usually they work as part of a regular campaign organization. There is so much to do during campaigns that no one cares if you are a man, a woman, or a chipmunk. But after November, the Ardent Amateur who wants to stay in politics is in trouble. There are, of course, no vacancies in the regular organization. So she ventures to a meeting of the town's "mixed" political club. Here she makes a painful discovery. She is afraid to speak up, lest she make a fool of herself in front of all those men. This is precisely what she does when she scrambles nervously to her feet.

Why is this? The Ardent Amateur is bright and her education is the same as her husband's. Unfortunately, she has not had the same post-

graduate course. While he was learning to hold his own in office, factory, union, business, or professional organization, she was home. During the years when babies were ever under foot, she even got out of the habit of reading the newspapers carefully.

At this stage our Ardent Amateur is no match for men in matters parliamentary and political. The "mixed" club might make her chairman of the social committee but this is not really very different from being a Grade Mother. Probably, she joins the League of Women Voters, which has a program sensibly geared to the capacity, pace, and leisure of the intelligent housewife. Because our political parties seldom offer similar opportunities, many Ardent Amateurs linger indefinitely in the safe, non-partisan womb of the League.

In Democratic circles, well-organized women's programs are a rarity. The Federation of Republican Women's Clubs, on the other hand, has roots in forty-five states; the GOP has the money to finance such grand-scale operations, and, with the '56 campaign right around the corner, is moving them into high gear through a series of lavishly publicized regional conferences. The Federation itself, however, is not dependent on such seasonal support. For the past sixteen years, it has flowed on, like the mighty Mississippi, unchecked by National Committee snubs or Democratic jibes. It may look stuffy to the untutored eye, but its hand reaches far beyond the tea table. It is no accident that the Utah Federation president, Hazel T. Chase, has been re-elected to her third term as Salt Lake City's county recorder.

#### ATOMS AND OLEO

WHILE many women can serve useful internships in their own divisions or clubs, they should move on, as soon as possible, into real life. In crossing the frontier, we must also jettison some prevailing stereotypes about women's political sphere.

Breezy Coya Knutson of Minnesota stepped bravely out of character last fall by being elected to Congress not because she is a woman but because, like her constituents, she is a farmer. She then went on to demand and get a place on the all-male House Agriculture Committee.

This is subversive stuff and was so noted in the political sections of the *New York Times*. Lady politicians more commonly land on the woman's

page when, like Representative Leonor Sullivan of Missouri, they bemoan the high price of coffee. Maurine Neuberger also spent a lot of time urging the Oregon legislature to give working mothers a tax break on baby-sitters and wielding a greasy mixing spoon in behalf of colored margarine. Senator Neuberger described these feats in his book, *Adventures in Politics*.

"In politics," he wrote, with an almost audible sigh of masculine relief, "the woman's mission is to champion the particular aspirations of her sex."

Now, I hate paying a dollar-twenty for coffee; I love yellow oleo; and I wish we could have taken a deduction for all the money we paid to baby-tenders when I was a working mother. I grant, too, that such matters make good political chit-chat at Den Mothers' meetings. But does Maurine really consider these the limits of her political mission? If so (and this may be a small price to pay for so nice a husband as Senator Neuberger) let her speak for herself. I won't buy it unless I have to.



Often, I confess, I do. Last summer, for instance, I served on my party's state platform committee. The gentlemen, who enjoyed their customary plurality on the committee, allowed me to draft the planks on Juvenile Delinquency, Mental Health, Senior Citizens, and Retarded Children. These are women's topics. I was also encouraged to play around with Migratory Farm Labor because I come from a rural area, twenty miles north of the city line, and our urban male brains were preoccupied with such grave matters as legalized Bingo.

Now, I happen to know practically nothing about the topics listed above. However, there are lots of people around who do. It was an instructive and simple task to reduce their ideas to politically palatable paragraphs. I enjoyed



doing it. When I had completed my ministrations to the afflicted, my thoughts returned to a field in which I have a mild competence, foreign affairs. This is because I spent eight arduous years engaged in little else. (I am also quite a whiz on Subaqueous Tunneling, Marine Borers, and Free Lighterage, but these are poor vote-getters.) Accordingly, I offered to join the group that was composing our foreign policy preamble. This suggestion evoked the kind of fish-eye I would expect if I tried to become Chief of the Rescue Hook and Ladder of Haverstraw. I had stepped out of woman's sphere and I was properly slapped down.

I do not begrudge the American male the tranquil enjoyment of the locker-room palship which means so much to him. If ever elected to anything, I will gladly sponsor a bill forever enjoining women from becoming Volunteer Firemen, attending American Legion Conventions, or playing pool. But I decline to humor the boys by limiting the political scope of women to whatever topics men, at the moment, find boring. This is not feasible unless we confine the curricula of our women's colleges to home economics and sociology.

During most of my own campaign I stayed prudently on the reservation, at the urging of seasoned counselors. Friendly reporters also thirsted for "woman's angle" copy, preferably double-distilled since this was a two-woman race. Price control, middle-income housing, and other housewifely topics were not the burning issues of 1952, so most of my speeches were pretty dull.

IN LATE October, I shed this spiritual hobble skirt. The emancipation took place in a Delaware County, New York, hamlet which is a two-hundred-mile drive from my home in Rockland County. A minor blizzard started in mid-afternoon and slowed our travels, as did stops in transit at the taverns, post offices, and feed stores which are the chief rendezvous of Democrats in the area. As a result, we arrived around eleven at night, three hours late.

Delaware is a county chiefly populated by cows and Republicans. The site of this rally was a summer hotel and a very nice one. On that bleak night, however, it resembled the catacombs and the brave little band in the restaurant looked like early Christians awaiting the Second Coming. Their eager welcome, at this unseemly hour, was due to the fact that I was appearing not merely as a Candidate (who can get by with

a few graceful remarks about the Other Candidate), but as the Speaker of the Evening. This is a tough assignment, even when well fed. A Great Oration is expected. Inspired by the twenty expectant faces before me and emboldened by the lateness of both the hour and the campaign, I decided—the hell with the woman's angle. What would Adlai Stevenson do at a time like this? And so I sailed into the great issue of our times, the issue of war and peace in the atomic age.

It must have been midnight when I finished. The chairman arose and shook my hand.

"Fellow Democrats," he said, "I must confess I wasn't anxious to come out on a night like this to listen to some housewife. But our candidate is better than Lowell Thomas."

Then, turning to a waiter, he bestowed the final accolade of acceptance in the masculine society of the twenty-eighth Congressional District of New York.

"George," he said, "bring this lady a Seven-Up and apple jack."

#### WHY AND WHITHER

IT IS TIME that we stopped behaving like Iolanthe's little band. Much energy has been wasted tripping hither, tripping thither at the behest of obtuse men and peculiar women. Whither do we want to go and why?

For an answer, we could, of course, poll our celebrities. But the air they breathe is somewhat rarefied. Let us, instead, caucus among ourselves. To this end, I have gathered together a group well-regarded by their own sex and their respective parties, although they enjoy only local fame. They range in magnitude from district co-leader to national committeewomen. They will speak for themselves:

*Janet Tourtellotte (R) of Seattle, Washington:* When women got the vote, men expected to yield 50 per cent of their political authority but we failed to claim it. When we finally tried to get into the smoke-filled rooms, they assigned us minor roles as workers but not as strategists. We should function in separate organizations while progressing toward equal responsibility in all party activities.

*Ethel Longstreet (D) of Beverly Hills, California:* We will support candidates who talk to us convincingly about the real issues, not those who patronize us with feeble jokes. We don't want to be every-other-year workers but part of a going organization.

*Katherine S. Dixon (R) of Lake Forest, Illinois:* Women are less compromising than men on most issues. We can encourage people of high calibre to run for office when we can offer them strong organizational backing. People who jump from party to party to vote for a personality are in no position to offer real support.

*Belle Mayer Zeck (D) of Suffern, New York:* Women constitute the largest labor pool available to our political parties. However, this potential will never be realized unless their talents and skills are fully utilized and unless they are permitted, after the election is over, to participate in their parties' leadership.

*Marjorie H. E. Benedict (R) of Berkeley, California:* The great majority of women do not seek personal rewards for their political efforts. Their unselfish work as volunteers is extremely effective. But we must have a full voice in policy-making.

*Marjorie L. Schneider (D) of Galesburg, Illinois:* Any attempt to limit us to menial tasks shows poor judgment and is grounds for a revolution. Women must infiltrate into the regular party ranks.

The sense of this meeting seems clear. We don't desire a matriarchal chain of command but we do want a chance to advance the ideas and the candidates we cherish. We accept party discipline but we expect the party to give us our due. And we dislike being treated as second-class politicians.

Is our position unreasonable? Now hear Herb Waters, the deft manager of Senator Hubert H. Humphrey's last campaign.

"Women," says Herb, "can be extremely effective, if they are given an opportunity to plan and guide their own participation, rather than just being 'used.'"

This simple precept governed the "Minnesota Women for Humphrey" committee. Its chairman was not the customary absentee name-on-the-letterhead, but an able, diligent, and charming worker, Eleanor Moen, who had her own ideas on how to pursue the women's vote. Herb told her to get going. Senator Humphrey, a man of modest means but strong convictions, set the ladies up in business with a personal contribution, thus obviating the humiliating mendicancy which is the lot of most women's committees.

From that point on, "Women for Humphrey" paid its own way, chiefly through small change dropped into campaign sugar bowls in countless kitchens and antique sugar bowls displayed

at meetings and fairs. A series of promotional teas was held to enlist potential leaders. Ultimately more than two thousand active workers set off a chain reaction of coffee parties.

Pink was the campaign color (although not the political complexion) of "Women for Humphrey." Letterheads were pink and so were the cobbler's aprons worn by women workers, the leaflets, flyers, and even the campaign phonograph record of which 5,000 were distributed. Although pink is a shade many women like, it was seldom worn by Susan B. Anthony. Her spirits would soar, however, as mine did, upon hearing that foreign policy was the favorite Kaffee Klatch discussion topic.

"Women for Humphrey" did not operate in an ivory nunnery. Mrs. Moen was a full partner on the campaign strategy board, along with the heads of the Mayors', Veterans', Businessmen's, Lawyers', Students', and Physicians' Committees and party regulars. When the votes were counted, Senator Humphrey had a plurality of 162,000 in a state Eisenhower carried by 150,000 in 1952.

The Minnesota story is refreshing, and other hopeful winds are also stirring. Late in January, after all the fuss about those White House stag dinners, the President got up at dawn to meet with some eminent Republican ladies. The gathering was called a "Doe Breakfast." This event took me back to my bloomer-and-middy-b blouse days. One glorious morning, I remember, the coach of the boys' basketball team came all the way over to the girls' gym to deliver a pep talk. It gave us a real charge.





Mary McCarthy

# MISTER RODRIGUEZ OF LISBON

Cheerful, self-satisfied, and energetic  
... admiring American ways ...

he symbolizes in miniature the "new man" of  
Portugal's "benevolent dictatorship."

ONLY RARELY sees how often a completely happy person, but that was how Mr. Rodriguez struck me, like a sunburst. He believed tremendously in his work: this was evident from the outset. He leaped up from his desk to meet me—a stoutish, ruddy-checked man, about thirty-five years old, with black, wavy hair, a round potato nose, very clean hands, and linen snowy as an alb. Outside, on the tessellated pavement, a car was waiting, with a driver, furnished through the Ministry of Information, to take us on a tour of housing projects in the Lisbon area. Mr. Rodriguez searched in his desk and found me a speech he had delivered to an international conference of housing experts, describing the achievements his department had made. He was the director of "Economic Homes," one of the "new men" of the Salazar regime, a former schoolteacher who had married a social worker.

Yes, he said proudly: Portugal had social workers as well as superhighways, social security, adult education, housing projects, rent controls, price controls, modern psychiatry, football,

workers' vacation plans, and a reformed school curriculum based on citizenship and vocational training, rather than on book learning. "Just like America." I nodded, wanly. It was not the first time the resemblance had been called to my attention. Portugal, though a small, poor country, as her officials assured me, had nearly everything America had, plus social discipline.

The Portuguese were children, so their leaders said. Mr. Rodriguez did not express this thought in words, but his whole being radiated a chaste paternal glow. He was, as he told me immediately, the father of a growing family, the head of an office family of engineers and social workers and secretaries, and the patriarch of 10,081 "Economic Homes," occupied, according to his estimate, by 40,336 persons. Health and philoprogenitiveness burst from him, together with vital statistics, as he sped me about his offices, joyously introducing me to his staff and citing their qualifications. Three bashful young women social workers, wearing little merit stars in their dark suit-lapels, lined up before him, like convent pupils, to hear their names pronounced and tell, in Portuguese, what they did. The secretaries and "typewriters" sat demurely at their desks or hurried to open the files at Mr. Rodriguez' bidding. At the head of the office class, in Mr. Rodriguez' doorway, stood a beaming engineer who had propagated thirteen children.

Thanks to the charts and figures which had been showered on me by the Ministry of Information, I understood the principle of "Economic Homes," and I had observed, for myself, the blocks of new housing scattered throughout Portugal. There were housing projects everywhere, for the fishermen, the sardine workers, the miners; in the slums, bulldozers were at work; in the remotest mountains, developments were springing up, complete with electrification, new streets, church, school, and recreation center. The wise philosophy of Salazar, as the official texts explained, embodied itself characteristically in the medium of housing, the *casa* being the symbol of family life and political stability. "For every family a home, for each arm, a hoe, for every mouth, its bread." There were prefabs, "Limited Rent Housing," "Free Housing"—all subsidized or controlled by the government.

But "Economic Homes," I learned, were the backbone of the building program. They differed from the other types of housing in that the rent, scaled to the occupants' wages, was paid as

amortization over a twenty-five year period, so that at the end of this period, the tenant owned his *casa*. The houses were divided into four classes, according to occupation: unskilled; skilled; white-collar; and professional (college graduate or equivalent). The four classes, in turn, were divided into types, according to the size of the family and the sexes of the children: no children; one child; two children of the same sex; two children of opposite sexes; three children; and so on, the requirement being that no more than two children should share a room, and that these two must be of the same sex.

This scholastic precision, as of dogmatic theology, dazzled my mind, and I found it hard to distinguish "Economic Homes" from "Economic Rent"—a branch of "Limited Rent," which was also divided and subdivided into multiple categories. Mr. Rodriguez explained the important differences as he hustled me into the car. "Economic Rent" consisted of large apartment houses, built by workers' syndicates or by other corporative organizations or by private enterprise. Such housing projects, he understood, existed everywhere, while the *Casas Economicas*, combining individual ownership with state control and giving to each worker his separate house and garden, were typically Portuguese.

I then confessed that I found it hard to keep "Free Housing" (for the totally indigent), apart from "Free Rent Housing" (luxury apartments outside government control). And I mixed them both up with the *Casas do Povo* ("Houses of the People"), which had nothing to do with housing but were centers for agricultural workers. Mr. Rodriguez laughed. For a foreigner, he said, I had mastered the distinctions well. He was relieved, he acknowledged, to find that I had done my home work; this would leave us time to talk.

#### JUST LIKE AMERICA

**T**IME oppressed Mr. Rodriguez; the shortage of it was his only vexation. As he sat beside me in the back seat of the car, in his dark suit, with his black hair leaping into a vibrant pompadour, he gave the impression of a solid package of restless energy, like a quantum. He sat with arms folded and rump perched on the edge of the seat; one eye rested on the driver, to make sure he was taking the shortest route; the other, so to speak, roamed out the window, noting points of touristic interest that we were going too fast to see.

He began to tell me about himself, conscientiously, as we sped along, like a man dictating a memo while having his shoes shined. He came from Miranda-do-Douro, in Tras-os-Montes, far off, in the north, near the Spanish border; his wife—a nice contrast—came from Silves, in the southern Algarve. He had been to America, as a representative of his teachers' syndicate; he showed me a photograph of himself in a group of teachers at the summer school of a Midwestern American college. He was still active in his teachers' syndicate, though housing kept him very busy and he had other obligations, as husband, citizen, father, and faithful son of the Church. Meetings, always meetings, he said happily. "Just like America." He had felt very much at home in America, he confided, and in his office he used American methods, treating his employees democratically and working harder than any of them, to show what he expected. He tried to keep up with his English; at home, on his bookshelves, I would see, there were volumes he had brought back, St. Augustine, in the Modern Library, and Mortimer Adler's *How to Read a Book*.

As he spoke, he kept interrupting himself, looking at his watch, leaning forward and abruptly directing the driver this way and that, whenever a new idea crossed his active mind. "*Em frente*," "*Direito*," "*Esquerda*"—Mr. Rodriguez' interests far transcended the boundaries of his field, and the car shot about like a ball in a pinball machine, left, right, back, under his dynamic impetus. During the course of our tour, we saw not only "Economic Homes," Mr. Rodriguez' own domain, but PreFabs, Free Housing, Limited Rent Housing, and Free Rent Housing ("You cannot tell the difference?" he inquired proudly). Crisscrossing Lisbon at a wild pace several times during the afternoon, we also saw the *auto-estrada*, the airdrome, the new science laboratories, the new belvedere of Santa Clara, and the new church, metallically modern, of Our Lady of Fatima, where Mr. Rodriguez knelt down and rapidly said a prayer.

Thinking of the chauffeur, waiting outside, I too sent up a prayer—of thanks, for once, that we were not in a democratic country. As a democratic person, I was already feeling apologetic to the chauffeur, who was not Mr. Rodriguez' employee but had been assigned to me through the Bureau of Tourism. But what could I do? Mr. Rodriguez had assumed command, and the driver, I told myself, was probably used to obey-



ing. Under a dictatorship, Mr. Rodriguez would not be expected to give his reasons.

For my own part, I was a little sorry that Mr. Rodriguez' interests pertained so strictly to the new. When I glimpsed a pink palace, once, and turned my eyes hopefully toward him, he took no notice of my curiosity.

"Pretty," I murmured, hinting.

"*Em frente,*" said Mr. Rodriguez sternly, as the driver started to slow down. For a moment, looking at his profile, with its stubby, turned-up nose and glowing round cheek, I thought of a Soviet official. And like so many revolutionaries, he was a puritan; he had turned over a "new" leaf. At one point, hearing that I too had been educated in the classics, he proposed that we should speak Latin together, but set aside the idea, stalwartly, as belonging to the "former" Mr. Rodriguez.

#### TRICYCLES AND CHANDELIERS

IT WAS mid-afternoon when we drove into the first block of *Casas Economicas* in the Madre de Deus district. I had asked to see Class A and Class B, unskilled and skilled—the lowest categories. As we drove along the new streets, laid out on a rectangular plan, Mr. Rodriguez emphasized that these were not houses but homes. The owner-tenants were screened by the young social workers I had met in his office, to make sure they were the right kind of people. The rents were fixed in each category not to exceed one-sixth of the family's total earnings, and 15 per cent of this rent went to cover insurance premiums for death, disability, and sickness, also for fire insurance.

What if a worker loses his job, I asked. The social workers would find him one, Mr. Rodriguez replied. And if he died, even if he had just moved in, the house would belong to his widow, without further payments. Still, I said, there must be some occasions when the worker-tenant could not keep up the installments and the house would revert to the state. Very seldom, said Mr. Rodriguez. The screening was very thorough. "If we suspect a man is unstable, we do not give him the house." Once in a while, of course, human nature being what it was, a tenant might begin to drink or go crazy, but again the social worker would step in and have him treated by psychiatry.

It sounded very good, I observed. But what if the owner-tenant's wife was a slat-

ternly housekeeper and they let the place run down? The government, he answered, had thought of that too. Each block of houses was supervised by a Fiscal officer, who lived in the end house, where he could keep an eye on things. But generally there were no problems. The Portuguese were naturally neat, and since the *casa* belonged to the worker, he had a special interest in keeping it in good condition. Many improved their houses, working after hours. There, for example—his eye traveled down a street commendingly—was a garage an owner-tenant had built himself.

A feeling of surprise came over me as I turned to look at the garage, draped in bougainvillaea. I knew what a car cost and I knew what workers were paid. A building worker, in a good month, might get \$23.40, minus taxes and social security deductions. The cook (skilled) in my *pensão* got \$7 a month. What, I murmured, was the rent in these Class A houses? He was not sure; each case was different—about a hundred and thirty escudos, \$4.55. (He was wrong; as I later learned, the Class A rents in this district were about two hundred escudos—\$7.)

This was not too bad, I reflected; some workers could afford to live here, especially with the gardens yielding fruit and vegetables; according to Mr. Rodriguez, many of the tenants kept chickens and rabbits also. And if all your insurance were paid and there were no heating bills to think of, in this temperate climate, and the state sent the doctor when you were sick? The houses, in pale pastels with orange-tile roofs, looked pleasant from the outside; the streets were clean and sunny and the children were riding tricycles up and down the pavement. If the interiors lived up to the outside, the worker's lot here would compare quite favorably to America, with its dreary television aerials and canned spaghetti dinners. I still wondered about the garage, but it occurred to me that the owner might be a taxi-driver.

Our own car had stopped, in front of the Fiscal's house. Mr. Rodriguez jumped out and knocked at the door. There was no answer. An expression of annoyance crossed Mr. Rodriguez' face. He jotted down a note in his notebook, and we drove along slowly, trying to choose a house.

A uniformed maid, with a child hiding behind her skirts, answered the door of the house we finally selected.

"Class A?" I queried, feeling that there must be a mistake.

"Class A," said Mr. Rodriguez, firmly, piloting me forward. I glanced at the young chauffeur for confirmation.

"Class A," he nodded, grinning, and folding his arms, proudly, in imitation of Mr. Rodriguez, before the picture of working-class prosperity that presented itself framed in the doorway. The mistress of the house was out, but the maid consented to show the house to us, when Mr. Rodriguez revealed his identity. She was eager, indeed, to show it, hurrying ahead of us to plump a cushion here or straighten a hanging there. I tried to conceal my astonishment. The house was furnished in the height of Portuguese bourgeois taste. There was a huge crystal chandelier in the small boxlike living-room; there were carved cabinets, heavy, embossed draperies, a wall-to-wall armoire in the Chinese style, Oriental-type rugs, floppy velvet dolls, antimacassars on dark, overstuffed chairs. The dining-room and the upstairs were furnished with the same abandon; the only room that could be called economic was the maid's room, which had nothing in it but a bed, a cheap chest of drawers, and the toys of the son of the house.

"*Bonita*," I echoed the maid's soft comment, as we moved from room to room, Mr. Rodriguez stopping to demonstrate that the house had everything the chart promised: modern bath, modern kitchen, room for the child, room, as he put it, "where the couple sleeps," flower garden in front, vegetable garden in back. There was only one discrepancy. There was not supposed to be a maid's room in Class A, Type 2 (one child). This house, in fact, from its layout, was Class A, Type 3 (two children of opposite sexes). I did not call this to Mr. Rodriguez' attention, and if he noticed it, he gave no sign.

"They have fixed it up, I think," he said to me, uncomfortably, passing his hand through his pompadour, as we came out onto the street.

I COULD have told Mr. Rodriguez not to worry, that we had the same thing in America—housing projects designed for the poor and preempted by grafters who got in through pull. But instead, rather meanly, I said nothing, and we went on to a house across the street—another Class A, which belonged, said Mr. Rodriguez, to a railway worker. This one was more modest. The crystal chandelier ("*muínte caro*") was smaller, and there were fewer rugs and carved cabinets. There was no maid, and the housewife kept apologizing for the state of the rooms,

though in fact they were very clean and redolent of furniture wax. Here again (poor Mr. Rodriguez!), we were invited to inspect the quality of all the appointments: the mirrors and the china and the chiffon-covered boudoir lamps.

"*Bonita*," I said. "*Muinte bonita*." I knew what this house reminded me of—the Massachusetts house of a liquor-store dealer who was reputed to be a millionaire by his humble Portuguese-American neighbors. There was the same smell of wax and there were the same iridescent taffetas and holy pictures in gilt frames and sets of matched colored glasses. The chief difference was that the Massachusetts wine merchant had a radio that lit up with a colored sign, "Four Roses," when you turned it on. In his backyard, the liquor-store man had a fig tree. Here there was a goat in the backyard, and a pair of rabbits in a hutch. We lingered on the back steps, talking to the flustered housewife, who apologized, laughingly, for the goat.

Out on the street again, Mr. Rodriguez mopped his brow and looked up and down the rows of houses in perplexity. "Let's try to find one that isn't fixed up," I suggested, feeling sorry for him, since he was a nice man, a sincere progressive, too, according to his lights. I *liked* Mr. Rodriguez, and I could not make out whether he was surprised by what we were finding or merely taken aback at seeing it suddenly from a foreigner's point of view. The driver was grinning, and I could not make out what he was thinking, either. When I caught sight of a shoemaker's sign hanging from a door, Mr. Rodriguez gladdened.

"Class B," he said—the skilled working class—and on his behalf, I was honestly hoping to find a poor shoemaker inside, at his last, with a parrot and potted herbs. But the shoemaker was not at home, and there were no signs of his trade. The housewife let us in and told us that her husband worked at one of the big hospitals, making shoes. This house, strangely enough, was inferior to the others, structurally, though it was in a higher category on paper. It had less light, the kitchen was smaller and the bath not so up-to-date. (I cannot explain this; neither could Mr. Rodriguez, though he admitted the difference when pressed.) The rooms still had the original cheap lighting fixtures. The divans were older; the decoration had homemade touches—in the couple's room, besides the usual Madonnas, there was a framed colored picture of Queen Elizabeth, in her Coronation dress, cut out of a magazine. But in



the dining-room, luxury reappeared, in the form of an enormous dark polished sideboard, covered with a lace cloth, like an altar, and laden with a display of bottles—wines, brandies, ports.

"These people drink, I am afraid," murmured Mr. Rodriguez, discreetly closing the door.

#### WHERE ARE THE POOR?

AS WE left, the woman next door, who had been watching us and gossiping with the driver, invited us to see her *casa*, which was much the same as the shoemaker's—another Class B.

"You want to look at more?" inquired the driver, when we came out onto the sidewalk again. I glanced at Mr. Rodriguez and hesitated. A sort of tact prevented me from asking the indelicate question pulsing through my mind:

"Are there *any* poor people in these houses?" There was no shortage of poor people, certainly, in Portugal; their absence, in fact, from this district was its most remarkable feature. I *missed* the familiar signs of poverty, both ugly and picturesque: the tattered laundry on the clotheslines, the birds in their cages, the orange horse-meat in the stalls, the beggars and ragged children, the women in shawls and shapeless sweaters, the men in thin suits, like paper, the flower sellers, the reek of wine from the taverns, the mongrel dogs, the smell of codfish, the baskets of eels and fresh bread. But I dared not intimate this to Mr. Rodriguez, whose round face wore a troubled, anxious expression, as if he were conscious suddenly of a lack in his creation, like God, when he made Eden, and forgot to put in woman.

Instead, I told the driver no, thank you. If they were all like this, I said, I had seen enough to get the idea. We got into the car and drove off. The houses were very nice, I said repeatedly, to comfort Mr. Rodriguez—very clean, very clean. And I did not bother to speculate, even inwardly, as to how these owner-tenants had qualified for their homes: had they concealed their assets or were they devoted members of Salazar's National Union or did they have a cousin or a godfather in Mr. Rodriguez' office? Looking sidewise at Mr. Rodriguez, I could not believe that he was corrupt, in any of the ordinary ways. For one thing, he looked much too uncomfortable, like a person who feels criticized and does not know where to begin his defense.

The problem, evidently, was turning over in his mind, for he came, all at once, out of

a fit of abstraction and directed the driver to turn back and take us along the edge of this Madre de Deus section, where, on the outskirts of the *Casas Economicas*, on razed ground, a few leaning hovels were still standing.

"It was all like that—a slum—before we built the houses," he said excitedly.

"Terrible," I agreed. And he made the driver take us around the circuit a second time, to compare before and after. I inquired what had happened to the inhabitants whose houses had been torn down, to create the Economic Homes. On this point, Mr. Rodriguez was vague, but he was certain they had been taken care of. Some might be in Free Housing, for the indigent, and some in the prefabs in the Tin District, some in Limited Rent, and some, maybe, in *Casas Economicas*. Again, I held my peace, mindful of the New York slum dwellers who had been dispossessed to create Stuyvesant Town and Peter Cooper Village. What Mr. Rodriguez didn't know wouldn't hurt him, I decided patriotically.

After this, we saw PreFabs (temporary housing). These were authentic working-class houses, very charmingly done, with strings of bright laundry, bird cages, potted geraniums, and large families in the doorways, watching us as we drove by and shading their eyes against the late afternoon sun. I liked these much better than the *Casas Economicas*, but I did not want to hurt Mr. Rodriguez' feelings by saying so. On his side, he assured me that these PreFabs were only a makeshift; the tenants who made good here would be moved into *Casas Economicas*, the others into Limited Rent. In time, the whole district would be torn down, but progress was a question of stages. We paused here only briefly; he was in a hurry to be on. From the car, we looked at two more districts of Economic Homes.

"They are all alike," said Mr. Rodriguez, "but some are more fixed up. You do not wish to go in?" I shook my head. I was satisfied, I said, that they were all very nice. We were hastening on, I realized, to the climax of our tour: Mr. Rodriguez' own home, Class D, Type 3—college graduate, two or more children of different sexes.

#### "FEEL, EAT, DRINK . . ."

HIS WIFE, his young sister-in-law, who was a "typewriter" in his office, his children, and a maid were all waiting to receive us and show us in shy trepidation their *casa* and family life. Their house was large and sunny,

more restrained in its appointments than any we had yet seen. It had a splendid modern kitchen, two baths, bedrooms for the children and the parents, a comfortable book-lined study for Mr. Rodriguez, and a small bare room for the maid. I had to inspect everything—the ribboned baby in its bassinet, the toilets and laundry facilities, whose workings the father of the home energetically demonstrated; the whole family gathered about while Mr. Rodriguez turned on the shower in the main bath to show that the water was hot.

"Feel," urged Mrs. Rodriguez, a pretty, gentle little girl with big dark eyes, and we all felt.

As we came down the polished stairs, Mr. Rodriguez hurried ahead and flung open the door to the dining-room, which I had not yet been shown. He revealed a table spread with a lace tablecloth and cups and plates and saucers and heaped with fruits and cakes. This, it seemed, was in my honor; I was expected to stay for tea. There were olives and ham and sausages and salted almonds from the Algarve, five kinds of cakes from Silves, Mrs. Rodriguez' home, frilly little sponge cakes, like daffodils, from Lisbon, a special cake from Evora, in the Alentejo, sweets made of figs and almonds, four kinds, from the Algarve, and finally a decorated birthday cake that had been made the day before to honor one of the family. Mr. Rodriguez took an appraising look at this banquet and at once ordered the maid to make sandwiches. The sandwiches came in; Mr. Rodriguez examined them critically; he feared the bread was cut too thick. Tea was poured, and Mr. Rodriguez sent out to the kitchen for a fresh round mountain cheese.

Everything was homemade, Mr. Rodriguez attested—in the kitchens of cousins or aunts or friends. And I had to partake of it all, especially the candies and cakes from Silves, because I had been there and walked in the grass-carpeted old Moorish fortress and dropped stones into the cistern that was used in the great siege when the Portuguese were fighting the Arabs.

"She has been there!" Mr. Rodriguez assured the two shy sisters, and we talked happily of Silves in English, French, and Portuguese. Mr. Rodriguez proudly demonstrated that Mrs. Rodriguez spoke French. When I had sampled everything on the table, paper napkins were brought, to make up a package of cakes and sweets for my husband, because he too had been in Silves and climbed on the red parapets of the castle, looking out over almond and mimosa and figs and

kumquats to the blue mountain of Monchique.

"Tell him they are from Silves," said Mrs. Rodriguez softly.

Mr. Rodriguez went to the sideboard and poured port, two kinds, into liqueur glasses. They all, the sisters, the maid, and the older children, watched while I drank under Mr. Rodriguez' supervision, as they had watched when he demonstrated the miracle of the hot shower bath.

"Drink," said Mr. Rodriguez, fetching another bottle from the sideboard. Rather troubled, I tasted the liqueur—something regional, from the Upper Douro, with a flavor like Drambuie—that he poured into a fresh glass. It was nearly eight o'clock and I was worried about the driver, waiting outside. Even if it *was* a dictatorship, there were, I felt, limits.

At last, they let me leave the table to go into the study and telephone my husband, who had been expecting me at the *pensão* for the past two hours. While I was waiting for the number to answer, I saw Mr. Rodriguez open the front door and curtly beckon the chauffeur in.

"Eat," commanded Mr. Rodriguez, in Portuguese, directing the young man to the now empty dining-room, where the table lay strewn with crumpled napkins and the debris and crumbs of our feast. The driver, cap in hand, declined, and I secretly applauded him, even though I feared he was hungry; Mr. Rodriguez shrugged, the picture of offended beneficence. Nevertheless, we all said good-by very warmly. Mr. Rodriguez presented me with the marital calling card of himself and Lucinda Maria Duarte Estrelo.

"You will not forget us?" he said, glancing at his watch, for he was off to a teachers' syndicate meeting. I promised that I would not.

The chauffeur did not forget him either. The next week he took us—my husband and me—on a ten-day trip through the north, to see baroque churches with painted ceilings and eighteenth-century palaces and Roman remains. All along the way, outside Phoenician fishing villages or walled medieval towns, in the savage recesses of mountains where the inhabitants lived in granite, chimneyless huts and wolves were said to roam, we kept spotting blocks of new white houses with orange roofs deposited on the countryside, like Mr. Rodriguez' calling card.

"*Casas Economicas*," the driver would sigh. "Mr. Rodriguez. '*Direito*,' '*Esquerda*,' '*Em frente*.'" And his laugh, like a wild dog's bark, would echo sardonically across the emerald ravines.



By ALAN GREGG  
*Drawings by Nicholas Gibson*

# When to Change Jobs —and Why

Whether you are 20 or 65, the chances are good that you may soon be offered a new job. This seasoned advice comes from a man who has witnessed the acceptance or rejection of many an offered post.

MANY of us, of course, take new jobs because we are assigned them—or because the circumstances are so clear-cut that little choice is possible. But in this country in the immediate future, the opportunities for new positions are going to increase dramatically, so that for many Americans the question of when to change jobs will become more acute than it has ever been in the past.

One might deduce this merely from the large and continuing growth in population, wealth, and number of organizations; but there are other favorable factors at work. Our job market is already large. We have in the United States one common language, a single currency, and a remarkable similarity of values, axioms, and cultural traditions. Furthermore, we ignore the obstacles of distance: we enjoy travel, and we believe in variety, change, and interchange. Mobility grows easier year by year.

I realize the absurdity of attempting to generalize about a career decision, so critical from the individual's point of view, where the cir-

cumstances that surround it are always variant and unique. I can speak with confidence chiefly in the field of medicine, and even there my experience of changing jobs has been mainly that of watching others engage in this anxious though stimulating process. But it seems to me to have features in common with other professions—features that are worth discussion if only because they are discussed so rarely when detached from specific cases. All will not go well automatically, merely because of the seemingly automatic growth of opportunity.

An early obstacle will be the very range of choice that confronts the employer. Who has the time to watch the quality, for example, of all the young physiologists in eighty-one medical schools and a dozen research institutions? Go to the meeting of the medical “Young Turks” at Atlantic City and reflect upon the problem of recognizing exceptional ability among these thousands of young men, many of whom certainly have exceptional ability.

The second obstacle is quite simply this: nowadays our list of acquaintances is long, but our intimates remain few—perhaps fewer than ever. Close, discriminating judgment of human character and intellectual potentiality has not kept pace in its growth, refinement, and dependability with the steadily increasing job market.

I venture to mention a third reason for thinking that all may not go smoothly: it is my own conviction that suspicion breeds suspicion. Those institutions of whatever kind that blacklist and suspend individuals on the basis of unproven suspicion of subversion, in place of proven guilt, incur thereby a measure of aversion to working for them which is already hard to determine and may prove equally hard to control. Let us now pass to more agreeable subjects.

The offer of a position involves not only wisely appraising the candidate but also a wise—and under present circumstances an almost preternaturally wise—understanding by the candidate of what is involved in accepting the new position. Mistakes of judgment in such matters are already common enough. With the increasing number of opportunities they may become even more frequent. Perhaps we may best consider them by treating jobs in terms of the several stages that are possible in a given career.

As a device for exposition I shall follow a schematic division I saw years ago in a magazine. Modified to fit the careers of most professional people, it divides a man's working life into peri-

ods of fifteen years each, with the appropriate occupation or preoccupation of each period: (1) 20 to 35: *Learning*; (2) 35 to 50: *Doing*; (3) 50 to 65: *Directing*; and (4) 65 and onward: *Advising*. Such time periods are of course only approximate. I trust we all know that neither eternal youth nor occupational enthusiasm nor sclerosis of the spirit coincide very often or very closely with chronological age. But this arbitrary division can be useful as a framework to the extent that changes of occupation—or offers of what are called “opportunities for greater service”—have very different implications according to your status, age, and major activities.

#### LEARNING

WHILE you are in the Learning Period—that is, when you are not your own boss but working under instruction and direction—the *commonest* cause for wanting to leave is an inadequate salary; the *best* cause is the certainty that you are not learning much; the *least valid* cause is that you are living in Podunk; and the *least trustworthy* of causes is the feeling that you are being “neglected.” On that last point, all young men who claim that they are being neglected, though they admit they are still learning a lot, would do well to realize that their chief may just be trying to find out whether they have enough drive to make good use of the spare time provided by apparent neglect. The Leiden pharmacologist Professor Storm von Leeuwen once told me that he was no longer interested in bright young men with interesting ideas unless they were so possessed by those ideas that they spent all their free time trying to find out if the ideas were true.

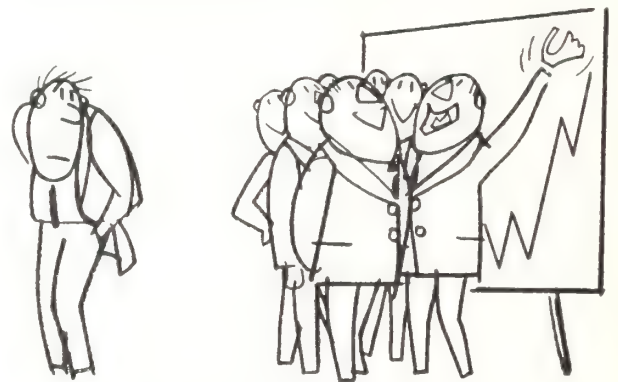
As for the Podunk complaint—*i.e.* that there is not enough stimulating company to be had in town—all such sufferers could well reflect upon the example set by the Mayo brothers, who converted Rochester, Minnesota, from a Podunk into a world center. Or they could ponder on *Rasselas*: “To talk in public, to think in private, to read and to hear, to inquire and answer inquiries, is the business of a scholar. He wanders about the world without pomp or terror, and is neither known nor valued but by men like himself.”

All too often, an eagerness to leave a job comes from emotional impatience at the insufferable repetition of actually trivial irritations, an impatience increased by suspecting that such irritations will never cease. The capacity to regard

yourself as a victim, if not a virtual martyr, appears frequently linked with an incapacity to tolerate that picture, and a disposition to find fault with others—*paranoia academica*, a disease to be found in more than one profession.

Not infrequently if you give false, petty, or paranoid reasons for leaving a job they will be relayed by the grapevine to the new position, and you will thus sacrifice the main advantages you expected from the change. It is usually best to give few reasons, and ones to which no embittered exception can be taken.

The positive reasons in the Learning Period—the attractions of the new place—usually relate to the widening of one’s experience or new horizons or a higher salary or the chance to make new friends. These are excellent. Sometimes the advantage offered is the opportunity to prove to yourself that you can go it alone, that you can wean yourself from your past by accepting the challenge of a completely independent existence. Our educational system, especially on the Eastern seaboard, protects a good many young men from the rigors of freedom so much that the loneliness of complete independence rattles them. There is



... the feeling of being neglected ...

for such men a salutary clarity in the remark made by the Irish author George Moore to a young man inclined to pursue a literary career who asked his advice about doing so. Moore rather pointedly advised the young man against it. “But Mr. Moore, you yourself decided in favor of a literary career!” Moore replied, “Yes, that’s true—but I never had to ask!”

When you examine an offer that interests you, have a mind for the fine print. That is not where most of the misunderstandings come from, but failure to read an offer of employment carefully produces a great deal of perfectly preventable recrimination or remorse at not having done so.

The major source of trouble, once you have moved, is to be found in what you assumed in-



correctly, in what you took for granted. I have often wondered whether the task of writing out all the assumptions you can imagine about a prospective job would not only serve to discover the more important items, but also reveal them in time to find out whether or not your suppositions are correct. Talking with the present incumbent whose place you are to take might help. And above all, remember that he who offers you the post may be as honestly unaware of what you read into the offer as you are unaware of what he has in mind, but has left unsaid.

#### DOING

**C**HANGES of job between thirty-five and fifty involve some of the considerations already mentioned, but often with a different emphasis. The responsibilities of a family may very naturally increase the dissatisfaction of a low salary. The quality of education available to your children may be a cardinal factor in your decision to accept or decline an offer. President Dickey of Dartmouth tells me that a considerable concession is made by his college to faculty members who serve on the school board of Hanover and help make the local primary and secondary education satisfactory to faculty members with children. RCA, in its appeals to young engineers, takes account of the same concern.

One of the most familiar dissatisfactions in the Doing Period of thirty-five to fifty is work overload, especially for teachers. When the wave of children born in the past decade reaches the colleges in 1962 to 1972 the teachers' overload in the less foresighted institutions will be overwhelming. It will provide a reason for many a change in staff. It will make a buyers' market for industrial and research institutions that are looking for brains frustrated by overwork.

Another strain, though far less common than teaching overload, has a certain interest and even a novelty that may escape the casual observer. When professional work is carried on a short-term basis, so that extension or renewal becomes a major preoccupation, the task of finding further support may become so exhausting and distasteful as to make some other post more attractive. Unpalatable as it may be to the funds and foundations, it is nonetheless a fact that the principal curiosity of the best men they have aided may become "Where do I get next year's funds?"

One other cause of dissatisfaction in the Doing

Period of thirty-five to fifty deserves mention, regrettable though it is. We cannot safely assume that all college presidents or deans or other sorts of managers will have an unerring flair for appreciating every kind of superior talent already at work in their own institution. Recognition may have to come from the outside. "A prophet is not without honor save in his own country."

Among the more familiar reasons for a man presumably in his most productive years moving to another institution is the offer to work on what he pleases, with larger facilities, larger salary, tenure, and stability, and externals such as title and prestige. But these are not the only attractions.

Only rarely does an organization that is off the beaten path, and protected thus from the importunities of too many parasitical visitors and trivial interruptions, realize that it possesses in its very isolation a valuable drawing card to a serious worker. Still more rarely do we recognize the burden imposed by giving a man everything he wants. This is not to say it is wrong; merely that in doing so we place upon him a heavy responsibility. It was Nellis Foster, a shrewd



*... frustrated by overwork ...*

clinician in New York, who drew my attention to what he jocularly hoped would be known as the "Nellis Foster syndrome."

"I have as patients," he told me, "four men who have the Nellis Foster syndrome—a banker, two businessmen, and a medical scientist. They all have these points in common: called to New York at higher salaries and status than they ever had before, told that they could have anything they needed in point of assistance and equipment, and made fully aware that what was expected of them in return were merely miracles or discoveries or astonishing results. Thus they have all been deprived of any excuse for failing; and now that two to four years have passed but no miracles appeared, they have a varying assort-

ment of hypertensions, gastric ulcers, allergic symptoms, and depressions—to say nothing of some very unhappy or bewildered wives.”

#### DIRECTING

**B**UT IT is in the next period, when directing becomes the major task, the period of fifty to sixty-five, that changing jobs presents the liveliest—or perhaps, more cautiously said, the deadliest—aspects. It is the time when most of us realize that it is now or never. But too few remember that bravado has been defined as frustration in action. And too few of us have heard, and harkened to, the gay wisdom of Christopher Morley's observation to the effect that any man who is worth his salt has by the age of forty-five acquired his crown of thorns, but the problem is to wear it over one ear. So it is in this period of life that the new director often shows a self-defeating sensitiveness about the way he is treated—and may, for instance, regard any budgetary cuts as examples of bad faith, whether or not they were due to conditions completely beyond the institution's control.

In the mood of impartial observer, I should mention at this point the syndrome sometimes called masculine menopause. Perhaps the name for it is not truly justified—anyhow it is an understatement. It appears usually between the ages of fifty and sixty-five and lends a peculiarly unreliable element to the blandishments of a change of job in that period. You are bored with what you have. It is too familiar and too repetitious. You crave change. Something is wrong. You want to experience wholehearted abandon to something wholly engrossing—whether it be fresh female society, alcohol, hypochondriacal convictions, or a new job—and all this when steady leadership, confidence, patience, and self-knowledge are expected of you.

The attractions of a proffered job to men of the age for directing usually center around the hope of having a free hand to get something done according to their own convictions, something of real significance. Customarily one expects salary, reputation, and social status all to be increased. It might also be noted that this glittering panoply will appeal the more to those whose character, talents, and good fortune have not already brought them a sense of substantial and unquestioned accomplishment.

But the hope of “having a free hand”—what of that? From what I have seen of men taking



*... bored with conditions, crave change ...*

new jobs in this period, I would offer three or four observations tinged at times with a trace of warning. When you are offered a director's job, find out who is backing you and why or for what purpose. What does he expect you to do? Do you like him as a human being? Do you respect him? How long is he going to stay in a position to make good his promises, whether they are implicit or defined? Are you the candidate of a clique? Are you offered the job only because nobody knew anything against you? Does your appointment represent one stage of a quarrel you knew nothing of? Are you following a man whose subordinates will think they prove their loyalty to him by opposing you? What fraction of his staff will you want to keep? What fraction will you *have* to keep, for other reasons?

Even when you have a completely new staff to assemble and the chance to do it, my vicarious experience in watching such opportunities unfold suggests that it is well to allow for the loss within five years of four or five out of every ten men you have picked to work with you. One may prove to be not what you expected. Another may find the position not what *he* expected. And between the losses due to accident, disease, and competition from the outside for some of your best men, you may very probably lose two or three more. In fact the obvious allure of an offer of “having a free hand” seems to me considerably discounted by what experience so often shows.

Many an organization seems to vacillate between the two extremes of policy on staff appointments. One is to have a small number of highly competent, well-paid understudies. The other is to have a larger number of dutiful and industrious assistants none of whom could sensibly succeed the chief. Nonetheless they stay on and on and sometimes get the top post finally, but only because of availability. Of all the kinds



of ability, availability heartens me the least.

It would, I think, be a step forward if the responsible directors in the large centers both of learning and industry were better informed on the qualifications of younger men in the outlying places. How can a "great" center be defined without reference to, and knowledge of, its periphery? Indeed nothing would more wisely and more promptly increase the willingness of young men to leave the centers at the end of their training period than the certainty that even working in outlying places they will be under the closest scrutiny, and thus likely to be called back.

All is not over even when the new job has been accepted. After about eighteen months in a new position the incumbent has acquired a clear idea of its limitations—and has still time to consider moving again. That is the most propitious time to interest a man you wanted but who seems to have escaped you. His roots are not yet down. He may be secretly but profoundly disillusioned. I have seen such men and seen them move again, in just such circumstances.

#### ADVISING

THE LAST of my schematic groups—persons sixty-five and over, whom I would describe as Advisers—present phenomena that perhaps are new in human history. Scientific advances have been so spectacular, so numerous, and so radical that men over sixty-five cannot, as in times gone by, draw upon long experience on which to base all their advice. Concurrently, the proportion of men over sixty-five in the population increases. There have always, of course, been occasional vigorous and wise elderly men whose opinion was wisely sought. It was useful by so much as the culture of the society was traditional. But now we live in an adaptive culture; and there are many new technologies, new problems, new knowledge, and the certainty of still more discoveries whose long-term effects are not yet proven by young or old.

For example, how can I advise my son on the effects of TV on his child? I well remember the dire results predicted by the elders in 1900 for the excessive users of chewing gum. Or, on the other hand, the inexcusable obtuseness and delay with which our elders learned that indiscriminate sale of high explosives to celebrate the Fourth of July was neither wise nor necessary. The wisdom that comes from experience comes by freight. Frankly, I discount the wisdom of the

elder generation unless it comes from their long suit—experience. In ethics and in morals, yes; but long experience is not available to apply to the newest knowledge and the latest practices.

In taking new jobs when you are over sixty-five, you may do well to be quite realistic about that age group. At no other time of his life is a man more likely to be tolerant of praise, so easily a dupe of flattery and a victim of "the V.I.P. treatment," and so pathetically ready to believe that he is indispensable. John Finley epitomized the sensible attitude for oldsters to take by his witty motto, "Nothing succeeds like successors." One of the most vivid examples of the opposite view was the Edinburgh physiologist Sharpey Schaffer, who kept his academic chair until the age of ninety-four, thus completely frustrating the hopes of two generations of possible replacements. His last lecture was on artificial resuscitation—a circumstance I have always regarded as a triumph of irony.

I favor making a relentless discount of the idea that many men over sixty-five or thereabouts are as good as they ever were in point of initiative, health, and adaptability to the unexpected. Furthermore, I find their reluctance to give younger men a chance is not much removed from cantankerous vanity indulged in the shelter of seniority. And the plain fact is that however cogent be the arguments in individual cases, Nature seems not to be convinced by the theory that anyone is indispensable. I prefer to rely on the uniqueness of the special contribution by men over sixty-five rather than on their continuity, resilience, or indispensability.

In two or three ways elderly men and women can make a peculiar contribution without taking anything away from their juniors. Not all elderly persons can thus contribute, but some can. Advanced years often bring on a measure of detachment that is rare in the "doing period"—a detachment that enables you to see defects even in the very system by which you have suc-



... put things in a new perspective ...

ceeded. Pierre Marie once gave me an evaluation of medical education in France that was far more radically critical than I could have expected from those who were playing the game under rules they didn't want to see changed—until *they* had scored. In this sense too “the old men shall dream dreams.”

In another direction the men whom time advances to the status of advisers can be useful. The best thing an adviser usually can do is listen. If one cannot be sure one knows enough to advise, it still is possible to listen attentively, sympathetically, and with benevolent endurance. “How could I know what I think about anything,” as the woman says in the anecdote, “without talking it out?” A good listener thus ranges between a luxury and a necessity: his listening is first cousin to the Socratic method.

In addition to listening, our best advisers, like our best trustees, reinforce our consciences by being the kind of people we don't like to disappoint. They provide unconsciously some of the standards and criteria we like to be guided by. Also, young people don't quarrel as quickly or as unfairly in the presence of seniors they respect: so elderly folk, provided they are alert, serve usefully as chairmen of potentially turbulent committee meetings. I can recall one such meeting that began with a statement from the Chair: “I do not propose to have this meeting end in any accidents, whether coronary or cerebral.”

But the most interesting aspect of what the geriatrists prefer to call by the euphemistic name of “advanced maturity” seems to me to be an increase with age in the synthetic capacity of the mind—the capacity to generalize, rephrase, and put things in a quite new perspective, to regard interactions as well as actions, to detect the feedback phenomena in human life. The repetitions made possible by long experience can discover uniformities of behavior, of cause and effect, of correlations, and of interacting factors that widen one's horizons in a most refreshing fashion.

And now, having outlined only a few of the phenomena of changing one's job in the four periods of learning, doing, directing, and advising, I shall end with some concrete bits of advice.

Too many of the final decisions about changing one's job are made when one is too busy with other things. Take a week off. Get plenty of sleep and rest. Nice decisions of major importance take an amount of nervous strength that you simply do not possess if you come tired to the task of deciding.

Visit the place of your proposed position and take your wife with you, for her life is involved as much as yours—often decisively, albeit differently.

Define to yourself, and if possible to some close personal friend, just what you are assuming as well as expecting more explicitly—but be chary of stipulating too much to your employer.

Distinguish between decisions that are irrevocable and those that can be postponed or reversed. Not all calls are last calls, nor all destinations final. And in a job that looks like a balloon ascension, look to the question of a parachute—an alternative if all does not go well.

Find out if possible who wanted you, and who else has been chosen by him, and whether he is in a position—as well as of a character—to make good his promises.

These hints by no means cover all the contingencies, nor are they intended to. My essential thesis is that we shall see over the next decades an increase, both absolute and relative, in the number of positions offered and changes of positions made. The market has never been so large for highly educated young men—in medicine as in many other fields. I suspect that this increase, so great quantitatively, has something qualitatively new about it. In that case, something may be gained by your looking at the factors, circumstances, and events connected with changing your job as if such changes had their own uniformities and characteristics.

I know full well that in this brief account I have not closed the subject: it would be quite enough to hope that a subject has been opened with detachment and possibly with profit. You can take advantage from these reflections only if you are disposed to add your own observations and corrections to this preliminary inventory. The time to read comes after you have thought, not as a substitute for thinking.



... no final destinations ...



William Manchester

# LOUISVILLE

## *Cashes in on Culture*

Two extraordinary mayors and their egghead allies have found a new kind of magnet to attract industry into a city which was once known as an "American museum piece."

LOUISVILLE, Kentucky, is the Ben Hogan of American cities. It has staged a spectacular comeback, rising, in less than two decades, from stagnation to prosperity—and it has done it without tax cuts, cheap labor, or other sycophantic gestures toward Yankee industry.

The reasons are complex and include central geographic location, the nearness of the Kentucky coal fields, and the Ohio River. These things were always there, however. The decisive factor in Louisville's rise is both new and unique. Here is the only American city which has ever used culture as an industrial asset. Louisville has succeeded where other Southern cities have failed, because it has deliberately made itself a pleasant, stimulating place to live.

Louisville has always been pleasant, but not always stimulating. George R. Leighton, writing for *Harper's* eighteen years ago, saw it as an "American museum piece," a city of "let-well-enough-alone," where no "genuine intellectual life" could flourish. Leighton came to the city at a bad time—the great flood of 1937 was still ebbing, leaving the pretentious classic facades

along the waterfront caked with river mud—but in retrospect, Louisvillians allow he had a point. Until quite recently, they idly enjoyed their reputation for good whisky, beautiful women, and the Derby, and permitted the sun which had once shone so bright on their Kentucky home to go into a partial eclipse.

Today the sun, or something equally dazzling, is back. Some think the light may be incandescent: General Electric has just completed a thousand-acre, \$300,000,000 "Appliance Park" on the city's outskirts, heralding a construction program which will bring 9,300 new homes. But GE is only the latest of many arrivals. Industry has been swarming into the city. Since the war, each year has brought an average of fourteen new concerns investing \$40,000,000. In five years, the population has grown by 55,000, equal to the entire population of Paducah, Kentucky. Over the past fifteen years, manufacturing employment has risen 144 per cent.

This implies feverish expansion, and a first inspection gives that impression. Current building projects involve nearly a billion dollars; twenty-four major factories are going up; and the overflow has created a giant industrial complex on the Indiana shore opposite the old city, which Leighton found barren. A great Orwellian clock straddling the new Colgate-Palmolive works there sends time across the water, suggesting a frantic, blind growth.

The clock in that sense is inaccurate. Rising beside the factories are \$50,000,000 in new schools, a \$30,000,000 flood wall, a \$1,000,000 adult education building, and a \$2,000,000 library for the University of Louisville. The city has just spent \$1,500,000 for a science building at the university and \$175,000 to improve acoustics at the Memorial Auditorium, in the hope of attracting legitimate theater. Significantly, Louisville's new four-lane expressway will be named after Henry Watterson, editor of the *Courier-Journal* for fifty years. The city's development is not blind. It is being planned—and planned by men who are convinced that its greatest resource is a reputation for intellectual vigor.

It is Louisville's good fortune that such leaders have guided her since the war. Such men exist everywhere, of course, but in other communities they are frequently pushed aside by political primitives and self-styled realists who consider them unsound, if not dangerous. In Louisville—thanks to a strong two-party system, a local tradition of public service, and an enlightened news-

paper—they run things. They include a liberal publisher; a mayor determined to end racial segregation; two distinguished former mayors; and the executive director of the Chamber of Commerce, who is a former professor of political science.

This Chamber of Commerce recently baffled Washington by declining to sponsor an atomic energy plant in Louisville. Its members agreed it would bring cash, but they felt it would also bring things less desirable. Despite its sudden growth, the new Louisville prefers to think of itself as the home of musicians and bibliophiles—a place where the local philharmonic orchestra outdraws the university basketball team and a public-library card entitles the holder to take out any reasonable number of books, five long-playing records, a feature-length film, a framed painting—and, if it is raining, an umbrella.

The theory behind all this is that industries which are really desirable want decent homes and cultural facilities for their employees. The city's rising skyline suggests that the theory works—and that what is good for Louisville is good for General Electric.

THE HISTORY of Louisville is reflected in the evolution of its city seal. The village George Rogers Clark established with twenty families at the fourteen-foot river drop known as the Falls of the Ohio was admirably situated for commerce. Steamboats were required to break cargo there, and the community extracted a tithe from each. Traffic increased in 1830, when a lucrative canal was built around the rapids; by 1839, more than 1,500 steamers and 500 flatboats were passing through the toll locks annually. Louisville grew rich, and the first city seal depicted a steamboat.

In 1859 came the Louisville and Nashville railroad—the most powerful commercial enterprise in the city's history. The L&N ran day and night throughout the Civil War, supplying both sides. In the half-century that followed, it paid miserable wages, crushed strikes, and maintained paid lobbyists in every Kentucky county. One politician fought it; on January 30, 1900, the eve of William Goebel's election as governor, he was shot dead on the State House grounds in Frankfort.

This naturally caused what railroads today call bad publicity; but the L&N survived it. It was then the source of almost everything in Louisville, good and bad. In 1875 brass door-

knobs bearing sculptured locomotives were installed in the new City Hall, and a locomotive replaced the steamboat on the seal.

In the 1920s business became more diversified, although the transport tradition was still strong. Louisville remained the breaker of cargo, the middleman. Of its two native industries, tobacco and distilling, one had been eliminated by Prohibition. Nevertheless the city flourished. The falls were harnessed for electricity. Skyscrapers went up. James B. Brown, Louisville's financial genius of that time, promoted the Banco Kentucky and bought a newspaper to compete with the *Courier-Journal*, which had been acquired by Robert W. Bingham, late of North Carolina. The steamboat returned to share the seal with the locomotive.

Both Brown's bank and his newspaper were victims of the crash. The *Courier-Journal* became a monopoly and remains one today under Barry Bingham. Louisville suffered less than most cities during the Depression, partly because the distillers returned after Repeal—but a certain mold had begun to form on the surface. History, it seemed, was taking Louisville's measure. In 1855 Know Nothing rioters had killed twenty-two Catholics and newcomers from abroad. The survivors had fled to Cincinnati, and Louisville was unwashed by the great waves of immigration that followed. Strike-breaking had produced a sullen labor force. The local chamber of commerce, the "Board of Trade," was moribund; the iron rings on the cobblestoned river bank, where New Orleans packets once docked, grew rusty; no one bothered to retire the bonds on the sixty-year-old City Hall, and no one redesigned the seal.

#### THE REMARKABLE MAYORS

THE FLOOD of 1937 seems to have been the jolt that awoke Louisville. Like San Francisco's earthquake and Baltimore's fire, the flood became a local bench mark. Modern Louisville started with it. The beginnings were unobtrusive; the Louisville Water Company replaced its ruined pumping station and doubled its capacity, and the Louisville Gas & Electric Company opened a program to increase its power capacity from 75,000 to 380,000 kilowatts. To the evacuated thousands surveying the wrecked shore, these steps doubtless seemed insignificant—but within three years they were attracting outside capital.



The first arrivals Du Pont and Goodrich, manufacturers of synthetic rubber were also lured by the presence of the distilleries; the original synthetics used alcohol. Other defense industries followed: National Carbide, Curtis-Wright, Consolidated Vultee, and a federal ordinance works. Fort Knox was built nearby to garrison 80,000 soldiers; Louisville became a beneficiary of the war boom. Like other such beneficiaries, the city began to hear vague talk of postwar planning.

Unlike most it did something about it; and what was done was largely the work of Wilson Wyatt, who was elected mayor in 1941. In common with Adlai Stevenson—whose campaign he managed in 1952—Wyatt is a political liberal and a fiscal conservative. He appointed Negroes to his advisory committee and succeeded in increasing the city's legislative delegation by 25 per cent, both sound liberal acts. But he also paid off the City Hall debt, consolidated city and county health services, and opened a successful legal campaign to require tax payments from churches owning business properties. Perhaps his most significant contribution was the founding of the Louisville Area Development Association, which eventually merged with the Board of Trade and two retail merchants' organizations to form a new Chamber of Commerce.

Wyatt decided that since the association was planning for all Louisville, all Louisville should support it—and, to the consternation of some businessmen, he solicited and got a \$10,000 contribution from organized labor. Then under the direction of K. P. Vinsel, a former political science teacher, the association surveyed the city's entire economic and political spectrum. Bonds were issued for highway construction, playgrounds, sewers, schools, and a flood wall. Interest was aroused in a new central market.

By 1945, when Wyatt left the City Hall, Louisville was prepared for intelligent postwar expansion. American capital was beginning to stir restlessly in the quadrant east of the Mississippi and north of the Ohio. All Louisville required was something to attract it there.

Wyatt's successor, a capable but unimaginative man, died in 1948. The board of aldermen, meeting to decide who should finish his term, found organization support divided between several candidates. Into this stalemate independent members of the board introduced the name of a Louisville attorney who had been briefly active in the Democratic party. With the

backing of the *Courier-Journal* they put him across—and he promptly became the most remarkable mayor in the city's history.

What followed may be described as a minor revolution in the concept of municipal government. Among its many acts, the new administration scrapped the old city seal and designed another, depicting white stars and yellow fleurs-de-lis on a field of blue. Louisvillians who objected were told the new seal, symbolic of the French monarch Louis XVI, for whom the city was named, was more aesthetic.

For the first time in history, aesthetics was recognized, not only as a principle of government, but as a major item in the city budget.

CHARLES Rowland Peaslee Farnsley is that rare Southern product, the true eccentric. A hulking Dickensian, given to wearing black string ties, he ran as a Democrat and privately described himself as a Physiocrat. If that were true, he would have been the first Physiocrat to campaign in 150 years. Actually, he is closer to Jeremy Bentham than Adam Smith—although even Bentham, a humorless man, might have looked at him askance.

The descendant of an old Louisville family, Farnsley graduated from law school during the Depression, served four years in the legislature, and maintained active memberships in such anti-theoretical organizations as the Sons of Colonial Wars and the Urban League. Until his election as mayor, his major achievement had been the marketing of a low-proof bourbon which sold briefly under the trade name "Rebel Yell."

In his thirties, however, he developed a bookish turn. Twelve years after his admission to the bar he took his AB, and at the time of his ascension to the mayor's office he was attending a graduate seminar at the University of Kentucky. From the outset, his administration was marked by the unorthodox. He engaged a professional consultant to conduct the government and spent his time mulling over city problems. His solutions were frequently the despair of his party. On the eve of his election to a full term, for example, he introduced a one per cent occupational tax—in effect, an income tax—to draw support for city services from people who worked in the city but lived in the suburbs. It was considered an act of colossal political ineptitude. But Farnsley, who had his own political techniques, won anyhow.

Another sample of his peculiar methods was

the way in which he stretched his inadequate highway funds. He decided to repave only the driving lanes of streets, leaving the old blacktop on the parking fringe. It was 30 per cent cheaper, and Farnsley dramatized it. In the golden spike tradition, he started paving crews at either end of a thoroughfare, buried a silver dollar in the tar where the steamrollers met, and gave the foreman of the fastest crew a key to the city.

"We half-soled a mile of streets a day until the election," he recalls. "Naturally, there was nothing political about it. But we won."

Showmanship maintained Farnsley's popularity at a high level until his retirement from the mayor's office. He introduced weekly "beef sessions" to hear taxpayers' complaints, closed streets for children's playgrounds, successfully reorganized traffic, and tried to persuade the telephone company to introduce a new exchange, so anyone could reach him by dialing "M-A-Y-O-R." His greatest accomplishments, however, were in behalf of a minority whose influence at the polls is negligible, and whose favor no politician playing to the gallery would consider worth seeking. He is perhaps the only mayor in postwar America to dedicate himself to the happiness of eggheads. In so doing, he contributed handsomely to the greater prosperity of all Louisville.

It was Farnsley who organized the "Louisville Fund"—an annual community chest of the arts whose beneficiaries include a children's theater, a philharmonic chorus, a dance council, an opera association, an art center, a junior art gallery, and a philharmonic orchestra. Farnsley also talked the Carnegie and Rockefeller Foundations into supporting a Southern Police School in Louisville, teaching cops new ways to handle racial tensions. During this period also, the University of Louisville became the first desegregated institution of higher learning in the South—thanks largely to the work of Wilson Wyatt, chairman of its board of trustees.

#### SRO AT THE LIBRARY

**M**OST extraordinary of all was the way in which—with the support of the *Courier-Journal*—Farnsley launched a government-in-culture program unmatched in America. His administration saw both the city's library and its orchestra reach unique eminence. It would be improper to credit him alone for either, for each had its strong leadership, but the rise of either would have been inconceivable without him.

The library leadership was provided by its director, Clarence R. "Skip" Graham, a Wyatt appointee. Graham—who had brought Great Books courses to Louisville and introduced "neighborhood colleges," with University of Louisville instructors holding adult classes in library branches—knew Farnsley well. They have the same quixotic sense of humor—a mock IBM plaque on Graham's desk urges readers to "THINK"—and they had attended seminars together at the University of Kentucky. He was nevertheless startled when the mayor brought him a \$50,000 toll bridge surplus and invited him to spend it on wider library services.

Graham began by equipping the central library and all ten branches with television sets, then new to Louisville. His established clientele cringed, but the experiment worked. His idea was to make the branches into community centers. Of an evening, a typical neighborhood library would entertain the admirers of Milton Berle, a Great Books discussion group, a survey class in the humanities, and, in the hall, a meeting of Alcoholics Anonymous. During the day, garden and poetry clubs met there. Book borrowers came and went in increasing numbers. During the first two years of television, while the eleven sets were being watched by an average of 1,800 people a night, book borrowing increased 40 per cent. The character of the books taken out also altered, from 60 per cent fiction to 70 per cent non-fiction.

His next step was the acquisition of 26,000 transcribed educational programs—music, documentaries, dramas, and forums of the University of Chicago Round Table. These became the nucleus of a new audio-visual department. To house them, he built a nine-room addition to the central library. To broadcast them, he leased forty telephone wires from the Southern Bell Telephone Company, much as bookies lease wires to receive broadcasts of race results.

Ten of these were connected with branch libraries. The rest were sublet to junior and senior high schools, parochial schools, the University of Louisville, the university's school of music, the psychiatric ward of the Louisville General Hospital, and the local home for juvenile delinquents. Because forty programs could be broadcast at once, and because copyright restrictions do not apply to leased wires, each client could draw at will on the vast stock of catalogued readings. High-school science pupils heard the voice of Thomas Edison, music



students listened to rare performances, mental patients heard whatever the doctor ordered. A new dimension had been added to Louisville education.

In 1950 Graham added another. With Farnsley, he had attended a lecture by Wayne Coy at the University of Indiana. Coy said \$2,500 would buy a ten-watt FM station, and returning to Louisville, Graham found ten watts would just cover the city. It was a way to reach the elementary schools, which were too numerous for leased wires, and Farnsley financed it. Each Monday programs designed for primary grades were broadcast and put on tape. Teachers who found Mondays inconvenient could tune in any other day, for with the tape the programs were repeated all week. After school hours the station, WFPL—"World's Finest Public Library"—played serious music and BBC rebroadcasts. At 5:00 there was a story hour for children.

WFPL quickly outgrew ten watts: the Police Department offered to share its transmitting facilities, and shortly thereafter Farnsley built a 380-foot tower behind the central library, giving the station 20,000 watts and a good signal for 75 miles. Then, in 1952, WAVE, a commercial broadcaster, abandoned its FM service and donated its 3,000-watt transmitter to Graham. He founded another library station, WFPK. Today the two supplement each other. While WFPK is broadcasting arithmetic and story hours, WFPL is playing chamber music. When school is over, they reverse—WFPK broadcasts chamber music, and WFPL presents lectures, book talks, and foreign policy panels. There is always good music on one and good talk on another—and neither, of course, has ever handled a commercial.

Today the library's audio-visual department has, in addition to the catalogued programs, 15,319 long-playing records—including just about every serious LP ever cut—and 1,000 films. All the films and 10,501 of the records are available for free rental as, elsewhere in the library, are 575,000 books, 14,319 microcards, and 200 framed paintings, one of which may be taken home and hung for two months at a time.

Umbrellas, introduced to protect the paintings, may be taken out for seven days. They bear the library's name in yellow stenciled letters, and Graham considers them good advertisements. All told, he has quadrupled the library's customers: one Louisvillian in four sees or hears from the

audio-visual department alone each month. Recently he was asked what the call letters of WFPK, the second FM station, stood for. He looked surprised.

"World's Finest Public Culture, of course," he said.

#### COMPOSERS' MECCA

THE SAME combination of salesmanship and high purpose is found in the Louisville Philharmonic Society. Serious music is not new to Louisville: the Duke of Orleans, later King Louis Philippe of France, introduced it when the city was still a stop by the falls, and a large orchestra was organized locally in 1866. The current society, however, dates from the spurt of civic energy that followed the flood of 1937, when Robert Whitney, the present conductor, was brought from Chicago. Its budget then was only \$7,000; today it is \$360,000; and last year its audiences totaled 93,000. Whitney traces its growth to two suggestions from Mayor Farnsley, who advised him to reduce the orchestra to fifty pieces, the "classic" size, and to hold premières of modern compositions.

An 1866 program indicates Louisville musicians of that day preferred the work of their contemporaries: they played Verdi, Wagner, Meyerbeer, and Wallace. The tradition was revived in 1948, with the decision to present five new works each season. Last year this venture was expanded with a Rockefeller grant of \$400,000, to finance the commissioning of forty-three orchestral premières and two new operas annually for four years. Ten works each year are by students, one-third are from composers outside the United States, and once a month the orchestra records a new composition with Columbia. This enterprise has now become one of the most massive sources of income and encouragement for serious composers anywhere in the world.

The premières inspire no stampedes in Louisville. They constitute the least popular of the orchestra's activities; their audiences average 200. But through the recordings they reach other audiences outside the city, and the responses are frequently enthusiastic. Not long ago a "mid-night-to-dawn" series of replays over Louisville's station WHAS attracted a large number of appreciative letters.

More significantly, the Voice of America and Radio Free Europe rebroadcast premières of

works by foreign composers to the countries of the composers' origin. Letters reaching Louisville from abroad reflect approval and some surprise—correspondents confess that they had thought of provincial America as culturally barren.

Although performing commissioned works is the most exacting of the Philharmonic Society's tasks, it is obscured locally by a dozen others. Whitney estimates that his musicians—who supplement their incomes as clerks, jewelers, firemen, chemists, and salesmen—gross an average of \$8,000 a year. They work hard for him. Their 46-week season is longer than that of any similar group in the country. Each year they present forty concerts, with all levels of appeal.

Beginning on the kindergarten level—"This is a fiddle, this is a bow"—quartets tour Graham's branch libraries, acquainting children with instruments. Grade-school pupils sing "March On," from "Aïda," and watch miniature cannon fired during the 1812 overture, at performances which play to as many as 10,000, in shifts. High-school concerts feature light classics or semi-classics, and subscription performances, which are sellouts, reach the adult population. In addition, the society presents four pop concerts a year.

Last year's most spectacular, and most successful, was played from a barge in the Ohio River on July 4. Fort Knox artillery men sent up aerial bombs as the orchestra played Sousa marches. The audience squatted on the bank or anchored small boats; a dozen listeners were spotted floating around in inner tubes. The crowd was estimated at 35,000—the largest to watch any public event in Louisville history, with the exception of the Derby.

#### THE WEB OF PROGRESS

ALL THIS suggests a community acutely conscious of what another generation called "attainments," and that is what Louisville has become. The library and the orchestra are its most impressive achievements, but there are plenty of others—the growth of the J. B. Speed Art Museum, the organization of bookmobiles serving rural Kentucky, the opening of a distinguished lecture series at the University of Louisville, the establishment of a children's art gallery. Some of it has a Chautauqua flavor. A little theater, a chamber-music society, and an *a cappella* choir are all self-supporting, and there

are more night students at the university than undergraduates.

Enthusiasm for these is far from universal, of course. Mountain music and the comics have their boosters in Louisville, as elsewhere, and isolated critics mutter of dilettantism. One group which rarely complains, however, is the businessmen. Some may look askance when Mayor Andrew Broaddus, Farnsley's successor, speaks proudly of ending segregation on public golf courses, and Farnsley himself they regard as something of a nut.

They admit he is a useful nut, however, and though not all believe that he is responsible for Louisville's prosperity, the prosperity itself is undeniable. Louisville today is growing faster than Cincinnati. Bingham's liberal *Courier-Journal* is waging circulation campaigns in the suburbs of Eugene Pulliam's Indianapolis. Louisville is planning to build two new bridges across the Ohio, and in two years a \$15,000,000 regional fair center will open there.

Farnsley himself is convinced that culture, industry, and retail business are woven together—that the progress of one affects the progress of the others. In Louisville's case he is probably right. Officials at the new General Electric plant explain that in recruiting young engineers today they must offer more than wages. The best men want to raise their families in an alert, rewarding city, and Louisville's cultural activity was a major factor in General Electric's decision to move there.

General Electric has replaced the Louisville and Nashville as the city's dominant business, and the change is significant. Thirty years ago, Louisville was still a stronghold of local enterprise. Today that has been reversed: 60 per cent of the stores in the five busiest downtown blocks are controlled by chains, and in the last three years, twenty-five locally owned firms have sold out to national concerns. In this way the economic source of Louisville's good fortune is outside the city.

The decline of local enterprises, and competition for the favor of outside industry, is a national trend. Ordinarily it is considered an unhappy one, and where it leads to the cheapening of a community, it is. But Louisville demonstrates that that need not happen. The tax rate there is respectable, and the average hourly wage is \$1.79, par for the country. Absentee ownership has improved Louisville. Nothing in the history of the L&N suggests it would



have encouraged a cultural awakening in its heyday. Milton Hannibal Smith, the railroad's president of fifty years ago, would have been appalled at such a waste of energy.

The L&N still has offices in Louisville, of course, but so does Bao Dai still have offices in Vietnam. The railroad is owned in New York now; although one member of the Louisville board of aldermen is said to be under obligation to it, its influence there is negligible. An indication of its waning power came this spring, when the airport decided to extend a runway 1,000 feet into unused railroad property. The L&N

protested it might want to build a freight yard there some day. The city replied the yard could go somewhere else, and the new Chamber of Commerce agreed.

Recently a Louisville attorney found himself seated beside a local official of a national company, at a dinner. Conversation lagged, and the lawyer apologized with a smile.

"In the old days we were run by the L&N," he said. "I guess we aren't used to talking to outsiders yet."

The official looked puzzled. "What's the L&N?" he inquired.

## HOW TO WRITE A LOVE POEM, WITH CORPORATION HELP

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No MSS. will be returned. The award will be made by three literary people, and announced before Oct. 1st, and the poems published in leading papers.

The following figures or metaphors on the Union of Boiling water with India and Ceylon Tea must be included in the poem:

1. A Teaspoonful of Ceylon and India Tea

is like a maiden's heart, pure and unsullied.

2. The boiling water represents the man. The warmth of his love extracts and sets free the strength and sweetness of the maiden's heart and thus assimilates all her goodness and purity. The water must be boiling (carry on the metaphor) or the true essence is not extracted.

3. The Tea-pot is the altar where the marriage ceremony is performed; in other words, five minutes' infusion or ceremony makes the two into one life.

4. The liquid tea is the married life, free from bitterness, wholesome, refreshing, and, two in one, goes forth doing good to all: soothing, comforting, and invigorating.

5. Sugar and cream are like riches and luxury. To many, life is incomplete without them, though some think that they spoil its fragrance.

6. All other teas being soiled by the touch of many unclean hands (here metaphor), can only make unhappy unions, resulting in nerve disturbance and repulsion.

—*Harper's New Monthly Magazine*, June 1897.

# After Hours



## CHEROKEE STRIP

ONE distraction following another, I hadn't been able to catch up until recently on the nudist situation in Oklahoma. Most of the furor has long since died down; in fact, it died last February. But the story doesn't seem to have been unveiled nationally (positive last attempt at joke) in the total nakedness it deserves.

We begin, more than two years ago, in an Oklahoma City bookstore. That bulky figure you see, leafing through the sunbathing magazines, is not a nudist or even a coddler of nudists. That, children, is the Reverend Braxton B. Sawyer, president of Radio Pulpit, Incorporated, of Fort Smith, Arkansas. He is a crusading evangelist, whose voice has been heard in fourteen states over twenty-seven radio stations. He is not reading those magazines deliberately; he is simply browsing. He is in fact deeply shocked by what he has found.

Quick shift of scene: the time is now February 1954; the place, a small town in southwestern Oklahoma called Binger (population: 840). Mr. Sawyer—or, to use the honorific of the country, Brother Sawyer—had been attempting, from his vantage point in Arkansas, to arouse Oklahomans to the menace of nudity in their midst; he had, more concretely, invited listeners to make “a little increase in their offerings” in order to promote anti-nudity legislation. A state senator from eastern Oklahoma had asked the state crime bureau to investigate Binger, which Brother Sawyer's information had identified as a nudist center. So an agent of the bureau had visited Binger;

and his chief, Mr. O. K. Bivins, had thereupon announced that no nudists were to be seen. As far as he knew, Mr. Bivins added, “there isn't a nudist camp in the entire state.”

This announcement seems only to have spurred the chase. A week later, at the city auditorium in Pryor, a crowd of a thousand heard Sawyer lecture for two solid hours on the “bootleg sunbathers” at Binger. The meeting was presided over by state representative G. A. Sampsel, who had offered to sponsor legislation against nudism. By a voice vote, the meeting adopted the following resolution:

Whereas, Dr. Braxton B. Sawyer has presented to us unquestionable evidence that nudism does exist in Oklahoma and whereas he has stated that his only purpose is to secure a state law against nudism in Oklahoma, therefore, be it resolved that this body call upon every citizen of Oklahoma to join Dr. Sawyer in his campaign against nudism, and that copies of this resolution be sent to the state legislative council and to the press.

The week following, Brother Sawyer spoke again, to a crowd of two hundred or so at the Haskell County Courthouse at Stigler. He called for a law to forbid “a woman to tie two handkerchiefs around herself and go downtown with a cigarette in one hand and a bottle of beer in the other.” He promised that “this movement against nudists will spread across this great land of ours,” specifically into Kansas, Arkansas, and Missouri. He said that the crime bureau agent at Binger had mistakenly looked for a nudist headquarters in a hotel while it was actually in a field. And he dramatically announced that he knew the names of seven families who were members of the Binger colony.



The effect of all this on the residents of Binger can well be imagined. Bruce West, a hardware dealer in the town, called the *Daily Oklahoman* to say that Binger merchants were prepared to offer Sawyer a reward if he could find a practicing nudist in the area.

"I don't get mad more than about once every forty years. But such a thing as this has made me plenty mad. Just like everyone else here. We've heard it on the radio and seen it in the papers until we're sick of it. It's reached a point to where something had better be done. He can either prove there's a nudist colony here or shut up. . . ." Thus Mr. West.

Sawyer's reply was that he proposed "to stump Oklahoma," which he then set out to do.

For three weeks the sounds of the hunt were muted, until suddenly Sawyer recaptured the initiative with a dramatic announcement: he would personally go to Binger. After making a speech at Chickasha, only forty miles away, he declared that he knew the exact location of the Binger nudist camp and that two ministers who appeared on the platform with him had been guided to the site by a Binger resident. The next day, at Binger, about six hundred people were waiting in the street for Sawyer's arrival. The local authorities seemed to anticipate trouble. On hand were also two highway patrol cars with troopers, three county sheriff's cars, and four Binger city marshals.

But there was no trouble. Brother Sawyer spoke. He repeated his earlier declaration that he had the names of seven families who were members of a Binger nudist colony. And then he stepped down. The people of Binger were naturally disappointed, especially since they had gone to the trouble to bring along a tape recorder.

"We were ready for him," Mr. West said. "We took down everything he said, but he crawled. He didn't name a name."

That night Sawyer drove to Anadarko, the county seat, where a crowd of a thousand had assembled. He repeated his declaration about the seven families but again named no names. This time the crowd was not satisfied; they blew auto horns and shouted, "Tell us who they are!" Brother Sawyer raised his hand for silence, stated that he had been advised by "legal counsel" not to disclose the names, and suggested taking an offering with which the mayor of Binger could sue the sunbathing magazines and cause them "to reveal their Binger membership. . . ." About

forty-five dollars was collected, but the mayor rejected it and said the whole idea was "ridiculous." Later Sawyer admitted to an Oklahoma City reporter that he didn't have proof that would stand up in court but was convinced in his own mind. He refused to be sidetracked. "I won't let them center my whole work on Binger. I'm fighting nudism all over the country."

And so he was. Four months later he turned up in Michigan, at the national nudists' convention at Sunshine Gardens, near Battle Creek. He spent August 3, 1951 taking motion pictures of automobiles as they arrived. The next day he tried to enter the convention, fully clothed, and was thrown out bodily. The United Press reported the affair in detail:

"You can't come in here like that," the attendant said.

"Like what?" the evangelist asked.

"With your clothes on," said the attendant, standing in his altogether. "You know the rules."

Sawyer said he refused to disrobe and was chased into a nearby field where he took motion pictures from a distance.

**A**LL OF which brings us to L. M. "Hoot" Kerbo. When the man from the Oklahoma state crime bureau originally asked people in Binger about nudists, he said they broke into gales of laughter and suggested that he talk to Kerbo, a middle-aged store clerk. Kerbo said, yes, several years earlier he'd written to the American Sunbathing Association about the possibility of establishing a club at Binger. But nothing had come of it. He had not really been interested, he said, "just inquisitive," and could not in any case meet the minimum requirement of six couples. But Binger had immediately appeared in the association's magazine on the list of nudist camp locations. It continued to turn up on new and revised lists, under the heading of "new club forming," even after Kerbo had written to object. He said he had sent six letters pleading with the magazine to drop the Binger listing, all to no avail.

Mr. Kerbo got a chance early this year to explain the situation, behind closed doors, to a committee of the state legislature, which was considering a bill to make it a felony for persons of the opposite sex to appear together in the nude. The committee also heard a number of nudists, though none of them were from Oklahoma.

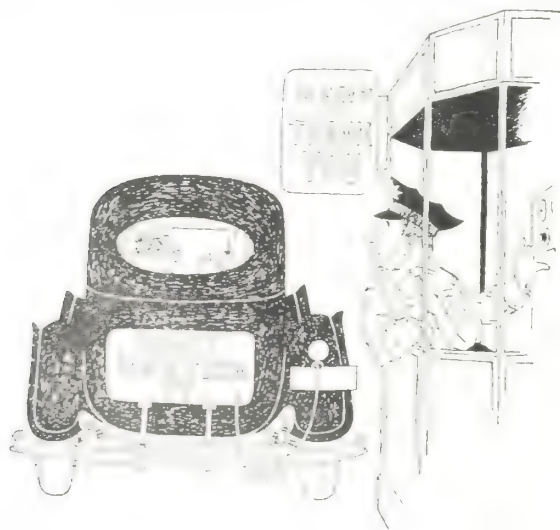
And it also heard Brother Sawyer, whose con-

viction began at this point to falter. Though he had talked generally of there being forty nudists in the state, he now modified this to forty "nudist-inclined" persons. His most informative testimony, moreover, had to do with his own finances. Sawyer said that in the fiscal year ending November 20, 1952, he had collected \$32,740.70; in the year ending October 31, 1953, \$50,044.35; and in the year ending November 1, 1954, \$45,850.66. And he couldn't remember some of the monetary details the legislators wanted to know about. They shortly recommended against the bill.

That did it, and that seems to have been the end of the excitement—at least for the moment. But you never can be too sure. The last time I looked, the Sunbathing Annual's "Revised Camp Map and Complete Nudist Directory" still included Binger, Oklahoma.

#### THE AUTOMATIC THANK YOU

AT THE beginning of the Saw Mill River Parkway, which starts at the northern edge of the city of New York, there is a toll station with fourteen or more gates. Thousands of cars a day stop there and their drivers, coming or going, are parted from a dime. Attached to the side of the toll booth is a sign that lights up, and when you give the policeman your ten cents he pulls a lever and the sign flashes: "10¢," and under it in red lights it says: "Thank You."



The first time we went through this tollgate some years ago, my wife said, "This is the only tollgate I've ever seen with built-in automatic manners." At the tollgate at the Henry Hudson Bridge, which you cross on the way to the Saw Mill River Parkway, there is no such thing. There, most of the cops who take the dimes used

to say, "Thank you." Some still do. There is much to be said for the automatic thank you whether it is spoken or electronic. If children should be brought up with a built-in automatic thank you, so should civil servants. Many are civil, some not—depending on their personal good will, not on their function in life.

Not long ago I asked a New York policeman where 100 Center Street was (I was on my way to grand jury duty).

"Right over there," he said, without looking at me. "Can't ya read?"

I am reminded of these reflections of manners by the new edition of Emily Post's *Etiquette*, which has just landed on my desk. Its proper name is *The Blue Book of Social Usage* (Funk & Wagnalls, \$5.00) and there have been eight editions before this one. The first was published in 1922, and though many other books of etiquette have appeared since then, Mrs. Post's name has a kind of well-bred and authoritative social magic that none of her competitors possess. Amy Vanderbilt did a "Guide to Gracious Living" called *Amy Vanderbilt's Complete Book of Etiquette* a couple of years ago which, pound for pound, weighs as much as Mrs. Post's fat volume, but the Vanderbilt name doesn't carry the weight that Mrs. Post's does. The Vanderbilt name may be in the Social Register, but Mrs. Post's name is in the language.

Americans have always had a weakness for books of etiquette and many hundreds have been published in this country in the last century and a half. (If you are interested in their history, you might look at a pleasant little book called *Learning How to Behave* by Arthur M. Schlesinger, Sr.) One might think that the popularity of such books is a manifestation of a nation of climbers and snobs and social butterflies. There are, of course, traces of that in our character, but the real reason for our interest is our inability to sit still. We are always on the move, geographically or financially or professionally, and are constantly finding ourselves in situations with which we are not familiar. We like to do the right thing, the correct thing, not only to spare ourselves embarrassment but to spare others as well. We deny that we have any social ladder, as such, and "Society" means almost nothing to anyone except a few old ladies these days. We distrust fancy manners because they seem to us affected, but we have a hankering for conventions, and when old ones go out of date we make up new ones.



They are not conventions for convention's sake; they are rules of behavior that make it possible for the people in a community to get along together with the least friction. We don't like to seem to be oafs; at the same time we are aware that the people with the best manners are likely to be those who have never seen a book of etiquette and whose manners are a reflection of genuine good will and an unerring natural sense of the appropriate.

But to the social historian books of etiquette are a delight, and in a way Mrs. Post is as aware as anyone of the nature of social change. She has to be. She is a professional who recognizes that, whatever her own predilections are, her audience is living in an era very different from that of 1922 when she first went into the behavior business.

"Somehow we are aware," she says in her preface, "that what was once considered the tradition of gracious living of the few has in these times rightly become the heritage of us all."

MRS. POST is not a snob or a prig but she is a moralist, and through the pages of her book there seems to be more advice on what is right and wrong than on what is correct or incorrect. On the subject of chaperonage, for example, she says: "... the girl who, in addition to trained judgment, has the right attributes of proper pride and character needs no chaperone—ever. If she lacks these qualities, not even Argus could watch over her!"

Mrs. Post is greatly concerned with "appearances," a word with an old-fashioned timbre, and she peoples her book with disapproving characters like Mrs. Uplift Eyebrows. One should give the Mrs. Eyebrows no chance to uplift them, and she suggests that if there are no Mrs. Eyebrows around and a girl has the "right attributes" there is no reason why she shouldn't go to a gentleman's apartment alone. Mrs. Post likes "thoroughbreds" and hates "cheapness." Thoroughbreds have nothing to do with breeding in any biological sense; they are a composite of all the virtues, social and moral, plus "graciousness"; on the subject of cheapness her typewriter fairly rattles:

The typical meaning of the word cheapness is exemplified in the girl or woman who puts no value on herself; who shows no reserves mentally, morally, or physically; who confides most personal and intimate details of her life to strangers; who, exacting no courtesy, does not mind being nudged, or pushed, or shoved; and

having no sense of personal value, is willing to be kissed and petted—in other words, to put herself in a class with the food on a free-lunch counter.

Mrs. Post is not a stickler for form, but she believes that if you are going to use the social forms you might better be right than wrong about them, and her book is full of examples of how to acknowledge an invitation, how to write a note of condolence, and how to phrase bread-and-butter letters.

If you ever get a letter like this one you'll know where it came from:

*Dear Mrs. Oldname:*

*Every moment of the weekend was a perfect delight! I am afraid my work at the office this morning was down to zero in efficiency; so perhaps it is just as well, if I am to keep my job, that the average weekend in the country is different—very. Thank you for the wonderful time you gave us all, and believe me*

*Faithfully yours,*

*Frederick Bachelor*

You may be interested to know that it is now considered quite proper by Mrs. Post to write personal letters on a typewriter. They are easier on the reader. But she frowns on ending letters with the word "Cordially." She says it is condescending and fancy and in the same class with pretentious words like "residence" and "retire." "Go to bed" is good enough for Mrs. Post and it ought to be good enough for you.

There is scarcely a situation you are likely to encounter that Mrs. Post hasn't encountered for you. What do you do when you meet your divorced wife? ("No rule of propriety," she says, "has been more completely changed than that which formerly required all divorced people to meet as unspeaking strangers.") Or when you are visiting a friend in a semi-private room in a hospital? Or when the delivery boy comes while you are only half-dressed? Or what to do when you arrive at a friend's house and he is looking at a fight on TV? ("Thank you, no," you say. "May I come another time?")

I looked in the index for "policemen" hoping I might find advice on what to say to the rare one who is rude. No entry. I also looked under "tollgate" to see if I could find a formula for acknowledging an electric thank you. No entry. Even Mrs. Post can't think of everything.

—Mr. Harper

# *the new* BOOKS

BRUCE CATTON

## The American Continent, and What It Did to Us . . .

### The Best in Recent History and Biography

**I**N THE end it was the continent that won. It was believed to be nothing more than a pesky strip of land that had been laid down, unaccountably, across the sea-road to the Indies, and for generations men broke their hearts trying to find a suitable hole in it. But the hole was not there, and at last the roadblock became more important than the road. So men took it over and had many adventures with it, believing finally that they had conquered it. But the land itself has remained dominant.

Which is to say that our exploration of the North American continent has hardly more than begun. It is the big fact, for all of us. It has decreed, simply because it is so big and so different, that human history here is going to be different. On the minds of many generations of men it has impressed its promise and its wild receding horizons. It has handed down a heritage of restlessness; it has compelled its people to think, or at least to feel, in broad terms. Its sky never quite touches its sky-line. There is always something more, something undiscovered, something that draws men on and on forever.

Exploration? Well, the place is pretty well mapped by now, and the maps no longer contain imaginary lakes and rivers and dreamed-up mountain ranges that may contain cities of gold if one knows how to find them. But the exploration goes on, just the same. We are trying now to find out what this land mass means and what it has done to us. The conquistadors and the mountain men are gone, and the writing fellows are coming along. They are recording their findings, and in the last year or so they have put down some rather interesting conclusions.

There was Coronado, for instance. Coronado set out to find the cloud-capped towers of a city of gold, a place of lofty temples, of emperors who

dined off of priceless dishes of plate; and what he got, at last, was Kansas. The seven cities he had been told about were not there at all. Instead there was a boundless prairie that could feed half the world, and underground there was a reservoir of oil (oil? to Coronado?) that could make all of the wheels go round, but he could see none of it. He was looking for an empire, but the one he found he could not recognize.

Coronado's story has been told a good many times, and it has been this man's hard fate to come down in history as a sort of Don Quixote, a man who fought with shadows and followed an impossible dream; but the story is always new, and it will never get a better telling than Paul Horgan has given it in **Great River** (Rinehart, \$10), one of the finest books of recent years. It is significant that the hero (so to speak) of Mr. Horgan's book, the central figure around which everything revolves, is neither Coronado nor that amazing wanderer Cabeza de Vaca nor any other human being. It is a river; a perverse stream that is hardly a river at all, by ordinary standards, a gash in the dusty earth coming down from far mountains and going through flood and drouth to the sea.

It is also significant that Mr. Horgan begins his book with geology. He is talking, ultimately, about a continent. Here, he says, is this great land, formed by stress and thrust in unpeopled ages of the past. It is harsh and indomitable, men who come into it must shape themselves to it and their destiny comes out of it; they have dreamed dreams and seen visions, and they have acted out what their descendants consider epics in the attempt to make these come true, but at the last they have to adapt themselves.

All of this, perhaps, is less than new. But history can be instructive when it is turned upside down. We tend to interpret it as the story of what men brought to America with them, in



terms of desires and ideals and habits of thought; by indirection, Mr. Horgan suggests that we might consider it in terms of what they found when they got here. The key points in our history, perhaps, are neither Jamestown nor Plymouth Rock; they are what began to happen after men had left Jamestown and Plymouth Rock behind them. For it turned out then that Europe could not be transplanted. Things were going to be different here, not because anyone especially wanted them to be different but simply because men were starting a new community in a wide new land that was going to set its own conditions.

Continue with Mr. Horgan's people for a moment. The Spaniards came north out of Mexico, ready—once the Coronado vision had faded—to build an extension of Spain. They did their best. They had the personnel and the traditions; they duplicated everything that was familiar, they had the proper laws and directives, they tried to play it straight—but it was like the attempt in the fable to build a rope out of sea foam and sand. Spain evaporated, and then Mexico, and in the end there was the American Southwest—unlike other parts of America, to be sure, tinged strongly with the cultural heritage brought in by the founders, but nevertheless a creation that would seem very strange to its creators.

#### INDIANS, FIGHTERS, PATHFINDERS

THE Coronado people were not the first, not by uncounted generations. Before them were the Indians, whose past is a bizarre and tantalizing mystery, full of obscure hints and confusing cross references. The gifted Miguel Covarrubias turns his attention to it in **The Eagle, the Jaguar and the Serpent** (Knopf, \$15) and carries on the latter-day exploration.

It is Mr. Covarrubias' notion that any number of cultural traits in the pre-Columbian Indian can be traced to, or at least paralleled with, cultural traits in the Orient. Myths, designs in sculpture and pottery, ways of making weapons and tools, patterns used in the weaving of cloth—all of these, he remarks, show remote but identifiable kinship with the people of Asia and the Pacific Islands. Somehow, somewhere, away back behind the veil, forgotten civilizations touched. Asia found America before Europe did; found it, left its imprint, and then forgot about it, leaving fantastic new societies to grow and develop in a world that was old before it was new.

Yet what happened to these forgotten Asians was in the Coronado pattern. They came, bringing their culture with them, disembarking (on what unknown beachhead?) with fragments of the homeland in their hands—and in the end everything was very different. The innocent

Chinese dragon, with its writhing convoluted folds, became the terrible feathered serpent, a fearsome thing of blood and ritualized savagery. Mr. Covarrubias presents his parallels—eloquently, with paintings and sketches that give a fascinating glimpse at unfamiliar art forms—and his exploration is extremely interesting; yet in the end he is discussing the way of the land with the men who have lived in it.

THERE were Spaniards and there were Indians; there were also Americans, modern style, who prowled southwest from St. Louis for their own look at the great wild land that beckoned and threatened. Paul Wellman covers the story in **Glory, God and Gold** (Doubleday, \$6), taking much the same territory Mr. Horgan took but looking at it from a different angle. He comes out at the same place.

Wars make up a solid part of Mr. Wellman's story—wars between red men and other red men, between red men and white men, between white men of different faiths or flags. Vast as it is, this continent has never been big enough for all of the men who wanted it. All of it has been fought over and fought for. The Spaniards tried to domesticate the Indians and the rough-handed men from the United States tried to exterminate them, and in each case the Indians fought back. They were beaten, at last, and their conquerors fought with one another. Yet the whole story is not simply the record of meaningless fighting. Under everything else it is the story of men against a continent. Mr. Wellman sees just what Mr. Horgan sees; the great land itself, a stage that inexorably draws men on and then subtly transforms them, so that after they have played their parts they are different than they were before.

One man who learned this was that fabulous adventurer, half real and half fraud, John Charles Frémont the great "pathfinder" of Western tradition; and Frémont comes under the microscope in William Brandon's discerning book, **The Men and the Mountain** (Morrow, \$5).

Frémont explored the West—or at least publicized it, and got credit for having explored it. He was son-in-law to a highly placed Senator, his writings about the West were best sellers, and all in all he was very famous; but in the Mexican war he got into trouble for insubordination and general swell-headedness and was cashiered, and he had to rehabilitate himself. He tried to do it by leading an expedition to chart a path for a railroad from St. Louis to California.

He got together some thirty men, including the famous mountain man, Bill Williams—half horse and half alligator, that character, if there ever was one—and he set out, trailing clouds of publicity. Apparently, however, he had begun to believe his own press clippings, and he elected

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to plunge straight into the worst of the Colorado Rockies in the dead of winter; the toughest winter, as it happened, that the West had known for decades. His expedition bogged down hopelessly, a good many men died, and at last Frémont had to retreat ingloriously into New Mexico. He had lost miserably . . . yet his luck finally was in, for gold was discovered in California, a ranch he owned there turned out to be full of the stuff, he became a multimillionaire and was elected to the Senate, and the fiasco in the wintry Rockies was forgotten.

But Mr. Brandon's point is that the mountains tested Frémont as nothing else ever did—except perhaps the Civil War, which came later—and under this test he folded up. He was a hollow man, and the continental force exposed him.

The land controls the people; yet the people control the land as well, although when they do things to it they may in the long run be doing things to themselves, ruinous things for which they may be called on to pay a terrible price. We do have to go on living on this continent, and perhaps we had better be careful what we do to it.

### CONTINENT AS KING

**T**HIS is the theme of Wallace Stegner's fine **Beyond the Hundredth Meridian** (Houghton Mifflin, \$6), which undertakes to sketch the career of John Wesley Powell, Western explorer and conservationist, and winds up by discussing just what the continent-ranging American must do to be saved.

Powell is usually written off (as Bernard DeVoto acidly remarks in his introduction) as an adventurous type who led the first expedition down the Grand Canyon. Actually he was much more than that. He not only mapped a great part of the West; he was the first American, probably, to understand it, to understand the terms on which men could comfortably and permanently live in it, and as much as anyone he was the father of the conservation and reclamation movement.

What Powell was chiefly concerned with was the idea that if men are to inhabit the Great West they must adapt their institutions and

ways of thinking to the necessities imposed by the land itself. They must see, for instance, that the quarter section of land—the ideal, traditional family-sized farm in the East—just is not the unit for the semi-arid country; that Eastern concepts of things like water rights do not fit the Western pattern; that all sorts of values about the exploitation of natural resources will lead only to ruin if they are followed beyond the hundredth meridian. Mr. Stegner restates all of this, and does it with uncommon eloquence.

The central fact in America, of course, is not the Great West. It is the whole continent, East and Midwest and South as well as the far-off country. Yet the thread is always there, if you look for it—men coming into an empty country and, in spite of themselves, being shaped by the land. It shows up in unexpected ways, not the least surprising of which is in that traditional old-time American institution, the frontier camp meeting.

**THIS AVENUE** is explored, sympathetically and with vast scholarship, by Charles A. Johnson in **The Frontier Camp Meeting** (Southern Methodist U. Press, \$5), which is partly a study of religious observances on the frontier and partly an examination of what the frontier does to frontiersmen. Refreshingly enough, Mr. Johnson refuses to lick his lips over the gaudier excesses of the old-time camp meeting, and passes up the chance to equate revivalism with sex hunger. He is concerned principally with what the camp meeting was, why it took the form it took, and what it meant to the people who participated in it.

The camp meeting, he makes clear, met a number of genuine needs, not least of which was the desperate need for the steadying, civilizing influence of religion in the rowdy, heavy-footed backwoods. Beyond that, it was born in part because the land was broad and the people were lonely. They could come together at a camp meeting, dispelling their isolation and creating a social communion; they could indulge a love for travel, even for camping out, and the high emotional content of old-fashioned hell-fire exhortations had an appeal for people who, in the



normal course of frontier life, were sed to living dangerously.

Beyond this there was the simple fact that meetings were held in the open air. There was a complete lack of artificiality in the setting; the clearing in the woods, surrounded by tents, lit at night by candles and lanterns, gave the revival services enormous impact. In large part the camp meeting meant what it meant because of the rawness, the emptiness, and the sense of infinite space which went with the frontier. It declined as the frontier became settled. It had been created by the country itself; in turn it was an element of profound importance in shaping the lives of the people it served.

NOW Americans are not unique. They bring together racial and cultural strains from everywhere, they have built their society on these, and perhaps at bottom they are much more like Europeans than they suppose. So suggests George R. Stewart in his highly perceptive *American Ways of Life* (Doubleday, \$3.95). Mr. Stewart examines any number of American habits and customs—diet, play, dress, shelter, the things people like to drink, the names they give their towns and children—and concludes that collective heredity is probably the dominant factor.

Yet everything that was done, everything that developed in the American character, was influenced by the land itself. It was the environment in which the hereditary traits had to develop. New Americans have always held fast to their established modes and customs, but these have been modified by the basic fact that the country is great and broad and infinitely varied. Remaining much like Europeans, Americans have never been able to build a new Europe here. The one great attempt at fragmentation, the American Civil War, was a tragic failure.

Here is a war that has been endlessly written about, and the cut-off point is not in sight. Perhaps this is because it went closer to the bone than anything that ever happened to us, because for good or for ill its effects are still with us, and because at bottom the way it worked upon men and the things it led them to do remain a flaming human mystery that can never wholly be dispelled.

And it may be that Northern victory in the war was, in the last analysis, simply a piece of the nation's continental destiny; that the nation stayed in one piece because, the continent being what it was, it could not do anything else.

THE STAR-CROSSED SOUTH

CLIFFORD Dowdey tells the story of the Confederacy in *The Land They Fought For* (Doubleday, \$6), an impassioned study of the star-crossed lost cause. He does not pretend to write objectively; he is an unreconstructed Southerner, feeling and seeing things very much as Southerners felt and saw them in the 1860s; and on that basis you take his book or leave it alone. But the Confederacy was created and defended by hot, impassioned men. To understand what was moving them, to see why they did the things they did, why not go to a man who vicariously lives the whole experience with them?

Why not, indeed? Mr. Dowdey fills the bill very well. If he writes much that Northern critics will disagree with, he does show why the Southern states got a feeling of separateness, why they felt that this was something to defend to the death, and why the feeling of separateness has not yet entirely died.

As they saw it they were defending their land—the hot, indolent Southland, Spanish moss and canebrake and lazy looped rivers, the sun a dead weight at mid-day, heat mist shimmering on the sky-line—it was their own, and they would make it separate. But the tragedy and the doom of their dream lay in the fact that this land could not be separate. The continent was dominant. It offered boundless horizons, but the horizons could not be tampered with. America had to be all or nothing. Only if it was accepted as a unit could the great land fulfill the promise it was offering. And so the stars in their courses fought against Siseria.

... Live here, says the American continent, and you can have great things and a fine future. But you must observe the conditions of the great land you have claimed. The continent is bigger than the people who live in it. In the end its destiny is their destiny.



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# BOOKS *in brief*

KATHERINE GAUSS JACKSON

FICTION

**The Man in the Gray Flannel Suit,**  
by Sloan Wilson.

Here it is. That first novel about nice, contemporary young people who might live next door (in sub-urbia) which is continuously interesting, often exciting, which is anything but namby-pamby, which skirts tragedy more than once (as what good life doesn't), and ends up so simply and humanly and (no other word for it) triumphantly that the lump comes to the throat and one isn't ashamed. Mr. Wilson, in telling the story of a young man fresh out of the war, married, with three children, living a commuter's life, working for the head of a big New York corporation, has taken all the popular plot clichés and made life and poetry out of them. Literary Guild Choice for August.

Simon & Schuster, \$3.50

**The Persistent Image,** by Gladys Schmitt.

I occasionally lose faith in a firmly held critical belief: You can't entirely judge a novel till you've read it through to the end, no skipping. But this novel makes me sure of it again. For at least half the book I found the characters tiresome (a fault, surely). John Reiber, who works in a record shop in a large city, suddenly meets again a girl whom he had loved and lost six years before. She has been married and divorced in the interim, and, most important to Reiber, is now the mother of a child. Reiber has always felt defensive because the girl was richer and belonged to a more assured world than his. Now that she again seems to care for him but has with her always the child to remind him of her hated husband, he is not only defensive but, it seems to me, offensive in a way the situation doesn't warrant. Granted the little girl could be a powerful psychological symbol, the reader has to be made to believe she is all that important—and to care about the characters involved. And I didn't do either for a large part of the book. But I was

sincerely moved by the ending of the story, so that if my theory is correct, the book is better than I thought it most of the way through. Miss Schmitt is the author of *David the King*, *Confessors of the Name*, and *The Gates of Aulis*.

Dial, \$3.50

**The Flower Girls,** by Clemence Dane.

The July selection of the Book-of-the-Month Club is a perfect choice for summer. It is 629 pages of energetic story-telling, of absorbing, detailed living with the Floristers, the first family of the postwar British theatrical world. None of the poverty of those cold, rationed days of 1946 dims at all the rich inheritance of eccentricity and genius of the family. Jacy, the American-educated son of one of them, already famous in Hollywood, returns to London to discover his father's family and become involved with them forever. So does the reader. It is a slow, happy reading experience so real that after putting the book down one has to make a dazed adjustment to the contemporary world. By the author of the play, "A Bill of Divorcement" and the novel, *Broome Stages*.

Norton, \$4.95

### NON-FICTION

**The Woman in the Case,** by Edgar Lustgarten.

The author of *Defender's Triumph* and *Verdict in Dispute* looks at four famous British murder cases with the eye of an expert on crime. His special interest in these four is that in each, one of the central characters was a woman. In each he sets out to show, through the trial records, the character—what he calls the "psychology"—of the women involved. The cases are sensational ones; Mr. Lustgarten writes with a high sense of drama, an expert knowledge of the law, and an exceptional knowledge of people. It is compelling reading. One quibble from an amateur psychiatrist: In the case of Alma Rattenbury, almost from the minute he starts describing her, it seems to me a good psychiatrist could have diagnosed the symptoms of manic-depression; could have foreseen that there had to be a violent end of the story if she were



not given medical care. The end could have been expected, murder or no murder, trial or no trial, by any one at all on the lookout for such symptoms, and it seems a little odd that neither the excellent crime-expert author nor the doctor in the case seems aware of it. But maybe they pay less attention to such things in England. At any rate, the cases as told by Mr. Lustgarten make absorbing reading. Scribner, \$3

Now is the time for at least several great men. For instance:

**Churchill, His Life in Photographs**, edited by Randolph Churchill and Helmut Gernsheim.

Few men on any stage, theatrical or political, seem to have had born in them such a sense of the dramatic as Winston Churchill. Whether it's in the language of a speech giving heart to a war-torn world, or in even the pictured version of a small gesture of the hand or the back view of the round head thrust aggressively—or sadly, or eagerly—forward on the hunched shoulders, one gets a feeling of action suspended, of something about to happen. This large book of photographs, covering his whole life, co-edited by his son, is, like his life, excitement and drama from start to finish. Rinehart, \$5

**The Great American Heritage; The Story of the Five Eisenhower Brothers**, by Bela Kornitzer.

A heartfelt and careful series of portraits of Arthur, Edgar, Dwight, Earl, and Milton Eisenhower, the five living Eisenhower brothers, based on personal interviews with each, talks with friends and relatives, and study of the family history. The book doesn't pretend to literary distinction but it gains poignancy from Mr. Kornitzer's devotion to the American ideal as exemplified in this "typical," as he calls it, American family—poor, devout, happy. He himself is an ex-Hungarian, exiled by the Communists, and has been made a citizen of the United States by special act of Congress. He sees this whole story of the five famous American brothers through dedicated eyes and it does an American good to read it. Thirty-two pages of photographs are included.

Farrar, Straus, & Cudahy, \$5

## FORECAST

*Let the Outdoors In*

Whether to help us hold on to summer or for whatever reason, the August and September lists from the publishing houses offer all kinds of books for sportsmen and outdoor adventurers. The Gun Digest Publishing Company (Chicago), which will publish the 1956 tenth anniversary edition of *The Gun Digest* on August 15, reports that the advance sale, in June, was already more than 75,000 copies. This augurs well for a Morrow book coming in September, *The First Winchester: The Story of the 1866 Repeating Rifle*, by John E. Parsons. For other specialists (all in September) there is *Duck Decoys and How to Rig Them*, by Ralf Coykendall (Holt); *Sports Cars*, by John Wheelock Freeman and Alexandre Georges—200 black and white photographs and thirty-six in full color—from Viking; *Football Scouting*, by Robert C. ("Sarge") MacKenzie, from Prentice-Hall. And though Ben Hogan may have bowed out to young Jack Fleck, there will be thousands of Sunday golfers who will want *A History of the Royal and Ancient Game of Golf*, by Robert Browning (Dutton). Then there are those special adventure books—*People of the Sea*, by David Thompson (John Day, August); *High Adventure*, by Sir Edmund Hillary of Everest fame (Dutton); an anthology of *Great True Adventures* selected by Lowell Thomas (Hawthorn Books); and *Adventures in Paradise* by Willard Price—all about his travels in the South Sea Islands (John Day).

*Salute to Vermont*

Although the Trapp Family Singers are certainly not an exclusive Vermont possession, their home and their annual concerts in Stowe make all Vermonters feel they are. *Around the Year with the Trapp Family* by Maria Augusta Trapp is bound to find special favor there, though her descriptions of family celebrations of the various liturgical feasts will give it a wide audience in any case (Pantheon, September). In September too, Norton will publish another book about rural Vermont, *John Goffe's Legacy*, by George Woodbury. We Vermonters point with pride.

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# The Fifty-Minute Hour

by ROBERT LINDNER

Introduction by Max Lerner

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# Portrait of the artist as a world of men

**T**here is no getting away from it: if comfort is what you desire most, you had better avoid exposure to greatness. Your only alternatives when confronted by a writer of transcendent achievement are to ignore him or explain him away... anything rather than accept his immensity.

Happily, not everyone feels himself diminished by the power of a great artist. Many welcome it as life-enhancing. To those who do, Joyce Cary comes as something of a miracle... not least because of that magic whereby he *becomes* whatever character he creates, "whether his genius brings to life a half-mad artist, a woman of easy virtue, a politician, an African clerk, a soldier, or any one of the scores of characters whose part he has taken in the tragedy-comedy of life and death." What that magic means in practical terms to his readers is a supremely exhilarating extension and expansion of experience, the opportunity to live — and profit from — a dozen different lives, all unlike our own and all illuminating our own.

For example: Joyce Cary's newest novel, *NOT HONOUR MORE*, "one of the wisest and richest novels of our time," "demonstrates once again the inexhaustible richness of Cary's imagination and art." "It triumphantly and explosively concludes his three-part biography of the liberal politician, Chester Nimmo, begun in *PRISONER OF GRACE* and continued in *EXCEPT THE LORD*.

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like pursuit of his bone of truth deafens him to other clamoring truths around him." For the entranced reader "these people live with an intensity, a vitality, a mental and emotional truth to their own selves rarely matched in modern fiction."

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# the new RECORDINGS

Edward Tatnall Canby

## MANY VOICES

**T**he human voice today, after some three hundred years of active instrumental music-making, is still the very prototype of the musical instrument. The voice is the primary means of man's emotional expression and the voice, when it is not poetry, is music itself.

It's hard to imagine what may become of the vocal art in the coming age of directly composed music, where the composer "plays" upon some electronic device to produce organized sound without the performer's separate help. Composers have often been performers simultaneously—nothing new about that. But to the extent that the new machine-made music ignores the basic idea behind vocal music, a human being *in the act of expressing emotion*, it will fail. For it seems to me that the voice principle, the living production of organized emotional expression, is the essential one.

From this viewpoint, musical instruments are merely tools, means for multiplying the strength and leverage of human expression. A flute is far more agile than any human voice (at least any of today's voices), a clarinet is more accurate, and a fiddle can run rings around all of them. Instruments in the mass provide a variety of color, dynamics, and volume that can never be equaled by massed voices. Keyboard instruments allow one man to play harmony and percussion all in one. Drums

beat harder than feet, castanets click faster than snapped fingers. But, percussion aside, the expression of every single instrument is largely vocal in essence—melodic, or lyric, as we call it.

There has always been trouble with mechanically made melodic sound—and the more mechanistic, the more bothersome is the problem. Such delicately intuitive matters as vibrato, the phrasing and shaping of a melody, portamento—the carrying-through of a melodic line so that it stays alive and vibrant—the marvelous intricacies of freely expressed rhythm, are simply not susceptible to rigid, mathematical analysis; no machine can yet reproduce them.

PERHAPS the strangest thing about the voice is its susceptibility to change and variation, from age to age, country to country, style to style. Though the vocal mechanism itself has not been altered or "improved" for a million years, it can, like other parts of the adaptable human body, be trained to do things decidedly not foreseen by its Creator. In our own short Western musical history it has varied, according to taste and training, from a squeak to a throaty rumble; voices of one epoch have filled enormous halls with rich but elephantine tones, in other times the ideal trained singer has had literally the agility of a flute or an oboe and an equally sure tonal purity over a tremendous range.

We placidly assume that our own kind

## WORTH LOOKING INTO . . . Vocal Odds & Ends

**Chabrier: Une Education Manquée** (opere-tta). C. Castelli, C. Collart, soprs., X. Depraz, bass, Orch. Symph. de Paris, Bruck. Vanguard VRS 460.

Amusing comedy of newlywed innocence, the spoken dialogue and sung portions both done impeccably in best French manner. English-French libretto.

**Madrigals of Weelkes and Bateson.** The Randolph Singers. Westm. WL 5361.

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**Italian Airs.** Magda Laszlo, sopr., Franz Holetschek, pf. Westm. WL5375.

A modern voice and a modern piano, but the performance of a dozen-odd arias of decided musical interest is unfailingly musical.

**"Now We Know" (Songs to Learn By).** Singer-Zaret, Tom Glazer, cho. & orch. Album 2: Columbia J 4-236 (45 rpm).

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of "rounded voice" is automatically suitable for all varieties of professional or concert music. A small amount of imagination will show otherwise—the evidence is plain in the music itself of other times and places. Bach did not write virtually identical parts for soprano and oboe or violin without reason, nor did Monteverdi notate strange fluttering repeated notes, elaborate ornamentations, for his own imagination. They were sung, sung by voices that would seem utterly outlandish today. I suspect that even Bach's voices might seem to us to scream grotesquely if we were able to hear them now.

It won't be long before recorded history documents for the first time how vocal production has actually changed in our own century. The evidence is already beginning to pile up.

### *Records: Aspects of the Voice*

Rosa Ponselle Sings Today (1954). Igou Chicago, pl. RCA Victor LM 1889.  
Kirsten Flagstad Sings Schubert, Brahms, Strauss. Edwin McArthur, pl. RCA Victor LM 1870.

Here are two highly interesting discs, though the musical content varies from great to worse-than-mediocre. These two ladies, both now in a sort of retirement, represent two musical ages.

Ponselle, born in Meriden, Connecticut, actually was active until 1937 but most of us think of her as one of the last great luminaries of the age of Caruso, that magnificent splurge of "grand" opera and opulent voices that coincided so nicely with the rise of the early phonograph. We have old Ponselle records. They are for the most part the typically fuzzy, scratchy semi-reproductions that lend a distant romanticism to the great voices now departed. But unlike others of that day, Ponselle is still with us and still in voice.

The new Ponselle record (a triumph of tactful persistence on RCA's part, we can guess) brings hi-fi to a classic-period voice. Several things are immediately of interest.

The Ponselle voice is more or less intact within a reasonable middle range. The famed "molten splendor" is there for hi-fi to document with pin-point accuracy. We can overlook the inevitable and unwise high notes that must somehow be encompassed—since the music can hardly be rewritten for a note or two. But even hi-fi, Ponselle sings with an indefinable sound of another world. It is a lovely sound, better produced, more relaxed and luxurious than today's singing. And every so often Ponselle indulges in what was once the most respected right of the older voice whose glory was long established—the lady-

baritone range. Today, no singer would dare sing "chest." But I can still remember the startling basso of Schumann-Heink, singing "Silent Night" back in the twenties; there was nothing improper then in the sudden baritone break. It was esteemed and often put to use, with charming effect.

Ponselle's style is something else. Listening to this program, we are aware of the amazing expansion in popular musical knowledge that has occurred since her early years. There are a few big numbers here—Beethoven, Lully, Schubert, Brahms—but the singing style is, for these works, quite out of the running. It was a simpler age. Ponselle's "Drink to Me Only with Thine Eyes" and other ditties of the sort merely emphasize the vast distance we have traveled musically in such a very short time, toward musical sophistication.

As for Flagstad, here is a superb artist of that later and more sophisticated period (though in fact their ages are not so different) who has in her time sung the most difficult and meaningful music of the past century as few have sung it. Here, again with the advantage of accurate hi-fi documentation, she backs up her earlier recordings, made when the voice was at its prime, with new clinical evidence in detail. She is no lieder singer, but she is a great musician. These chamber-size songs somehow take on an opera-stage dramatic impact under her masterful treatment. But not one of them is less than beautifully sung, oversize or no.

Roland Hayes Sings the Life of Christ. Reginald Boardman, pl. Vanguard VRS 462.

A voice of another sort, a pioneer in the "art" singing of spirituals, now so widely practiced. Roland Hayes comes from a time when "authentic" folk styling was unheard-of, when folk songs were transcribed into notation and set with piano accompaniments in the tradition of the European art song, when even the melodies themselves were sung as art song.

The Hayes-composed accompaniments to this collection of spirituals are excellent of their kind and very musical, the harmonies somewhat impressionistic and rich. But (folklorists should know) Hayes preserves a good deal of the authentic Negro singing style, notably in the fast spirituals, which he does with excellent rhythm. The slow ones tend to be lugubrious or over-dramatized.

Music of Henry Purcell, Jenkins, and Locke. Alfred Deller, counter-tenor; Gustav Leonhardt, hps.; Consort of Viols. Vanguard (Bach Guild) BG 547. Elizabethan and Jacobean Music. Alfred

Deller, Gustav Leonhardt; Desmond Dupré, lute; Consort of Viols. Vanguard (Bach Guild) BG 539.

The counter-tenor, or male alto, is a variety of voice suddenly (for most of us) emerged from the past, a startling and remarkable new musical power. The counter-tenor's voice is related to the famed *castrati* of the eighteenth century though he is no such thing; the range is that of the female alto but the quality is utterly different, entirely male, and exceedingly beautiful, especially in the case of an absolutely first-rate musician such as Alfred Deller.

Much music of earlier times was intended for male soprano or alto—indeed most of that which we hear today sung by women. Purcell was himself a counter-tenor and wrote felicitously for the voice. The Dowland songs, in the "Jacobean" record, are among the most memorable examples of fine singing I have ever heard. The Purcell songs and arias, equally interesting, are more demanding; Mr. Deller's vocal control is not quite equal to Purcell's writing though his musicianship easily makes up for the lack. The harpsichord items are good, the lute excellent and the Consort of Viols plays Locke, Jenkins, and Morley authentically—without vibrato, another odd and interesting experience for our ears.

(See also several LPs sung by the counter-tenor Russell Oberlin, on the Esoteric label.)

The Japanese Koto. Shinichi Yuize. Cook 1132.

A super hi-fi close-up recording of a twangy, plucked-string instrument with centuries of oriental tradition behind it—plus an occasional burst of exotic song. The second side, with traditional music of the sixteenth to eighteenth centuries, is the more interesting, with its strangely leisurely pace, guttural ornamented vocal interludes. Presumably this music is aurally preserved in the "folk music" manner. (Remember that only our Western classical music has been extensively written down; other types of highly developed musical art have been preserved for many centuries without notation.)

Side 1 is significant mainly as a good sample of insidious Western influences on Japanese music—for it is Yuize's own composition. Its Western-style harmonies are, from our viewpoint, half-baked and imperfectly understood. An amateurish evocation of vaguely Chopin-esque sentiments rigidly confined to a single key without modulation. To Eastern ears this may seem about as exotic as Rimsky-Korsakov's orientalism is to our own!





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## NIXON: MOST LIKELY TO SUCCEED

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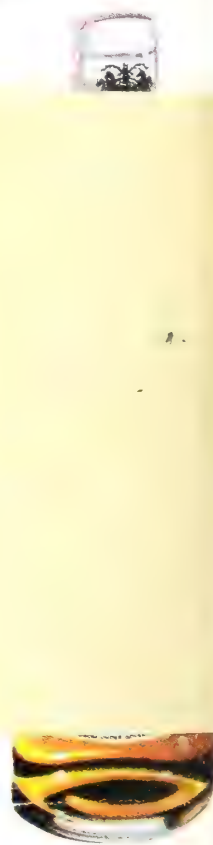


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**THREE TELEPHONE PIONEERS** from different sections of the country are shown here. They are Robert C. Price of Williamsport, Pennsylvania; Mrs. Marguerite T. Burns of Minneapolis, Minnesota; and Melvin F. Held of St. Louis, Missouri. Shown also are the emblems of the two Pioneer associations.



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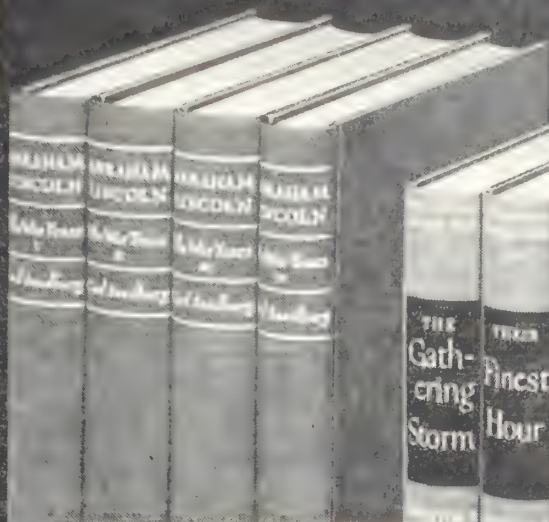
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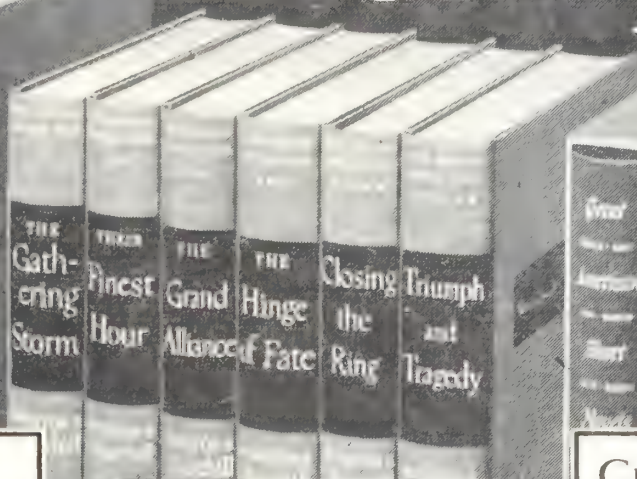


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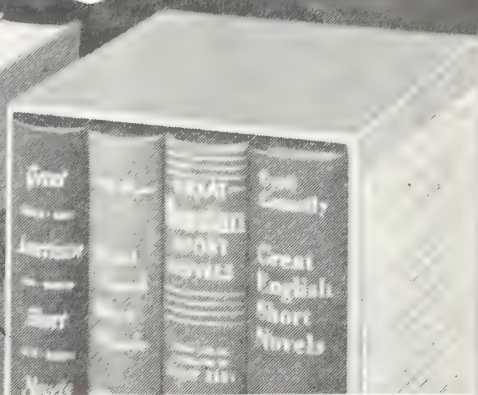
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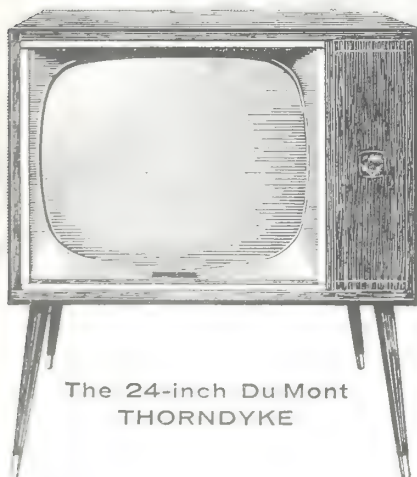
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# LETTERS

## *In Defense of Davy*

TO THE EDITORS:

Call off the dogs. Don't know what's eating you anyway as you're always making some little old mean remark about Texas.

Your latest snip being directed against poor old dead defenseless Davy [Personal & Otherwise, July]. Dig back into the history of our forefathers and what'll you find: a bunch of ignorant, adventuresome malcontents who couldn't get along in their own country so they struck out for a new one. That they did turn out pretty well over here is just incidental, I reckon. . . . FRANKIE LANE  
Lufkin, Tex.

I have just completed reading your article on Davy Crockett and would like to express my hearty disapproval. . . . Every bit of information you quoted may be true. I am not questioning it, but I would like to ask you what you have gained by the attack on this man?

During recent months Davy Crockett has become a hero to many children all over this country. To these children this man has represented a frontiersman of the highest caliber and a fighter for the good of our country. . . . Even though what you have written is no doubt true, I feel it would have been much better to have . . . allowed the children to continue to believe that Davy Crockett was a hero. . . . It takes a great man to praise but a little man to criticize.

JOHN P. WRIGHT  
Lookout Mountain, Tenn.

Damn you, Jack Fischer.

MAURY MAVERICK, JR.  
San Antonio, Tex.

As a Texas family 'way out here in Hawaii with the Air Force, we wanted you to know how much we enjoyed the Davy Crockett piece.

We had a wonderful laugh and love Davy more than ever—clay feet and all. Thank you for making him more human and understandable than ever.

BETSY H. HOWARD  
Honolulu, Hawaii

That is a dangerous article you wrote on Davy Crockett. I read it to my boy friend and was barely halfway through when he gave me a crack on my shins

with old Betsy and then hit me across my nose with his coonskin cap.

While smarting from this injustice, I wrote the following poem:

Davy Crockett was a roving man  
Hardly ever spic and span,  
Left his wife and two children  
small.

Went to live in the forest tall;  
Joined the Army to see the sights,  
Left right quick when they started  
some fights.

Went to Congress to serve a bit,  
Got disgusted, so he quit.  
Made a living in the lowest ways,  
That's how he spent most of his  
days:

Only did one thing that he should:  
Died at the Alamo for his country's  
good.

So that's the story of the Crockett  
guy.

But the whole country loves him  
and I don't see why.

JAMIE MACDONALD (age 12)  
Lake Charles, La.

## *And the Alamo*

TO THE EDITORS:

Being immersed in a study of the Alamo, I'm in sympathy with a certain amount of myth-puncturing, but you go too far. . . .

To begin with, the "bunch of hot-heads" who fought the battle were not the same leaders who "occupied the outpost." The Alamo was taken by "Old Ben" Milam who was killed doing it. The commander who defied Houston's orders to abandon the fort was Lt. Col. Neill. He too was gone by the time Travis and Bowie had to make their decision. So was Houston—successfully countering Mexican machinations among the Indians—and Texas had no *de facto* commander-in-chief. Though Houston was right and Bowie and Travis wrong in their appraisal of the Alamo situation, it is not true to say they occupied the post "in open defiance of their commander-in-chief."

You say neither Bowie nor Travis could maintain discipline, without making the distinction between the behavior of the Texas soldiery before the siege and during it. They were notoriously undisciplined except in battle or getting ready for one. Then their discipline was superb.

Accusing the leaders of the Alamo of incompetence for not going to the

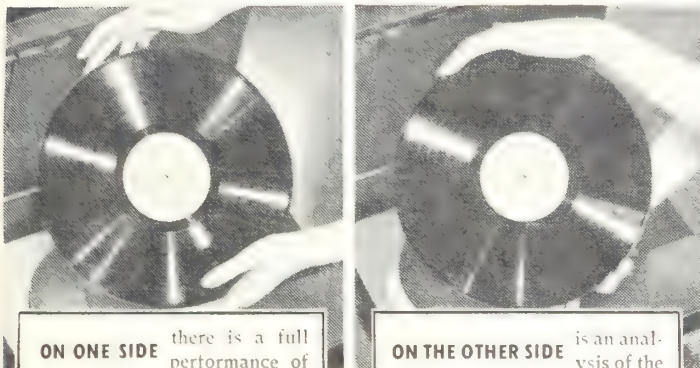


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... and an ... Washington a military blunderer because there wasn't food or heat at Valley Forge. The Texas "army" in February ... defending a powerless, chaotic government. . . . The garrison at Bexar was down to corn and meat and never had more than a 24-hour supply. . . .

The Alamo was only the Texans' to ... December 1835 when ... possession of it until February ... who they were forced to defend it. The young engineer of the fort has left detailed maps of the improvements he had accomplished. In two months he had mounted cannon, dug a well, built stockades, and erected redoubts. . . .

I disagree most strongly of all your comment on their "refusing to rejoin the main Texas army which needed them desperately." At that point there was no "main Texas army." That remained to be created by Houston after the Alamo. . . . While Houston would undoubtedly have been grateful for the physical presence of the Alamo's 180 men at the final battle, he himself coined the powerful rallying cry, "Remember the Alamo!"

I should like to change your emphasis on forgotten Mexicans to those of them who joined the Texans for liberal, patriotic reasons in common abhorrence of Santa Anna. But I object to the note of praise for the Mexican attackers. . . . Most of the mass were conscripts, the rest convicts finishing their sentences in the army. No ideal except fear of death at the hands of Santa Anna's own sentinels impelled them to scale the ladders and pour into the Alamo. And Santa Anna waited until enough of his army had drawn up so that the odds were thirty to one.

The Texans, if not military models, behaved with exceptional valor. This makes it reasonable to remember and revere the Alamo.

JACQUELINE P. JAMES  
Rye, N. Y.

### *And the DAR*

TO THE EDITORS:

In the July issue Mr. DeVoto made the statement which he wrote "The Daughters of the American Revolution are still agitating for the abolition of the Bill of Rights."

For sixty-five years the Daughters of the American Revolution have worked diligently trying to preserve our Federal Constitution and Bill of Rights. We have active committees doing much varied work along this line. Our basic purpose is to protect our Constitution

and its Bill of Rights. This we do chiefly through historical appreciation of the past, patriotic service in the present, and educational training for the future.

At our recent Continental Congress we designated September 17-23 as Constitution Week to study, teach, and publicize the provisions, principles, and advantages of our Constitution and its Bill of Rights. Our patriotic work for our Constitutional Republic and the preservation of the American Way of Life speaks for itself.

Last year we gave 6,357 prizes to American history students; awarded 1,277 Good Citizenship Medals to boys and girls, and 643 Awards of Merit to adults for outstanding services in behalf of our Constitutional Government; gave away 22,037 United States Flags; distributed 54,402 Flag Codes; gave 76,295 DAR Manuals for Citizenship to persons seeking to become naturalized citizens; contributed \$30,110 for American Indians, chiefly for scholarships; donated \$110,003 to the two DAR Schools we have owned and maintained for thirty-five years, and eleven of our Approved Schools on our list; and sponsored 8,061 clubs with 314,874 members for Junior American Citizens.

GERTRUDE S. CARRAWAY  
President General, NSDAR  
Washington, D. C.

I try to have as little as possible to do with un-American and subversive organizations and therefore do not care to engage in a prolonged controversy with the DAR, which I consider one of the worst. If you will read the resolutions adopted at the annual meeting last April and the copies of the addresses delivered at it which were distributed to the press, you will see ample grounds for what I said in *Harper's*.

BERNARD DEVOTO  
Cambridge, Mass.

### *Vanity Press*

TO THE EDITORS:

David Dempsey's good article on subsidy publishers ["How to Get Published, More or Less," July] reports the great growth of this business, which suggests that there may be good reasons for a writer to publish his own work. I believe that the rise in publishing costs has compelled publishers to stick to books that seem to promise large sales. This closes the door on specialized books, etc.

As an ex-printer, I would say that if a writer wants to pay for a printed edition, he might get estimates from local printers and binders. Perhaps they could produce the book as well,

cheaper than a subsidy publisher, and the writer could own the book. Even so it will cost about as much as a car.

Photo-offset printing, which gives a photographed copy of the typewritten page, is much cheaper and handles illustrations well. . . . Such an edition produces no glamor, only a usable book, and costs about one-fourth as much as a car.

WARREN CREEL  
Albany, N. Y.

Congratulations on David Dempsey's veil-lifting article on subsidy publishing. However, when he computed the earnings of our authors, apparently he confused my two sets of figures. Authors average close to a 20 per cent return in the first six months, and many of our books—poetry included—have sold out first editions and had as many as four printings.

It would be impossible for us to make a profit on subsidies without selling books, unless we wanted to reduce our standards of publication. Our book sales run into six figures.

EDWARD UHLAN  
Exposition Press  
New York, N. Y.

I am pretty much in agreement with [Dempsey's article] all down the line. There is just one catch. It did not happen that way to me. I had a book published by a "vanity" house. In seven weeks it sold 77,000 copies. The book hit the market in June and [at the end of July] was still going strong with 90,000 copies in print.

I suppose you would call this a once-in-a-lifetime freak, the Dream Come True of the frustrated author. . . . I had written about an unorthodox, enigmatical, controversial religious minority, Jehovah's Witnesses. . . . After trying thirteen publishers, nine agents, and Four Roses, do you wonder, and does Mr. Dempsey understand, why I flopped in a heap at the subsidized publisher's doorstep? . . .

In this case here was a publisher, who happened to be a subsidy press, who could see in a book what nobody else could see—and grabbed it. . . . Vantage decided to take a shot and hit the bull's eye.

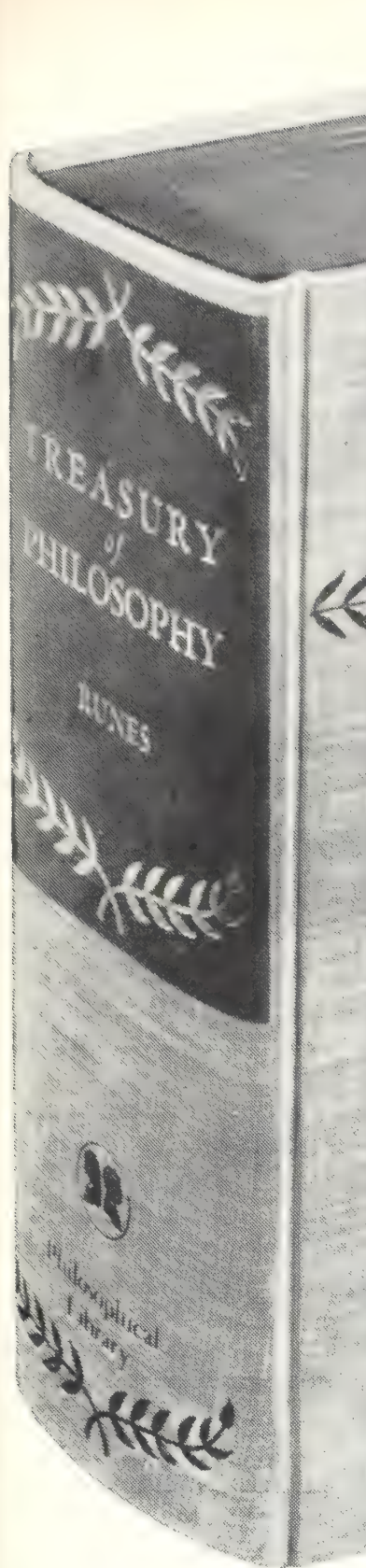
MARLEY COLE  
Fountain City, Tenn.

### *On Privacy*

TO THE EDITORS:

The indignities, even the cruelties, to which a sensation- and circulation-minded press has submitted our celebrities has been pointed out by Mr. Faulkner forcefully, yet with a restraint which must come hard, considering that





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## LETTERS

he is one of the victims. The acceptance by our nation of such invasions of privacy is a blight on our character which has long needed exposure. . . . In one sense, however, the coverage is incomplete. One need not be a celebrity to be the victim of this barbarity. A child is swept out to sea and a press camera catches the parents in the first anguish of realization. The picture is given nation-wide, front-page treatment, and the photographer, instead of being tarred and feathered, is awarded a prize. . . .

JOHN CADWALADER  
Bellevue, Wash.

Mr. Faulkner mentions some very disturbing truths. Along the way he points out that we have no laws against bad taste, and there are some of us who feel he has taken advantage of that condition.

There are also some of us who feel that reading Faulkner's works has been a rich experience, but we resent his implication that everyone is as fascinated with him as he seems to be with himself.

HANS BEACHAM  
Austin, Tex.

What really happened to Mr. Faulkner's Dream has happened from the beginning of time to every man's dream of privacy as soon as his head has risen above the crowd. The privilege of a cat to look at a king existed long before freedom of the press. People want to know what makes the people they think are great tick. America is interested in artists, scientists, and humanitarians as well as in businessmen and politicians. I can't feel we have lost our privacy just because Mr. Faulkner is unable to carry his own greatness and control his publicity.

MARGARET O. COLLACOTT  
Mentor, Ohio

I think Mr. Faulkner is right and wrong. Wrong to say America is ruined; right to say freedom of the press is irresponsibly used. . . . ELLEN OLIVIER  
Oklahoma City, Okla.

## Educational TV

TO THE EDITORS:

I was delighted to read Martin Quigley's splendid article, "Home-Grown TV in St. Louis" [July]. One of his points deserves further emphasis and examination by all who are concerned with the crisis in our schools. We have come to feel that in television we have a technical means for coping with the acute shortage of teachers and schoolrooms. Children love to watch television. Many of them spend more time watching television than they do in the

classroom. It has been amply demonstrated that people can learn via TV.

Educational television has a vast treasure to offer us. . . . Our committee will gladly help all who have interest.

ROBERT R. MULLEN, Exec. Dir.  
National Citizens Committee  
for Educational Television  
Washington, D. C.

When Mr. Quigley states that without the help of the Fund for Adult Education "there would probably not be a single educational television station on the air," he overlooks the fact that KUHT, the nation's first educational station, went on the air without any FAE support. Only after KUHT had successfully pioneered for almost two years did the FAE make a small grant for film-recording equipment.

Mr. Quigley implies that an educational TV station needs \$25,000 a month for operating expenses. KUHT operates on much less than a third of this sum, and at least two other educational stations have even smaller budgets. In my opinion, any community or institution which can raise \$90,000 a year can successfully operate a station.

JOHN C. SCHWARZWALDER  
Manager, KUHT  
Houston, Tex.

## Unearthly Visitors

TO THE EDITORS:

Crockett Johnson is doubtless fed to the teeth by continued reports of unearthly visitors ["Fantastic Companions," June], but he might like to add to his collection two more who frequented our home some years ago.

"Heemy" was for about a year the close friend of Anne T. of Ojai, California. "Heemy" was described only as "a big yady" who lived in a tree; it is hard to describe her further except to say that she had a close affinity with all colorlessness. The blank end-papers of all books were "stories about Heemy"; she preferred vanilla junket which she described as "silent junket, because it hasn't got any color"; and she liked "just a little shiny bit of dark." She hasn't visited Anne for fifteen years now, but all blank spaces or bland tastes still remind us of her.

"Has-pas-free," a "wolf what lives at the Ojai Grocery," was a frequent party-guest in the bed of 30-months-old Tony T., and he often appeared accompanied by his followers "all the rough foxes." He wore a "Vexer-gun" but even this armament was of no avail the day "a giant rat came in the room and tore up all the pictures."

MARGARET P. THACHER  
Ojai, Calif.



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BERNARD DIVOTO

## *the easy* Chair

HELL'S HALF ACRE, MASS.

I MUST begin by explaining that, notwithstanding widespread libels in the press, I am neither a nature lover nor an outdoorsman. For years the conservation war has kept me in active alliance with the organizations of those who are, but I puzzle them. I have not tried to catch fish since my early twenties and, though I was an expert shot till I sold my guns, I have done no hunting since my late teens. Because I learned the requisite skills early in life, I get on comfortably in the wildernesses to which my trade takes me every little while, but though I have no objection to a sleeping bag I prefer an innerspring mattress, and though I am a competent camper I would rather end the day at a good restaurant than at a campfire. I much prefer an automobile to a horse, I have never liked canoeing, and a distaste for birds that I was born with often becomes hostility.

I have one marked superiority to most outdoorsmen, though that is not the noun they use when alluding to it: nothing bites or stings me. Mosquitoes settle on and ants crawl over my companions, not me; ticks, midges, black flies, wasps, hornets, and all other bugs and insects invariably detour me to get at the poets and sportsmen I associate with in the wilds. You will guess that I have been offered many explanations of this immunity.

But though my tastes are metropolitan and I have no urge to be active in the wilds, I agree with the outdoorsmen; life would be intolerable if I could not visit woods and mountains at short intervals. I have got to have the sight of clean water and the sound of running water. I have got to get to places where the sky-shine of cities does not dim the stars, where you can smell land and foliage, grasses and marshes, forest duff and

aromatic plants and hot underbrush turning cool. Most of all, I have to learn again what quiet is. I believe that our culture is more likely to perish from noise than from radioactive fallout; noise is the worst torture we inflict on one another.

Nothing in this is sentimental or poetic. It is necessity. And to get to my point, it is necessity to a hundred million other Americans.

Interest in natural history normally awakens in the early teens. This spring and summer I have watched a number of boys of high-school age pursuing that interest. The schools, which did nothing about it when I was that age, now provide quite remarkable training, but the training can be put to use only with difficulty. With these stirrings has come, inevitably, the desire to go camping in the outdoors that is pure fantasy at first; for some of these boys it is going to remain fantasy unless they get some unlikely breaks. One of them lately dug out of my shelves a book called *Camping and Woodcraft* by Horace Kephart, which in its way is as remarkable as the same author's standard work, *Our Southern Highlanders*. The copyright date is 1917. I had not looked at it for years; glancing through it now, I realize that its fascinating lore must remain just reading matter to a great many people. When Kephart wrote it, the experiences it deals with were open to anyone in a few hours and at the cost of a few dollars. Now, in the East, in practically all the Middle West, and in most of the South they call for a formidable outlay and a lot of time.

A MONTH ago I was called on to drive one of these boys, with a load of collecting and killing jars, Riker mounts, microscope slides, scalpels, and scientific manuals, to some place where he could pursue his field inquiries amidst some natural abundance. The nearest place that would do (but only barely) was a Massachusetts state forest, ninety miles from Cambridge. A drive of about a hundred miles would have taken us to the Green Mountain National Forest or adjacent Vermont woods owned by power and lumber companies which are willing to have people use them if they will behave intelligently. On the trip we settled for we reached portions of the White Mountain National Forest in about a hundred miles, but to find all we wanted we had to drive through Crawford Notch to the vicinity of Fabyan, thirty-five or forty miles farther. Of course, there are plenty of woodlots and some fine hills and even peaks much nearer. But the woodlots are private property that you don't want to trespass on, and are usually forbidden to, and few of them are large enough anyway. Hills and mountains so near to Boston are a kind



of park, and parks are not right for the study of even elementary ecology. Well, to go 140 miles to reach a reasonably neglected natural area is quite an undertaking for a boy who is too young for a driver's license, and though I can easily rearrange the working-hours my trade calls for, most fathers can't.

To make their notes on birds, these boys have been going to Mount Auburn Cemetery. It is excellent for that purpose and besides is beautifully landscaped and has many species of trees and shrubs not native to this region. About three miles farther out, in the town of Belmont, there is a swamp in a first-rate condition of neglect and they have done there some investigations that seem to me truly remarkable. But most of their nature study has been carried on in an area which, I learn, they are calling Hell's Half Acre. I had not visited it for some years, for the reasons that have led them to give it that name. Recently, however, some of them took me there on a guided tour, for purposes of propaganda.

**B**Y THE TIME the Charles River reaches Cambridge it is foul and noisome, polluted by offal and industrial wastes, scummy with oil, unlikely to be mistaken for water. Still, it is a river. And between the river bank and the Cambridge Cemetery which is on a slight rise, there is a narrow strip of neglected land about a mile and a quarter long. It follows some pleasing curves of the Charles, crosses the Cambridge line, and extends to the U. S. Arsenal at Watertown. During many years I walked there often and so did a lot of other people. There were trees, grass, a lot of mixed vegetation, minute watercourses, and so much small wildlife that the myriad rats of the always-burning Watertown dump never invaded it. It was from here that an occasional skunk wandered down to startle some Cambridge gardener. I cannot say that it was a beauty spot and the Cemetery insisted on littering one edge of it with withered floral pieces, but it was open, tolerably quiet, tolerably fresh, and a pleasant place to have in a city of 130,000 people.

At the beginning of the war, the government fenced off the upstream third of this stretch, to provide a storage area for the Arsenal. Immediately after the war a new bridge was built across the Charles at the downstream end, so that one of Boston's improved access roads could connect with a state highway. Promptly bulldozers and graders chewed up the lower end of it and the construction company dumped thousands of tons of earth and rubble on it, so much that a range of small hills several hundred yards long resulted. It heaped its miscellaneous junk there too. The citizenry of Cambridge began to do the same; the place is not officially a dump, in fact dump-

ing is prohibited there, but it is being used as one nevertheless. It is hideous and offensive.

Diminished by about half, a stinking and scabrous dump, littered with oil drums and automobile fenders and old refrigerators, that is Hell's Half Acre. Yet the apprentice naturalists rejoice in it as a convenient place to study nature. The small range of hills blocked off some of the minute watercourses, which ran through patches of peat bog, and a small pond has formed, with an equally small marsh at one end of it. The marsh is thick with cattails, bulrushes, sedges, and blue and yellow flags. Bindweed, milkweed, pokeweed, blue toadflax, tansy, and the like have covered much of the contractor's litter. There is a luxuriant growth of vetches, docks, mulleins, sheep sorrels, and sweet clover. You can find white campion, cinquefoils, evening primroses. Poplars and wild cherries have appeared in quantity and some gray birch is coming in. ("No fungi, ferns, horsetails, mosses, or liverworts," say the notes which my guides made as we explored it. Those notes list more than twenty species of plants, worthless weeds to you, that I have not mentioned.) Muskrats have taken up residence in the marsh; I am sure there were none before. Several families of mallards were being reared on the pond. We heard bullfrogs and saw a couple of pheasants, a night heron, a number of killdeer and kingfishers, many red-winged blackbirds, and of course all the species of birds you see in city parks. My guides have listed several species of butterflies and scores of species of other insects, arachnids, and myriapods. There are turtles and various kinds of snakes but, I fear, no longer any skunks.

**I** WAS TAKEN on this tour because my instructors attribute more power to the press than it has. They hoped that if I mentioned Hell's Half Acre in the Easy Chair, the City of Cambridge could be induced to fence off the lower end and so keep people from dumping any more refuse there. They had still dizzier hope that less than three-quarters of a mile of rubbish-befouled wasteland could be constituted a nature preserve—that the highway to be built there soon would be routed somewhere else. They believed that Cambridge ought to maintain a few acres of land in a condition of judicious neglect. So that mallards and muskrats could breed there, night herons could stalk among the sedges and bulrushes, wild radish could cover the rusty tin cans, and people could look at plants, flowers, birds, and spiders in natural association and, seeing them, could learn a little, reflect a little, and refresh their spirits.

The boys' cause is hopeless. The City of Cambridge could do nothing, even if it saw any

# Here are 5 ways to

**For every 5 new engineers industry needed this year, there were only 3 graduated from U. S. colleges**

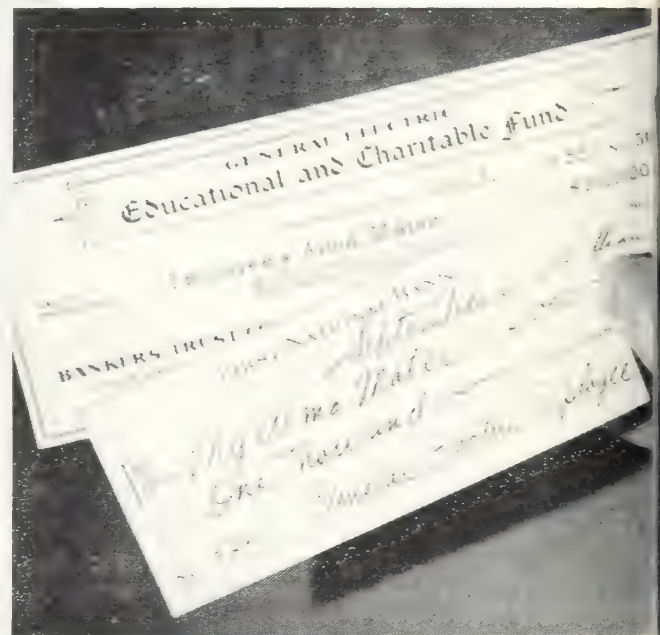
In 1955, U. S. industry had jobs for an estimated 37,000 engineers; our colleges graduated 21,500.\* This shortage, typical of recent years, is creating an increasingly serious problem — for engineers and scientists hold the key to progress in this swift-moving technological age.

At General Electric, for example, nearly 17,500 of our people are trained in engineering or science, and we have opportunities for a thousand more technically trained people each year. The need may double in the next 10 years.

As we see it, industry, working with educational institutions, can do much to solve the shortage. On these two pages are some of the things we believe will help.

\*Estimates are from the Engineering Manpower Commission of the Engineers Joint Council.

ENGINEERS  
NEEDED  
IN 1955  
37,000

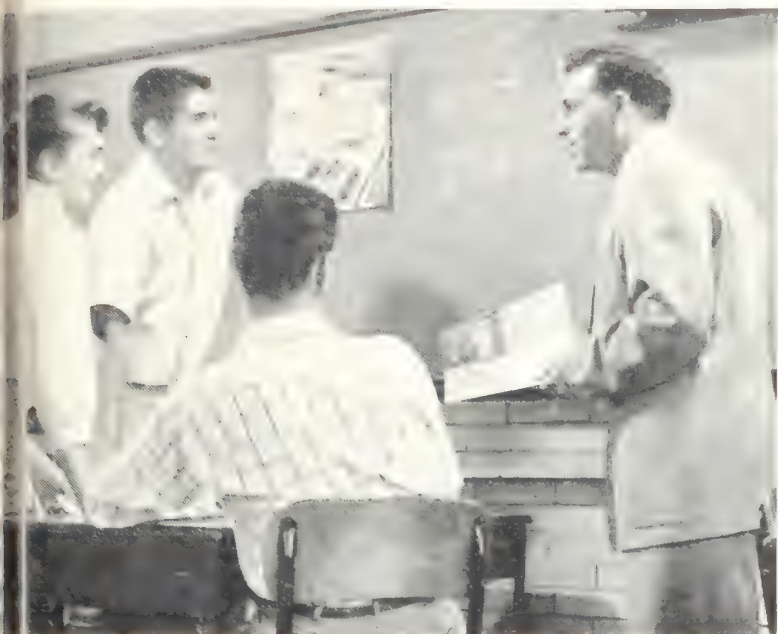


**3. Help schools financially.** Nearly half of colleges operate in the red. Since 1922, aid-to-education program has included fellow scholarships, and other financial support. In addition, the General Electric Educational and Charitable Fund matches, dollar for dollar up to \$1.00 a year, contributions by each employee to his company fund.

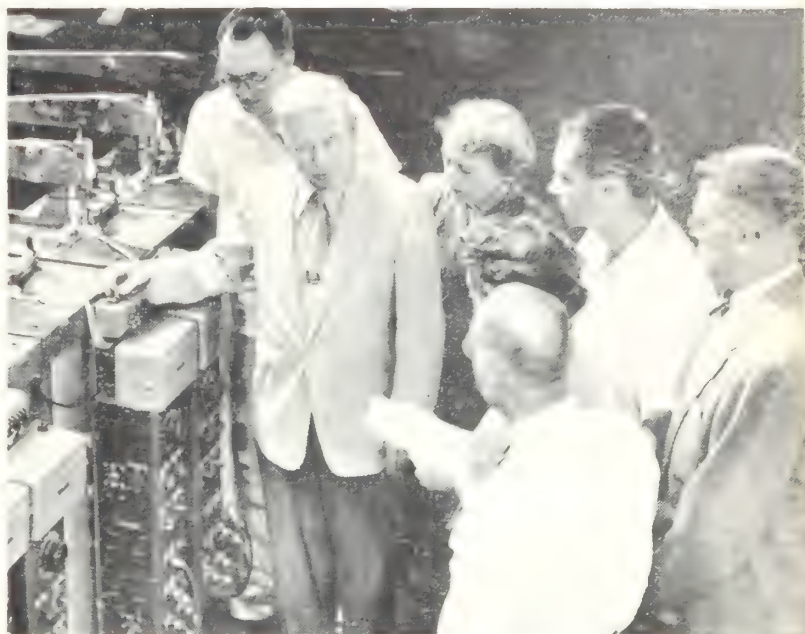
For a detailed discussion of our views on "Basic Relations Between Education and the Economy," write General Electric, Department 12-119, Schenectady, New York.



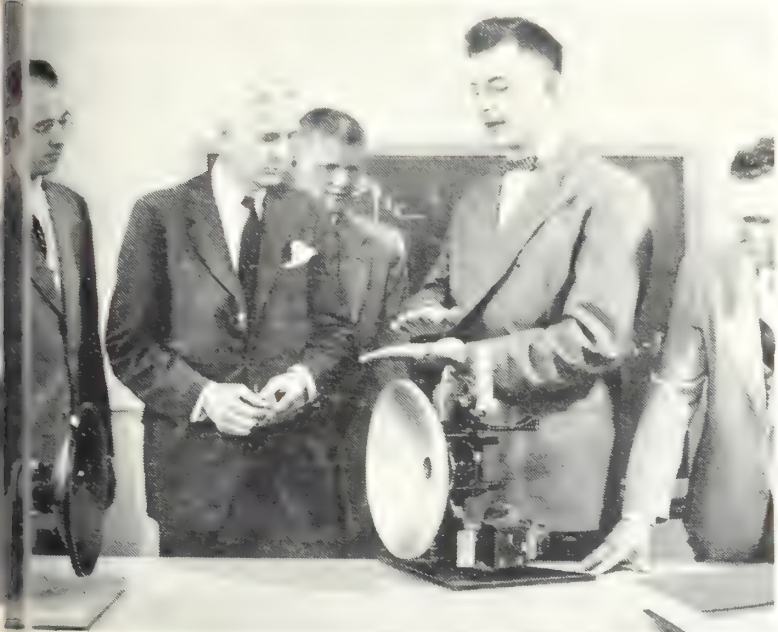
# help solve America's critical shortage of engineer



help guide young people's careers. More high-school students will take the courses they need to become engineers if they know the wide opportunities in the field. Since the 1920's, General Electric has tried to create interest by distributing a variety of school training aids. (Above, a teacher counsels students, using a career guidance booklet, "Why Study Math?") In the past 10 years, schools have requested 63,000,000 copies of our training aids.



**2. Bring businessmen and educators together.** An understanding of the role math and science play in business can help teachers prepare students for careers. The group above is the latest of 1,450 high-school teachers to attend G.E.-sponsored summer fellowship programs. Here they have the opportunity to study at several leading colleges and to see firsthand the value of their work to business. We have also conducted conferences for college educators since 1924.



educate employees on the job. The development of young people must continue after they start to work. At General Electric, we have 12 formal educational programs; the oldest — Engineering Apprenticeship — started nearly 60 years ago. (Above, Clarence Linder, Vice President — Engineering Services, reviews work of engineers enrolled in our Creative Engineering Program.) More than 10,000 technically trained men and women have participated in these programs.



**5. Encourage self-development.** Young people with aptitude should be helped to move ahead. For example, the young men above joined our Apprentice Training Program as high-school graduates in 1949; this year they are graduate engineers from the U. of New Hampshire after a 6-year work-and-study program sponsored by our Meter Department. Donald E. Craig, General Manager of the Department, congratulates the men and welcomes them to full-time jobs.

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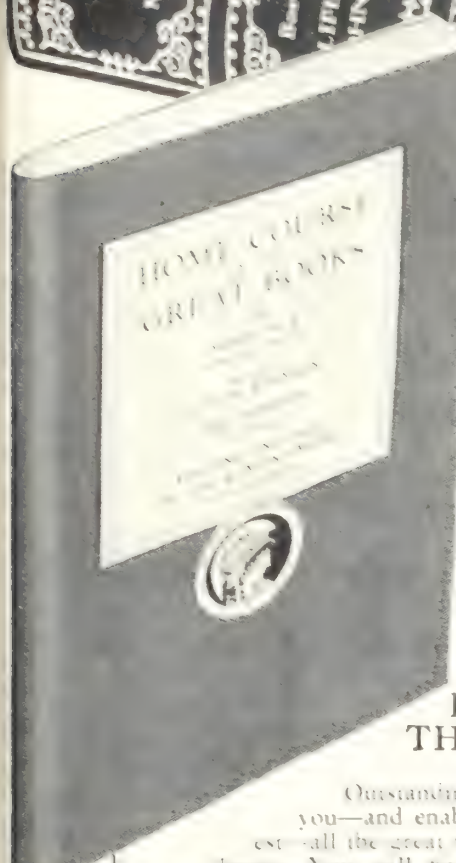
**B**UT I DO NOT accept the explanations I have offered them. They may learn from Hell's Half Acre a second lesson, as important as the one they have learned about nature's ability to heal its injuries and cover its scars. I have explained the fiscal pressures that are at work on every major city and community. I have explained the economic conditions, however traffic, greater crowding of business, manufacturing, service, housing, diminishing space of every kind. I have made clear that city planners, engineers, architects, and the political bodies that control them are reacting to what my instructors and many austere adult thinkers believe, dealing with these problems more effectively than there was any reason to hope. But they have dismissed all this as irrelevant and are moving forward on the principle that means matter more than ends. They think that the world is not a better place than it was 50 years ago. They are ready to say that the world is not a better place than it was 50 years ago. They are ready to say that the world is not a better place than it was 50 years ago.



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Country	Year	Population (millions)	Urban population (millions)	Urban population (%)
Algeria	1990	10.0	4.5	45.0
Algeria	2000	11.0	5.5	50.0
Algeria	2010	12.0	6.5	54.2
Algeria	2020	13.0	7.5	57.7
Algeria	2030	14.0	8.5	60.7
Algeria	2040	15.0	9.5	63.3
Algeria	2050	16.0	10.5	65.6
Algeria	2060	17.0	11.5	67.6
Algeria	2070	18.0	12.5	69.4
Algeria	2080	19.0	13.5	71.1
Algeria	2090	20.0	14.5	72.5
Algeria	2100	21.0	15.5	73.8
Algeria	2110	22.0	16.5	75.0
Algeria	2120	23.0	17.5	76.1
Algeria	2130	24.0	18.5	77.1
Algeria	2140	25.0	19.5	78.0
Algeria	2150	26.0	20.5	78.8
Algeria	2160	27.0	21.5	79.6
Algeria	2170	28.0	22.5	80.4
Algeria	2180	29.0	23.5	81.0
Algeria	2190	30.0	24.5	81.7
Algeria	2200	31.0	25.5	82.3
Algeria	2210	32.0	26.5	82.8
Algeria	2220	33.0	27.5	83.3
Algeria	2230	34.0	28.5	83.8
Algeria	2240	35.0	29.5	84.3
Algeria	2250	36.0	30.5	84.7
Algeria	2260	37.0	31.5	85.1
Algeria	2270	38.0	32.5	85.5
Algeria	2280	39.0	33.5	86.0
Algeria	2290	40.0	34.5	86.3
Algeria	2300	41.0	35.5	86.6
Algeria	2310	42.0	36.5	86.9
Algeria	2320	43.0	37.5	87.2
Algeria	2330	44.0	38.5	87.5
Algeria	2340	45.0	39.5	87.8
Algeria	2350	46.0	40.5	88.0
Algeria	2360	47.0	41.5	88.3
Algeria	2370	48.0	42.5	88.5
Algeria	2380	49.0	43.5	88.8
Algeria	2390	50.0	44.5	89.0
Algeria	2400	51.0	45.5	89.2
Algeria	2410	52.0	46.5	89.4
Algeria	2420	53.0	47.5	89.6
Algeria	2430	54.0	48.5	89.8
Algeria	2440	55.0	49.5	90.0
Algeria	2450	56.0	50.5	90.2
Algeria	2460	57.0	51.5	90.4
Algeria	2470	58.0	52.5	90.6
Algeria	2480	59.0	53.5	90.8
Algeria	2490	60.0	54.5	90.9
Algeria	2500	61.0	55.5	91.0
Algeria	2510	62.0	56.5	91.1
Algeria	2520	63.0	57.5	91.3
Algeria	2530	64.0	58.5	91.4
Algeria	2540	65.0	59.5	91.5
Algeria	2550	66.0	60.5	91.7
Algeria	2560	67.0	61.5	91.8
Algeria	2570	68.0	62.5	91.9
Algeria	2580	69.0	63.5	92.0
Algeria	2590	70.0	64.5	92.1
Algeria	2600	71.0	65.5	92.3
Algeria	2610	72.0	66.5	92.4
Algeria	2620	73.0	67.5	92.5
Algeria	2630	74.0	68.5	92.6
Algeria	2640	75.0	69.5	92.7
Algeria	2650	76.0	70.5	92.8
Algeria	2660	77.0	71.5	92.9
Algeria	2670	78.0	72.5	93.0
Algeria	2680	79.0	73.5	93.1
Algeria	2690	80.0	74.5	93.2
Algeria	2700	81.0	75.5	93.3

**HARPER**

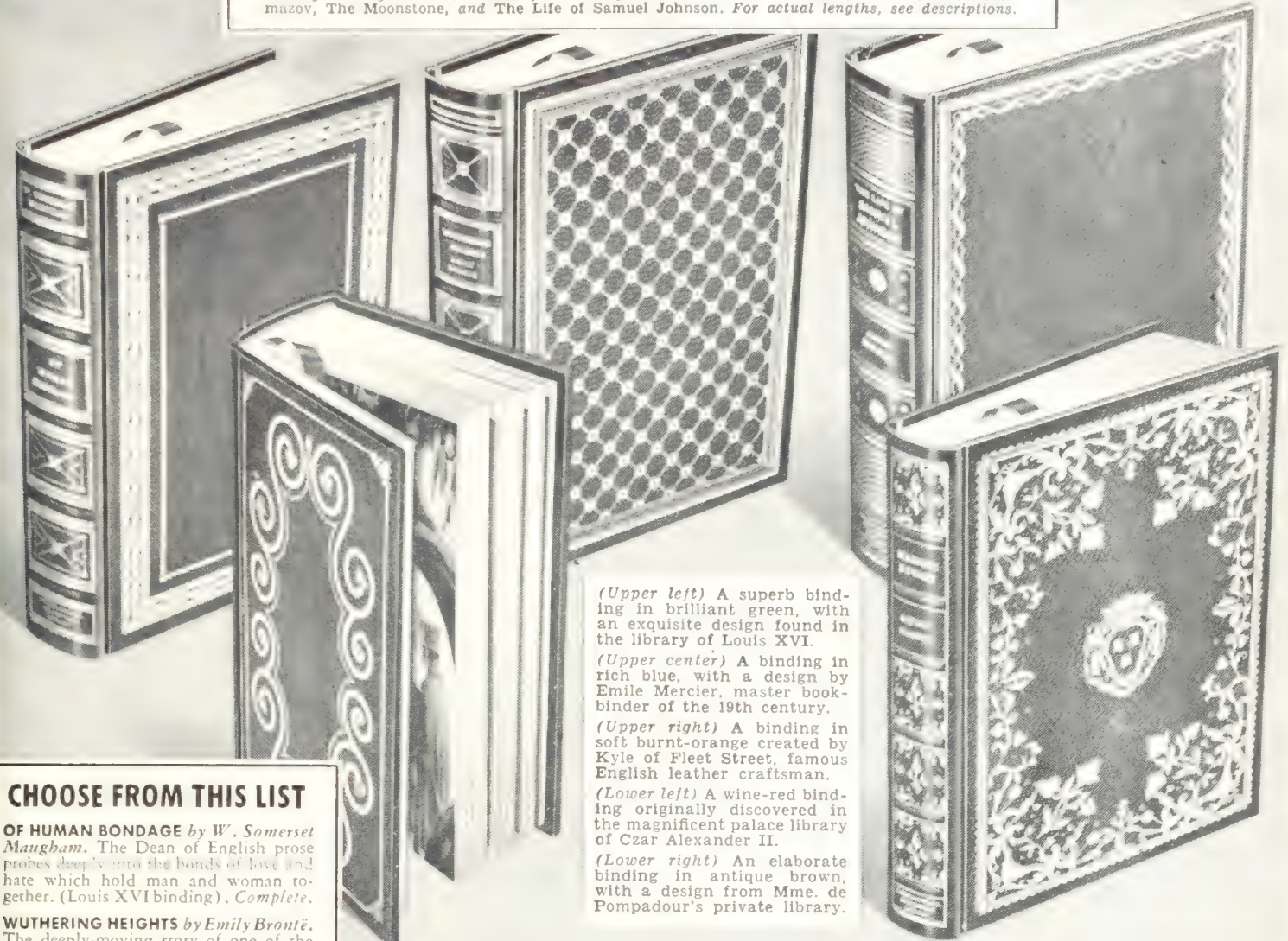


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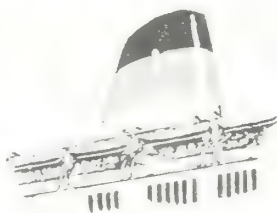
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**THE EASY CHAIR**

practical purposes never lets up. Oak Park would like ten acres of it for a parking lot and twenty more for a playground. River Forest wants fifty acres for a high school. A club demands a hundred acres for trap shooting and similar sports. The University of Illinois would like three hundred acres for its Chicago campus. The Corps of Engineers wants to dump its excavated material on another part of the forest. And so on, every day, year after year with increasing urgency.

No doubt the towns and cities of Cook County need space for these things. Rudimentary financial judgment would bid them rip up the bell railroads and demolish the Loop rather than encroach on the Forest Preserve. Chicago may not be forced to such drastic actions but the leveling of expensive portions of some big cities is predictable.

The demand for the conversion and destruction of state reservation is even stronger, though the most populous states have learned that it cannot be listened to. Far more dangerous are the unceasing attempts to reduce the size of federal reservations, and to convert them to "sensible" and "profitable" uses. Readers of the Easy Chair are familiar with the efforts of the Bureau of Reclamation to destroy Dinosaur National Monument (with holding companies lined up behind it eyeing eight other national parks), and with the continuous effort of Western stock growers to get hold of the national forests, an effort that would bankrupt the West if it were to succeed. As I write this, the House of Representatives is inquiring into the intention of the Department of the Interior to get rid of large portions of the wildlife reserves and to convert other portions to what it calls profitable use. Lumber companies, corporations that raise cattle, and a few millionaires' clubs would get part of this loot, but even less pardonable is the effort of the Army to get in on the steal. The Army has even been lying to Congress to get what it wants. (It would cost a lot of money to build and maintain Army installations for the proposed purpose in the Nevada desert, but the total would be only a small fraction of what the conversion of the wildlife reserves would cost.) The



## THE EASY CHAIR

Forest Service is under constantly increasing pressure to reduce the size of the portions of various forests which it reserves in their primitive condition as Wilderness Areas. The sum of these pressures is terrifying, it is a national danger. But, far from learning as some states have learned that they must be resisted no matter who loses a profit, the Administration is enthusiastically yielding to some of them.

AND the population keeps on growing, the suburbs extend farther into the fields, a high-school boy has to be driven 140 miles to find some *fontinalis*, and the ordinary citizen must go always farther to find clean water and a natural silence. If we do not soon acquire a little business sense and some social intelligence, the nation will collapse from spiritual hemorrhage.

God knows it is good to have a President who is a real fisherman, not one puts on the costume for the sake of the photographers. But he ought to look at the rivers he fishes. He likes the Fraser; does he know that its doom has been spoken? Some once equally delightful Colorado rivers are now dead, more are dying, many are seriously sick. Some are out of control, none flows as much water as it used to. I understand that every trout taken from its river costs Colorado four dollars; it will be eight dollars in a few years. The President lately went fishing in New England. I do not know how much Maine and New Hampshire fish cost, but I do know how much the rape and spoliation of the New England woods and wilderness is costing the people of New England. Mr. Eisenhower should have tried the Connecticut River, an open sewer where once he could have caught salmon as far up as Second Lake or crossed the river dryshod on the backs of shad as far up as Brattleboro.

I know that the President has not got time to look at the right places. But someone close to him should certainly look at them. If Mr. Sherman Adams or Mr. Robert Cutler will give me a ring the next time he is in town, I will be glad to show him Hell's Half Acre.

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# PERSONAL and otherwise

## The Nixon Issue

**R**OUGHLY one out of every five Presidents has died in office.\* If Mr. Eisenhower should be re-elected, he would become before the end of his second term the oldest man who ever served in the White House.

The subject is an unpleasant one—so unpleasant that no politician of either party has yet ventured to discuss it above a whisper. Yet it has to be discussed, sooner or later, because the future of the country hinges on it. In fact, the main issue in 1956 may be, quite simply, this: Is Richard M. Nixon the kind of man we want in the White House?

The question is unavoidable, whether Mr. Eisenhower runs or not. If he does, Mr. Nixon is virtually certain to be his running-mate. If he does not, Mr. Nixon is quite likely to lead the Republican ticket. For Ike has made it plain that Mr. Nixon is his favorite Republican—and Ike's voice obviously will carry a long way in the nominating convention.

On page 57, Richard H. Rovere—widely recognized as one of the country's soundest political reporters—attempts to point the way toward an answer. His assignment is not a simple one, because Mr. Nixon has not yet given us any very clear idea what kind of President he would make. For the reasons Mr. Rovere notes, he is a curiously ambiguous man, hard to bring into sharp focus.

If you run your eye down the list of American Presidents, you will find only one who seems roughly comparable. Martin Van Buren was similarly skilled in the arts of political maneuver, and was equally hard to identify with any firm line of policy or principle. Like Mr. Nixon, he served as Vice President under a

famous general; he earned his chief's gratitude for his deftness as a fixer and tactician; and the aging warrior chose him to take over leadership of the party. He was a smooth man, charming and inscrutable, who—as John Randolph once said—"rowed to his object with muffled oars." And one of the leading historians of his period reports that "Van Buren enjoyed a name for noncommittalism that survived when most other things about him were forgotten." Mercifully, nearly everything about him has been forgotten. He did not make a memorable President.

### TIME IS ON WHOSE SIDE?

SINCE Mr. Nixon climbed to national fame as a fair-minded and effective investigator of Communists, it is odd that he has been so non-committal—or at least ambidextrous—about the one issue which until recently split the Republican party more deeply than any other. At bottom, this question is: Does time fight for us or for the Communists?

One wing of the party—which once looked like the dominant wing—argued that time was on the side of the Soviets. Its spokesmen were Knowland, Jenner, McCarthy, and their journalistic following. Their allies included a few pseudo-Democrats, such as McCarran and Walter, plus some imposing military figures such as MacArthur and Van Fleet. (Admiral Radford occasionally is mentioned as a fellow-traveler, although in fact he does not appear to share all their views.) These men drew their basic ideas—though often at second or third hand—from the geopolitical theories of Mackinder, Spykman, and Herr Doktor Haushofer, the eminent metastrategist.

Consequently, they were convinced that if the great Eurasian land mass—Mackinder's Heartland—should ever be united under a single power, that power would eventually dominate the world. It would possess the manpower, the resources, and the

\*Thirty-three men have held that office. The seven who died while serving were Harrison, Taylor, Lincoln, Garfield, McKinley, Harding, and F. D. Roosevelt.



strategic central position which would, in time, make it invincible. Already, they pointed out, nearly all of this Heartland is in Soviet hands—and if the Soviets are permitted to consolidate their power, particularly in Asia, then their further conquests can never be halted.

This is the assumption which lay beneath their stubborn support of Chiang Kai-shek, and their forlorn hope that he might some day reconquer the Chinese mainland. It was the reason why they regarded the Korean truce as a catastrophe for the free world, insisting that "there is no substitute for victory"—meaning a total defeat of the Chinese Reds at whatever cost. It also explains their eagerness to plunge into the Indochina fighting, and to risk a world war over Quemoy and Matsu. On the other side of the globe, it justified their itch to liberate the Russian satellites immediately. It led them to distrust all negotiation, and to press for a quick showdown, in defiance of our allies and regardless of risk.

A coherent argument can be made for this doctrine—a more plausible case, indeed, than its advocates ever dared to make in public debate. For if the argument is carried to its logical conclusion it demands a preventive war. Moreover, it prescribes this war right now, before the Chinese Reds are able to organize their vast potential and while the U. S. still has a margin of superiority in long-range planes and nuclear weapons.

However persuasive such logic may sound in cold-blooded strategic terms, it is morally and politically horrifying. So even Knowland and McCarthy shrank from setting it forth in all its shocking nakedness. Anyhow, perhaps they thought this wasn't necessary. By playing on the raw emotions of the post-Korea period, they may have believed that they could stampede the country in their direction without ever mentioning the ultimate goal.

During the early stages of the Dien Bien Phu crisis, Mr. Nixon seemed to side with this group; indeed, he put the geopolitical argument more clearly than any of the Republican radicals ever had. Nevertheless, a few weeks later he was lined up with the moderate, or Eisenhower, wing of the party.

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This group has never accepted the notion that we have only two alternatives—fight now, or lose the globe eventually. They suspected that Haushofer's strategic theory—like so many other things—may have been made obsolete by nuclear weapons. They refuse to believe that Communism is the Wave of the Future. They hold that a wary co-existence is possible; that negotiations are always worth a try; and that brute force is not the only means of defeating Soviet imperialism.

About six months ago it became clear that the moderates had gained firm control of the Republican party. (Mr. Nixon's shift probably foreshadowed the turn: he is a remarkably sensitive political weathervane.) The usual explanations are the moral influence of Mr. Eisenhower himself, the losses of the extremists in the last election, the collapse of McCarthyism, and the more reasonable manners of the Russians.

But perhaps more important than any of these is the military stalemate. Either it already has arrived, or it is still a few years in the future—depending on your taste in intelligence estimates. In any case, the balance of destructive power is now so close that no sane man can think seriously of preventive war. Knowland himself is crawling gingerly back toward the President's camp.

It now seems likely that we are entering a long period of peaceful (though uneasy) competition between the Communist empire and the free world. In these circumstances, the moderate Republicans are quite confident that time is on our side. They are sure that both our political and our economic systems will work better, over the long pull, than the Soviets'. (Some of the reasons for this faith were set forth in W. W. Rostow's "Why Communism May Fail" in the February issue of *Harper's*, and in the more recent series on "America's Next Twenty years," by Peter F. Drucker.) Like George Kennan, they believe that the Communist regime is inherently unstable, and that the pressures of time and its own internal contradictions will someday result in its collapse—or, more likely, its slow transformation into something entirely different and less menacing.

If this view proves correct, 1955

may turn out to be the biggest historical milestone since the end of World War II. It could mark the point at which the initiative shifted to the free world—and, as an almost incidental footnote, it may be remembered as the year when the power of the Old Guard in the Republican party was broken for good.

The extent to which the initiative already is shifting into our hands is examined on page 40 by Joseph H. Spigelman, who has been writing on public affairs for *Harper's*, *Fortune*, *Barron's Weekly*, and other magazines for the past fifteen years. He is the kind of man whom Walter Lippmann might describe as a public philosopher; during the war he worked for various government agencies as a thinker, rather than an administrator, and some of his memoranda are still remembered as analytic gems. He is an economist, a sociologist, and a mathematician, now engaged in work on transportation problems. His home is in New York.

•••Everybody knows that our schools are in bad trouble, and for the last few years nearly everybody has been criticizing teachers, administrators, and teaching methods with enthusiasm—if not always with much accuracy. Consequently, Sloan Wilson's defense of our school system on page 29 may shock a good many readers. Especially since he puts the blame for its undeniable shortcomings in an uncomfortable place.

Mr. Wilson is the author of *The Man in the Gray Flannel Suit*, a Literary Guild selection for July; it was reviewed in "Books in Brief" last month. He also is assistant director of the White House Conference on Education, its technical director, and its representative from New England. The Conference's report, expected this winter, probably will set the course of national educational policy for a long time to come.

Much of the information in Mr. Wilson's article was collected in the course of his earlier work as an executive of the National Citizens Commission for the Public Schools. He also served briefly as a school-board member in New Canaan, Connecticut; he is now on leave from the University of Buffalo, where he is an assistant professor of English.



...Lots of favorites are literally puzzled by the Olympian pronouncements of psychiatrists. For example, in his article about the curious sleeping habits of women (p. 34) Dr. Milton Sapirstein tells us that a clock is a female sex symbol. Those of us who have never looked at a clock in exactly this light may wonder why it wouldn't serve just as well as a symbol of, say, the masculine digestive apparatus, or the inexorable creep of old age, or the 5:53 commuters' train. They may also wonder whether the psychiatrists aren't kidding us a little, in their solemn, dead-pan way.

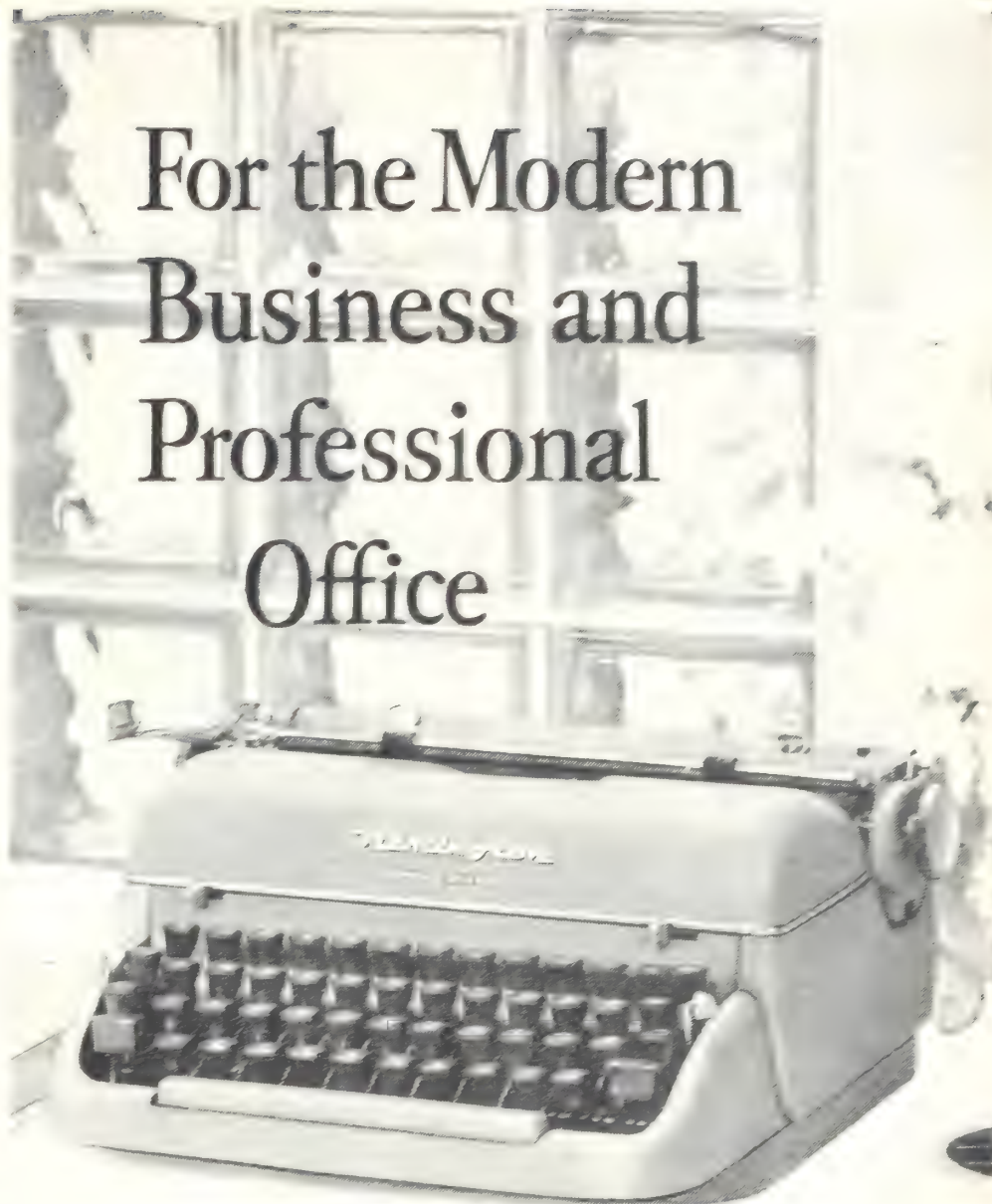
Such thoughts are dangerous, however: if carried too far, they could undermine the most lordly and sacerdotal branch of medicine. Moreover, Dr. Sapirstein is a serious man, a graduate of New York University medical school with a certificate in Psychosomatic Medicine from Columbia, who now practices in New York City. He is connected with both Mt. Sinai Hospital and Kingsbridge Veterans' Hospital.

He was assisted in writing the article by Alis De Sola, a native of Stendal, Germany, who was graduated from Barnard College, and who has written a number of plays, articles, and short stories. She served on the Voice of America staff from 1949 to 1953, and has translated much Latin American fiction.

"Decorating the Home" gives a preview of Dr. Sapirstein's and Miss De Sola's new book, *Paradoxes in Everybody's Life*, which will be published soon by Random House.

...The research project which sent Daniel Lerner on his quest for "The Grocer and the Chief" (p. 47) was begun in 1950 by Columbia University's Bureau of Applied Research which undertook to collect more than 2,000 interviews—approximately 300 each from Turkey, Iran, Syria, Lebanon, Jordan, Egypt, and Greece. The interviews were done by nationals in each country who had been specially trained by an American social scientist, and the results were sent back to Columbia where Dr. Lerner, a visiting professor of sociology from Stanford, was study director. In 1954 both the project and Dr. Lerner moved to Massachusetts Institute of Technology's Cen-

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I am a Christian. Does that make me my brother's keeper? When my stomach is full must I be concerned about others, whose stomachs are empty? Must I? Am I *compelled* to think about these others? Or is it just, God helping me, that I *want* to think about them and because I have a heart, desire to help them?

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ter for International Studies. The book which grew out of this is tentatively entitled *Modernizing the Middle East* and will be published by MIT.

...For many years George W. Gray, who describes the exciting new discoveries in photosynthesis on page 64, has been illuminating science for the layman. He is author of six books, winner of a Westinghouse award for the best magazine article of the year on a scientific subject, and an investigator of research projects for the Rockefeller Foundation.

...Mary Lee Settle, who appears in *Harper's* for the first time with "The Old Wives' Tale" (p. 73) was born in West Virginia and now lives in England. Her first novel, *The Love Eaters*, was published last March by Harper & Brothers. A second, *The Kiss of Kin*, will appear early next year.

...The friendly, highly personal experiment which Shannon McCune describes on page 79 has now grown into a major enterprise. His book exchange program has been taken up, and greatly expanded, by the Asia Foundation—successor to the Committee for a Free Asia which he mentions in his article.

This private, non-profit organization is now collecting books for distribution in twelve Asian countries. It particularly needs books of current interest, and in good condition, in the fields of history, philosophy, psychology, literature, art, music, comparative religion, anthropology, education, sociology, economics, business, and law. If you have any second-hand volumes which you would like to donate, they should be sent to:

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Dr. McCune's special interest in Asia dates from his childhood, in a missionary family, in Korea. He speaks a number of Oriental languages, and has served on governmental missions in India, Ceylon, Indonesia, and elsewhere, during the war and postwar years. A professor of geography, he now holds a top administrative post at the University of Massachusetts.



•••As the author of four novels, some eighty or more short stories, and a half dozen articles, **Benedict Thielen** is well acquainted with the problems of the writer's life which he describes so feelingly in his advice to a bride (p. 81). He used to live in New York but now divides his time between Key West and Martha's Vineyard.

•••This month **Paul Pickrel** takes on the assignment of chief book critic of *Harper's*. He has contributed several reviews of "The New Books" in recent months and has received a warm response from readers for his discriminating, good-natured, and deft performance. Managing editor of the *Yale Review* and lecturer in English at that University, Mr. Pickrel is also the author of a novel, *The Moving Stairs*.

•••The poets this month are all authors of published books: **Felicia Lamport**, *Mink on Weekdays*; **Ernest Kroll**, *Cape Horn and Other Poems*, and a new one, *The Pauses of the Eye*, to be out next month; **W. S. Merwin**, two volumes of verse and a new one, *Green with Bursts*, to be issued next spring.

#### COMING NEXT MONTH

The first installment of a new novel by **Graham Greene**, "Loser Takes All"—a romantic story of love, adventure, and a young man who learned how to beat the tables at Monte Carlo.

"The Churches Repent," an account of the racial segregation that has long existed in American churches, and what is being done about it today. By **Louis Cassels** and **Lee Nichols**.

A portrait of the man behind the most widely read medical column in America: **Walter C. Alvarez**, a long-time medical rebel who, at seventy-one, has set himself up as "Everybody's Family Doctor." By **Greer Williams**.

How War Became Absurd," three glimpses of the future as seen by a military planner, a reporter, and a physicist: "Strategy Hits a Dead End," by **Bernard Brodie**, "The Guardians," by **Richard S. Meryman**, Jr., and "The Noiseless Weapon," by **Ians Thirring**.

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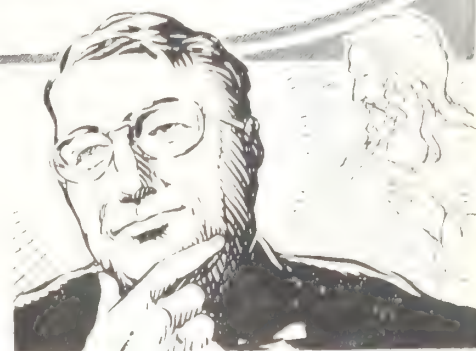
Too many people, unfortunately, are setting up their own standards of Christian character and Christian living... forgetting that Christ Himself set these standards for us.

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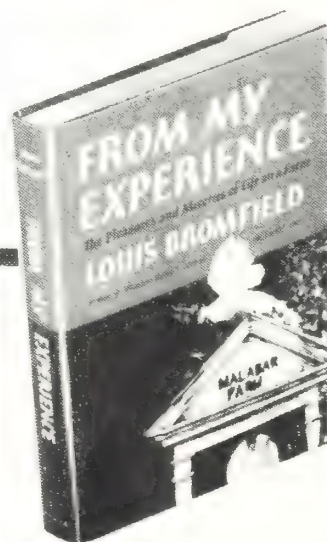
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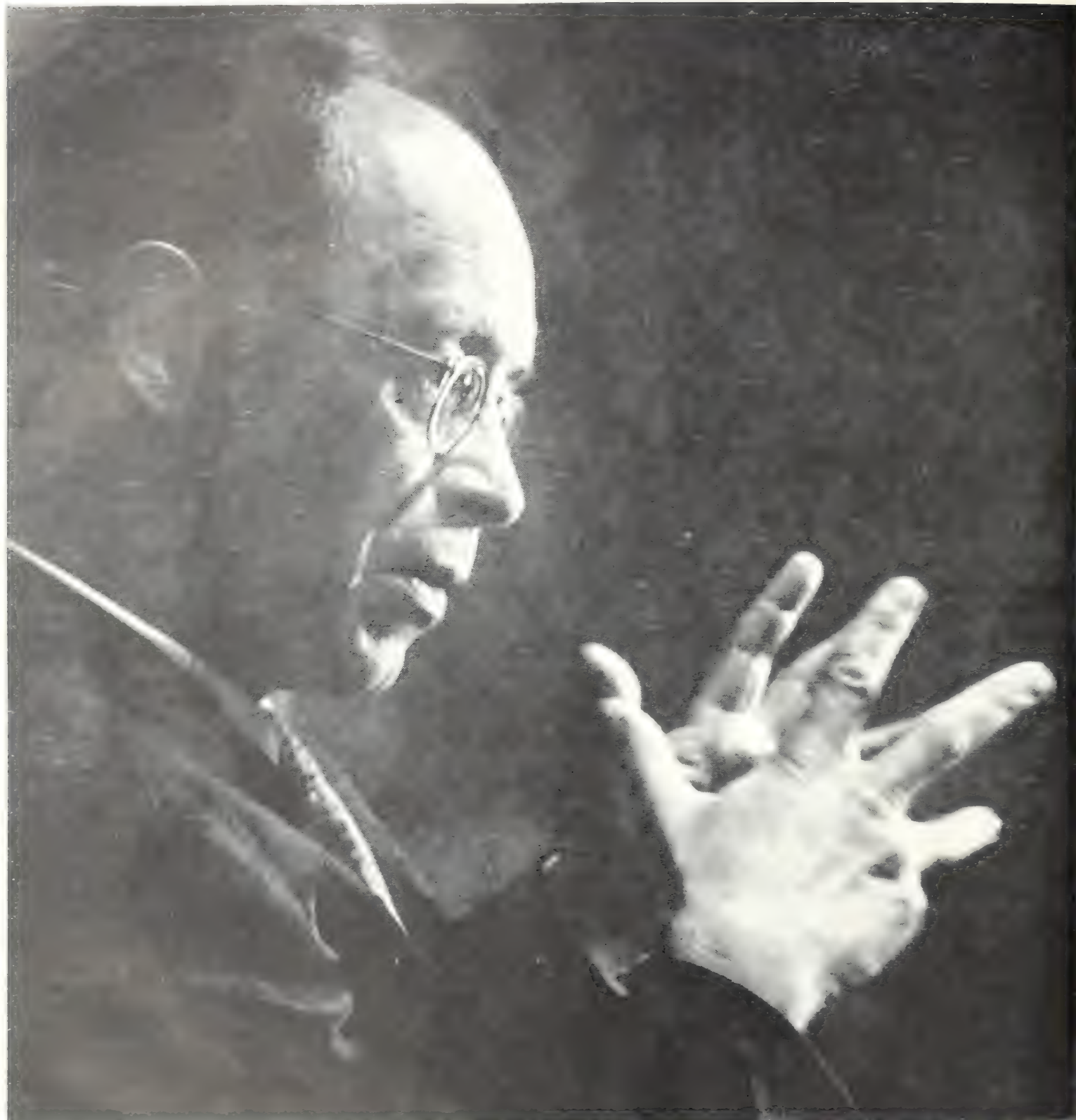
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# PUBLIC SCHOOLS ARE BETTER THAN YOU THINK

SLOAN WILSON

A best-selling novelist—and executive of the  
White House Conference on Education—  
reports what is right about our schools . . .  
and what is wrong with their critics.

EVER SINCE the war, I've put up with about as much debate concerning the public schools as I can stand quietly, and I'm going to get into the act. Of course, I'm no great expert on the technical aspects of the thing, but I need only to inspect the torrent of recent books and articles attacking or defending the schools to realize that this is a subject which offers marvelous opportunities to a writer tired of research. Here is a field in which uninformed opinions are at a premium. A truly ignorant man can easily work himself up into a feverish fury about the public schools, and in a brief article or book can unburden himself of enough righteous indignation to heat a summer hotel in January.

On the other hand, a person who has really

learned something about the schools is almost hopelessly crippled when it comes to writing genuinely dramatic books and articles. He finds he has to qualify his generalities, and all kinds of awkward facts keep getting in the way of rich, rolling prose and sweeping accusations. For a man who seeks to say something startling about the public schools, a little knowledge is a dangerous thing, and a lot of it is almost an insuperable handicap. It's impossible for an informed person to give easy answers to the hard questions besetting the public schools, yet how can hard answers compete in the literary market place with easy ones? One reason why true educational savants are such notably dull writers is simply that they know too much.

The verbal splendor resulting from recent charges that the schools are not teaching reading right, and older charges that they aren't teaching *anything* right, is undeniably exhilarating. Abraham Lincoln is supposed to have said that a man should preach as though he were fighting bees, and I can't help admiring the way critics of the schools have transferred his advice to their line of endeavor. We haven't heard much lately about the evils of Progressive Education—in fact, the very phrase has acquired a nostalgic ring—but there are still a few people around who seem

convinced that the public schools are promoting socialism of some kind, or worse. The schools have been called Godless, and their administrators have been widely described as just plain cotton-headed. A good argument can be started almost anywhere over the question of whether there should be federal aid to education. Businessmen voice pathetic complaints that the high-school graduates they hire as secretaries just can't spell, and college professors snort about the qualifications of entering freshmen. The phrase "crisis in education" has become a cliché, used by some to mean that the schools are incredibly inept, and by others to mean that they are woefully short of money. A visitor to this country would almost inevitably deduce from the headlines that things have never been so tough. As a rather bewildered friend of mine said recently at a PTA meeting, what's going on around here, anyway?

#### SOMETHING FOR NOTHING

**I** HAVE an uneasy answer. In the last fifty years, and especially in the last ten years, our nation has gone humanitarian to a great and wonderful degree, but it doesn't yet want to pay for it. The schools have never been anywhere near as good as they are today, but the gap between what they are and what the people want is greater than ever before. Nobody really wants to provide the money, time, and thought necessary for closing that gap—the hope is that it can just be argued away. Most of the controversy over public education stems from a strong desire to get something for nothing.

To understand the truth of this, it is necessary to have a clear, unsentimental picture of the way the schools were in the past. The idea that we once had marvelous public schools in this nation, and that modern philosophies of education have ruined them, is the most obvious kind of nonsense. As a matter of fact, no nation through all history has ever had good public schools for all its people, or seriously tried to. Really good education for every child is a startling new concept, one of which the United States can be justifiably proud.

Anyone who doesn't believe this should go to the trouble of consulting records to find just what kind of public schools existed in his own town fifty years ago. What most people would discover is that fifty years ago, city schools were dull and dingy buildings, with classes of forty or

more pupils common. Country schools were usually one-room affairs, with children of widely varying age and ability taught at the same time. Few of the teachers fifty years ago had anywhere near as much education of any kind as most teachers today. The elementary school curriculum was pretty much limited to the Three Rs, and the high schools confined themselves to a college-preparatory program. As someone has said, the subjects were optional: the pupil could take them or stay home. The vast majority of the students never went to high school.

Admittedly, there was a certain clarity about the school situation fifty years ago that is lacking today. Most high-school graduates could spell quite well, because it was usual for only brilliant students to go to high school at all. There were no remedial reading classes, because those who couldn't read were simply dropped. It was also undeniably true that the great majority of all American children got very little education of any kind. Apparently, people didn't care about that much fifty years ago—there was far less talk about an educational crisis then than there is today. Throughout all history most people of the world had got very little education, so why get excited about it? Of course the public schools were threadbare, and the classes crowded, and the teachers little educated, but they were, after all, charity schools, and it was pretty good to have any free schools at all. Most people who could afford it sent their children to private schools as a matter of course, and they supplemented straight classical programs of education with tutors: the dancing master, the music teacher, the tennis instructor, and all the rest of them. The children of working men got their vocational education by dropping out of school early and becoming apprentices, and no one brooded about their lack of general education. There was no crisis—most people saw nothing whatsoever to worry about.

#### THE QUIET REVOLUTION

**T**HE extraordinary thing is that the revolution against this age-old concept has been so quiet, and so invisible that many people today aren't aware that it took place. It all happened very simply. Every year more and more pupils sought admittance to the high schools. A high-school education was part of the American dream, and people in those days dreamed hard and fruitfully. High schools which dropped too many



pupils began to get a bad reputation. Public schools are, after all, managed by politically selected school boards, and are designedly sensitive to public pressure. The theories of professional educators did not instigate the great change in public education—it was the demand of the public, insistently voiced through every school board in the land. And what the public wanted was perfectly clear: a high-school education for every American child.

But all children aren't capable of a straight classical program, plenty of educators objected. Well all right, the answer came: most children are capable of acquiring *some* education, aren't they? Give each child as much as you can. Don't kick them out of school. It's a disgrace to be kicked out of school, and schools shouldn't be in the business of disgracing children. Just keep all the children, and give them as much as possible.

No one voice, no one proclamation, gave this answer. It was worked out gradually by thousands of day-to-day decisions at countless school-board meetings throughout the country. Professional educators tried to find a way to obey the command. They devised new programs for those who were unable or unwilling to take the college-preparatory work. The sound of the hammer was heard in the land as courses in manual training and mechanics proliferated. For the girls there were "domestic arts," a new phrase for cooking, sewing, and other housewifely chores. And of course, the traditional subjects were still taught—they were taught to more people than ever before. The educators did their best to provide something useful for the slow without handicapping the gifted.

As school enrollments increased, the demand of the public proved insatiable. At school-board meetings, wistful parents kept showing up to ask for something new. Why not courses in dancing and music and tennis—it didn't seem fair that the children of the poor should be entirely cut off from such things. Shrewd managers of factories appeared to ask that vocational education be tailored to meet their immediate employment needs. People worried about safety asked why courses in driving automobiles couldn't be instituted to help cut down the terrible death toll on highways. Others requested courses in family life to help reduce the divorce rate, and instruction about alcoholic beverages to help reduce alcoholism. The schools were asked to encourage good citizenship, patriotism, and inter-

national understanding. And how about moral and spiritual values? Sure, the schools can't teach sectarian religion, but moral and spiritual values can't be entirely left out, can they?

EVERYBODY wanted to add something, and nobody wanted to cut anything out. Certainly no one has ever suggested that the Three Rs are less important than they ever were—in fact, shrill proofs have been offered that in this highly technical age, they are *more* important, and the schools should emphasize them more. More of everything has been the cry—more and yet more!

Well, we'll try, the educators said. Educators I've met are a remarkably cheerful and resilient crowd. They had to say they'd try, for school administrators are paid to carry out the educational programs voted for by school-board members. They didn't, of course, always succeed. All kinds of new problems loomed before them.

Say that a town which fifty years ago had a hundred high-school pupils now has a thousand—that's a conservative amount of growth in this nation. How do you find which of those thousand pupils are capable of college-preparatory work, and how do you give it to them without splitting them off from all the others and creating a socially dangerous kind of elite group within each school system? How do you teach a hundred subjects as efficiently as you once taught a dozen?

The answers usually involved requests for more money. The public was demanding more of the schools, and inevitably, the schools had to demand more of the public. Here, of course, the controversy began, for the people who asked new courses were under the impression that public education is free. What do you mean, it costs money? What's getting into the schools, anyway? They're spending more and more every year, they're going hog wild! Taxes are going up. Somebody must be getting something out of this. It's socialism, that's what it is. The two great American ideals of good universal education and low taxation collided with a bang—or more accurately, with a long series of bangs which continues to deafen our ears today.

The people also found that the addition of millions of new high-school students and hundreds of new courses had somehow changed things. Bewildered complaints about the schools mounted. A high-school diploma didn't mean what it used to—it meant simply that the schools had done all they could for the recipient during

the prescribed number of years. That, after all, was what the public had asked, wasn't it?

Yes, but the able children are getting as good an education as they ever did, and millions more of them are getting an opportunity for it, the educators said soothingly. But was it true? Sometimes not. The intent of neither the public nor the educators had changed, but immediate realities sometimes forced the dilution of college-preparatory courses. It takes a lot of money to run a topnotch college-preparatory program in the midst of all the other duties the schools have been called upon to perform. In some schools—indeed, in many schools—children who wish to prepare for college are a real minority group. All kinds of unpredictable things happen. Recently a great many Negroes moved to a large Midwestern city from a rural part of the South where the Negro children had had woefully inadequate schools. The schools in the Midwestern city had to help the Negro children to make up for years of poor preparation, and there was no special appropriation to meet the emergency. No one should be much surprised to find that for a while, the general level of education offered by those schools sank.

#### NINETY TIMES MORE PUPILS

**W**HAT'S the matter with public education, people want to know. And at the same time they say, too many American children have bad teeth. Can't the schools provide free dental inspection, and free dental care for those who can't afford treatment? Sure, that's public health, not public education, but few towns have public-health agencies capable of providing free dental inspection or care for so many children. It would be cheaper to do it through the schools than to create special agencies. After all, we can't let the children's teeth rot, can we? Look at the great number of young men rejected by the draft boards during the last war because they had poor teeth.

What it all amounts to is that the American people rather suddenly subscribed to the ideal of public schools which will do all they possibly can to help each child become as healthy, wealthy, and wise as native endowments permit. It's perhaps a logical ideal for this country—it tends to set a sort of one-generation limit on class barriers, and it certainly glorifies the holiness of the individual, be he poor or rich. I rather doubt that the public thought of such fancy theories. Some-

how it just didn't seem fair to allow a child to go to hell in a basket because his parents wouldn't or couldn't get his teeth examined, or because he couldn't learn French. There must be some good in every child, the feeling was—let's do what we can to develop it. So the decision was made, without any real recognition of the fact that something new was being conceived. Having set the goal, the people have apparently forgotten that enormous effort and expense are needed to reach it. They seem to expect the great change in the schools to take place smoothly, without any bother or confusion at all, and certainly without more expense.

In spite of that, an extraordinary amount of progress has been made. In the past seventy-five years or so, high-school enrollments have been multiplied by about ninety. More education is being passed on to more children than ever before in history, as well as more health care, entertainment, and all the rest of it. The advance is perfectly measurable: the average scholastic attainments of soldiers in World War II were tested and found to be much higher than those of the soldiers in World War I. Most suburban schools in America are incredibly good, compared to any sort of school in the past. Many centralized rural schools give the children of farmers an education as good as anyone in the nation can get. The people seem to vacillate between complacency at these gains and exaggerated horror at weaknesses which have not yet been overcome.

There are still plenty of one-room schools where the wood stoves glow with no sign of progress. What is worse, from the point of view of the number of children involved, big city schools have shown perhaps the least improvement of all. In the big cities, those who can afford it still send their children to private schools, and the middle-class people are rushing to the suburbs. The result is that many big-city schools exist almost exclusively for the children of the very poor. Those are the children who need the best schools, and all too often, they get the worst. Not much is being done about their plight.

#### SOME CHILDREN CAN READ

**T**HE natural vacillation of the public between complacency and outrage is encouraged by books, news stories, and magazine articles. Books like *The Blackboard Jungle*



give a picture of the worst big-city schools, and everybody gets into a tizzy. Articles about Utopian suburban schools, protected by the suburb's own brand of economic segregation, calm things down. Then a book charging that the schools are using the wrong method to teach reading whips things up again. Halfway measures are apparently no good in books of this kind—the one I'm thinking of gives the impression of assuming that *no* children are learning to read properly these days. To parents like myself, whose children learned to read beautifully in the public schools, this sort of thing can be confusing, but there is a wonderful authority in the printed word—I sometimes catch myself wondering if my daughters really can read, even while they're contentedly curled up with books which I at their age found incomprehensible. Critics of this kind have one thing in common: they lead the reader to believe that if one relatively inexpensive step were taken, like the use of more phonics to teach reading, everything would be just dandy in the schools.

THIS is a perfect example of what I mean by an easy answer to a hard question. Here we have slum schools, with miserable buildings, swollen classes, and disturbed children in need of special care. Here we have an increasing birth rate which demands more and more facilities just to keep the quality of education where it is. Here we have a shortage of teachers resulting from the fact that the birth rate was lowest twenty-five years ago when young teachers were born, and from increasing industrial competition for capable young adults. Here we have more and more demands placed upon the schools every day, and a constantly proliferating list of school duties, with no clear system of priorities governing either the expenditure of money or the pupil's time. And here also we have a book which attracts more public attention than any other book on education recently published, and it appears to give a very simple answer: teach more phonics, and everything will be all right.

Maybe there is an easy answer, after all—easy to say, if not easy to do. Maybe everything would be all right if the public just realized the nobility of the goal it has set for the schools, and also realized the enormous amount of money, time, and thought needed to achieve it. Maybe everything would be all right if everyone realized that the goal of schools capable of wasting no human talent is eminently worth pursuing, and

that a nation with the economic power of this one could for the first time in history achieve it.

The common realization of those things would be the first step. The second step would be for thoughtful people in every state and community to sit down and examine the facts about their schools, hear all relevant opinions, and chart their own course. Programs like that of the National Citizens Commission for the Public Schools and the White House Conference on Education have been designed to encourage that process. The business of getting together to look at facts isn't very dramatic, and often it's downright dull, but it probably is the only way the bright dream of good schools for everyone can be made a reality.

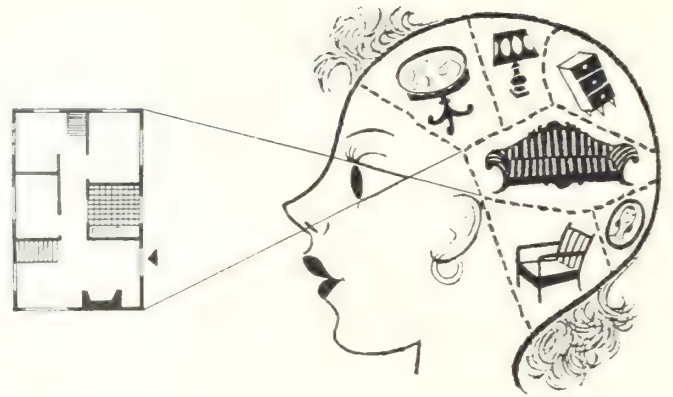
The job of figuring out how righteous indignation about weaknesses of the schools can be converted into constructive action will not be done by people who wave their arms while criticizing the schools as though they were fighting bees. It will be done by serious-minded people calmly appraising the schools in their own community. It will be done by people who have learned to be patient of differing points of view, and who know how to enlarge areas of agreement, rather than capitalizing on controversy. Somehow an ancient fallacy will have to be righted. *The schools are no good*, many people are saying nowadays, and they imply, *therefore, do not support them*. I certainly agree that many schools are pretty poor now, as they have been always, and I believe that they therefore should be supported doubly. The job of creating schools capable of developing all the abilities of all American children will never be easy, but without any doubt the American people are in their own curious way plodding toward it. There is certainly hope in the fact that for the past fifty years, they have plodded with the speed of hares.

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Of his kith and kind  
Is the second-rate critic  
With the frustrate mind.



# DECORATING THE HOME

## *a special neurosis in women*

By Milton R. Sapirstein, M.D.  
in collaboration with Alis De Sola

*Drawings by Donald Higgins*

**I**F YOU were to ask thoughtful people, including psychoanalysts, what they regarded as the crucial situations in a woman's life—the nodal points for a possible breakdown—they would immediately cite marriage, childbirth, the loss of a beloved person, menopause, and perhaps a few others. And they would be right. These are the classic stress-producing experiences. Each, in its own way, rocks the total personality. If the foundations are defective, as in psychotic individuals, or if the structure built up from them is insecure, as in neurotics, a dramatic collapse may take place.

But there is also a special kind of experience which in my opinion belongs at the top of the list. Observations I have made in recent years lead me to believe that there is no time at which a woman is more apt to go to pieces than when she is engaged in decorating her home. Even women who have successfully weathered all the major crises sometimes become unbalanced by this experience.

This is not merely one man's opinion. I have confirmed and documented it in a number of discussions with analytical colleagues. One of them, whose wife was currently going through the ordeal, remarked facetiously that he took his shock machine home every evening—"just in case."

This ordinary and apparently trivial experience seems to present women with a challenge comparable, in some respects, with the challenge war makes to men. It tests their femininity as men's masculinity is tested in battle. I am not joking. Decorating a home puts a woman under tremendous psychic pressure and, in doing so, brings to the surface her underlying weaknesses.

As the car is a symbol of masculinity, so is the house a symbol of femininity. To a woman, her home is like another, larger body, and all her mysterious impulses find expression within its walls.

Most women enter marriage with some residual uncertainties about their sexual role. Unresolved problems relating to their femininity may blur the internal image and color their overt behavior. Though these unresolved conflicts manifest themselves in various ways, they are not severe enough in the average woman to incapacitate her or excite more than casual attention. But when she embarks on the home decorating venture, the anxieties attaching to them become suddenly and grossly augmented. Under their onslaught, defenses which have hitherto served



her well enough begin to crumble. The problems of interior decoration become hopelessly entangled with her own internal problems, at once borrowing and aggravating the tensions these create.

#### THE EXPOSED SYMBOL

**F**URTHERMORE, the home is a completely *exposed* symbol. Any mistakes in its appointments are glaringly obvious. They cannot be hidden away in a closet like an unbecoming dress, or done over like a hair style. The time and expense involved in home decorating usually make major alterations impracticable, once the job is done.

As a woman trudges from shop to shop—examining, comparing, pondering over this article for her home or that—her choices are determined by an unconscious image of what she is, or dreads to be. The image is, of course, largely a sexual one. It reflects the degree to which she does or does not accept herself as a woman. And it is the unconscious fear of “*exposing*” this secret image that drives so many women into the arms of professional decorators. There, as we shall see later, they face even more disturbing problems, and in any case they can never disengage themselves completely from the project. At the very least they have to decide which expert to consult. And if the end result is deplorable, they have to accept the blame. Sooner or later every woman decorating a home has to make up her own mind, choose between alternatives, and reveal what she has always tried to conceal, from her own eyes as well as others’—her inmost self.

Modern or traditional? Rounded lines or straight? Daring colors or subdued ones? Space that is filled or elegantly empty? These are all aesthetic choices which express feeling—largely the woman’s feeling about herself. That is why they may become so agonizing and disruptive, or, on the other hand, so curiously satisfying.

For instance, a girl with a strong unconscious masculine identification may adopt a starkly modern décor; its clean straight lines and lack of protuberances announce plainly the kind of body she would like to have had. But, if she is struggling against this tendency, she may feel a compulsion to deny it, and so fill her home, as an acquaintance of mine did, with plump chairs and sofas in the Biedermeier style. This woman, incidentally, solved her conflict rather neatly. Her

own study—where she pursued her scholarly researches and to which she rarely admitted any body else—was, in marked contrast to the rest of her house, severely functional, with not a curve in sight. It did not resemble her body, which was as stout and cushiony as the publicly displayed furniture. But it gave visible form to the unconscious idea she had of herself—an idea which was further manifested in her lean and sinewy prose.

Anxieties about the configuration of the body are easily, and without any awareness on the woman’s part, displaced upon her furnishings. Breasts, or the lack of them, are frequently a matter of concern, particularly in recent years. The emphasis on large bosoms and the need so many women feel to supplement their natural endowment are carried over into the decorating process. Breast imagery is indicated in a certain bloated kind of upholstery and in the addiction to piles of superfluous cushions. It may also be represented in reverse—obviously, in rooms where every piece of furniture is harsh and unyielding; more subtly, by a predilection for faint and epicene curves.



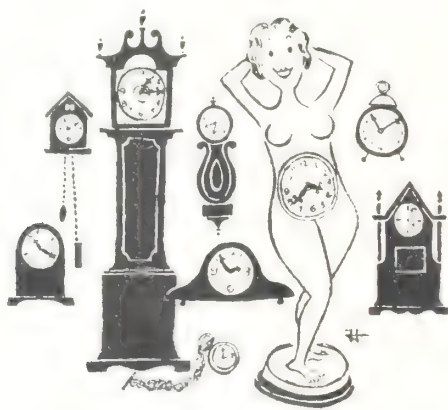
#### BOWS, BLOCKS, AND CLOCKS

**A**NY PART of the body may be singled out in this way. A middle-aged matron, whose legs were markedly bowed, changed her living-room three times before she could come to terms with her obsession about them. The first time, the tables and chairs had legs as bowed as her own. They were beautiful, costly pieces and everybody admired them, but they made her obscurely uncomfortable. She got rid of the lot and substituted others with delicate straight lines. These bothered her even more. Finally, after months of wracking indecision, she disposed of her problem by buying the kind of modern furniture which is all massive blocks and has no legs at all!

Another woman, preoccupied with her bowel movements, treated her whole house as though it were a gigantic bathroom. All the walls were bare and white and the curtains were made of

some transparent plastic material. Decorative lamps, also white and rather oddly shaped, rested on every available flat surface. A crowning touch, at which she took great pride, was a small fountain set up in the wall which had originally held a fireplace.

A specific problem of this kind is often concentrated on a specific decorative feature—for example, the clock, which may be treated as a symbol of the female genitals. Its hidden inner machinery is easily equated with those mysterious organs, and its rhythmical movement is reminiscent of their periodic activity. There are women so obsessed by their genitalia that they put clocks all over the house or, conversely, hesitate to display even one.



Unconscious exhibitionistic tendencies may determine the entire character of the home. A woman may have a strong impulse to display herself and yet be ashamed of her personal appearance. If her self-love is great enough and her financial circumstances permit it, she will make her house the showplace she herself is not. Everything is carefully chosen, beautifully kept, and in its appointed position. It is obvious that a home of this kind is not well adapted to daily living. The woman who has designed it will not tolerate disorder and is constantly nagging at her husband and children. They are made to feel like interlopers—as, indeed, they are, psychodynamically speaking. There is no room for them in her fantasy. Her house is not really a home; it is the lovely woman she has always longed to be.

Extreme narcissism, however, may defeat its own purposes. The case of one of my patients illustrates the dilemma in which inordinately vain women are caught. Her appearance absorbed her to such an extent that she spent literally hours a day in front of the mirror, studying her face and figure from every angle. When she began to decorate, she showed the same exces-

sive concern, brooding over each detail, changing her mind constantly, paralyzed by doubts. In a desperate attempt to master the problem, she finally enrolled in a school for professional decorators. But her goal still eluded her and, after a while, she broke down completely, developing paranoid symptoms severe enough to send her to the hospital. This happened several times. As soon as she started to make some headway, panic overcame her and she had to be hospitalized again. She never succeeded in finishing her home.

If the home-making process starts from scratch—if the house is built to order or carefully selected—another important aspect of femininity comes into play: the woman's capacity for emotional contact, the degree of closeness to others which she is able to sustain. A home may be arranged to foster intimate relationships, when the kitchen, say, is large and inviting enough to become a center for family activity or the sleeping quarters of the separate members are clustered together. It is also possible, even in a relatively small house, to fix things in such a way as to insure a large measure of privacy.

There are schizoid homes where closed doors are the rule and each member of the family is effectively isolated from the others. At the opposite extreme, there are homes in which nobody can count on an hour's solitude. The woman who has solved the problem of "closeness" in genuine accord with her psychological needs is fortunate.

#### THE MONEY PROBLEM

THE decoration of a home requires a good deal of money. Newly-weds often put all they have into the project; other families may devote to it a considerable portion of their savings. This aspect alone weighs heavily on the woman who is actually doing the spending. Quite apart from the fact that attitudes about money are closely linked to a number of neurotic conflicts, she knows that she cannot afford to make any major mistakes.

At the same time she is faced with a confusing lack of standardization. A woman's ordinary expenditures, for food and clothing, are predicated on fairly stable values. She knows a good buy when she sees one. But in the home decorating field she is confronted with a wide range of prices for substantially the same item. Nothing seems to have an intrinsic worth. Losing all



sense of proportion, she is apt to spend too freely or too frugally, and she is haunted by the idea—occasionally quite justified—that everybody is out to cheat her.

The responsibility of handling an unaccounted large sum of money in so uncharted a field, plus the disorder that always accompanies any decorating activity, puts a strain on the best adjusted woman. For obsessive personalities, who tend in any case to demand too much of themselves, it is unmitigated torment. Women of this kind, reacting in a compensatory fashion to unconscious feelings of guilt, are unusually scrupulous, careful, and orderly. They need to have things under control, and unless they are convinced that whatever they are doing is "right,"



they feel miserable. In home decorating, there are innumerable choices to be made, large amounts of money to be spent, and an attendant chaos that disrupts any prearranged plan.

All these factors strain the obsessive woman's compensatory mechanism to the utmost. Some such women bog down at the very beginning, putting off from week to week and month to month the necessary preliminary steps. Others start over and over. These are the women who, in the ordinary course of affairs, are constantly re-arranging the furniture, sometimes even getting up in the middle of the night to try out a new grouping. But they are never satisfied. The next day, or the next week, they are at it again. Small wonder if, faced with a complete job of home decorating, they break down completely.

The desire to create, to make something that was not there before, lies deep in women. But it becomes linked to something more personal, the need to express *themselves*. Having a baby, or a series of babies, may not be enough.

The majority of women, like the majority of men, are not artistically gifted. The impulse has to find some less emphatic outlet—in the way they dress and do their hair and make up their faces, in cooking and needlework and other shy

roundabout terms. And most of all, for women, in the arrangement and decoration of that larger self, their home. Women who are uncertain and anxious about their taste may try to resolve their dilemma by making their homes as indistinguishable as possible from the homes of others in their circle. While this use of accepted formulas may relieve their anxieties, it does not dispose of them altogether. Almost always, it leaves a residue of shame.

Yet their problem is not nearly so acute as that of the woman who takes pride in her artistry and who has been anticipating for years the opportunity to show what she can do when given a free hand. That woman is really on the spot. Particularly if she has been in the habit of voicing critical comments on other women's taste. Or if friends and relatives have regularly turned to her for advice. Everybody now expects a great deal of her. Not least, she herself.

As a consultant, such a woman may have demonstrated both artistic capacity and practical know-how. But when the problem is her own, and with the whole world, as it were, looking over her shoulder, it is quite possible that her assurance will wilt. All the "blocks" that afflict talented people, the psychic barriers that get in the way of expression, may rise up to impede her progress. One of my patients, an excellent and fairly successful artist, went into a "benign" hysterical stupor every time she tackled the job of decorating her home. It took her five years, two of them under analytic treatment, to complete it.

#### HOME AND MOTHER

UP TO THIS point, we have focused almost wholly on the effects home decoration has on a woman's relationship to herself. That is where, psychodynamically, the emphasis belongs. But in certain situations the relationship between her and other people places an added stress on her capacity to handle the experience.

The concepts of home and mother are so closely linked that, in the unconscious, they are sometimes indistinguishable. Here lies a special challenge, almost a threat, to the young woman who has just been married and is, simultaneously, establishing a home. The act is a final declaration of independence from her mother, a tacit announcement that she herself has now achieved equivalent status and is ready to become mother



and homemaker in her turn. The trouble is that, psychically, she may not be ready at all. The anxiety she feels about her new role is then transferred to the setting in which it will be enacted. And, for obvious reasons, it will be manifested most clearly in her relationship with the woman who remains for her the symbol of home, her mother.

Traditionally, in our society, the wife's family assists the young couple in the decoration of their home. While the assistance may be largely financial, the mother usually has an active hand in the job—dispensing advice, joining in shopping forays, and otherwise making herself useful. Inevitably, there will be some differences of opinion, minor clashes of no great significance in themselves. But if the daughter's attitude toward her mother contains some morbid residues, they will flare up like tinder in the emotionally charged atmosphere. Old resentments will burn anew—feelings of having been neglected or dominated, or edged out in the Oedipal struggle. They will give a passionate undertone to a discussion about draperies, embitter an argument over the size of a bed.

Unacknowledged feelings of dependency may also be reactivated. Anxiety makes many young women become helpless children again, unable to take a step without Mother's supporting presence. Or, reacting against a need of which they feel ashamed, they may reject her help altogether.

More damaging than this situation, however, is its opposite—where the daughter, through the circumstances of her marriage, suddenly becomes the dominant figure in the relationship. If she is richer and happier than her mother ever was, if she needs nothing that her mother can give, she has, in a sense, displaced her and the original outcome of the Oedipal struggle is reversed. Her home, so much lovelier than the one she has abandoned, provides a painfully concrete proof

of her victory. No matter how gracious her hospitality to her mother may be, the shift in their relative positions cannot fail to produce tension in both. In the daughter, the re-awakened feelings of guilt are sometimes so strong that she has to punish herself. One young woman I know symbolically "undid" her triumph over a period of years. Every time her beautiful home approached completion, she destroyed what she had already accomplished and started the process anew. Other women alleviate the anxiety by persuading their husbands to move to another community.

#### THE BAFFLED HUSBANDS

**D**ECORATING their home may also bring to a head underlying tensions between husband and wife. Because the strain on the wife is so great, it is frequently a time of great marital turmoil. That, in turn, accentuates difficulties hitherto unacknowledged or minimized. Usually it is money that sparks off the conflict. The husband may become increasingly disturbed as he watches his wife floundering in the financial bog. If, in an attempt to reassure her, he allots more money to the project than he had planned to originally, his generosity is misinterpreted as a reckless disregard for the family's future. If, on the other hand, he puts his foot down, he is accused of being stingy and authoritarian. An attitude of amused tolerance will not help him either: besides alienating his wife, it will probably provoke charges of gross selfishness and indifference.

The situation confronts the husband with a dilemma which, in spite of his best efforts, he cannot resolve, as one of my patients made clear. He was frank to admit that he was a man of limited taste, unqualified to make aesthetic judgments. He was quite content to leave the decorating job to his wife in whose capacity he had implicit faith. His part, as he saw it, was to foot the bills. But this separation of function was unacceptable to the wife. After a short indoctrination course, she convinced him that he, too, could recognize and enjoy aesthetic values. They were then ready to proceed on a mutual basis. Since the wife had more leisure, she did the preliminary legwork and only called in her husband for the final decision. As time went on, he became more confident and began to disapprove of some of his wife's choices. To his astonishment and dismay, she became violently enraged,



taunted him with his lack of taste, and went on to devalue him in other ways as well. She had built up his authority for only one purpose—to bolster her own judgments and thus mitigate her anxiety. As soon as he disagreed, it spurted up like a geyser. In her scalding attack on him, she projected doubts about herself which had nothing to do with the matter at hand.

The average husband, during the decorating period, regards his wife as a crazy woman, while she considers him an unfeeling lout. There is usually more than a grain of truth in both assumptions. But when contempt is so openly expressed, it leaves deep wounds. They are slow to heal.

#### HOSTILE PROFESSIONALS

**I** REMARKED earlier that many women try to disengage themselves from the tensions of home decorating by putting the whole business into the hands of professionals. This is a clear case of jumping from the frying pan into the fire. Unless they have unlimited financial resources and can remove themselves from the picture altogether by going on a long trip, they are in for a singularly traumatic experience. Any feelings of insecurity—and such women are basically insecure—will be seized upon by the experts.

The professional decorating field has become a happy stamping ground for misfits of all kinds, among them a large number of homosexual males and ferociously aggressive females. With few exceptions, these people are fundamentally hostile to the normal purposes of homemaking; children, family life in general, are outside their range of interest. Moreover, they are working in a viciously competitive field and, whether they are genuinely gifted or merely in it for the money, it leaves its mark on them. Their behavior is notoriously high-handed. It simplifies their operation when they can undermine any confidence the client may have in her own judgment, and they have developed skilled techniques for reducing refractory customers to a pulp of submissiveness. For the least sign of opposition to their sometimes bizarre ideas, or the smallest protest about costs, the offending client is treated to temperamental flare-ups, studied insults, and, unless she capitulates instantly, further punishment by a variety of delaying tactics.

Nor can the woman count on her husband for support. In the majority of cases, he refuses to be

drawn into a situation which he considers beyond his scope and which, unless he is irritated by the attendant confusion, he is apt to regard with a good deal of amusement. In the rare instances where husbands do let themselves be persuaded to enter the fray, they are almost invariably out-matched by the professional consultants who also know the weak points of the ordinary male and are artful in deflating him. (I have also known a few honestly motivated decorators with no malicious intent, who felt their own sanity was threatened by the confusion within their clients.)

**THE WOMAN** who tries to solve her own decorating problems is spared the lethal barbs of the experts but little else. The allied trades, too, swarm with misfits. Among the assorted workmen she is obliged to deal with—the plasterers, painters, paperhangers, and plumbers—there is a disproportionately large number of paranoid personalities, men who seem to bear a permanent grudge against the human race. They do not trouble to disguise their hostility; it manifests itself in sullenness, rude and intemperate language, and, frequently, in sloppy performance. When reproved, they are as likely as not to walk off the job, leaving everything in an unholy mess and softening up their wretched customer for her next persecutor.

The average woman is dismayed and baffled by this paranoid challenge, which she can neither avoid nor cope with. She is equally disturbed by the more subtle attack of the homosexuals whom she encounters in shopping for various decorating specialties. As a rule, she has previously had very limited contact with this type of man and is only dimly aware of the hostility behind his ingratiating manners. Nor does it dawn on her that its target is the entire female sex. Talked into buying things she has no use for, harassed by inexplicable delays and by the delivery of wrong or defective goods, a miasma of suspicion begins to cloud her mind. She feels personally abused, chivvied, and cheated on every side. To these feelings is added the conviction that she is simply not up to the job. Quite naturally, in such circumstances, her defenses totter.

The disturbances associated with the decorating experience are not trivial. They deserve to be treated as seriously as any other emotional upheaval. Once the harried woman can recognize her unconscious problems, she can perhaps come to grips with them.

Joseph H. Spigelman

# THE SHIFT TO THE INITIATIVE

The West, despite its greater power and resources, has long been on the defensive against the Communists . . . but a return to the offense may soon be possible.

**S**TALIN, reporting to the 1934 Congress of the All-Union Communist party, tells of a conversation with a collective-farm leader:

*I:* How are you getting on with the sowing?

*He:* With the sowing, Comrade Stalin? We have mobilized ourselves.

*I:* Well, and what then?

*He:* We have put the question bluntly.

*I:* And what next?

*He:* There is a turn, Comrade Stalin; soon there will be a turn.

*I:* But still?

*He:* We can observe some progress.

*I:* But for all that, how are you getting on with the sowing?

*He:* Nothing has come of the sowing as yet, Comrade Stalin.

So too with our efforts to seize the initiative from the Communists. We have mobilized ourselves for it; we have put the question bluntly; we fancy we can see some progress. But Russia still has the initiative. She has been able to decide the time and place and initial circumstances of aggression; and when an adventure became too risky, as those in Greece and Iran and Korea did, she was able to withdraw in order to prepare for other forays under circumstances perhaps more propitious. We have simply reacted; and even when we have won, our victories were still only defensive.

And on the plane of peaceful struggle—increasingly important now that Russia has appar-

ently decided to seek respite from military action—she still calls the turns. It was her newly-assumed appearance of benevolence that set the context of the recent “meeting at the summit.” It is she who has made the proposals and appeals that seem most to have attracted the world’s peoples, however little they may have impressed the governments: on the cessation of hostilities in Korea and Indochina; on disarmament and the outlawing of nuclear weapons; on the unification and neutralization of Germany; on the extirpation of colonialism; on racial equality; on peaceful co-existence.

Of course, most of these overtures are fraudulent. But ordinary people are in no position to appreciate that. Nor can they get very excited about our counter-proposals, which have usually been complicated, scrupulous, legalistic. And so Communism spreads its influence, even more effectively now by waging peace than previously by war.

There are two minor reasons for the Communist initiative. First, its relative freedom of action. The American government is responsive as well as responsible. Its policies are in the main determined by particular interests and articulate public opinion. The Soviet government is not so circumscribed. It has successfully defied and suppressed the most powerful of vested interests and even universal discontent, when these ran counter to what it considers the national interest. By its nature, the Soviet government initiates; our government, by its nature, responds.

Secondly, there is Communist freedom of commitment to action. The American government is committed to all sorts of interests, domestic and foreign; including many that are burdensome and confining, like those created by the New Deal farm programs and by protective tariffs;



and many that are, to say the least, embarrassing, like those to Chiang Kai-shek and to the former French interest in Indochina. Yet some of these commitments are proof not only against change of circumstance but of administration. The farmers' price-support program, for example, is, in its essentials, beyond challenge. "Bipartisan foreign policy" leaves only the details of our foreign commitments at issue. The result, for lack of argument, has been an increasing disposition to go all-out on certain policies—like EDC, the defense of Indochina, and then the defense of Formosa—to refuse to consider alternatives until we suffer humiliating and almost irretrievable defeats.

The Russian government experiences no such difficulty. It commits errors but is uncommitted by them. It is free of commitment even to interests of its own creation and to policies most solemnly promulgated; free therefore to abandon and destroy what no longer serves its purpose, to select scapegoats on whom to fix responsibility for mistakes in policy, to find masses of victims on whom the consequences of these mistakes can be visited.

Thus, in the early twenties, Lenin told the kulaks and nepmen, "enrich yourselves" and when they did just that, so arousing the envy and resentment of the sullen majority, they were shipped off by the millions to die in Siberian labor camps. Stalin ordered the sweeping purges of the late thirties and organized an army of purgers for the purpose, and when the purges threatened to wreck Russia he turned around and purged the purgers for having done their job. In the decade 1918-27, the Politburo instigated uprisings in Germany, Hungary, Bulgaria, China, and elsewhere; and then without compunction abandoned those who had done its will but failed in the process. After the 1953 rising in Berlin, Malenkov purged both those responsible for the conditions that led to the rising and those who failed to deal with the insurgents effectively. And, most recently, Malenkov himself was made the scapegoat for failures, particularly in agriculture, for which Khrushchev seems to have been mainly responsible.

So has Russia repeatedly made mistakes that could have proved disastrous, perhaps fatal; yet each time, like some monstrous crustacean, it has been able to amputate those parts of its own body politic that had got trapped in errors and their consequences, and so to achieve disengagement. She is then free to adopt new policies, bold

and vigorous because unencumbered by the commitments and responsibilities of the old.

#### TAKING SIDES WITH THE PAST

SO MUCH for the minor reasons. The major reason for our defensive role is that we are today compelled to cover the retreat of a defeated social order—not essentially our own social order, but one we cannot allow to be abruptly destroyed without risking a chaos that might involve our own ruin. The order that the Communists attack and we perforce defend is the order of privilege—that is, the protected right of any nation, race, class, institution, or individual to a larger income, greater power, or higher social position than its present contribution to welfare is thought to be worth, by those who have to pay the price.

The Communists have the initiative because they attack an order already defeated. They oppose interests and institutions hated and rejected by most of the world's peoples: the colonialism of England, France, and Holland, and the rankling memory of that colonialism; the racialism of the white man in Asia, Africa, and Latin America; the property rights of feudal landowner and village usurer; the policies of the restrictive and exploitative industrialists of Europe; the indignities of militarism and clericalism in Spain and Latin America; the corrupt and inefficient governments of Bao Dai and Chiang Kai-shek, of Arabian sheikdoms and Caribbean banana republics; all the ruins of a decaying system that can only remain standing because we shore them up.

Because the Communist movement is the most implacable and effective opposition to the established order, and particularly to whatever men at different times and places choose to regard as its most glaring evils, it serves as the rallying ground for malcontents of every description. To the wretched tenants of the Calabrian latifundia, to the Vietnamese intellectual infuriated by even the subtlest indication that his erstwhile imperial masters still regard him as inferior, to leaders of the colored races for whom the West represents white supremacy, to all the millions who harbor grievances against the established order, Communism seems to promise liberation.

This does not mean that all these millions vote Communist. Actually only a tiny minority does. But there is always the danger that more may do so. It is this persistent threat, now receding, now

advancing, that contributes to the Communist initiative. For the threat is one-sided. In a democracy, it is always possible, if not for the Communists, at least for their precursors, to be voted into power. And once in, they can never be voted out. Nor have we so far developed any other means of threatening their rule short of an utterly unthinkable world war.

IT HELPS us less than we like to think that most people are worse off under Communism than they were before. A great many pro-Communists already know this. Yet revolutions are not the products of reason but of irrational, indeed perverse, feeling. They are fought, not for the improvement of material conditions, but for the righting of ancient wrongs. Though the cost of righting these wrongs may be greater than the cost of tolerating them, the emotional gain, in the beginning at least, is well worth the material price: worth to many even the miseries and horrors of Communism.

It helps us not at all that our support of privilege is reluctant, against our principles and natural disposition, dictated only by apparent necessity and honorable commitment. Nothing is more hated and more vulnerable than a defense of privilege that is unsure of itself. The reforms we have sponsored look like concessions wrung from us by revolutionary pressure, for which the Communists naturally try to take credit, as they have done in those parts of Italy where land is being transferred from feudal magnates to its cultivators.

Precisely because our efforts to remove abuses and improve the conditions of living have been in some degree effective, the level of discontent is rising. We have been fostering a "revolution of rising expectations" that is being turned against us. People who have discovered, after millennia of hopelessness, that things can after all be changed will not be content with minor changes, small improvements. They will want more improvements and ever more, more than we can possibly help them get. Precisely because Western imperialism is on the way out, the masses who are learning that the old dispensation is not immortal, as they once believed, will be the more inclined to rush its demise; and to regard as their enemies those who—for the sake of order and decency—seek but to delay and soften it.

So long as we find it necessary to defend the remnants of privilege, the initiative will elude us. We cannot wrest the initiative from Russia,

for example, by developing a military power greater than hers, as we have been trying to do. When Russia has enough nuclear bombs, and enough aircraft and guided missiles, to "saturate" this country—and that point is fast approaching, if not already here—the American margin of superiority, however great, will be meaningless. As Russia approaches what Thomas K. Finletter calls "absolute Atomic-Air Power," our initiation of armed hostilities becomes unthinkable. We know it; our allies know it; Russia knows it. Our military strength can therefore only be of defensive value, and our reliance on it can only confirm the Communist initiative.

So long as we remain on the side of privilege, our propaganda will be largely irrelevant; equally irrelevant, both the "truth" about America and the "truth" about Russia. Because the American way of life is to outsiders simply incredible, we appear from abroad to be promoting a fairy tale that only mocks the hopes of men. Because Communist tyranny lies outside the experience and therefore beyond the comprehension of most men, we appear to be opposing a set of remote abstractions instead of the concrete evils of their actual experience.

What most suffering people want to hear is not the truth but convincing promises about the future. Because we are identified with the established order, we can make few convincing promises, while the Communists who attack that order can and do effectively propagate a promise of destruction. This, in the words of John Foster Dulles, "has a tremendous appeal to all men everywhere who feel oppressed or cheated by the existing order." We do promise Freedom; but most people want Freedom-in-general less than the particular freedoms their own hard experience has taught them to value—freedom from rapacious landowners, moneylenders, and tax gatherers, from employers who buy labor cheap and sell products dear; from grafting, incompetent, and arrogant officials; from all the specific and concrete conditions that exploit, oppress, and degrade them. Because we are not able realistically to promise such freedoms, our propaganda has a limited effectiveness.

Because we are still entangled in the ragged tatters of privilege, our opposition to Communism lacks persuasiveness even to the actual victims of Communist rule. How much enthusiasm can we expect from the Chinese when we have yet to present a meaningful alternative to Communism—surely the restoration of Chiang Kai-



shek is not meaningful. What response can we elicit from the Russians so long as the emigré groups we support still harbor Tsarist fossils and Nazi collaborators? Certainly, in the three places where we have succeeded in pushing Communism back—Greece, Korea, and Guatemala—the results have been, to say the least, unexciting.

#### NO HOPE IN HAND-OUTS

SO LONG as we are involved with privilege, even our economic and technical-aid programs, on which so many are inclined to rely, will not win us the initiative. For one thing, much of the aid we have given through the Marshall Plan, Point IV, and other programs has been channeled first to governments and, through them, to privileged groups. The mass of people have benefited only indirectly, if at all. In France and Italy, huge profits for firms whose plants had been rebuilt and modernized with Marshall Plan funds are still coupled with low wages for the workers they employ. What wonder then that our generosity has so little weakened the Communist hold in these countries?

In backward areas, too, our aid has not been an unmixed blessing. Our technical assistance to agriculture has made farming in some areas more efficient and the peasants so favored more prosperous; but it has also helped produce large numbers of unemployed farm laborers whose services are no longer needed on efficiently run farms. According to the London *Economist's* special report on India, rural unemployment and underemployment in India may today be as high as 80 million. Such people find it difficult to appreciate American generosity.

So too with our aid to their industries. It has raised output; but it has also produced urban proletarians, more wretched than the peasants and tribesmen from whom they derive. Herded together in the shanty towns that skirt the big cities of Asia and Africa, without roots in tradition or the soil, these people can now be moved by any agitation, like tumbleweeds in the wind. Medical and sanitation services have reduced their death rate in many areas; but since the birth rate remains high, this only means increased population—in Latin America, where we have been most generous with medical aid, an explosive increase. Where population rises more rapidly than food production, the net effect of our generosity can be only more misery for more people.

Tolstoy once said, "If the arrangement of society is bad (as ours is) and a small number of people have power over the majority and oppress it, every victory over nature will inevitably serve only to increase that power and that oppression. That is what is actually happening."

We certainly don't want it to happen. But so long as we are associated, however reluctantly, with establishment and privilege, the population of backward areas has no assurance that our economic and technical aid will not help it happen. Our very generosity invites the suspicion that it cloaks imperialist designs; that we are providing weapons to be used ultimately against the oppressed. India is today rabid with this fear, and it is endemic in other "backward" areas.

EVEN WHERE there is genuine improvement in living conditions, the Communists still tend to reap the political advantage. As Eugene Staley points out, in *The Future of Underdeveloped Areas*, "discontent is most active and most likely to provide a soil for Communist agitation sometime after an economic advance has started."

We have been deluded by the notion of "stomach Communism"—the idea that all that men want is to fill their bellies and they will then pay no heed to the Communists. Our appeal is in this sense more materialistic than theirs. We try—largely in vain—to fill the stomachs of the hungry, while the Communists appeal to their sense of outraged human dignity, by promising to destroy those who have oppressed and humiliated them. The colored races, almost four-fifths of mankind, want above all else to eradicate the feeling of inferiority that has been imposed upon them. They will not be appeased by offers of bread.

Our generosity has been most successful in buying the support of governments, but even this support cannot be retained. Our willingness and capacity for giving are diminishing, for in giving we have lost potentiality for giving. Favors long continued come to be looked upon as rights and their curtailment as injury. It is potentiality for future giving, not gifts already conferred and consumed, that wins friends.

Witness Germany and Japan, whose friendship we have been trying so desperately to secure. Now that we have financed their reconstruction, restored their sovereignty, permitted their rearmament, advanced them toward equal rank

among nations, there is almost nothing more that we can do for them. Japan, therefore, now sees that she might find it advantageous to come to terms with the Communist masters of Asia's heartland, her natural market and source of supply. So too with Germany. In the words of M. S. Handler, in the *New York Times*, "The West Germans, having exhausted the long list of gifts from the West, would know that to the East lay a power that has not yet begun to give, a power that has much to contribute."

#### WHAT RUSSIA OFFERS

WHAT THE Communists have to contribute is something that the world—and particularly its backward areas, today's crucial front—needs more than economic and technical aid: first, the will and the power to overcome indolence, illiteracy, nepotism, corruption, obstructive custom, above all the resistance of privileged groups who stand to lose their privileges in a dynamic society; second, the will and the ability to mobilize society for constructive tasks, to give it an organization to replace that corroded and disrupted by industrialism. As Barbara Ward suggests, "The Communists not only uproot the villages, build the towns, recruit factory labor, and reinvest ruthlessly the 'savings' extracted from the underconsumption of the masses. In their crude, rough way, they also re-create the security of village life. . . . This formidable appeal of Communism to backward peoples—or indeed to comparably bewildered and uprooted groups in the wilderness of Western urban societies—will hardly be withstood unless some comparable effort of policy and insight is achieved on the Western side."

The results of social mobilization by Communists have been waste, inefficiency, monstrous cruelty, and abysmal suffering; the enslavement of many millions; the most calamitous production failures, particularly in agriculture; the creation of strains and tensions that threaten at times to wreck their whole economy. But it has also meant the phenomenally rapid industrialization of backward Russia, in which (to quote one authority) "from the inauguration of the First Five Year Plan [1928] to the end of the Fourth Five Year Plan [1950], Soviet industrial production expanded about six and a half times . . . despite the terrible devastation of Soviet industry in World War II." This is a rate of industrial growth which "substantially exceeds the peak

rates of industrial growth for all other nations in the past hundred years" (to quote another). According to the exceedingly conservative estimates presented to the Joint Committee on the Economic Report by the Library of Congress, Russia's gross national product, despite a lagging agriculture, has been growing since 1948 at a rate more than 50 per cent greater than our own.

Definitive figures are not available for China, but enough is known to make fairly evident that it has proved an apt pupil of the Soviets. Thus, steel production, "a good indication of the industrialization of an economy," increased more than eightfold between 1949 and 1952, at which point it was almost 50 per cent higher than the previous peak. It is planned to increase steel production two and a half times by the end of the first Five Year Plan in 1957. W. W. Rostow, in *The Prospect for Communist China* concludes that in spite of agricultural difficulties the Five Year Plan will probably be in the main achieved, even should Mao Tse-tung die in the interim, unless there is a major split in the top leadership or a catastrophic defeat in war.

Communist methods are rough and brutal, but successfully convey the impression that they "get things done." As the *Economist* points out, "Provided enough people are sacrificed, provided a sufficiently iron tyranny is enforced, provided the intoxication of state power can be maintained as a substitute for personal satisfaction, the Soviet method does produce results. There is much direct evidence from India today to suggest that the Indians of the cities at least want results above all."

Faced with the necessity of industrializing speedily—to prevent a disastrous fall in living standards (because of steadily rising populations), the necessity of gaining strength and recovering national pride at whatever cost, the necessity of catching up with three hundred years of history in a hurry—most underdeveloped areas question whether they can afford the slow processes traditional to the Western democracies. Their intellectuals tend to regard Communism not as the enemy of Western civilization but as its most advanced sector, the forcing house for growth to Western levels. Because Communism claims to face the harsh necessities of the situation, it appeals to "backward" peoples all the more. As George F. Kennan, our former Ambassador to Russia, emphasizes in his contribution to a symposium on *The Threat of Soviet Imperialism*, "Soviet power is something that is more, rather



than less, attractive to them by virtue of the fact that it has been accompanied by physical hardship and deprivation, by sacrifice of the interests of the individual, by a renunciation of precisely that conspicuous luxury, that physical self-pampering, that pretension to a pompous individual self-importance through which the Westerner has made himself hated and despised in so many areas of the world."

#### TURN IN THE TIDE

**I**F THINGS were to continue thus, Communist power and influence would continue to grow to the point where our only alternatives would be submission or suicidal war. Fortunately, there are forces at work tending toward a reversal of roles, toward giving us the initiative and putting the Soviet empire on the defensive.

There is unmistakable evidence, first of all, that Russia is losing its old ability to disengage freely from hobbling commitments. The present leadership cannot treat the Chinese Communists with the sovereign disdain that Stalin reserved for his foreign dependents. It has become involved in major long-term commitments to China which it would find difficult and forbiddingly costly to disavow. It may be forced to war and its own destruction, in defense of a China which it does not fully control and which has all the cockiness of a new revolutionary power, a cockiness that Russia itself has lived down.

The Soviet government is less free, too, in dealing with the people of Russia and the satellites. They appear to be much less willing than they formerly were to bear the brunt of their rulers' blundering. A new middle class of bureaucrats, technical experts, and favored artists has arisen, with established interests to protect and the influence required for their protection. On the part of the masses of people, there are surging demands for official commitment to higher living standards and to peace. Khrushchev will find it impolitic permanently to ignore these demands, despite the official shift to a tough economic line last February. As his administration yields to them, so will it thereby commit itself to certain courses and lose some of that revolutionary freedom that was once its strength.

Still more significant is the fact that Communism is gradually acquiring its own privileged status. As Communist power has grown and matured, it has moved toward hierarchy and establishment. The Russian Communist party

is no longer a dedicated, self-sacrificing brotherhood, its members earning never more than a manual laborer's wage, as in the early days after the Revolution. Instead it has become a privileged caste, with the beginnings of hereditary status, particularly as regards access to higher education. Should this transformation continue, the Communists will increasingly invite the envy and resentment that privilege invariably draws upon itself.

Just as the Communists are moving toward privilege in Russia, so has Russia been acquiring privileged status in the world. She has imposed herself on alien peoples, among whom she demands power and pre-eminence greater than her contribution to their welfare is considered by them to be worth. The Yugoslavs have successfully rebuffed such arrogation of privilege, and secured open recognition of their success. The Chinese in their own more subtle way have acted effectively to limit Russian privilege, as shown in the terms of last fall's Sino-Soviet agreement. But other nations are still its victims. As Russian power expands, more and more people will get to know, either as victims or onlookers, the price it exacts for its supposed benefits. Its very success can be its Nemesis.

**BUT ONLY** if America is able to exploit this development. Fortunately, there is increasing potentiality for doing so. The waning of imperialism, racialism, and other forms of Western privilege does not give us the initiative—rather the reverse, as we have seen—but it does prepare the ground for it. Thus the demise of French colonialism in Indochina is already making possible a more affirmative stand against colonialism in our propaganda. And in North Africa the French appear about to repeat their mistakes in Indochina, with the probable consequence of eventually losing their empire there. With the Dutch empire already abandoned, and the British liquidating theirs just as rapidly as they can prepare previously subject peoples to take over from them, there will soon be no empires worth defending.

So too with other forms of privilege. In many quarters feudal magnates, zamindars, and other large landholders are gradually being bought out or simply expropriated. The entrenched positions of army and church have been breached and only isolated fortresses, notably in Latin America, still hold out. And as for racialism, the only major form of privilege in which America

itself is still directly involved, the situation is fast ripening for a decisive break with the past. The more closely Negroes approach equality with whites, the more pointless will the continued adherence to white supremacy become; until at last we can repudiate in total practice, and not merely formally and officially, manifestations of privilege in whatever form. In the foreseeable future, America may be able to take a forthright stand, shifting the emphasis of our propaganda from irrelevant "truths" about America to the living *idea* of America—the idea of society as an open system in which nothing can be established beyond test, in which power and position and property must continuously justify themselves by their contributions to mass welfare, and especially to the sense of worth and dignity of individuals.

This will mean requiring of our states that they set definite deadlines for outlawing the vestiges of racial segregation; it will mean pressing our allies and dependencies—under threat of sanctions for noncompliance—to set definite deadlines for a piecemeal liquidation of the vestiges of empire. It will mean withdrawing our support from governments that rest on privilege—Franco's regime and that of the South African Nationalists, for example—even though they ideologically oppose Communism, and even if this might entail (though it is doubtful) a loss in our military capacity for defense. It will mean ceasing to rely on privileged groups and institutions—on established churches, on military castes, on corrupt bureaucracies, on obsolete property rights—as repositories of strength in the struggle against Communism. It may mean, in some instances, actively siding with the people against their rulers.

We can survive in freedom not by opposing the world revolution, which will continue to run its course whatever we or the Russians may do about

it, but by taking the leadership of that revolution out of their hands and exercising it ourselves. Communism is not the revolution of our time; it has merely exploited and betrayed those forces that are potentially revolutionary. If the subject peoples really had reason to believe that the alternative to Communism was not the perpetuation or restoration of privilege, but a new order that assured the absence of privilege, then hope and purpose would give impetus to their discontent. They might then organize and act in their awareness of the prospects for a better life—not the incredible and to them irrelevant American way of life, but an existence tangibly free of the concrete evils they best know and most hate.

PARADOXICALLY, the hope of our eventually subduing Communism rests on recognizing the failure of our defensive efforts—not on their defeat, which would be catastrophic, but the growing sense of their futility. In learning why our defensive measures have been unsuccessful, we shall also learn the possibilities of offensive action. For the past decade, to avoid being overwhelmed, we have had to engage in a holding operation. Though we recognize its tragic inadequacy, we have had to do as Britain did after Dunkirk, and thus win time for the development of an offensive capacity. Fortunately, this has meant time also for the continued wasting-away of Western privilege until what remains will soon be so little worth defending that we will at last be able to act in our own true interest. The fewer inherited interests we have to defend, the better our chances of regaining the initiative—not by arms, but by a political and moral leadership that builds on the past but is untrammelled and unburdened by it. Given the capacity for such leadership, the resort to arms will not be required for our victory.

## LOVE LETTER FROM SPAIN

**A**MERICANISM: a way of life characteristic of the citizens of the United States who are commerce-minded, have a commercial soul, and are biased in favor of practical success and intense technicization and automation of all the processes of life, frequently neglecting higher values.

—Encyclopedia Universal Herder, Barcelona, 1951.



*The true story of two rivals  
in a Turkish village . . . and how  
history chose between them*



# the GROCER and the Chief

By DANIEL LERNER

*Drawings by John Lawn*

THE TURKISH village of Balgat lies about five miles out of Ankara, in the southerly direction. It does not show on the standard maps and it does not figure in the standard histories. I first heard of it in the autumn of 1950 and most Turks have not heard of it today. Yet the story of the modern Middle East is summed up in the recent career of Balgat. Indeed the personal meaning of modernization in underdeveloped lands everywhere is traced in miniature in the lives of two Balgati—the Grocer and the Chief.

My first exposure to Balgat came while leafing through several hundred interviews that had been recorded in Turkey during the spring of 1950. One caught my eye because of the underlying tone of bitterness in the interviewer's summary of his impressions, his earnest sense of the hopelessness of place and people. I was moved by his five interviews in this village; even so, something in the perspective seemed awry. For one thing, the interviewer was clearly more sensitized to what he saw than what he heard. The import of what had been said to him, and duly recorded in his reports, had somehow escaped his attention. For another, in the interval between the interviews and my reading of them, there had been a national election in which, as a stunning surprise to everybody, practically all Turks over twenty had voted and the government had been turned out of office.

Nothing like this ever happened before in Turkey, possibly because universal suffrage with an opposition party in a fair election had never been tried before. The dazed experts who explain Middle Eastern events could only say of this epochal deed, while sparring for time, that the Anatolian villagers had done it. Since it would be hard to imagine Anatolian villagers of more standard pattern than the Balgati whose collected opinions were spread before me, I had it on top authority that during the summer of 1950 they had entered History. But it was not immediately obvious by what route.

Four years later, the Balgat interviews had become part of an oversized draft manuscript on the modernizing of the Middle East. To provide at least the internal satisfaction of having been "there," I went out to Turkey myself in the spring of 1954—an odyssey which terminated where my ideas began: in Balgat, on the eve of a second national election.

## BALGAT PERCEIVED

THE INTERVIEWER who recorded Balgat on the verge—his name was Tosun B.—had detected no gleam of the future during his sojourn there. "The village is a barren one," he wrote. "The main color is gray, so is the dust on the divan on which I am writing now." Tosun was a serious young scholar from Ankara and he loved the poor in his own fashion. He had sought out Balgat to find the deadening past rather than the brave new world. He found it: "I have seen quite a lot of villages in the barren mountainous East, but never such a colorless, shapeless dump. This was the reason I chose the village. It could have been half an hour to

Ankara by car if it had a road, yet it is about two hours to the capital by car without almost any road and is just forgotten, forsaken, right under our noses."

Tosun also sought and found persons to match the place. Of the five villagers he interviewed, his heart went straight out to the village shepherd. "The respondent was literally in rags and



in this cold wheather [sic] he had no shoe," wrote Tosun, in his own spelling, "but the mud and dirt on his feet were as thick as any boot. He was small, but looked rugged and sad, very sad. He was proud of being chosen by me and though limited tried his best to answer the questions. Was so bashfull [sic] that his blush was often evident under the thick layer of dirt on his face. He at times threw loud screams of laughter when there was nothing to

laugh about. These he expected to be accepted as answers, for when I said 'Well?' he was shocked, as if he had already answered the question."

Tosun attributed to the Chief of Balgat his frustration in not getting more interviews. He reported that the chief "imposed himself on me all the time I was in the village, even tried to dictate to me, which I refused in a polite way. I couldn't have followed his directions, as I would have ended up only interviewing his family." Tosun did succeed in talking privately with two Balgat farmers, but it is clear that throughout these interviews he was still haunted by the shepherd and bedeviled by the Chief. Not until he came to interview the village grocer did Tosun find another Balgati who aroused in him a comparable emotional response. Tosun's equal hostility to these very different men made me curious, and eventually convinced me of the notion that the parable of modern Turkey was the story of the Grocer and the Chief.

**A**SIDE from resenting the containment strategy which the Chief was operating against him, Tosun gave few details about the man. He reported only the impression that "the

*Muhtar* is an unpleasant old man. Looks mean and clever. He is the absolute dictator of this little village." Nor did Tosun elaborate his disapproval of the *Muhtar's* opinions beyond the comment that "years have left him some sort of useless, mystic wisdom." But the main source of Tosun's hostility, it appeared, was that the Chief made him nervous. His notes concluded: "He found what I do curious, even probably suspected it. I am sure he will report it to the first official who comes to the village."

Against the Grocer, however, Tosun reversed his neural field. He quickly perceived that he made the Grocer nervous; and for this Tosun disliked *him*. His notes read:

The respondent is comparatively the most city-like dressed man in the village. He even wore some sort of a necktie. He is the village's only grocer, but he is not really a grocer, but so he is called, originally the food-stuffs in his shop are much less than the things to be worn, like the cheapest of materials and shoes and slippers, etc. His greatest stock is drinks and cigarettes which he sells most. He is a very unimpressive type, although physically he covers quite a space. He gives the impression of a fat shadow. Although he is on the same level with the other villagers, when there are a few of the villagers around, he seems to want to distinguish himself by keeping quiet, and as soon as they depart he starts to talk too much. This happened when we were about to start the interview. He most evidently wished to feel that he is closer to me than he is to them and was curiously careful with his accent all during the interview. In spite of his unique position, for he is the only unfarming person and the only merchant in the village, he does not seem to possess an important part of the village community. In spite of all his efforts, he is considered by the villagers even less than the least farmer. Although he presented to take the interview naturally, he was nervous and also was proud to be interviewed although he tried to hide it.

All of this posed a weighty question: Why did the Chief make Tosun nervous and why did Tosun make the Grocer nervous? Looking for answers, I turned to the responses each had made to the fifty-seven varieties of opinion called for by the standard questionnaire used in Tosun's interviews.

The Chief, it became clear immediately, was a man of few words on many subjects. He dismissed most of the items on Tosun's schedule



with a shrug or its audible equivalent. What interested him were questions having to do with the primary modes of human deportment. Only when the issues involved first principles of conduct did he consider the occasion appropriate for pronouncing judgment. Of the Chief it might be said, as Henry James said of George Eliot's salon style, "*Elle n'aborde que les grandes thèmes.*"

The Chief has so little trouble with first principles because he desires to be, and usually is, a vibrant sound box through which the traditional Turkish virtues may resonantly echo. His themes are obedience, courage, loyalty—the classic values of the Ottoman Imperium reincarnate in the Ataturk Republic. For the daily round of village life these are adequate doctrine; and as the Chief had been outside of his village only to fight in two wars he has never found his austere code wanting. When asked what he wished for his two grown sons, for example, the Chief replied promptly: "I hope they will fight as bravely as we fought and know how to die as my generation did."

With his life in Balgat, as with the Orphic wisdom that supplies its rationale, the Chief is contented. At sixty-three his desires have been quieted and his ambitions achieved. To Tosun's question on contentment he replied with another question. "What could be asked more? God has brought me to this mature age without much pain, has given me sons and daughters, has put me at the head of my village, and has given me strength of brain and body at this age. Thanks be to Him."

THE GROCER is a very different style of man and, though born and bred in Balgat, lives in a different world—an expansive world, populated more actively with imaginings and fantasies, hungering for whatever is different and unfamiliar. To Tosun's probe, the Grocer replied staccato: "I have told you I want better things. I would have liked to have a bigger grocery shop in the city, have a nice house there, dress nice civilian clothes." He perceives his story as a drama of Self *versus* Village. "I am not like the others here. They don't know any better. And when I tell them, they are angry and they say that I am ungrateful for what Allah has given me."

Clearly, from the readiness and consistency of his responses to most questions, the Grocer had in fact brooded much over his role. At one

point in the interviews, after asking each respondent to state the greatest problem facing the Turkish people, Tosun was obliged by the questionnaire to ask what the person would do about this problem if he were the president of Turkey. Some were shocked by the impropriety of the very question. "My God! How can you say such a thing?" gasped the shepherd. "How can I . . . I cannot . . . a poor villager . . . master of the whole world."

The Chief, Balgat's virtuoso of the traditional style, summarized prevailing sentiment by his laconic reply to this question with another question: "I am hardly able to manage a village, how shall I manage Turkey?" When Tosun prodded him (by rephrasing the question to ask "What would you suggest for *your village* that you can not handle yourself?"), the Chief said he

would ask for "help of money and seed for some of our farmers." When the turn of the Grocer came, he told what he would and would *not* do, if he were president of Turkey, without embarrassment or hesitation: "I would make roads for the villagers to come to towns to see the world and would not let them stay in their holes all their life."

To get out of his hole the Grocer even declared himself ready—and in this he was quite alone in Balgat—to live outside of Turkey. This came out when Tosun asked: "If you could not live in Turkey, where would you want to live?" The standard reply of the villagers was simply that they *would not* live anywhere else. When Tosun persisted by asking, "Suppose you *had* to leave Turkey?" the shepherd replied finally that he would rather kill himself.

The Chief again responded on this issue with the clear and confident voice of traditional man. "Nowhere," said the Chief, and then added, with a calm assurance that this was all the reason required, "I was born here, grew old here, and hope God will permit me to die here." To Tosun's further probe, the Chief responded firmly: "I wouldn't move a foot from here." Only the Grocer found no trouble in imagining him-



self outside of Turkey, living in a strange land. Indeed he seemed fully prepared, as a man does when he has already posed a question to himself many times. "America," said the Grocer, and, without waiting for Tosun to ask him why, stated his reason, "because I have heard that it is a nice country, and with possibilities to be rich even for the simplest persons."

THE VIVID sense of cash displayed by the Grocer was perhaps his most grievous offense against Balgat ideas of taboo talk. In the code regulating the flow of symbols among Anatolian villagers, cravings for blood and sex are permissible but not for money. To talk of money at all—possibly because so little of it exists—is an impropriety. To reveal a *desire* for money is—Allah defend us!—an impiety. The Grocer, with his "city-dressed" ways and his "eye at the higher places" and his visits to Ankara, provoked the Balgati to wrathful and indignant expressions of this code. But occasional, and apparently trivial, items in the survey suggested that some Balgati were talking loud about the Grocer to keep their own inner voices from being overheard by the Chief—or even by themselves.

As we were interested in knowing who says what to whom in such a village as Balgat, Tosun had been instructed to ask each person whether others ever came to him for advice, and if so what they wanted advice about. Naturally, the Balgati whose advice was most sought was the Chief, who reported: "Yes, that is my main duty, to give advice. [Tosun: *What about?*] About all that I or you could imagine, even about their wives and how to handle them, and how to cure their sick cow." But this conjunction of wives and cows, to illustrate all the Chief could imagine, runs the gamut only from A to B. Tosun discovered that some Balgati went for advice also to the disreputable Grocer. What did they ask his advice about? "What to do when they go to Ankara, where to go and what to buy, how much to sell their things. . . ."

The cash nexus, this suggested, was somehow coming to Balgat and with it a new role for the Grocer as cosmopolitan specialist in how to avoid wooden nickels in the big city. Also, how to spend the nickels one got, for the Grocer was a man of clear convictions on which coffee houses played the best radio programs for their customers and which were the best movies to see in Ankara. While his opinions on these matters were heterodox as compared, say, to the Chief's,

they had an open field to work in, since most Balgati had never heard a radio or seen a movie and were not aware of what constituted orthodoxy with respect to them.

At the time of Tosun's visit, there was only one radio in Balgat, owned by no less a personage than the Chief. In the absence of a standard doctrine on radio inherited from the great tradition, the Chief—who was also of course the large landowner of Balgat—had bought a radio to please his sons. He had also devised an appropriate ceremonial for its use. Each evening a select group of Balgati forgathered in the Chief's guest room as he turned on the newscast from Ankara. They heard the newscast through in silence and, at its conclusion, the Chief turned the radio off and made his commentary. "We all listen very carefully," he told Tosun, "and I talk about it afterwards."

Tosun inquired of the Grocer, a frequent attendant at the Chief's salon, how he liked this style of radio session. Without complaining directly about the Chief's exclusive preoccupation with Radio Ankara news of "wars and the danger of wars"—which turned out in fact to be a rather single-minded interest in the Korean War to which a Turkish brigade had just been committed—the Grocer indicated that after all *he* had opportunities to listen in the coffee houses of Ankara where the audiences exhibited a more cosmopolitan range of interests. "It is nice to know what is happening in the other capitals of the world," said the Grocer. "We are stuck in this hole, we have to know what is going on outside our village."

The Grocer had his own aesthetic of the movies as well. Though the Chief had been to the movies several times, he viewed them mainly as a moral prophylactic: "There are fights, shooting. The people are brave. My sons are always impressed. Each time they see such a film they wish more and more their time for military service would come so that they would become soldiers too." For the Grocer, movies were more than a homily on familiar themes: they were his avenue to the wider world of his dreams. It was in a movie, he told Tosun, that he had first glimpsed what a *real* grocery store could be like—"with walls made of iron sheets, top to floor and side to side, and on them standing myriads of round boxes, clean and all the same dressed, like soldiers in a great parade."

This fleeting glimpse of what sounds like the Campbell Soup section of a supermarket had pro-



vided the Grocer with an abiding image of how his fantasy world might look. No petty pedantries obstructed his full sensory relationship to the movies; he delivered clear net judgments in unabashedly hedonist categories. "The Turkish ones," he said, "are gloomy, ordinary. I can guess at the start of the film how it will end. . . . The American ones are exciting. You know it makes people ask what will happen next?"

Here, precisely, arose the question that speculation could only rephrase but not answer. In Balgat, the Chief carried the sword, but did the Grocer steer the pen? When the Balgati sought his advice on how to get around Ankara, would they then go to see the movies that taught virtue or those that taught excitement? True, few Balgati had ever been to Ankara. But things were changing in Turkey and many more Balgati were sure to have a turn or two around the big city before they died. What would happen next in Balgat if more people discovered the tingle of wondering what will happen next?

#### BALGAT REVISITED

I REACHED Ankara last April via a circuitous route through the Middle East. The glories of Greece, Egypt, Lebanon, Syria, Persia touched me only lightly, for some part of me was already in Balgat. Even the Blue Mosque and Santa Sophia seemed pallid and I left Istanbul, three days ahead of schedule, for Ankara. I had saved this for last, and now here I was. I was half afraid to look.

I called a limousine service recommended by the hotel clerk and explained that I wanted to go out the following day, a Sunday, to a village some five miles south that might be hard to reach. As I wanted to spend the day, would the driver meet me at 8:00 A.M. and bring along his lunch?

While I waited for the car, next morning, my reverie wandered back through the several years since my first reading of the Balgat interviews. Was I chasing a phantom? Tahir S. appeared. With solitude vanished anxiety; confidently we began to plan the day. Tahir had been a member of the original interview team, working in the Izmir area. As Tosun had joined the Turkish foreign service and was stationed in North Africa, where he was conducting an inquiry among the Berbers, I had arranged in advance for Tahir to revisit Balgat with me in his place. Over a cup of sirupy coffee, we reviewed the questions that had been asked in 1950, noted the various

responses and silences, decided the order in which we would repeat the old questions and interpolate the new ones.

As our plan took shape, Zilla K. arrived. She had had no connection with the original survey, but I had decided to take along a female interviewer who could add some Balgat women to our gallery while Tahir and I were working over the men. I had not seen Zilla before, but had "ordered" her, through a colleague at Ankara University, "by the numbers": thirtyish, semi-trained, alert, compliant with instructions, not sexy enough to impede our relations with the men of Balgat but chic enough to provoke the women. A glance and a word were enough to demonstrate that Zilla filled the requisition. The hall porter came in to say our car was waiting. We settled back for a rough haul, debating niceties of procedure. Twenty minutes later, the driver said briskly: "There's Balgat."

We looked puzzled at each other until Tosun's words of 1950 recurred to us: "It could have been half an hour to Ankara if it had a road." Now it did have a road. What was more, a *bus* was coming down the road, heading toward us from the place our driver had called Balgat. As it passed, jammed full, none of the passengers inside waved or even so much as stuck out a tongue at us. Without these unfailing signs of villagers out on a rare chartered bus to celebrate a great occasion of some sort, we could only make the wild guess that Balgat had acquired a regular bus service. And indeed, as we entered the village, there it was—a "bus station," freshly painted benches under a handsome new canopy. We got out and looked at the printed schedule of trips. "The bus leaves every hour, on the hour, to *Ulus* Station. Fare: 20 Kurus." For about 6 cents Balgati could now go, whenever they felt the whim, to the heart of Ankara.

The villagers were getting out of their holes at last.

Overhead wires were stretched along the road, with branch lines extending over the houses of Balgat. The village had been electrified. Alongside the road deep ditches had been dug, in which the graceful curve of new water pipe was visible. Feeling strange, we made our way along the erratic path through the old village, led and followed by a small horde of children, to the house of the Chief. Tahir knocked, an old woman with her head covered by a dark shawl appeared; the children scattered. We were led into the guest room.

THE CHIEF looked as I had imagined. His cheeks (or more, sunken, perhaps, but the whole impression was familiar. Tall, lean, hard, he walked erect and looked me straight in the eye. His own eyes were Anatolian black and did not waver as he stretched out a handful of long, bony fingers. "Gün aydın, Bey Efendim," he said, "good day, sir, you are welcome to my house." I noted in turn the kindness which opens a door to strangers and the Chief responded that we honored his house by our presence. This completed the preliminary round of *formules de la politesse* and steaming little cups of Turkish coffee were brought in by the Chief's older son. The son was rather a surprise—short, pudgy, gentle-eyed, and soft spoken. He bowed his head, reddening slightly as he stammered, "Lütfen" (Please!) and offered the tray of demitasses to me. I wondered whether he had learned to fight bravely and die properly.

As the Chief set down his second cup of coffee, signifying that we could now turn to the business of our visit, I explained that I had come from America, where I taught in a university, with the hope of meeting him. There, in my own country, I had read about Balgat in some writing by a young man from Ankara who, four years ago, had talked at length with the Chief and other persons in his village. This writing had interested me very much and I had often wondered, as the years passed by, how things were going in the village of Balgat and among its people. When I had the opportunity to come to Turkey, I immediately decided that I would visit Balgat and see the Chief if I could.

The Chief heard me through gravely, and when he spoke I knew I was in. He by-passed the set of formulas available to him—for either rejecting or evading my implied request—and responded directly to the point. I was right to have come to see Balgat for myself. He remembered well the young man from Ankara. Much had changed in Balgat since that time. Indeed, Balgat was no longer a village. It had, only last month, been incorporated as a district of Greater Ankara. This was why they now had bus service and electricity and a supply of pure water that would soon be in operation. Where there had been fifty houses there were now over five hundred, and even he, the *Muhtar*, did not know any more all the people living here.

Yes, he had lived in Balgat all his life and never in all that time seen so much happen as had come to pass in these four years. "It all began

with the election that year. The *Demokrat* men came to Balgat and asked us what was needed here and told us they would do it when they were elected. They were brave to go against the government party. We all voted for them, as the *Halk* men knew no more what to do about the prices then, and the new men did what they said. They brought us this road and moved out the *gendarmérie*. Times have been good with us here. We are all *Demokrat* party in Balgat now."

The Chief spoke in a high, strong, calm voice, and the manner of his utterance was matter-of-fact. His black eyes remained clear and his features retained their shape. Only his hands were animated, though he invoked only the thumbs and the index fingers for punctuation. When he had completed his statement, he picked his nose thoughtfully for a moment and then laid the finger alongside the bridge. The tip of the long, bony finger reached into his eye socket.

I explained then that the young lady had come with us to learn how such changes as the Chief mentioned were altering the daily round of life for the village women. Might she talk with some of them while Tahir Bay and I were meeting the men? The Chief promptly suggested that Zilla could speak with the females of his household. (We recalled Tosun's resentful remark that, had he followed the Chief's suggestions, "I would have ended up only interviewing his family," when Zilla reported on her interviews later that day. All had identified the biggest problem of Balgat as the new fashion of young men to approach girls shamelessly on the village outskirts—precisely what the Chief had told me, in answer to the same question.)

But if the Chief still used his containment tactics with the women, in other directions he had taken a decidedly permissive turn. Tahir and I, he said, could walk about Balgat entirely as we wished and speak with whomsoever it pleased us to honor—even, he added with a smile in response to my jest, some non-*Demokrat* party men, if we could find any. We chatted a bit longer and then, having agreed to return to the Chief's house, we set out for a stroll around Balgat. Our next goal was to find the Grocer.

AFTER a couple of bends and turns, we came to a coffee house. Here was something new and worth a detour. We stopped at the door and bade the proprietor "Gün aydın!" He promptly rushed forward with two chairs, suggested that we sit outdoors to benefit of the



pleasant sunshine, and asked us how we would like our coffee. (There are five ways of specifying the degree of sweetening in Turkish coffee.) Obviously, this was to be on the house, following the paradoxical Turkish custom of giving gratis to those who can best afford to pay. In a matter of minutes, the male population of Balgat was assembled around our two chairs, squatting, sitting on the ground, looking us over with open and friendly curiosity.

Top man among the group was one of the two farmers Tosun had interviewed in 1950. He too was tall, lean, hard. He wore store clothes with no patches and a sturdy pair of store shoes. His eyes were Anatolian black and his facial set was much like the Chief's. He sat with his chair tilted back and kept his hands calmly dangling alongside, as he ambled along in conversation, with no apparent terminus in view. Interrupting him, even long enough to steer his flow of words in another direction, was not easy. His voice was deep and harsh, with the curious suggestion of strangling in the throat that Anatolian talk has, and the content was elusive. He spoke from such a height to such a height, located somewhere in the space above my head into which he gazed steadily, that little of his discourse made concrete contact with my notebook.

As I review my notes on that hour of monologue-with-choral murmurs, he appears to have certified the general impression that great changes had occurred in Balgat during the four years past. But in his recital, these great events lost some of their luster. The tough old farmer did not look shining at new styles of architecture, nor did he look scowling, but simply looked. Under his gaze the new roofs in Balgat were simply new roofs; the wonder of there being new roofs in *Balgat* brightened other eyes and cadenced other voices.

These other voices were finally raised—either because he had exhausted the prerogative of his position (he had certainly exhausted Tahir S., whose eyes were glazed and vacant) or because the issue was grave enough to sanction discourtesy toward a village elder—when the quondam farmer undertook to explain why he was no longer a farmer. He had retired, over a year ago, because there was none left in Balgat to do an honest day's work for an honest day's lira. Or rather two lira (about 36 cents)—the absurd rate, he said, to which the daily wage of farm laborers had been driven by the competition of the voracious Ankara labor market. Now, all the so-called

able-bodied men of Balgat had forsaken the natural work which Allah had intended men to do and swarmed off to the factories of Ankara where, for eight hours of so-called work, they could get five lira a day.

THE PROTESTS that rose did not aim to deny these facts, but simply to justify them. Surprised, we asked whether it was indeed true that there were no farm laborers left in Balgat. "How many of you," we quickly rephrased the question, "work on farms now?" Four hands were raised among the twenty-nine present, and all of these turned out to be small holders working their own land. (These four were sitting together and, it later developed, were the only four members of the *Halk* party among the group.)

Galvanized by the intelligence now suddenly put before us (even Tahir S. had reawakened promptly upon discovering that there were hardly any farmers left in Balgat), we started to fire a battery of questions of our own. As this created a din of responding voices, Tahir S.—once again the American-trained interviewer—restored order by asking whether each man around the circle would tell us, in turn, what he was now working at and how long he had been at it. This impromptu occupational census was never quite completed. As it became clear that most of the male population of Balgat was now in fact working in the factories and construction gangs of Ankara—for cash—our own impatience to move on got the better of us.

How did they spend the cash they earned? Well, there were now over a hundred radio receivers in Balgat as compared to the lone receiver Tosun had found four years earlier. There were also seven refrigerators, four tractors, three trucks, and one Dodge sedan. Also, since there was so little farming in Balgat now, much of the food came from the outside (even milk) and had to be bought in the grocery stores (of which there were now seven in Balgat). Why milk? Well, most of the animals had been sold off during the last few years. What about the shepherd? Well, he had moved to a village in the east a year or so ago, as there were no longer any flocks for him to tend. How was the Grocer doing? "*Which one?*" The original one, the great fat one that was here four years ago? "*Oh that one, he's dead!*"

Tahir S. later told me that my expression did not change when the news came (always the American-trained interviewer). I asked a few more questions in a normal way—"What did he

die of?" "How long ago?"—and then let the questioning pass to Tahir. I don't recall what answers came to my questions or to his. I do recall suddenly feeling very weary and, as the talk went on, slightly sick. The feeling got over to Tahir S. and soon we were saying good-by to the group of Balgati, relieved that the ritual for leave-taking is less elaborate than for arriving. We promised to return and said our thanks. "Güle, güle," answered those who remained ("Smile, smile" signifying farewell).

"What a lousy break," growled Tahir in a tone of reasonable indignation as we started back toward the house of the Chief. He was speaking of the Grocer. I didn't know what to say by way of assent. I felt only a sense of large and diffuse regret, of which indignation was not a distinct component. "Tough," I agreed. As we came up to the Chief's house, I told Tahir we might as well return to Ankara. We had gathered quite a lot of information already and might better spend the afternoon putting it together. We could come back again the next day to interview the Chief. The Chief was agreeable to this plan and invited me to be his guest for lunch next day. We collected Zilla K. and our driver, and drove back to the city.

#### BALGAT REGAINED

I SLEPT late the next morning and was tired when I awoke. While dressing slowly and ingesting a full-scale breakfast, I decided that the Grocer was—and, to face right up to it, had been right from the start—my man.

I recalled Tosun's unflattering sketch of him as a pretentious phony, as "the only unfarming person in the village . . . who is even less than the least farmer." But I had never minded this about the Grocer, nor Tosun's disgust that "he even wore some sort of a necktie." What had located all these details in a context I could understand, what had made the Grocer a man I recognized, was Tosun's acid remark: "He most evidently wished to feel that he is closer to me than he is to the other villagers and was curiously careful with his accent all during the interview."

There was something in this sentence that had sounded to me like History. Maybe it was the eighteenth-century field hands of England who had left the manor to find a better life in London or Manchester or Liverpool. Maybe it was the nineteenth-century French farm lad, who,

wearied by his father's burdens of the *taille* and the *tithe* and the *gabelle*, had gone off to San Francisco to hunt gold and finding none, tried his hand as a mason, mechanic, printer's devil; though none of these brought him fortune, as he cheerfully wrote home (in a letter noted by the perspicacious Karl Marx), he was going to stay in this exciting new city where the chance to try his hand at anything made him feel "less of a mollusk and more of a man."

The Grocer of Balgat stood for some part of all these figures as he nervously edged his psyche toward Tosun, the young man from the big city. I'm like you, the Grocer might have been feeling, or I'd like to be like you and wish I could get the chance. It was harsh of Tosun, or perhaps only the antibourgeois impatience of a consecrated young scholar looking for the suffering poor in a dreary village, to cold-shoulder this fat and middle-aged man yearning to be comfortably rich in an interesting city. But the Grocer had his own sort of toughness. He had, after all, stood up to the other villagers and had insisted, even when they labeled him infidel, that they ought to get out of their holes.



This time I was going out to Balgat by bus instead of taxi, to see how the villagers traveled. The way the villagers traveled, it turned out, was in a shiny new bus from Germany that held three times as many passengers as there were seats. The bus was so new that the signs warning the passengers not to smoke or spit or talk to the driver (while the bus is moving) in German, French, and English had not yet been converted into Turkish. There was, in fact, a great deal of smoking (some Turkish tobacco is used in Turkey) and several animated conversations between the driver and various passengers occurred, in the intervals between which the driver chatted with a crony whom he had brought along for just this purpose.

In Balgat I reported directly to the Chief. He was out on his land but appeared after a few



minutes, steaming and mopping his large forehead. He had been pruning some trees and, in this warm weather, such work brought the sweat to his brow. This was about the only work he did any more, he explained, as he had sold or rented most of his land in the last few years, keeping for himself only the ground in which he had planted a small grove of trees that would be his memorial on earth. The Chief agreed to show me his trees and as we strolled away from the house he resumed his discourse of yesterday.

Things had changed, he repeated, and a sign of the gravity of these changes was that he—of a lineage that had always been *Muhtars* and land-owners—was no longer a farmer. Nor was he long to be *Muhtar*. After the coming election, next month, the incorporation of Balgat into Greater Ankara was to be completed and thereafter it would be administered under the general municipal system.

"I am the last *Muhtar* of Balgat, and I am happy that I have seen Balgat end its history in this way that we are going."

The new ways, then, were not bringing evil with them? "No, people will have to get used to different ways and then some of the excesses, particularly among the young, will disappear. The young people are in some ways a serious disappointment; they think more of clothes and good times than they do of duty and family and country. But it is to be hoped that as the *Demokrat* men complete the work they have begun, the good Turkish ways will again come forward to steady the people. Meanwhile, it is well that people can have to eat and to buy shoes they always needed but could not have."

And as his two sons were no longer to be farmers, what of them? The Chief's voice did not change, nor did his eyes cloud over, as he replied: "They are as the others. They think first to serve themselves and not the nation. They had no wish to go to the battle in Korea, where Turkey fights before the eyes of all the world. They are my sons and I speak no ill of them, but I say only that they are as all the others."

I felt at this moment a warmth toward the Chief which I had not supposed he could evoke. His sons had not, after all, learned to fight bravely and die properly. These two sons through whom he had hoped to relive his own bright dreams of glory had instead become *shopkeepers*. The elder son owned a grocery store and the younger one owned Balgat's first clothing store. As we turned back to the house, the

Chief said we would visit the shops after lunch and his sons would answer all my questions.

THAT AFTERNOON we went first to the elder son's grocery store, just across the road from the Chief's house and alongside the village fountain. The central floor space was set out with merchandise in the immemorial manner—heavy, rough, anonymous hemp sacks each laden with a commodity requiring no identity card, groats in one and barley in another, here lentils and there chicory. But beyond the sacks was a distinct innovation, a counter. What is more, the counter turned a corner and ran parallel to two sides of the square hut. Built into it was a cash drawer and above each surface a hygienic white porcelain fixture for fluorescent lighting. Along the walls was the crowning glory—a case of shelves running from "top to floor and side to side, and on them standing myriads of round boxes, clean and all the same dressed, like soldiers in a great parade." The Grocer's words of aspiration came leaping back to mind as I looked admiringly around the store. His dream house had been built in Balgat—in less time than even he might have forecast—and by none other than the Chief!

The irony of the route by which Balgat had entered History stayed with me as we walked in quartet, the Chief and I ahead, the sons behind, to the clothing store of the younger son. This was in the newer part of the village, just across the new road from the bus station. The stock inside consisted mainly of dungarees, levis, coveralls—all looking rather like U. S. Army surplus stocks. There was a continuous and growing demand for these goods, the Chief stated solemnly, as more and more men of Balgat went into the labor market of Ankara, first discarding their *shalvars* (the billowing bloomers of traditional garb in which Western cartoons always still portray the "sultan" in a harem scene). In a corner of the store there was also a small stock of "gentleman's haberdashery"—ready-made suits, shirts, even a rack of neckties.

The younger son, who maintained a steady silence in the presence of the Chief, replied to a direct question from me that he had as yet sold very few items from this department of the store. The Balgat males by and large were still reticent about wearing store-bought clothes. A few, however, had purchased in a *sub rosa* sort of way neckties which remained to be exhibited in public. But wearing them would come, now that several owned them, as soon as an older man

was bold enough to wear his first. The owners of the neckties had only to get used to them in private, looking at them now and then, showing them to their wives and elder sons, and some one of them had to show the way. I remembered Tosun's rather nasty comment, as though this were his most telling evidence against the Grocer's preposterous pretences, "*He even wore some sort of a necktie.*" As one saw it now, the Grocer *had* shown the way, and it was now only a hop, skip, and jump through history to the point where most men of Balgat would be wearing neckties.

THE GROCER'S memory stayed with me all afternoon, after I had expressed intense satisfaction with the shops, wished the sons good fortune, thanked the Chief again and, with his permission, started out to walk among the alleys and houses of Balgat. On the way, I absently counted sixty-nine radio antennas on the roofs and decided that yesterday's estimate of "over a hundred" was probably reliable. And only four years ago, I reminded myself, there was but a single radio in this village. The same theme ran through my recollection of the numbers of tractors, refrigerators, and "unfarming persons." That was what Tosun had called the Grocer—"the only unfarming person in the village." Several of these newly unfarming persons, recognizing their interlocutor of yesterday's coffee-house session, greeted me as I strolled along. One stopped me long enough to deliver his opinion of the Turkish-Pakistani pact (strong affirmation) and to solicit mine of the proposed law to give Americans prospecting rights on Turkish oil (qualified affirmative).

Weary of walking, I turned back to the coffee house. The ceremony of welcome was warm and the coffee was again on the house, but the conversational group was smaller. Only eleven Balgati appeared to praise the weather and hear my questions. The group got off on politics, with some attention to the general theory of power but more intense interest in hearing each other's predictions of the margin by which the *Demokrat* party would win the elections next month. There was also general agreement, at least among the wiser heads, that it would be better to have a small margin between the major parties. "The villagers have learned the basic lesson of democratic politics," I wrote in my notebook.

The afternoon was about over before I got an appropriate occasion to ask about the Grocer.

It came when the talk returned to the villagers' favorite topic of how much better life had become during the past four years of *Demokrat* rule. Again they illustrated the matter by enumerating the new shops in Balgat and the things they had to sell that many people could buy. "How are these new grocery shops better than the old grocery shop of years ago owned by the fat grocer who is now dead?" I asked. The line of response and the examples cited were obvious in advance, but the question served to lead to another. What sort of man had the Grocer been? The answers were perfunctory, consisting mainly of *pro forma* expressions of good will toward the departed. I tried to get back of these ritual references to the Grocer by indirection. How had he dressed? Why had he been so interested in the life of Ankara? The light finally shone in one of the wiser heads and he spoke the words I was seeking: "Ah, he was the cleverest of us all. We did not know it then, but he saw better than all what lay in the path ahead. We have none like him among us now. He was a prophet."

AS I LOOK back on it now, my revisit to Balgat ended then. I went back to the village several times of course, once to bring some gifts for the grandchildren of the Chief, another time with a camera (as he had coyly suggested) to take his picture. On these visits, I felt less tense, asked fewer questions, than during the earlier visits. The last time I went out with Ahmet Emin Yalman, publisher of a prominent Istanbul newspaper and then a devoted *Demokrat* man, who was eager to see the transformed village I had described to him over an endless series of "Screwdrivers" (Turkish vodka with orange juice) in the bar of the Ankara Palas Hotel.

He was enchanted with the Chief, the stores, the bus service and electricity, and other symbols of the History into which his party had ushered Balgat. He decided to write a feature story about it and asked permission to call it "Professor Lerner's Village." I declined, less from modesty than a sense of irrelevance. The Balgat his party needed was the suburb inhabited by the sons of the Chief. The village I had known for what now seemed only four short years was passing, had already passed. The Grocer was dead. The Chief—"the last *Muhtar* of Balgat"—had incarnated the Grocer in the flesh of his sons. Tosun was in North Africa studying the Berbers.



By RICHARD H. ROVERE

*Drawings by Robert Osborn*

# NIXON: Most Likely to Succeed

He isn't interested in policies, but he has lots of Package Appeal . . . and if he doesn't make the White House in '56, he should be a reasonable gamble for the next eight races.



THE Vice President of the United States is forty-two years old, robust, intelligent, conscientious, ruthless, affable, articulate, competitive, telegenic, and breathtakingly adaptable. He comes from a large state, leads an apparently blameless personal life, has an attractive family, has never been called a security risk, and is

blessed with many friends and admirers—some of whom, as we learned from the campaign of 1952, have been willing to invest solid cash in his career.

Those people showed good investor judgment. The actuarial tables and the laws of chance favor the Vice President greatly. If he takes the elementary precautions with his health and does not squander the formidable political assets that are now his, he has ahead of him a full quarter-century of service to the Republic and to the good name of Richard Milhous Nixon.

What does this quarter-century hold? It would be rash to say that there is anything it does *not* hold. Nixon is even now a front-runner for the

Presidency in 1956. If the President declines the honor at San Francisco next year, Nixon will be the man to beat. The common opinion is that he would in the end be beaten. If the President accepts, though, Nixon is pretty certain to be Vice President again—which is a way of saying that he is likely to be President, since Mr. Eisenhower, between 1957 and 1961, will not have the life-expectancy tables in his favor.

It is reported now that, in the 1956 Republican convention, there will be heavy opposition to a second Vice Presidency for Nixon. He has powerful enemies as well as powerful friends, and he has in Senator Knowland a dedicated, resourceful rival. But if the President runs again and wants Nixon to run with him, the President will get his wish. "It can be stated authoritatively that Mr. Nixon is the President's only personal choice as a 1956 running-mate," Roscoe Drummond of the New York *Herald Tribune* wrote not long ago. On White House matters, there are few statements more authoritative than Mr. Drummond's. It is hard to see how he could be wrong on this one. The President has described the Vice President as "one . . . of the great leaders of men" and "the most valuable member of my team." Why should the President of the United States take second-best when the best is right at hand?

Nixon is ahead not only in the President's book but in that of the Republican masses. Although the Gallup Poll shows him as a probable loser if he were to oppose Adlai Stevenson or Estes Kefauver, and although he failed to place or show on the Poll's list of the ten men Americans admire most, it revealed him as being comfortably ahead of all presently available

Republicans—the President, of course, excepted—available estimation of his fellow Republicans. One unavailable Republican, the Chief Justice of the Supreme Court, would have an edge over Nixon, according to the Poll. There are some who think that Mr. Justice Warren was only playing hard to get when he said he would not re-enter politics “under any circumstances or conditions,” but the statement puts him out of the running for the time being and leaves Nixon leading the pack and hugging the rail. Thomas E. Dewey trails him by seven points, Harold Stassen by ten, Ambassador Lodge by nineteen, his bitter antagonist Senator Knowland by twenty-one, Senator Bricker by the same number, and poor Senator Dirksen by twenty-six.

Next year will be the last time around for some of these statesmen. But if Nixon misses in 1956, he will be conspicuously available in 1960. Indeed, almost as far as one can see down the corridors of time—1956, 1960, 1964, 1968, 1972, 1976, 1980, and even 1984—Nixon will be available. With giant strides being taken every day in the field of geriatrics, it is even conceivable that Nixon will be a hard man to count out in the Republican convention of 2000—held, perhaps, at some pleasant American resort on Mars. Whether or not the prospect pleases, it imposes. And if, for some now obscure reason, Nixon never does capture the grand prize, we may be fairly assured that he will somehow or other be part of our lives—an influence, a force to reckon with in the affairs of the country for some time to come.

#### FIXER EXTRAORDINARY

HE IS a first-class influence right now. In an administration headed by a soldier and staffed by merchants, he is the ranking politician—despite the fact that he has been in politics less than a decade and, five years before he was Vice President, was the subject of an article in a Washington paper headed “Greenest Congressman in Town.” More than anyone else, he has set the political style of the Eisenhower Administration, with its heavy borrowings from the techniques of modern advertising and public relations, with its emphasis on the great modern virtue of Sincerity, and with its mobilization of energies against the opposition rather than toward its own objectives. He was the author of the clever, shocking campaign formula of 1954, “K-1, C-3” (Korea, Communism-corruption-

controls), and he was the leading strategist of his party in that election. He serves a President who has a powerful distaste for many aspects of the job and is only too happy to let the spotlights play over his understudy.

The lights do not bother Nixon in the least.



He is always willing and able to help the Republican National Committee dispose of any radio or television time it gets hold of. He takes other responsibilities in good spirits. He sits with the Cabinet and the National Security Council, presiding over both in the President's absences, which are frequent. He is said to be the first Vice President ever to chair a Cabinet meeting, and perhaps he is. He also attends the President's conferences with legislative leaders. He is the Administration's leading fixer. On the President's behalf and sometimes on his own, he irons out conflicts and accommodates difficult personalities in the party and in the legislative and executive branches. Since the death of Senator Taft and especially since the development of mutinous tendencies in Senator Knowland, he has been the Administration's principal organizer in the Senate.

It is an open question as to whether Nixon is quite the wizard in the manipulation of public opinion that some of his associates believe him to be. He has done well for himself in California, and he was an effective campaigner in 1952. But his most prodigious labors were in last year's Congressional elections, and there the results were inconclusive. Most of the candidates he helped were losers. The help he gave them consisted largely of lectures on the “6,926 Communists and security risks” allegedly separated from the government by the Administration and of broad hints about the subversive connections of some widely respected Democrats. There are some who think he did positive damage to his own party in 1954. There are others, though,



who think he damaged the Democrats and that with a little more of Nixon in the right places the Republicans would have won.

On the subject of Nixon's gifts as a political claim agent and maneuverer, there is no dispute whatever. He gets results. His impact on events is sharp and altogether impressive. But for him, the President's first tax program—the success of which was vital to the new Administration—might have been torn to shreds in the House Ways and Means Committee. The then chairman, Representative Dan Reed of New York, swore that he would never let the Administration bill out.

"When I fight, I fight," he said at the time.

Nixon had words with him. The official version is that Nixon advanced the argument that some things are more important than money and that Reed was dazzled by this illumination. This has an improbable ring. It seems more likely that lures and threats were skillfully employed. Anyway, Reed called off his fight and has not made the front pages since the day, now more than two years gone by, when they were graced with a picture of the Representative—once head football coach at Cornell—clasping the President's hand so hard the President winced and himself wincing from a clap on the back administered by the Vice President.

Nixon has been particularly useful at times when the President could not count on the regular Republican leadership. There have been many such times, and there is no doubt that Nixon has been a loyal and effective supporter of Administration policies. It may well be that if it were not for this loyalty, the Bricker amendment or one of its variants would be part of our fundamental law today. He rallied and organized the thin Republican opposition and surreptitiously encouraged the Democrats. When a howl went up from the Asia-first Republicans over the Korean truce negotiations, Nixon went among them as a diplomat on pacific errands. He is generally credited with having won the necessary political support for the settlement that was to become the Administration's most prized accomplishment, even though Senator Knowland called it a "peace without honor."

The credit or discredit that attaches to the Administration's handling of Senator McCarthy can mostly be put on Nixon's account. He established and executed the strategy. In Martin Merson's *Private Diary of a Public Servant*, it is shown that Nixon not only laid down the line

on McCarthy to appointed officials, but that he had to be consulted even on so small a matter as whether an Administration member should or should not trouble McCarthy for an appointment. Nixon kept the peace between the President and McCarthy longer than most people thought possible, alternately persuading the Senator of his need for the President and the President of his need for the Senator. When Harold Stassen threatened to break loose and fight McCarthy for "undermining the State Department" (this was when McCarthy constituted himself a Foreign Ministry and negotiated an agreement on China trade with Greek shipping interests), Nixon prevailed on John Foster Dulles to torpedo Stassen with a statement praising McCarthy's services to American diplomacy and the comity of nations. At the same time, Nixon was torpedoing McCarthy's investigation of the Central Intelligence Agency. It was Nixon who arranged the humiliation of Robert T. Stevens, the Secretary of the Army, at the celebrated chicken luncheon Stevens had with McCarthy and other members of the Subcommittee on Permanent Investigations. It was Nixon, too, who arranged McCarthy's humiliation by appointing hanging judges to the Select Committee that reported on Senator Flanders' motion to censure McCarthy.

It is vigorously argued in some quarters that Nixon intended and hoped for quite a different outcome to this affair. Maybe so, but he is nothing if not shrewd, and this would imply a great failure of shrewdness—to say nothing of an uncharacteristic maladroitness. At any rate, once the unpleasant work was done, it was Nixon who made a small amend to McCarthy by altering



the "Resolution of Censure" passed by the Senate to read simply "Resolution." Nowhere but in the title had the word "censure" appeared.

Nixon was in the Senate chamber for the censure debate, but that was a rare occasion. He serves as presiding officer of the Senate less often

than any of his recent predecessors. Moreover, he is seldom to be found in his office at the Capitol. That office, traditionally a repair shop for hurt feelings and broken friendships, a sanctuary for weary, fretful Senators, a room that can quickly be filled with smoke and well-laid schemes—is closed most of the time nowadays. It is not by the practice of good fellowship that Nixon applies his healing touch. He has no gift for bonhomie and wisely leaves it to others. He does perform certain other functions that are more clearly in line with the public responsibilities of his office than his essays in fixing. Besides his sessions with the Cabinet, the National Security Council, and the legislative leaders, he does a good deal of official greeting, dining out, and good-will touring of the sort that requires not bonhomie so much as an iron digestion and powerful smiling muscles.

#### HIS CONVICTIONS—IF ANY

**I**F IS the work he does along these lines that emboldens his and his party's publicity agents to claim that he is something special in the way of a Vice President—that he has enlarged, dignified, and given new meaning to an office described by its first occupant, John Adams as "the most insignificant . . . that ever the invention of man contrived or his imagination conceived." "Busiest Vice President We've Ever Had!" the *Saturday Evening Post* called one of its several appreciations of Nixon.

He may be all of that, but the significance of his career does not lie in his handling of his public and ceremonial responsibilities. The fact is that what they say about Nixon they have been saying about every Vice President for years past. It was a proud boast of the Coolidge Administration that Charles G. Dawes had given new meaning to the office. Every Vice President since John Nance Garner has been said to have broken the Throttlebottom tradition. (Garner's successor, Henry Wallace, may have had his shortcomings, but he was a real ball of fire when it came to keeping himself busy.) As the Presidency has become a more and more burdensome office, Presidents have thrust more and more work on Vice Presidents and on anyone else who happened to be around and on the payroll. Because Mr. Eisenhower is the last in line and because he has a more relaxed approach to the work than other recent Presidents, Nixon may be putting in somewhat longer workdays than certain of his

predecessors. But the difference is purely a quantitative one. It is as a Republican politician and not as an officer of the government that Nixon is noteworthy and perhaps unique.

One of the unique things about him is that he has achieved his present eminence by concerning himself exclusively with strategy and ignoring the whole broad field of policy. It is astonishing that when one thinks of Nixon in relation to the history of the past three years there is no single item of substantive policy that one can identify him with. In the Administration he serves and helps to lead, there are a number of men whose names one associates, automatically as it were, with a particular approach to a particular problem of concern to the nation. The mere mention, for example, of George Humphrey or Admiral Radford or Harold Stassen or Douglas McKay calls to mind a point of view emphatically held and energetically defended. Their names are synonymous with policies.



Nixon's name connotes nothing. If such a term as "Nixonism" were given currency, it would suggest, perhaps, a manner and a mode of public behavior, but it would have no application to any vital issue. Nixon cannot be identified with hard money or soft money, with Asia-first or Asia-last, with preventive war or negotiation, with protectionism or anti-protectionism. As he has had no influence on policy, policy has had no influence on him.

Policy, it would seem, is something in which Nixon has only a mild, spasmodic interest. He can take it or leave it alone. He does not fear it and avoid commitment, as a great many politicians do. On the contrary, there have been few public issues in his time that he has failed to take a stand on. But there is no discernible pattern to his commitments.

This has greatly increased his utility as an Administration spokesman. When someone is wanted to advocate intervention in Indochina,



Nixon is ready as a warhawk. When the plan for intervention miscarries, Nixon, eager to pluck figs out of thistles, is primed to speak of the superior wisdom and morality of non-intervention. Nixon can plead with Congressmen not to wreck the President's foreign-aid program with a meat axe. Then, when the axe has fallen in spite of his eloquence (or whatever it is) he brings to the voters the glad tidings that Republican government is cutting back on foreign-aid programs to save the taxpayers' money.

Indifferent to doctrine, he dwells somewhere apart from factionalism. He cannot be classified as either a right-wing or a left-wing Republican. He is therefore free to act as a kind of double agent—now the left's ambassador to the right, now the right's ambassador to the left. And when the need arises, as it did in the 1954 elections, he can be an honest broker between the two, campaigning for Clifford Case in New Jersey and Joseph T. Meek in Illinois and advising Republicans everywhere to compose their differences, as he has composed his differences. ("We've got to get forty-eight votes in the Senate, and let's get that into our heads.") Nixon is the hub of the Republican wheel, the joining place of all Republican tendencies. He turns as the party wheel turns.

MANY people refuse to accept the view of Nixon as a man innocent of doctrine. The Democrats profess to see him as a Republican of the most reactionary stripe, and their National Committee has tabulated, charted, and graphed his House and Senate voting record in such a way as to establish him as a creature of the vested interests, an isolationist, a trifle with the national security, and a politician heedless of the plight of all the exigent. By its reading of the evidence, he is a begrudger of hot lunches to little children and of decent habitation to the ill-housed, a proponent of restrictive immigration policies and of legislation repressive of free thought and inquiry, an enemy of workers, small farmers, and small businessmen. Adlai Stevenson has called him a white-collar McCarthy and others have called him worse than that.

The record can be made to sustain this view of Nixon, but only by omitting significant portions of it and carefully tailoring others. By a different tailoring process, Nixon can be made to appear a very different sort of Republican. Between 1947 and 1952, he supported several aspects of Democratic foreign policy. On the crucial

issue of troops to Europe, he accepted Senator Vandenberg's rather than Senator Taft's leadership. On such matters as price controls, federal funds for school construction, and the regulation of trusts, he often voted in a manner held to be correct and virtuous by the CIO and Americans for Democratic Action. Some parts of his record could have commended him to civil libertarians. True, there was the Mundt-Nixon Bill, which he sponsored and they deplored, but his behavior as a member of the House Committee on Un-American Activities was, from their point of view, far better than that of most members and, in fact, just about irreproachable. On several civil-liberties issues he voted with the liberals and delivered himself of liberal platitudes.

But what stands out in any consideration of the whole record is the flexibility that suggests an almost total indifference to policy. Nixon appears to be a politician with an advertising man's approach to his work. Policies are products to be sold the public—this one today, that one tomorrow, depending on the discounts and the state of the market. He moves from intervention to anti-intervention with the same ease and lack of anguish with which a copy-writer might transfer his loyalties from Camels to Chesterfields.

To be sure, his speeches and public statements sound like advertising copy. Their emotional range is narrow. "No one," Murray Kempton once wrote, "can remember him in a display of real indignation." Even when, in last year's campaign, he was accusing Democrats of harboring "diseased ideas . . . from the Marxist virus," he never managed to convey a sense of outrage deeper than that of a man describing the ravages of Stomach Upset. (When the Democrats—who, according to Nixon, had secreted somewhere in Washington "a blueprint for socializing America"—took control of Congress, he blandly recommended to his fellow Republicans that they "advocate vigorously the policies we think are best . . . without impugning the motives of those who disagree with us.") His enthusiasms have the same simulated quality—"And remember, folks, Eisenhower is a great man. Folks, he is a great man, and a vote for Eisenhower is a vote for what is good for America."

Unless appearances grossly deceive, what Nixon communicates is about all he feels. No doubt there is somewhere in Nixon's mind or psyche a moral imperative of some sort and a view of human possibilities. The pure opportunist is a

very old bird indeed, in fact, so eminent an authority as Dr. Samuel Johnson insisted that there was really no such thing. In Nixon's case, though, the moral sources of his behavior are so well hidden that he himself seems unable to find them or explain them. He has once or twice referred to Quakerism as the wellspring of his beliefs.

#### THE HOLLYWOOD QUAKER

I GUESS my Quaker background gave me a kind of internationalist bent," he told an interviewer in 1952. In 1952, running with Dwight Eisenhower, an internationalist bent was the bent to talk about. But if this was the manifestation of Quakerism, what sort of anti-Quakerism accounted for the anti-internationalist bent—the votes in the then recently adjourned Eighty-second Congress against aid to India, against Point Four, and to override the President's veto of the McCarran Immigration Act? Nixon is a birthright California Quaker (the "California" is by no means supererogatory, for the gentle faith has undergone weather changes, too: there is, or was, a Los Angeles meeting house with a lighted cross atop it). He is a native of a Quaker settlement named for the author of "Snow-bound," and a graduate of Whittier College, a Quaker school.

He may aspire to the grace and nobility of Quakerism, but if so he has yet to comprehend the core of the faith. It would be hard to think of anything more wildly at variance with the spirit of the Society of Friends than his appeal for the pity and sympathy of his countrymen, in his famous 1952 speech on his financial arrangements, on the ground that his wife didn't own a mink coat but was appareled in a "respectable Republican cloth coat." A certain amount of virtue might have attached to Mrs. Nixon, who is not a Quaker lady, for suffering the lack of such a symbol of worldliness and wealth as a mink coat. But it was Nixon who was filing this claim to virtue on his own behalf. The performance was in almost every respect an odd one, but the reference to the cloth coat was fantastic for a man who had asserted the rights of an heir to those devotees of plainness of whom Oliver Cromwell is reputed to have said, "I see there is a people risen that I cannot win either with gifts, honors, offices, or places."

Although Nixon resists factional or ideological classification, there is nothing of the maverick

about him; while he has moved from left to right and right to left inside the party, he has never moved beyond the limits of Republicanism in any direction. It could, perhaps, be maintained that what appears to be a highly developed form of opportunism is really a crusade for the welfare of the Republican party. Taking Nixon's checkered record into account, Robert Bendiner recently wrote: "It does not follow that he is a man without political principle. He has, indeed, an overriding principle, and it is altogether political. Quite simply, it is the unity . . . of the Republican party."

But even if one were willing to concede—as Mr. Bendiner of course was not—that the good of a political party constitutes in and of itself a moral end, one would be left with several questions about the origins and quality of Nixon's Republicanism. In what way is his Republicanism more than a vehicle for his own ambitions? What, in his view, should the party be and do? Nixon has provided no answers.

Nixon's Republicanism is not a heritage. According to the best available researches, his people voted the ticket, but in a rather indifferent and irregular spirit, and his father is said to have supported Woodrow Wilson in 1916, Robert LaFollette in 1924, and Franklin D. Roosevelt in 1932. Nixon has given a curious account of how he himself got into Republican politics. On the face of it, it would seem that his loyalties came into being only after the consummation of a contractual arrangement of much the same sort as those which turn advertising men into Oldsmobile enthusiasts and Muffets boosters.

In 1946, he was in Baltimore on legal business for the United States Navy. While there, he got a phone call from a California banker named Herman Perry who was on the hunt for a Republican nominee for Congress from the Twelfth District, which is part of Los Angeles County. The party was having a rough time finding a candidate. The incumbent was Jerry Voorhis, a popular New Deal Democrat. The Republicans had gone so far as to advertise for a candidate in the newspapers. No one acceptable had responded. Apparently no one in Los Angeles County could see that a great Republican sweep was coming. (The Democrats were to lose seven of their sixteen seats, or just about every one it was possible for them to lose.)

"Are you a Republican?" Mr. Perry asked Nixon. Nixon recalls his historic reply:

"I guess so. I voted for Dewey last time."



That was enough for Mr. Perry. He urged Nixon to hurry out to California and prepare for action.

#### THE CHARMER

THE commonly accepted theory of the Nixon phenomenon is that a shrewd hunch about Whittaker Chambers and Alger Hiss has been parlayed into a spectacular career. Nixon, alone among his colleagues on the Un-American Activities Committee, had a suspicion that Chambers was telling the essential truth and that Hiss was brazening it out. He also had the courage—and it does no particularly violence to the word to use it in this connection, for the cards at that time were surely stacked the other way—to push ahead with what appeared to others to be an eccentric view of the case. He was fortunate in receiving information, advice, and encouragement from the late Bert Andrews of the New York *Herald Tribune* Washington bureau, who had the same hunch and who suggested the legal means which Nixon employed to force Chambers to produce what were later known as “the pumpkin papers.” But Nixon had the responsibility, and he must be given the credit. He has taken it and gone a very long way on it.

Apart from this, there is nothing that is not routine in his career up to 1952. Not even the most sympathetic and industrious of his biographers has been able to construct any record of achievement for Nixon in the years before he became Vice President. His opportunities were, it must be acknowledged, limited. Two terms in the House and a third of a term in the Senate are hardly enough for the making of a Clay, a Calhoun, or a Webster. Still, it is a pretty thin history for a man who has received as much acclaim as he has.

His record as Vice President has not been meager. If he has built no enduring monuments, he has served his party and his President as both wished to be served. Yet, taking the record as a whole, it is an unimpressive one, and taking Nixon and his career together, one cannot help wondering precisely what it is that his admirers—the President who called him a great leader of men and the rank-and-file Republicans who favor him over so many of their other leaders—admire. It cannot be his views, for they are indeterminate and perhaps nonexistent. It cannot be what he has accomplished, for what he has accomplished

is wholly in the realm of maneuver—and, beyond that, it has been very little publicized.

One plausible answer remains: the admirer admires Richard Nixon himself. As a person and as a personality, he embodies much that is held to be precious by a large and growing number of Americans—especially in that segment of the middle class to which he belongs and which is recognized by the Republican party as its best source of cadres at the present time. He is young, he is enterprising, he is successful. He is loyal to his organization and to his boss. He lacks humor, but exudes earnestness and frankness. He has a weakness for dogs but not too many other weaknesses.

“Dick,” Mrs. Nixon has written, “simply cannot stand Washington cocktail parties, which he regards as the greatest invention for wasting time since the introduction of the siesta.” She has also explained that “Dick doesn’t pay too much attention to how women dress.” The skepticism that may greet assertions such as these works as much in his favor as credulity would; they draw approving nods and approving winks.

His sales-executive manner and his account-executive rhetoric are the very stuff of the good life to his constituency. The fact that his ideas are obscure and his positive achievements few detracts not at all the highest from the charm of the public image. As David Riesman has pointed out, we are well along in an age in which our heroes and godlings are not Captains of Industry but “Captains of Nonindustry, of Consumption and Leisure.” Production, accomplishment, creativity in a society of abundance and superabundance, these are no longer so important as they once were. The art of consumption is the valued one nowadays, and in these Nixon is highly skilled. His general appearance, his dress, his whole style of living and being, commend him to the multitudes who share his aspirations for a clear title to a ranch-house, furs for the winter, and pets for the children.

Charm, of course, has always been an essence, requiring no philosophy and no particular exertions on the part of its possessor. Nixon, for some Americans, has it. It is nevertheless well to recall that he did not make the list of the Ten Most Admired and his admirers are not as yet numerous enough to make him a good thing to wager on if he were the Republican candidate for President next year. But he has a lot of time for building—and there are those who believe that time is on the side of men of his kidney.

George W. Gray

# Our Bridge from the Sun

*New Discoveries about Photosynthesis,  
which turns Light into the Fuel of Life*

*The whole web of life is, in its simplest terms, a struggle for free energy, whether it be between shrub and tree for a place in the Sun, between locust and rabbit for the energy-yielding compounds of leaves, or between lion and tiger for the flesh of an antelope. Free energy all living things must have, for without it change is petrified—and life is change.*

—From *Unresting Cells* by Ralph W. Gerard

**M**AN LIVES in two worlds. There is first the older, larger, less complicated realm of inorganic matter—stars, interstellar gas and dust, planets, and the rocks, metals, and other minerals of the planetary structure; the waters of rivers, lakes, and seas; and the oxygen, nitrogen, and rarer gases of the atmosphere. This is the physical world, and matter in such forms apparently constitutes more than 99.999 per cent of the Universe.

Embedded in the stupendous setting of physical Nature is an entirely different order of creation which scientists call the organic world—the film of life which covers much of the land surface of our planet and populates the waters with a rich and varied flora and fauna. This realm of living things is entirely distinct from the physical in organization and in the ways in which it expresses its existence; and yet the organic world is completely dependent on the inorganic for the chemical elements with which to maintain its life processes. It needs carbon and hydrogen in forms which will serve as fuel to burn with oxygen and release energy. It also needs nitrogen, calcium, and dozens of other elements to combine with carbon, hydrogen, and oxygen in the myriad molecular forms which go into the construction of cells, their extension into tissues, and the con-

stitution of the fluids which bathe the cells and serve as their transports for food and wastes.

These chemical elements exist in profusion in the physical world around us: the great storehouse of all the atoms that we, the animals, the plants, and the micro-organisms require to build and sustain our living systems. Countless trillions of tons of the indispensable hydrogen, for example, are contained in the waters; and a tremendous tonnage of carbon in the form of carbon dioxide gas is continually drifting through the atmosphere. The difficulty is that the atoms are locked up in a quite literal sense—for the bonds which hold hydrogen to oxygen in  $H_2O$  are among the most powerful known to chemistry, and the same can be said of the attachment of carbon to oxygen in  $CO_2$ . Such tightly locked structures can be broken into only by force.

There is no dearth of force. Calculation shows that the solar rays falling in a day on each  $1\frac{1}{2}$  square miles of the Earth's surface carry as much energy as an atomic bomb of the Hiroshima type. These rays continually stream through the water vapor and carbon dioxide of the atmosphere, and if only a tiny fraction of their energy were effectively utilized, it would be sufficient to break the molecular bonds and release the atoms of hydrogen, carbon, and oxygen for use by man and the other creatures of the organic world. But the gases of the atmosphere are nearly transparent, and light provides chemical energy only when it is absorbed.

**IT IS HERE** that the green plant assumes a key role in the drama of life, for its chlorophyll serves both as an absorber of sunlight and as a mechanism to convert the absorbed light into chemical energy. Operating on the water molecules (which it either takes in from its surroundings or draws up through its roots) and on the



carbon-dioxide molecules (which it inhales from the air through pores in its leaves and other surfaces), the plant reshuffles the atoms of these compounds to make that most basic of all foods, the carbohydrates. (Sugar is the familiar example.) As a by-product of this photosynthesis, the plant releases the surplus oxygen not used in fabricating sugar, and thus continually replenishes the air with fresh breathing material. Eugene Rabinowitch, the historian of photosynthetic research, has calculated that the Earth's vegetation sets free about 400 billion tons of oxygen a year and combines about 150 billion tons of carbon with 25 billion tons of hydrogen in manufacturing organic material.

Sugar is found in most living creatures, from man to microbe. It is one of life's early inventions, a molecule made up of carbon, hydrogen, and oxygen with the atoms so proportioned among the three species and so loosely linked together that in the presence of free oxygen they dissociate and reunite in more stable combinations, with the release of energy. In other words, sugar will burn. In our bodies it is the primary fuel. Its burning supplies the energy to activate our muscles, to power the pulsations of the heart and lungs, and to generate the currents which course through our nerves. As the British chemist F. G. Donnan has expressed it in his oft-quoted phrase, "Without that sugar and oxygen there could be no thought, no sweet sonnets of Shakespeare, no joy and no sorrow."

Sugar is not only the basic fuel, it is also the initial structure in biological building operations. The cell uses carbohydrate as a sort of prefabricated unit for its more complicated architecture, joining nitrogen and other elements to carbohydrate, or to parts of carbohydrate, to construct, for example, the amino acids which are the building blocks for the giant protein molecules.

Photosynthesis thus occupies a primary place in the economy of life. It is the process by which the energy of the Sun is captured and converted to the uses of the living cell. It is, in addition, the beginning process in the transfer of atoms from the inorganic world to the organic. It serves as the very bridge of life—the bridge by which star stuff passes over and becomes life stuff.

In this alchemy through which the nonliving is converted into the living, the green plant stands almost alone. Neither the human body nor that of any animal is able to synthesize sugar or other organic compounds from inorganic materials. The animal kingdom thus is parasitic on the vegetable. There are certain microorganisms, such as purple and green bacteria, which trap sunlight and use its energy to make carbohydrates, but their production is small in

comparison with the vast output of green plants. To live, an animal must either eat vegetation or else eat other animals which have fed on vegetation. There is no other bridge to the free energy and rich material stores of the physical world.

#### A TRAIN OF DISCOVERIES

THE discovery of photosynthesis and the exploration of its hidden processes has been the cumulative work of investigators in many countries, spanning a period of nearly two centuries. The first contributor was Joseph Priestley, the eighteenth-century British clergyman whose hobby was chemistry. Here is how he reported his pioneering experiment of 1771:

I have been so happy as by accident to hit upon a method of restoring air which has been injured by the burning of candles and to have discovered at least one of the restoratives which nature employs for this purpose. It is vegetation. One might have imagined that since common air is necessary to vegetable as well as to animal life, both plants and animals affected it in the same manner; and I own that I had that expectation when I first put a sprig of mint into a glass jar standing inverted in a vessel of water. But when it had continued growing there some months, I found that the air would neither extinguish a candle nor was it at all inconvenient to a mouse which I put into it.

In this way Priestley stumbled upon the green plant's faculty of producing free oxygen. His observation is one of the landmarks in the history of chemistry. It started a train of experimentation, and other discoveries followed.

In 1779 a Dutch physician, Jan Ingen-Housz, working in England, reported that plants indeed "have the ability to correct bad air" but perform this office only in sunlight. He also noticed that "this service is not performed by the whole plant, but only by the leaves and green stalks."

Three years later came the next step. This was the observation by another clergyman, Pastor Jean Senebier of Geneva, that the plant performs its office of purification only if some "fixed air" is present in the atmosphere. Fixed air was the name for carbon dioxide.

It was not long before oxygen and carbon were isolated and recognized as elements, and the process which Priestley had observed in his sprig of mint became interpreted as one in which green plants, on exposure to light, absorbed carbon dioxide and released oxygen. Chemists guessed that the oxygen was produced by the breakdown of the carbon dioxide; but if so, what became of the carbon? Ingen-Housz came up with the

answer in 1796. The carbon, he said, was utilized by plants in nutrition. Photosynthesis was not just a benevolent scheme to purify the air for the benefit of man and the animals, but was also a process for obtaining carbon and building it into organic material for the nourishment of the plants themselves.

No one had suspected that water might play an essential part. But in 1801 the importance of this ingredient was recognized by another Genevan experimenter, Nicholas Theodore de Saussure, and the picture changed to one in which the light acted on both the carbon dioxide and the water.

Four decades later came a momentous observation from Germany. There the physicist, Robert von Mayer, pointed out that the crux of the whole photosynthetic process was the conversion of light energy into chemical energy. The green plant, illuminated by sunlight, not only made organic matter but it packed this matter with chemical energy. Here is how von Mayer reported his observation in 1815:

Nature set herself the task of capturing the light flooding toward the Earth, and of storing this, the most elusive of all forces, by converting it into an immobile form. To achieve this, she has covered the Earth's surface with organisms which while living take up the sunlight and use its force to add continuously to a sum of chemical difference. These organisms are the plants. The plant world constitutes a reservoir in which the solar rays are fixed and ingeniously laid down for later use, a providential economic measure to which the very existence of the human race is inescapably bound. The plants take in a force, the light, and bring forth another force, the chemical difference.

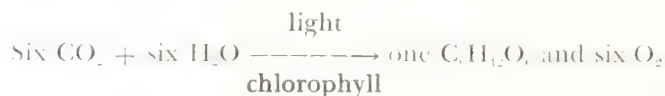
With this discovery, the general outline of photosynthesis was complete. All the essentials of the process had been identified, including the supremely important energy factor, and the products of the process—oxygen, organic matter, and "the chemical difference"—had been recognized. But it was only a rough exterior picture. Chemistry was still a feeble and groping, even though adventurous, discipline, and the details of what went on inside the plant cell remained to be explained.

For more than a century experimenters have been seeking to fill in the details, and some of the giants of biochemistry, including four Nobel laureates, have worked on the problem. There are still gaps in the picture, for life does not easily yield up the secrets acquired in its billion years of evolution. But some of the features of photosynthesis have been unveiled, hidden sequences have been worked out, and the picture

of a cycle—or a series of cycles—of chemical interactions is slowly emerging. It is beyond the scope of this article to review the whole panorama of research, but we can point out a few recent developments which are throwing light on the nature of our bridge and the way it works.

#### WHAT HAPPENS—AND WHERE?

WHAT happens in photosynthesis may be presented as an interchange in which six molecules of carbon dioxide combine with six molecules of water in the presence of light and chlorophyll to produce one molecule of glucose sugar and six molecules of free oxygen:



This is a perfectly balanced chemical equation. There are just as many atoms on one side as on the other; but those on the right are in different molecular arrangements, and the key question is: How did they get that way? Does photosynthesis split the carbon off from the carbon dioxide and combine it with the water? Or does it split hydrogen off from the water and combine it with the atoms of carbon dioxide?

Both of these schemes have been proposed from time to time and each has had its advocates over the years, although until the 1930s the arguments were pure speculation. But early in that decade a microbiologist at Stanford University obtained experimental data on the subject. This was Cornelis B. van Niel, of Stanford's Marine Station at Pacific Grove. While studying purple and green bacteria, which also have the power to trap sunlight and make sugar, Dr. van Niel turned up evidence that photosynthesis was basically a process of transferring hydrogen atoms to carbon dioxide. Unlike the green plants, these bacteria do not use water as a raw material; instead, van Niel found, they work on hydrogen sulfide (H<sub>2</sub>S) and by means of the absorbed light they break this compound into its atoms, setting the sulfur free and passing the hydrogen on to the carbon dioxide.

Microbiology thus gave a clue to the green plant's method of procedure. It suggested that as the bacteria used light to break down hydrogen sulfide, to obtain hydrogen for its sugar-making process, so the plant also used light to split the water molecule—with the release of sulfur in one case and of oxygen in the other. Van Niel further found that other types of sulfur bacteria, which had no chlorophyll and lived in total darkness, nevertheless were able to assimilate carbon dioxide and fabricate its ingredients for their own use—which is pretty strong circumstantial evi-



dence that carbon dioxide reduction does not require light.

Artificial light can power photosynthesis, and early experimenters found that it was possible to increase the rate of sugar production by increasing the intensity of the illumination. But F. F. Blackman, a British botanist, observed that eventually a saturation point was reached, after which no intensification of the light made any difference in the production of sugar or output of oxygen. From this, Blackman suspected that photosynthesis was not a single process activated by light, but that it included a stage which did not require light.

There have been various speculations as to the nature of this "Blackman reaction," but nobody doubts that part of the photosynthetic process in fact requires no light. Numerous experiments have demonstrated this. In 1905 two other British botanists, H. T. Brown and F. Escombe, rigged up a rotating sector (a slotted disk) and found that three quarters of the light could be shut off in each revolution without decreasing the rate of photosynthesis. In 1919-20 a still more convincing demonstration was given by Otto Warburg, then working at the Kaiser Wilhelm Institute for Biology in Berlin. Instead of using leaves, as Brown and Escombe did, Warburg flashed his light on green algae of the genus *Chlorella*, illuminating these water plants with intermittent rays of very high intensity from a rotating sector that gave periods of light and dark every four-thousandth of a second, and he found that the efficiency of photosynthesis doubled.

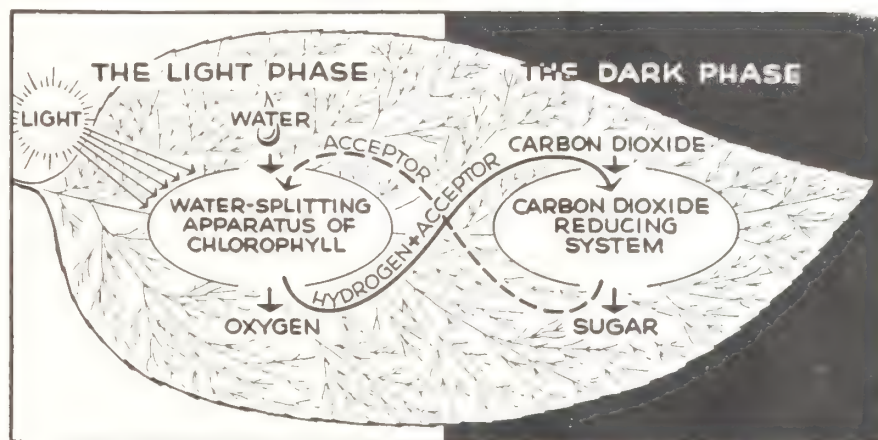
There have been many confirmations of these results, and much higher yields of photosynthesis have been attained by varying the proportion of light to dark and the speed of the flashes. Indeed, the device of intermittent light has become one of the most useful and fruitful tools for exploring the performance of the chlorophyll system.

CLEARLY, there is a sequence of reactions involved in the green plant's manufacture of sugar, some requiring light, others not; and apparently it is possible for the reactions promoted by light to produce their parts of the sugar molecule faster than the dark reactions can handle them, thus clogging the assembly line and slowing down the over-all process.

The assembly line is not a one-way street, however. A product of the dark phase is necessary to the functioning of the process in the light phase.

There appears to be an interweaving of operations between the two. The idea is summarized in the two-box diagram shown on this page, adapted from a paper by Stacy French, director of the Carnegie Institution's Division of Plant Biology.

The light phase is concerned with the splitting of water to release hydrogen, which is needed in the dark phase to reduce carbon dioxide and make sugar. However, free hydrogen cannot be trusted to get itself safely over to the dark phase; it is so active chemically that it would join up with the first receptive atom or compound that came along and never get within hailing distance of the  $\text{CO}_2$ . So, to capture the hydrogen promptly as it is released from the water molecule and



*Two phases of photosynthesis—one requiring light, the other not*

deliver it safely to the carbon-dioxide reducing system, the dark phase provides a specialized structure which we may call a hydrogen acceptor.

The specific structure which performs this office has not yet been identified, but the chemists postulate a catalytic molecule—or team of molecules—which has a special affinity for hydrogen and yet will readily release the hydrogen to the carbon-dioxide reducing system when it reaches that part of the mechanism. The diagram shows this hydrogen acceptor proceeding along the dotted line from the dark box to the light box. In the latter the acceptor is chemically joined to the freed hydrogen and then the two together travel along the solid line to the carbon-dioxide reducing system.

It is clear from the diagram that if the light phase splits water faster than the dark phase can supply the necessary escort, more hydrogen will be freed than can be used in the synthesis. The result will be an imbalance between the two stages and a lowering of the efficiency of the over-all process. This explains why an experimenter, using intermittent flashes, can make a plant produce more sugar for a given amount of light than it can turn out under continuous illumination.

What goes on in the light box is photochemis-

tive, i.e., chemical reactions which are energized and promoted by light; whereas in the dark box the reactions are energized and promoted by molecular forces. The goings-on in photosynthesis are now being opened up in amazing detail, thanks to the ingenuity, persistence, and hard work of a group of chemists working in the Radiation Laboratory at Berkeley.

#### HOW CALVIN WORKS AT WORK

**T**HE NEXT TIME you see Melvin Calvin, professor of chemistry in the university, and the full team has ranged from four to twelve workers in the six years that the research has been in progress at the Radiation Laboratory. The problem was to track down the intermediate steps between the plant's receipt of a molecule of carbon dioxide and its incorporation into a molecule of sugar. It was reasonable to infer that the manufacture is a cumulative procedure in which the final sugar structure is progressively built up through a series of steps. To catch the first step, identify the most primitive intermediate product, and trace the course of the synthesis piece by piece—that was the goal.

The study was made largely with green algae. These one-cell aquatic plants lend themselves to convenient handling, and are easily obtained in a reproducible form. In Calvin's project, a suspension of algae in water was placed in a closed glass vessel. The vessel was entered at the top by a tube, and could be emptied quickly through a stopcock at the bottom. Carbon dioxide was bubbled in through the tube, light was directed upon the vessel from the opposite sides, and soon photosynthesis was proceeding at a steady rate.

At a given time, the incoming stream of carbon dioxide was changed. Up to now it had been ordinary  $\text{CO}_2$ , but at this moment a switch was turned and suddenly the stream contained a labeled  $\text{CO}_2$  in which the carbon atom was the radioactive isotope,  $\text{C}^{14}$ . Since these  $\text{C}^{14}$  atoms continually discharge electrons, any compound into which the isotopic carbon had been built would be immediately tagged. Calvin's plan was to stop the photosynthesis at different intervals of time, draw off a sample at each interval, and see if he could spot the earliest stage at which the  $\text{C}^{14}$  betrayed its presence. So, after photosynthesis with the radioactive material had been proceeding for ten minutes, he turned the stopcock at the bottom of the vessel, the suspension of algae dropped through into a bath of alcohol which instantaneously halted all biological action, and the experimenter then analyzed the algae and determined which compounds contained radioactive carbon.

To separate the medley of photosynthetic

products, Calvin employed a technique known as chromatography. In this a sheet of specially prepared absorbent paper is used. A drop of the mixture to be analyzed is placed on the paper in one corner of its blotter-like surface, and then the paper is installed in an airtight tank and subjected to certain treatments. As a result, the various compounds that are contained in the drop begin to migrate across the paper; but because of differences in molecular structure and in physical properties they move at different speeds. The effect is to separate the substances, and after a few hours each appears as an isolated spot on the paper. Often each such substance has, or can be made to have, a distinctive color—and thus the compounds may show up as islands of blue, pink, yellow, or other tints.

It was not color that Calvin was looking for, but the content of radioactive carbon. So he laid the paper sheet on top of a sensitive photographic film in the dark, and allowed the radioactive spots to photograph themselves. It was like radium, though millions of times weaker. After several weeks of exposure, he developed the film, and there were the tell-tale images marking the spots that contained the radiant atoms. It was then a simple matter to go back to the paper sheet, cut out the spots which had showed the radioactivity, and by chemical analysis determine what each compound was.

**THIS NEAT** scheme—so simple and yet so imaginative—enabled Calvin to look, as it were, into the algal cell at different intervals of time and see how far along its manufacturing processes had carried the radiant atoms. He first allowed the photosynthesis to proceed for ten minutes, and the photograph that resulted showed more than twenty radioactive spots, meaning that the carbon had been built into that many different compounds. Some of them were fairly complex molecules, including glucose and even the heavier sucrose sugar—so it was clear that ten minutes was too long a time allowance to intercept the synthesis at an early stage. The next experiment dumped the algae into the alcohol bath after five minutes of photosynthesis, and again the photograph showed many compounds. Then intervals of one minute, half a minute, and finally ten seconds were tried—and now an interesting result began to turn up regularly. This was the dominating presence of a substance which the chemists identified as phosphoglyceric acid. In all experiments with less than one minute of photosynthesis, this compound showed itself as the principal holder of the radioactive carbon.

Now phosphoglyceric acid (PGA) is a three-carbon compound—that is, its molecule contains



three carbon atoms—and because of certain considerations it seemed doubtful that it could be the first step in the synthesis of sugar. There must be some precursor to which the bubbling  $\text{CO}_2$  gas joined itself and by which the tagged atom was passed on to form PGA. The search for this forerunner has led Calvin and his team over a wide field during the last five years, but the chase finally ended in 1951 when the bits of circumstantial evidence were pieced together. All pointed to a five-carbon sugar known as ribulose diphosphate (RuDP) as the precursor.

Curiously, RuDP is a more formidable structure than PGA. It is nearly twice as large, and you may wonder where a primary building block of such size comes from. "From the plant," answers Dr. Calvin. "We start with a functioning green plant, and its cells are already stocked with all the ingredients of living matter." These include first of all the indispensable enzymes, those specialized structures which assist or chaperone the reactions of other molecules. Also present are various proteins, acids, alkalis, salts, and sugars, and among the sugars is this RuDP. Thus, to make sugar, the plant must already have some sugar as well as the necessary enzymes and other essential substances.

As the sequence starts, the five-carbon RuDP joins with the one-carbon  $\text{CO}_2$  to form a six-carbon molecule. This initial product comes under the chaperonage of an enzyme and promptly breaks in half to form two similar three-carbon structures—two molecules of PGA. Here, then, is the origin of the PGA which Calvin found predominant in his early experiments. The hydrogen—which chlorophyll split off from water in the light phase—now enters the cycle. Accompanied by an input of chemical energy, the atom of hydrogen joins the three-carbon PGA to form a three-carbon sugar known as triose. Thus the first sugar product is achieved, and from then on the plant proceeds to fabricate glucose, sucrose, and the other forms of carbohydrate by using triose molecules or parts of them as building blocks. Among these products, of course, is the precursor RuDP—and thus the cycle of carbon reduction and sugar production is self-actuating. It will proceed spontaneously as long as carbon dioxide and hydrogen are fed into the system.

This radioactive tracking down of the path of carbon in photosynthesis is a triumph of chemical detection. Although at first Calvin's results were challenged and in some quarters contradicted, they are now universally accepted, and he has turned his attention to the light phase of photosynthesis. He hopes it will be possible to trace with equal detail the path of oxygen, from the splitting of the particle of water to the final evolution of the gas as a free molecule. For this

study, which is already under way, Calvin is using the heavy isotope of oxygen  $\text{O}^{17}$  as the marked atom to follow through the maze of invisible reactions.

#### THE ELUSIVE CALORIES

**I**OW efficiently does the green plant transmute the energy of light? This is the most disputed question of photosynthesis, although authorities agree that it is one of the most fundamental. It is also one of the most difficult to review, the more so because of the controversy which has raged among the experts for nearly two decades. Indeed, as chemists Henry Eyring, Rufus Lumry, and John D. Spikes say in the *Annual Review of Plant Physiology* for 1951, the subject of this disagreement "has reached the stage of a special science in itself." And yet the problem is so central to photosynthesis—energy is supremely *the* commodity transported over our bridge of life—that the discussion cannot be evaded on the ground that the problem is difficult and still in the workshop.

All hands agree that the plant must capture and convert at least as much energy as is released when the sugar it produces is burned. The unit for all calculations of chemical interchange is a quantity called the gram atom (for elements) or gram molecule (for compounds), usually shortened to "mole." It is known that for each such unit of carbon that is oxidized when a mole of sugar burns, 112,000 calories of energy are released—about the amount in a slice of white bread. (The "calories" of popular reckoning are really kilocalories.) We also know that some four atoms of hydrogen are required to break up each carbon-dioxide molecule in the synthesis of sugar. These hydrogen atoms—derived of course from the split water molecules—not only provide the necessary hydrogen building blocks for the sugar synthesis but they also carry the energy with which the sugar molecules are to be loaded. It is the energy picked up from the light.

The light strikes the chlorophyll as tiny bullets of radiation known as quanta—but unless the light is absorbed the energy cannot be used. Red light is strongly absorbed, and for that reason most investigators of photosynthesis have most often employed rays of that color. The energy of red quanta is known to be about 40,000 calories per mole, and if we assume that each of the four hydrogen atoms destined to reduce the carbon-dioxide molecule receives the energy of one quantum, then the total energy would be  $4 \times 40,000$ , or 160,000 calories. On this hypothesis the plant would absorb 160,000 calories from light and store 112,000 in the form of sugar—an efficiency of 70 per cent.

The first concerted attempt to determine the minimum amount of energy actually required in the photosynthesis of sugar was made by Otto Warburg in Germany more than thirty years ago. Since, as our equation on page 66 shows, one molecule of oxygen is released for each molecule of carbon dioxide reduced, Warburg decided to use the oxygen output as the criterion. So he set up a gas-pressure measuring apparatus of his own design and, studying the output of oxygen from the green alga *Chlorella* under measured intensities of red light, reported in 1923 that the energy absorbed by the plant was indeed four quanta per molecule of oxygen produced. More than a decade passed and then these results were questioned on theoretical grounds, and certain chemists who tried to repeat the determinations reported that they were not able to confirm the results. Their measurements showed a requirement of seldom less than 12 quanta, sometimes 20, and even up to 500.

Thus challenged, Warburg returned to the problem and a few years ago was joined in the search by an American chemist, Dean Burk at the National Cancer Institute in Bethesda.

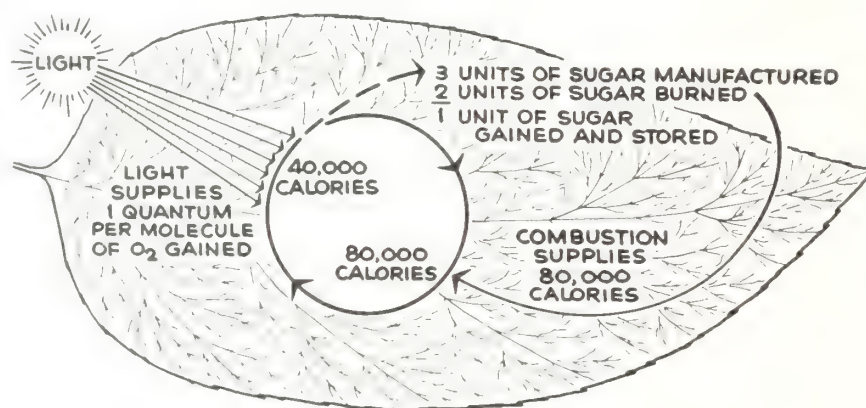
Since 1948 Warburg and Burk have collaborated in a series of experiments. Even four quanta came to seem to them too much, in the light of their developing investigation, and in view of Einstein's law of photochemical equivalence. According to this principle, one molecule is acted on by *one* quantum, and by only one, at a time. And yet, how could red light containing only 40,000 calories unhitch a mole of oxygen gas requiring 112,000 calories?

"The answer came in 1950," relates Dr. Burk. He was then a visiting scientist in the Kaiser Wilhelm Institute for Cell Physiology in Berlin-Dahlem, where Warburg has been director since 1931, and they had been working together there on the problem for two months.

"We were getting yields of four quanta per molecule by illuminating *Chlorella* for ten minutes and then giving it ten minutes of darkness," he went on. "We decided to shorten the alternating periods, reducing them to five minutes, three minutes, and finally one minute. Immediately the observed gas pressures showed quickened changes that were related to the time periods in a regular manner. The rates of oxygen production during the single minutes of illumination increased, and, during the single minutes of darkness, increased amounts of oxygen gas disappeared. Of course plants as well as animals

consume oxygen—respiration goes on continually—but the oxygen that disappeared was increased up to five and ten times the amount required by the *Chlorella*'s basal metabolism."

Casting a balance between the amount of oxygen produced and the amount that disappeared, and reckoning the algebraic difference in terms of the light absorbed, the scientists found that the latter approximated one quantum per molecule. That is, for each molecule of oxygen gained—and also for each molecule of carbon dioxide sent on its way to sugar—one quantum of light had been used. Was this, at last, the one-quantum reaction that Einstein had anticipated many years before? If so, what was the source of the extra calories?



*Photosynthesis according to Warburg and Burk*

"We found," Burk explained, "that the amount of oxygen consumed was some two-thirds of the oxygen produced during the period of illumination. It became clear that the plant was using this consumed oxygen to burn two-thirds of the sugar it had just made, thereby releasing 70,000 to 80,000 calories of chemical energy, which, added to the 40,000 supplied by the light, provided the 112,000 needed. So, on the average, of every three sugar molecules that it synthesized, the plant stored one and burned two. By this roundabout way, taking three steps forward and two backward, it carried on its manufacture without violating the laws of thermodynamics."

The idea may be presented as it is above, diagrammatically as a turning wheel, with light putting in one third of the energy, combustion supplying the remaining two-thirds, and three units of sugar coming out at each revolution.

"What we have discovered here," said Burk, "is a back reaction—a chemical auxiliary machine which drives photosynthesis and is itself driven by photosynthesis. The efficiency of the two interlocking processes is better than 90 per cent, corresponding to an over-all utilization of three quanta per molecule of oxygen set free."

Having described, in this necessarily condensed form, the Burk-Warburg experiments and thesis,



I must record that few investigators outside their groups of co-workers have reported finding anywhere near 90 per cent of efficiency in photosynthesis. Most of the other chemists engaged in this field of research have announced eight to twelve quanta as the number that turned up oftenest in their determinations, but lately two groups have reported six. Six quanta figures around 46 per cent in photosynthetic efficiency. Calvin says that his group has been able to get quantum requirements as low as four, but only under conditions of low light intensities. "Undoubtedly there is a back reaction," Calvin continued. "In fact, we are confident that part of the energy required for carbon dioxide reduction can be and is derived from back reactions of the hydrogen atoms and the remaining part of the split water molecules; and sometimes the reaction may go as far back as the oxygen molecules themselves."

#### SECRET OF THE GREEN BODIES

IT MUST be understood, of course, that the efficiencies reported were obtained in small-scale cultures in the laboratory under special conditions of illumination, selected wave lengths of light, and measured control of carbon-dioxide supply and temperature. Photosynthesis as it operates spontaneously in the farmer's field is of a far different order of economy. Indeed, most of the solar energy which falls on the leaves is either reflected off or dissipated as heat, and usually less than one per cent is actually absorbed and used in photosynthesis. Such waste seems wanton in view of the critical need that always exists for food and fuel in many areas of the Earth.

Economists predict that within a decade or two the demand for basic food for man and domestic animals will be at twice the world's present production of agricultural products. The chronically hungry in Asia, Africa, and parts of Europe and the Americas number around a billion people, and how to feed more and more billions is a problem that cannot much longer be left to the chance conjunction of whatever quanta happen to fall on whatever molecules of chlorophyll that may be exposed in farm or orchard.

"All agriculture seems to me a primitive, medieval, if not archaic process, even if we use tractors," declared biochemist Albert Szent-Gyorgyi in a recent preview of the shape of things to come. "To wait until plants grow and develop their chlorophyll and accumulate the energy seems ridiculously primitive and slow at our present rate of scientific potential. Why cannot we rather construct a 'chlorophyll bomb' to blow up need and poverty?"

What Dr. Szent-Gyorgyi is proposing, I take it, is the transfer of the photosynthetic process from the green plant's living cell to the chemist's non-living test tube. This is a dream that harks back through seventy-five years of experimentation; and failure after failure of these efforts confirmed the conclusion that photosynthesis is a business of living matter that cannot be separated from the intact cell. It was so written in the textbooks. Nevertheless, chemists continued to break up plant tissue, to recover the green stuff, and to test the behavior of these fragments in light.

When a leaf cell is examined microscopically, the eye sees at once that its green color is not diffused throughout the protoplasm but is concentrated in small floating bodies. These are called chloroplasts. Further dissection reveals that the chloroplasts are made up of still smaller bodies called grana, and it is these that contain the chlorophyll. A typical square inch of leaf surface has about a billion cells; there are, on the average, from 20 to 100 chloroplasts in each cell, about 100 grana to each chloroplast, and it is estimated that each grana holds about 10,000,000 chlorophyll molecules. One can extract the chlorophyll as a pure chemical, and chemists have found it possible to promote various photochemical reactions by exposing solutions of pure chlorophyll to light—but none has ever been able either to split water or to reduce carbon dioxide by this means.

Early experimenters broke up cells to obtain chloroplasts, even carried the separation down to

### *The Creative Instinct*

WE FOUND that the average housewife, while she accepts rationally the fact that she can buy a much better cake or a pie in a store than she could possibly bake herself, will spend a fortune buying a mix which permits her to keep on living under the delusion that she bakes the cake herself. She feels creative even if you give her a brown-'n-serve roll (which is even shaped for her). She insists she is doing it herself. She does not want the baker to do it for her. This desire for creativeness, whether it is genuine or phony, is very definitely a factor in our modern culture.

—Dr. Ernest Dichter, president, Institute for Research in Mass Motivations, Inc., *Printer's Ink*, June 4, 1954.

and from time to time they obtained bursts of oxygen when these fragments were illuminated. Such bursts were attributed to the decomposition of residual oxygen compounds left on the leaves. But in 1937 it occurred to an English biochemist that if photosynthesis were possible outside the cell, it might be assisted by providing a substance that had a special affinity for hydrogen. This was Robin Hill, of Cambridge University. Such a substance, he reasoned, by attracting hydrogen would promote the decomposition of water and thus speed up release of the oxygen. There are certain iron compounds which have this affinity. So, after crushing a batch of leaves, separating out the chloroplasts, and suspending these green bodies in a vessel of water, Professor Hill added a ferric salt. When the mixture was illuminated, oxygen came off at a steady rate.

The Hill experiment is a milestone in the laboratory attack on the secret of the green bodies, because there, for the first time, a photosynthetic process was achieved outside the living cell. It was only half a loaf that Hill got, however. His experiment split water and released oxygen, and therefore demonstrated the light phase of photosynthesis; but it did not carry the hydrogen atoms over to the carbon dioxide and there was no production of sugar. It blazed a trail, however, which other investigators followed, and one group of them was able to announce to the American Association for the Advancement of Science in December 1954 that chloroplasts in a test tube had carried out complete photosynthesis, and had produced sugar with no assistance from outside except the energy brought by the rays of light.

The leader of this group is Daniel I. Arnon, professor of plant physiology at the University of California. For a number of years Dr. Arnon and associates have been experimenting with isolated chloroplasts under light. Their first results were to repeat the Hill reaction and obtain the release of oxygen. Later they were able to demonstrate that as the chloroplasts split the water they converted the light energy into chemical energy and stored it in the form of high-energy phosphorus compounds (the very same compounds which function as energy-holders in human muscle). Finally, only a few months ago, they obtained unmistakable evidence of sugar and starch which the chloroplasts had fashioned and tagged with radioactive carbon that had been fed to them in the test tube.

The amounts of sugar produced were admittedly small, almost microscopic, but, says Arnon, "the quantity is not the significant thing. The fact that the process has been transferred from the living cell, with its multiplicity of metabolic reactions and other vital phenomena, to the simpler and less complicated environment of the laboratory vessel, is the important gain. To the physiologist and biochemist such a transfer is prerequisite to the unraveling of the detailed mechanism of a complex process."

#### TEST-TUBE ENERGY

THE latest development comes from an enzymologist, Efraim Racker, of the Public Health Research Institute of the City of New York. Dr. Racker, in a communication to *Nature* (February 5, 1955) reports the production of sugar by purely chemical interactions. What he did was to crush spinach leaves, separate and discard the cellular fragments, and extract an aqueous solution containing a concentrate of the natural synthesizing enzymes of the plant cells. To this solution he added carbon dioxide, put in certain energy-rich phosphate compounds to supply the energy, bubbled hydrogen gas through the mixture to supply the necessary hydrogen, and added a special enzyme which facilitates the use of molecular hydrogen. There was no need of light, since the phosphate compounds supplied the energy; and for the same reason there was no need of chlorophyll.

Thus, by a cycle of reactions that were strictly chemical, promoted at each step by the appropriate catalyzing enzyme, Racker produced glucose sugar in a test tube. The value of this work is its demonstration of the exclusively chemical nature of the carbon-dioxide reducing system—the dark phase of photosynthesis which takes the hydrogen and the elements of the carbon dioxide and builds them into the energy-packed structure which is sugar.

So the first steps seem to have been taken, their direction is forward, and Szent-Gyorgyi's dream of a benevolent "chlorophyll bomb" may not be so utopian after all. Transferred to the chemist's vats and tanks, isolated from the distracting milieu of the living cell, the processes of photosynthesis should become more manageable, the gaps in our knowledge of its ways be more surely bridged—hastening the day when the world's production of food will catch up with the needs of the world's hungry.



A Story by Mary Lee Settle

# *The Old Wives' Tale*



*Drawings by Shirley Burke*

**I** MET Mrs. Hartner on the *Queen Elizabeth* in June of 1950. She lay in a deck chair, tucked under a blue and red Cunard rug, staring with ice eyes back at the terrible Atlantic. From what I could see of her, she was dressed for her age as formally as in a uniform—a gray felt hat, gray suit, a delicate blouse. She wore Roger and Gallet's violet perfume. Her hands shook from the weight of her book, which was a new novel I recognized, crowned with a gold Cunard seal, and from the jiggling of the morning sea.

You are supposed not to remember scents. This is not true. You smell them again as you hear music, voices after they are gone: the scent of violet charms this room I write in, and rose toward me when I passed the deck space this September where she had sat, an aged Beatrice, as she called herself, closing the book with a snap, and rolling her gray head toward me with a slight sigh, annoyed and full of knowledge. She judged my clothes, my face, without hiding what she was doing, a little bored, then

decided to talk to me, interrupting my reading without apology.

"You know I read these books." She tapped at the crown which lay toward the sun, in her lap. "Sometimes I wonder . . . all this concern about identity. My mother always said 'Jenny, remember who you are.' It seemed so simple—most of the time."

She waited for me to speak, then seemed to understand that I was rousing too slowly from my book.

"Girl talk," she said, after a little while. With her accent she almost said "gull talk" and I remembered wrongly, out of place, the beady eyes, close yellow beaks. She was not like that. She laughed away the words, then was serious. "You know, between England and New York, between the Anglicans and the Episcopal Church, you'd better have a talk—you'd better, before you slip back into place. My father always said you had a place, like a sword in a scabbard—outside it you were every bit as dangerous." She said this to the sea, which was now throwing sparkles back up toward the sun, magnificently self-centered.

I put my book away.

So we began, recalling, although she didn't know it, and I doubt she could still at her age afford to care, my perpetual homesickness; acquaintances in common, the mountains, the incredible green lushness, slow-moving deep rivers, limestone jutting out in the high valleys. All this rose and blotted out the moody Atlantic, grew and leafed, hummed in my head. But the talk was, of course, about people.

"My uncle told me . . ." "My grandfather always said . . ." We exchanged platitudes quietly. We did not talk about the world generally. For this she explained.

"The nicest young man came to see me when I was visiting my cousins once. At least I thought he was nice. Just as smart as he could be. But my aunt soon let me know." Her mouth made a small "oh." "She let me know all right. She said: 'I wish you wouldn't bring that young man around any more, Jenny!' I tended to argue, you know how you do. She admitted he had nice manners and that he hadn't done anything *wrong*. 'To tell you the truth, he talks topics,' my aunt told me."

We both laughed. "Poor little old thing," she said, now to the ocean. "He finished fairly high up in the State Department."

I tried to judge her age. Later, from what

she told me, I guessed it was seventy-three or -four, but she looked older. She must have been ill, or she had no fear of death, for she didn't imitate youth in one gesture. She was dry and brittle, grown, harvested, this woman, with a touch of the self-centered objectivity of the very old, or the sea she looked back at as an equal.

Intuitively a woman can tell with a woman when a relationship is moving toward confidence, just as she can tell with a man, when he is going to move toward attraction. All women except the traitors are witches; beware of them; all women, I said, except the traitors, and they are that because they are afraid.

ON THE third morning, with the sea beginning to flatten in that gray-green spread that foretells the western shore, to my intense relief, she began at last to talk to me beyond the safe statements of her society, about herself, folding and smoothing the Cunard rug under her arthritic fingers. She began with a question. "I wonder. You know when we met, I was reading some book . . . Can't remember what the thing was. I must be getting old." Then suddenly, turtle-snapping: "How long have you been married?"

"Nine years." Our heads were close together, and our eyes; the wind was so high it would otherwise have torn the words, without sound, away from us.

"Happy?" I began to be a little afraid . . . the water under ice, beyond judgment observing . . . "I see you are," she said. "Oh Lord, I see you are, child." Suddenly a tear slipped from under her ice-eyes, and she fumbled for her handkerchief. "This wind is terrible," she said, and turned away for a full two minutes.

"People think," she said at last, "that after the ripening of a happy marriage . . . that's what it is, ripening," she told me, and I nodded, my hair stinging my own eyes so I could see her in snatches.

" . . . that that's all. But there's no truer saying than what the mountain people say is in the Bible. Them as has gits. And there's no woman more apt than a happy one who thinks she's secure to collect love like a magnet. One day, she'll take on a great weight of it, and Lord, she'll sink . . . down, down . . . Oh dear God

Mrs. Hartner was watching the ocean, and I knew she was waiting to let what she had to say come nearer, stop being "a woman,"

"one," "you" and draw to her, become "I."

"I" she could say, at last. "I was reared all over Virginia sometimes with aunts, because Father was a preacher, and you know how you move. He and Mother never had a dime but every time they moved, five thousand books went, too. Father always said, 'Thank God, my parishioners don't look inside that solid brown leather. They'd find the classics and never recover.' He was a classical scholar . . . The Episcopal Church suited him, and it suited Mother, who I remember as reading until things just fell around her. They just read, and floated on the surface without a dime, and let me and my four brothers run wild. I took to books and my brothers raised Cain all over the place. Those two ways of discovery have more in common than you can imagine.

"I wondered later if my mother had ever had . . . what I found out. She must have. Everybody must have. You know what maudlin means? It's the way they used to pronounce Mary Magdalen's name. Oh, don't worry, I'm not going to talk about sin. Don't believe in it anymore. Just about emotion. A lot of people think that's worse. Maudlin. Tacky." We were brought beef tea, and the interruption seemed to make her mind jump a gap. When the steward finally left she began again.

"I don't know why I'm telling you all this. Oh yes I do. You . . . I'll never forget a minute of the day of my marriage. In those days we had a real feeling of the end and the beginning. It was drummed into us. I was so scared. Women told more wives' tales about your wedding night then than about your confinement. They scared you about that later. One of my cousins with a voice like a hungry chicken was the worst and everybody knew her husband ran around like anything. She kept looking at me and shaking her silly head. She was a lot older than me. I never quite forgave her for saying I cheated my grandmother about the fairies when I was a child. Isn't it funny how you remember silly things for just ever . . . Never get them out of your mind.

"Of course Tenny Hartner was the beginning all right. His name was Tennyson but everybody called him Tenny. When I say he was the finest man I ever knew, you'll think I didn't like him much—just admired him. That isn't true. We had—oh—what makes people start looking alike; become like twins in their minds . . . almost not have to say things." She shied





away again from herself and looked at me and smiled. "You remember when Queen Caroline died, George, who loved her so, but Lord knows he was grumpy enough to her—he said in his grief: 'I'll never have a wife again, only mistresses.' Everybody thinks that's funny. I find it the saddest thing." Still we were both smiling.

"Of course, Tenny was a lot like my father—a passionate scholar. It's so private, light, familiar, isn't it?" I didn't catch the mischief, and agreed. Her eyes glittered, as the sea had glittered earlier. "I could tell you things . . ." The sound of her voice was cold. She closed her eyes and let the scenes form against her old lids, forgetting me, forgetting everything, her face smoothing as she talked, growing beautiful for a little while.

"Part of it . . . a great deal of it," she said, "is downright funny. I can always tell those unaware and floating women, little john boats in an inlet, that this will happen to. I was over forty and still pretty good-looking."

**T**HE ELDEST girl would have been eighteen; two boys fifteen and fourteen; a late girl, six. I already knew them, their careers, their children. All those things about herself she told me long before this.

"It was somebody I had known all my life. That was the funny part. A friend of my oldest brother's. I'm not going to tell you his circumstances. They don't matter. It happened at my mother's—at a Sunday school picnic. I'm telling you this so you'll be warned. Women have got to warn each other. Ah!" She almost said a great sigh. "It comes back. A Sunday school picnic. She used to make everybody in the town help. I was helping, and all those young girls flitting around. I'd forgotten for the whole day what I looked like. I was leaning across the trestle-table, under the trees, where the sunlight spotted and shook on the white cloth. I was putting down a big plate of salad. I still remember; so cool-looking in my hot,

summer arms, I thought to myself, Oh Lord, I'd like to be lying in that lettuce, curled around one of the tomatoes, naked as a slug. They used to call tomatoes love-apples. There wasn't a Methodist of my parents' generation who'd touch one. They thought they were poison. I don't think many Episcopalians would, either."

"Then, all of a sudden, there were somebody's hands on the other side of the platter. We held it between us. I knew who it was with a rush before I looked up, and for the first time in nineteen years of married life I didn't dare to look at a man. Poor thing, he'd just been passing by, and offered to help, by instinct. We just stood there holding that plate like a couple of fools. When I had to look at him, my voice wouldn't act right. But I said: 'That's mother's best platter. I don't know why she brings it on picnics,' just talking like a fool, a born fool. And I freed myself from the platter, and wiped the warm hair off my forehead, staring because I couldn't stop. He said: 'My God, Jenny, what's happened?' as if that whole silly picnic had been struck still by some gong of heat and sun, and drew me down the narrow table, over all that fried chicken and cake and deviled eggs, till we got to the end of it, and then we just flowed together, and walked out toward the woods, not daring to touch.

"Of course, none of the rest paid us any attention at all—just two old friends, one wiping her hands on her apron, and still smoothing the damp bits of hair with a nervous hand."

I saw for a second the hand in her lap, quiet now with age, its tremors of its own accord, not to wipe her hot forehead, a woman full of love, who couldn't wait to be touched. Now it lay moving slightly, a chalk crab. She was saying:

"Him tall and slim and cool-looking, handsome and courteous, like men used to look at picnics while the women worked like dogs. He had what we used to call dash. But I'll tell you one thing about him. He's the only man

I've ever known that I never heard an unkind word about

"Well, we went on out in the woods, farther and farther, shaking, and then we kissed each other. At first barely touching, surprised, then harder, harder, like two creeks that make a river." Her mouth was shaking now and she dabbed the deep creases from her lip corners, where the spittle gathered. "Child, I don't apologize when I say we didn't consider. Of course we didn't consider. You see, this kind of love, this late love"—she hadn't used the word before. Now she had gotten near enough to say it—"is very pure, even if it is as heavy as dying, and Lord knows it's out beyond flirtation, or even desire, as you might think of desire. It's detached, a complete thing all in itself, and it hasn't anything to do with circumstances or other people. These poor little old girls who feel flickers of desire and think they have to run get a divorce. Poor little old naïve things."

SHE WAS still for so long that I thought she had fallen asleep, and I watched the impersonal sea.

"You have something like it when you're young—adolescent. You suffer. But then you live in a love-body, and everybody you know is yearning and it's all expected pain—taken for granted. It's late you find out how incredible it is—when it happens to you when you think you're old and balanced. Lord, it's so heavy you don't think you can carry it and completer, some way, because you have knowledge of what it can mean. You know then.

"I had to go home the next day." When she heard the sound I made she turned, arguing, after that long a time. "Well, I couldn't hang around Covington the whole summer. I'd left half my family in Richmond and I had to get back. You have to get back," she almost snapped. Then, calmly, "I forgot to tell you. Tenny practiced law in Richmond. He was a fine lawyer." She added delicately, "There was always money there, but that didn't stop Tenny. He loved his work. He was awfully good at it."

Every time she stopped talking I thought she had finished, not the story she had to tell but how much she would let herself say, out there on the scrubbed deck, a thousand miles from the scabbard. I wondered when she'd whisper to herself, "Jenny, you're talking like a born fool." But at last . . .

"The next time I saw him it was the hottest

day that I can remember in Richmond. I had just turned in the door of Thalhimers, there, out of the sun. They have awfully nice things. It was blinding in the shadow after that sun. His hand was on my arm, and I knew by his outline and his voice before my eyes could clear. I ought to. I'd been thinking about him for two years. 'Jenny, I'm glad to see you.' That's what he said. Not very romantic, is it?

"He offered to drive me home. I forgot what I had come all the way to Thalhimers in the heat for, I can't remember after all these years, but I can remember he drove a Chandler sedan. It smelt of dogs. He'd brought a dog down to school, then just come on in to Richmond because he said he couldn't do anything else. But he wasn't going to come to see me. He said he didn't plan that.

"Well, we just drove around shady streets. It was cool in the car. About fifteen miles an hour. We just drove. You see, it—the thing—had grown in both of us. We were familiar, not shy; we just drove and talked. We tried to plan but we couldn't. The minute we did it sounded ugly, trashy. But I knew I was going to go and meet him. I knew that all the time.

"All we wanted to do was to wake up together in the morning—once. Just once. It sounds so silly, telling it. It wouldn't have hurt anybody, just once."

She spoke to me as if I were the censor of the world. She seemed to beg. But what could I say?

"When I got home, I remember I got out of the car quick, not looking back. Did I tell you it was a Chandler sedan? I stopped in the hall in front of the mirror and tried to take off my hat. Somehow the wind had tangled strands of my hair around the hat pins. My hands were shaking. I was ready to cry. Then Tenny came out from the library and tried to help me. I had on two of what they used to call ormolu pins—black and gold. One of my cousins had brought them from Paris. There was my summer leghorn and hair and pins, all tangled. But Tenny loosened it all, so gently, and watched me in the mirror.

"He said: 'I'll have to take your hair down.' And he started to lay all those tortoise-shell hair-pins in a little pile on the hall table, down where the flowers had already begun to drop their petals from the heat. Loosened it all, and my hair fell down around me like a shawl. My leghorn rolled across the floor and I began to cry.



You know, in those days I could sit on my hair. It was chestnut. I never used a thing on it. Except a little Golden Glint," she added, confessing.

I looked to where the wind tugged at one short blue-gray curl, like a spring, tugged and whipped. She still looked out to sea, and not to me.

"Tenny took me upstairs and lay me down and just sat there for a long time stroking my forehead with a cold washrag. He kept saying 'Darlin',' in a surprised way, 'never mind. Never mind, darlin'.' I think he knew. I think he un-



derstood. I've always thought something like it must have happened to him."

Then suddenly, woman-like, she admitted, "I've always wondered who it was.

"When Loda came to call us to dinner, I heard him at the door tell her to send mine up. He said I had a sick headache."

She laughed. "Lord, I wonder how many secrets in the South go by the name of sick headache?"

"Then the joke began. After all the decision, I couldn't go."

I so waited for her to explain that she had to tell me, shyly.

"I was unwell. Something brought it early. What a woman's joke . . . I had to send a telegram. It looked so cold. All capital letters on a yellow pad. The day I should have been there my chicken-voiced cousin called me on the telephone and started to fuss at me because she said it was my turn to put flowers on the altar and I'd forgotten. She said I had a mind like a

sieve and it was my mother coming out in me. I couldn't get that receiver away from my ear. She could hear me just sobbing away like a girl. I couldn't hang up and be rude. She said she was only teasing and I never had any sense of humor. Finally I told her I wasn't well. She hadn't hung up five minutes when the telephone rang again. She'd called my sister-in-law who wanted to know if there was anything she could do. Then it started. I suppose that's the way life went on all the time but I never noticed it so much until that day. I had nineteen close relatives in Richmond alone.

"Finally I told Loda to answer the thing and I locked myself in my room. The last thing I heard was Loda hollering into the mouthpiece, 'Miz Hartner cain't tawlk, she got a sick headache.' Loda was always scared the telephone was going to bite her.

"Well, I wrote, I couldn't help it . . . a little incomplete letter, and promised again the second time. It's a joke from here, just a joke. I opened the paper the next morning at the breakfast table. The whole mine field had come out on strike. I knew it wasn't any use. Him right in the middle of it. He wrote to me then. I got it a few days later. I hid it from Tenny. Didn't tell him who it was from and he didn't ask, just held my head after breakfast and said, 'Don't worry about anything, darlin', don't worry about a thing'. He had a big case on, so he might have meant that.

"I kept saying to myself all the week in the still heat, The third time's a charm. The third time's a charm. The children were at Virginia Beach so I had the whole house to wander around in, neglecting things."

**I** RODE the train to Prince-Prince, West Virginia. That's where he told me. It was so hot on that train I thought I'd die . . ."

I interrupted, now, wanting more. "Tell me about the trip . . ."

"The trip? I just sat there coming into Prince and cried. You remember Persephone? I'm sure she cried all the way to hell, wanting to go so much at the same time. You can't tell me that girl didn't eat those seeds so she'd have to go back. After all it isn't every girl gets swept off her feet like that. I always thought that part of the story meant she was pregnant; like those marriages they try to annul but it's too late. The girl's seen to that."

"The air outside that train window was turning yellow, so still that not a leaf stirred. Some-

where up in the day coach I remember a baby crying and crying far away. The calm was awful, like a great holding of breath. I kept saying, 'Oh God, God, let the storm 'til I get there. Don't let it,' and then remembering the third time was a charm. We got into Prince, just a junction, hardly a town at all. He had a taxicab waiting for me. I was to go to the ferry in that and meet him on the other side. He thought that was better. It was, honestly, the only deception we practiced, outside of me saying nothing about the letter.

"The storm couldn't wait. It couldn't wait that long. The first huge rain drops splattered against the windshield about a mile from the ferry. Then the wind hollered down the valley. It shook that old taxicab like a ship at sea. We bumped and wallowed through a narrow road that seemed to run with wild water. The driver had buttoned those black flaps up they used to have, and the only way to see out was those little yellow celluloid squares, pouring with water. Water beat on the canvas top with a racket that threatened to break it, and seeped in the edges of the flaps.

"The driver kept saying, 'They ain't no ferry goin' across no river, ma'am.' But I told him to go on because I didn't believe God would play such a trick.

"Well, we got to the river.

"It seemed to rush at us, half-way up the ferry road already. Down there, through the windshield, I could see the ferry, twisting and whirling in the light brown water, one rope already gone, deserted. There wasn't a soul around. I started to get out of the car, but the driver said, 'Lady, it ain't no use.' But I stumbled on and called out over the wind, 'Let me look, let me look anyway. Wait for me and let me just look.'

"I hadn't been out of that car a minute before my clothes were plastered to me, and the wind had torn my hair half down and I had lost my hat. I got down as near as I could to the water, but not too near. The river was throwing logs against the bank, against the ferry. As I came down the ferry broke away, light as a cork, and was flung down river.

"Then through all that rain and wind I saw him on the other side and he saw me. Neither of us even waved. What was the use? He just stood there like some mute Dante who would never write a line, just ship coal and dream; and me a middle-aged plump little Beatrice, soaked and bedraggled, with her hair half

down, who knew when she was whipped."

The story was over. This old woman, who told it, exhausted. But in one last flicker she said:

"That was the last joke on us—the cosmic joke. I realized, coming back in the taxicab in a pool of water, that we were God's playthings, and I swore I'd never let myself be that again, be blown about for a caprice like a plaything. I told Him so. I just told Him so. Told Him to let me alone. I'd been living with God all my life and I knew better than to try again.



AND NOW you'll want to know whether you get over it or not. Don't be such a fool. Love isn't something you begin and end like a book. You love forever if it's what I've learned to call love, and you don't have a certain amount to give, first one person and then another. It grows on you. It just grows, that's all."

She got up and threw her rug down and went away without another word, stumping angrily down the deck, holding onto the ship's rail in the wind, a little thin stooped gray back. When I missed her in the afternoon, and again the next morning, I went to her cabin and knocked. There was no answer. Her stewardess told me Mrs. Hartner had a sick headache and didn't want to be disturbed. I never saw her again. On this trip home my cousin told me she'd been dead some time.



# *Personal Experiment* in international friendship

THERE didn't seem to be anything I could say. One of my Japanese students had just remarked that in the long run it would probably pay him to learn to read Russian. He pointed to a book on his desk—a Russian text, like many of the books then in use at the Institute of Geography in Tokyo.

What he was getting at was the fact that he—like most Japanese students—had only about \$10 a month to spend on clothes, transportation, incidentals, *and* books. Russian books—subsidized by a government with a shrewd sense of intellectual imperialism—cost from 30 cents to \$1. American books, costing ten times that, were completely outside the students' reach.

The United States Information Service gives away some simple books; but my students were leery of propaganda, and anyway they were beyond the elementary level. What they wanted was the same texts that American students use. Because they couldn't get them, a good many were turning to the study of Russian simply to make use of the books at hand—in spite of the fact that they already had been studying English for nine years.

I had arrived in Tokyo in the fall of 1953, to teach at the Institute for a year under a Fulbright grant. From the very start I was bothered about the shortage of books, and the way the Communists were taking advantage of it. So that Thanksgiving I wrote a letter to a number of geography teachers in America, asking them to explain the problem to their classes and their colleagues.

Their response was immediate. Libraries were combed for surplus books, and campus drives were launched—but shipping costs remained a

problem. I wrote to the Committee for a Free Asia, a private, non-profit organization, which agreed to pay the freight costs. By the late summer of 1954, when I left Japan, two thousand books had arrived, and more were on the way.

We didn't give them away. That would have been easier—but after talking with my students we decided on an exchange. Simply handing the books out free would have smacked of propaganda. Moreover, my students felt that the books would mean more if they had to pay something for them; and they felt that they had something to give too—an understanding of Japan. So we agreed that for each American book the students would give either two illustrated Japanese books, worth about 25 cents apiece, or 50 cents to go toward the purchase of books and maps. This trading system, it seems to me, is well worth the trouble. Today twenty American colleges, from Trenton State Teachers to Stanford, have a selection of modern Japanese maps and illustrated books which give their students a unique, personal introduction to Japan and its problems.

My students took over the job of exchange and distribution. (Suzuki, a junior, had the job of unwrapping and arranging the incoming volumes. When I asked him, at the end of the first week, what I owed him, he smiled and said: "It is too enjoyable a service to be paid for.") Lists of American geography books were compiled and circulated throughout Japan. At the suggestion of President Yanaihara of the University of Tokyo, an inter-university committee of students was set up to handle books on other subjects—the great bulk of our supply.

About 10 per cent of the books received dealt with subjects not taught in Japanese universities. Consequently, we were able to give an assortment

of volumes on secretarial training to a business college, some technical monographs to the library, algebra and geometry texts to a school of education, and children's books to a mountain school.

ON MY last day in Tokyo, as I walked through the classroom, I noted that most of the Russian texts had disappeared. In their place each student had three or four American books of his own. Inside every one was pasted a simple statement about where it had come from, pointing out that American students and teachers had arranged this informal, personal exchange of books because they "appreciate the freedom they have in their search for knowledge" and hope "that their Japanese friends may have similar freedom."

Because the Battle for Men's Minds sounds so vast, we are always tempted to leave it to the government. It is hard to realize that the government cannot possibly do the job alone; and, in fact, that individual efforts are sometimes far more effective—because they are more personal—

than any official program. Even the U.S. Information Service, with its chain of overseas libraries, can satisfy only a tiny fraction of the hunger for books—a hunger especially acute in Asia.

Besides, the government has to confine its programs to fairly general information about America and its people. Most private citizens, however, have a special interest—photography, medicine, economics, or music—which gives us a special tie to photographers, doctors, musicians, and students in these fields anywhere in the world. And usually there are ways, if we want to find them, to reach our opposite numbers in Asia and Europe—to begin on a small, informal scale to exchange books and information and shop talk. (See page 24.)

There is no way to measure the worth of this kind of undertaking. But it does seem to me that it may prove to be very important indeed. It is one way in which any individual can do something on his own to help build international understanding. And in the end, such threads of personal friendship might add up to one of the strongest bonds of peace.



## EMERSON by Ernest Kroll

MELVILLE had Emerson's number:  
He saw within the man the "gaping flaw,"  
Rectitude without compassion,  
Which would draw  
The knotted cord of life  
Reluctant through the needle's eye;  
And heard, within the voice that sang  
The "beautiful necessity,"  
The crack that all too clearly sprang,  
Not from any lack of art,  
But from a defect in the region of the heart.

"Mr. E. is horribly narrow here,  
And has his Dardanelles,"  
Said Melville, "for his every Marmora."  
"Like all artesian wells,"  
Said Meredith, "he has a narrow bore,  
But the water that he lifts is sweet."

Narrow, sweet; sweet and narrow—  
He reasoned though his heart was sore;  
Sore-hearted, yet serene and bland,  
He took the Devil by the hand,  
Acknowledged him a gentleman,  
And smiled that evil was no more.



Benedict Thielen

# ADVICE

## *to a girl about to marry a writer*

MY DEAR PEGGY:

It seems that your parents are upset by the news that you are engaged to be married. I gather that it isn't so much your marriage itself that concerns them or that your fiancé, George, is somewhat older than you, but the fact that he is a writer. It may surprise and disappoint you to learn that I agree with them.

It so happens that I have just finished reading the letters of Gustave Flaubert. Shortly before, I read the diaries of Virginia Woolf. As a result my mind is filled with examples of the strangeness of people of this sort and a sense of the danger that lies ahead for anyone who contemplates a lifetime of close association with them.

Before going farther let me say that I have read some of George's writings and can see that he is a so-called "serious" writer. Although it is unlikely that he will ever approach the stature of Virginia Woolf or Flaubert, I have a feeling that he would like to, and that is just as bad. His problems will be the same. Indeed, the problems of all writers are identical and their intensity depends only on the extent of their dedication to their art.

Well, here we have two writers in whose books we find those qualities of wisdom, understanding, and compassion that distinguish the artist of the first rank. Is this also what we find in their diaries or their letters when they are being, not writers, but people? I am afraid not.

I think you would agree, after reading only a few of these pages, that the thing which strikes you most forcibly is the complete self-absorption of their authors. The world exists only in relation to them and their work. Except as it is seen

through their eyes it has no reality or meaning.

It is a delicious thing to write [says Flaubert] whether badly or well—to be no longer yourself but to move in an entire universe of your own creating. Today, for instance, man and woman, lover and beloved, I rode in a forest on an Autumn afternoon under the yellow leaves, and I was also the horse, the leaves, the wind, the words my people spoke, even the red sun that made them half-shut their love-drowned eyes.

To be not only oneself but all these other things as well must be a rather wonderful experience. But it is certainly egotism, and egotism, as any ancient sage or modern psychiatrist will tell you, can be a bad thing.

The writer knows this, yet how can a person the very nature of whose calling depends on his preoccupation with himself reject the essential equipment of his trade? It is like asking a carpenter to throw away his hammer or a plumber to do without a wrench. The writer has no choice in the matter.

"If I didn't work," Flaubert writes, "there would be nothing left for me to do but jump in the river with a stone around my neck." And Mrs. Woolf says, "My mind turned by anxiety, or other cause, from its scrutiny of blank paper, is like a lost child—wandering the house, sitting on the bottom step to cry."

What Mrs. Woolf is doing, of course, when she is staring at her blank paper is staring down into herself. The paper is only the screen on which the scenes that are forming in her mind are finally projected. It is a continuous performance, and since its solitary audience also plays all the roles it is not surprising that it should be a full-time occupation.

In spite of the warnings of the sages and the

psychiatrists, this almost total absorption in the self is not, for the writer, a fatal thing. By constantly chewing at his ego he devours it. His disease is its own cure. It is not he that I am concerned with. It is the people around him, especially those in intimate contact with him. Listen to Mrs. Woolf:

One must get out of life yes, that's why I disliked so much the irruption of Sydney. . . . Sydney comes and I'm Virginia; when I write I'm merely a sensibility. Sometimes I like being Virginia, but only when I'm scattered and various and gregarious. Now so long as we're here, I'd like to be only a sensibility.

It sounds rather as though what Mrs. Woolf wants is to be able to turn people on and off like a radio, doesn't it? Turn the dial and you get Sydney. Turn it some more and Sydney's off the air. Turn it a little farther and you get Virginia. "Sometimes I like being Virginia." It would be natural for you to expect your George to be always George. But he won't be.

To live in this universe of his own creating he will have to withdraw from the one you live in together. One day you will look at him and suddenly you will realize that, although his body is still there, he himself is gone. Funny . . . no George! Where is he?

"Thursday night," Flaubert writes, "I spent two wonderful hours, my head in my hands, dreaming of the bright walls of Ecbatana."

That's where George is: looking up at the walls of Ecbatana. Or Xanadu. Or Timbuctoo. He sees them. From behind them he hears voices. He smells the city's air. And the walls he sees will be more real than the walls of your room, whose colors you chose with such care. The voices will be more real than your own. The smells—whether of frankincense or of camel dung—will be more real than that of the roast, the gratifying Weekend Special at the A&P, whose aroma is now coming to you from your kitchen.

All travel isn't geographical, however. There are places far more remote than those we can measure by miles. George may be dreaming, not of Ecbatana, but of the past life of the old man who sat across from him in the subway last night. Or he may be trying to look into the future of the woman in the red hat that he passed on the street last Sunday. Or perhaps he may be merely feeling what Virginia Woolf felt when she wrote, "Oh, to be private, alone, remote and"

Whatever it is, he has gone on a long journey and it is a journey you will never be able to take with him. No matter how close you are to him, there will always be these times when you are completely alone. A door will be closed—and locked—between you. On it will be a sign that reads, "Gone to Ecbatana. Back in two hours." Or two days. Or two weeks. And there is only one ticket sold. There are no reduced mid-week family rates for the trip to Ecbatana.

What normal human being would sit for two hours, his head in his hands, and consider it "wonderful?" Do you begin to see what Flaubert meant when he called the artist "a monstrosity, something outside nature?"

"The only exciting life," Mrs. Woolf says, "is the imaginary one." When he was describing the death of Emma Bovary, Flaubert tasted the arsenic she had taken so strongly that he twice vomited his dinner. The unreal becomes more real than reality.

It is no wonder that the writer is almost universally mistrusted. Behavior such as his departs from the norm. People, like animals, sense this. The abnormal is unpredictable and in the face of it we cannot calculate, arrange, and lay plans. It is only conformity that is predictable and, therefore, safe.

**I**T HAS always struck me as a curious piece of illogic that, while we do not expect the average man to write novels, we do expect the novelist to behave like the average man. Because he is unable to, he is troubled with a sense of guilt.

To counteract it he resorts to various devices, none of them very successful. In times past he often sought his defense in a reaction so violent against conformity that he went barefoot, or strolled the boulevards leading a lobster on a leash. Nowadays, however, we are more likely to find that instead of flaunting their profession writers do their best to disguise it.

One way of doing this is to build up a picture of themselves for public consumption as welter-weight champions, or intrepid hunters, or bar-room brawlers. They clap on a figurative wig to disguise the fact that their brows are high. The results are seldom very convincing.

The other and more usual way of trying to overcome his feeling of guilt is for the writer to take on the protective coloration of the people around him. As an example of this let me cite the rather pathetic routine of a friend of mine.



Each morning, dressed in a neat dark suit and Homburg hat, he kisses his family good-by, emerges from his New York apartment, and steps into the elevator on the stroke of half past eight. The elevator is crowded with men going to their offices and he slides in among them. But when the elevator doors open at the ground floor he remains on board and, when the elevator is empty, descends to the basement. Here is located the maid's room which—since it goes without saying that his family can't afford a maid—he uses as his work room. Once there, he takes off his trousers, drapes them on a hanger to save pressing bills, and settles down to his day's work. He has made the gesture of being as other people are. He has created the illusion of being not a writer but a businessman.

He has created the illusion for himself and perhaps to a certain extent for the public. But no amount of brisk departures at half past eight and returns at half past five will alter the atmosphere he creates at home when, like Virginia Woolf, he wishes to be "private, alone, submerged." Like a fish, he will sound, and you will no more know how or when he will reappear than you could know how or when a fish will breach again.

If you were to marry him he would probably some day write very beautifully about the warmth and sunlight and the spring freshness of the world you move in and which knowing you has allowed him to touch. But to do this he must first descend to the unfriendly depths and look up at you through this strange particular lens.

It is only a matter of time before you will have to face the fact that this man, your lover, has something in him that is hard as steel and cold as ice. Love, which is presumably what causes us to marry, implies emotion and it may be hard for you to reconcile the love that you have inspired in him with the remoteness you now feel. It will seem like a paradox, but it isn't. Without emotion there can be no artistic creation, just as without it there can be no human creation. The writer reacts to everything with emotion. Without it he would be lost but, precisely because he has such intense need of it, he must defend himself against it.

The hardness, the remoteness that shock you are born of the same instinct that made Flaubert say, "You can depict wine, love, women, and great exploits on the condition that you are not a drunkard, a lover, a husband, or a hero. If

you are involved in life you see it badly; your sight is affected either by suffering or enjoyment."

THIS POINT of view will not, as you might hope, become more mellow with the passage of the years. Life, instead of becoming simpler for the writer, becomes more complicated. The questions it asks become more disturbing. The answers become more obscure.

If, like most sensible people, George could observe life without asking too many questions all this wouldn't matter. But for George merely to look is not enough. This moment, and ten thousand others, must be seized and shaken like a ripe fruit until the seed from which it grew falls out. This is not easy. It cannot be done while life is crashing and pounding around us and, at times, singing with a voice that is lovely beyond belief. We must submerge and look up through the cool depths. Things seen too closely become blurred. It is only with distance that they become clear.

Flaubert says: "I have written very tender pages without love, and burning pages with no fire in my blood. I imagined, I recollected, I combined."

When her mother lay dying Virginia Woolf, aged thirteen, could not help laughing inwardly at the nurse, who was crying and who, she felt sure, was only pretending.

While you may be disturbed by the inhuman quality of observation which George will to some extent share with these writers, there will be times when you are startled by his lack of it. You may have prepared a meal especially to please him. He will not know whether he is eating Sole Mornay or Shredded Wheat. He may sit for an hour, or an evening, without noticing the new curtains or your new hat. It all depends on where the dial is turned, whether Sydney is on or Sydney is off, whether he wants to be George or not to be George.

On a number of occasions both Virginia Woolf and Flaubert speak with admiration and envy of gypsies. I am sure that neither of them would really for a moment have considered the gypsy way of life as being suitable for them. But our word "Bohemian" comes from the French for gypsy, and there is a kind of sentimental symbolism here that has its appeal for the writer in his more unrealistic moments. The gypsy is the nonconformist, the opposite of the bourgeois, and since conformity is a bourgeois virtue the

writer feels that, as with the gypsy, the bourgeois is his enemy. Domesticity is also a bourgeois virtue and there is always, at the bottom of every writer, a small lurking fear of it. There is always a little gnawing wish to escape, and if I were you I should be very careful to choose the exact propitious moment to inform George that the old slip covers are really a disgrace or that the Bendix is out of order.

At one point in her diary Virginia Woolf notes "with some pleasure" that it is time to cook dinner. "Haddock and sausage meat," she says. But she adds, "I think it is true that one gains a certain hold on sausage and haddock by writing them down." If George can gain a hold on the slip covers or the Bendix by writing them down you needn't worry. But if he can't, the thought of them is likely to plunge him into a profound depression and it would be wise for you to approach the subject with all the tact at your disposal.

WELL, THESE are some of my warnings but let us suppose that, in spite of them, you have gone ahead and married him. Let us assume that you have been loving and tolerant enough to accept his idiosyncrasies and that your marriage is, on the whole, a happy one. By now, too, George may have had a certain amount of recognition and success. You feel that tranquillity is about to enter your life and that your period of storm and stress is over.

Do not be deceived! His success will only complicate your existence. Once, when you went together to a party there was a certain cozy anonymity about you. Now, shortly after your arrival, you will become aware of covert glances cast in your direction and presently you will catch a murmured phrase from which the word "writer" will detach itself. It will not be the men who display this interest. They will continue to look on George with the same thinly veiled mistrust that they have always felt toward him. It will be the women who glance and murmur.

For in our civilization, it is the women who are the accepted standard-bearers of culture. They have their clubs, they learn to appreciate paintings and music, they organize Little Theaters, and the number of book reviews they read to each other in the course of a year staggers the imagination. To the women the writer is a glamorous figure. He is the sensitive man. He is the man who, at the drop of a hat, can quote

poetry. What's more, he will notice the hat. He is, in short, the man-who-understands.

At about this point I can predict two disagreeable experiences for you. That they are trivial and silly doesn't matter. The first will be when, mildly amused at these attentions, you look over at George, expecting to find reflected in his face the same inner amusement that you are feeling. If these admiring glances come from eyes too myopic or too bleared by time, George may be as amused as you are. But culture, while to a large extent in the hands of women of a bulky, elderly, and aggressive type, is not exclusively restricted to them. There are a great many attractive women whose sexual snobbery is satisfied primarily by writers and artists. George may not instantly enter into a liaison with one or more of these, but I do think you may be a little disconcerted to observe him simper as readily as he probably will.

The second unpleasant experience will occur when you find that the glances of the women are turned, not on George, but on you. It won't take long for your feminine instinct to realize that they are saying just one thing:

"What in the world does he see in *her*?"

The question, of course, has its origin in the almost limitless human power of self-deception. Because they wish to, they are convinced that they and George must have far more in common than you and George. Should it also happen, as unfortunately it often does, that they once wrote a story or had some of their verses published, their conviction becomes practically unshakable. They have assumed the stature of professionals and it is really they who should be married to George, not you.

Remembering the long slow process of learning to live with a man like George, remembering your loneliness when he was away on those trips of his to Ecbatana, you will probably smile a little wryly.

If I were saying this to you instead of writing it I am sure that long before now you would have begun to fidget and even, perhaps, to laugh a little to yourself. Finally you would have burst out with some protest to the effect that surely there must be something in a writer, *some* quality that isn't entirely reprehensible. "Besides," you would have added, "I love him."

To these last words, delivered as they always are in a tone which implies that they carry with them some newly discovered and triumphant



logic. I can only bow my head. I am second to none in my awestruck respect for the power of love. As to the others, the best I can do is present you with another paradox and say that, despite his preoccupation with himself, the writer is actually a very selfless man.

"What one does," writes Flaubert, "is not for oneself, but for others. . . . Life must be considered by the artist as a means, nothing more, and the first person he should not give a hang about is himself."

One of the most unprincipled men I ever knew had a boldly lettered sign on the wall opposite his desk which read simply OTHERS. In the intervals between planning his various skull-duggeries he used to sit back and look up at it with an expression of almost maudlin virtue. But I somehow don't feel that this kind of hypocrisy is true of Flaubert or of people like him. The habit of self-analysis is too strong in them. Nor, when he speaks of loving his work "as an ascetic loves the hair shirt that scratches his belly," do I think the image an empty one.

The writer faces a daily torment as keen in its way as any endured by holy men in the desert. Words, for him, can be sharp as whiplashes and a sentence can swing and sting with its barbed tail as painfully as a scorpion. Like the ascetic's, his existence is a stern one and, although there are pleasant exceptions, it calls for the most part for a vow of poverty. It is a

lonely existence, too. The road he takes is winding, dark, and strange, and there is no one who can help him find his way. There are moments when the world he has created is filled with a joy so dazzling in its beauty that none of these other things matter. Only the rapture of love is comparable to it. But like the rapture of love it lasts only a short time. His task returns and plucks him by the sleeve. The elusive words, the jumbled sentences, the cloudy pictures, the muffled voices begin to form and fade and form again. If you throw in your lot with his you too will be drawn into the orbit of his struggle and, although you may share some of his moments of happiness, you will not be able to escape his wounds.

At the risk of repetition let me say that I strongly advise against it. But, who knows, perhaps one day you will feel what Virginia Woolf felt as she walked through the streets of London after having just finished a book.

"Look!" she tells us she felt like saying, holding out her hands to everyone she met. "See what I have given you!"

In your case, although you will not have written the book, it might be almost as though you had, for you will have done much to make it possible. Except for you, no one will ever know how much, but perhaps it will be worth it. I hope so.

GEORGE

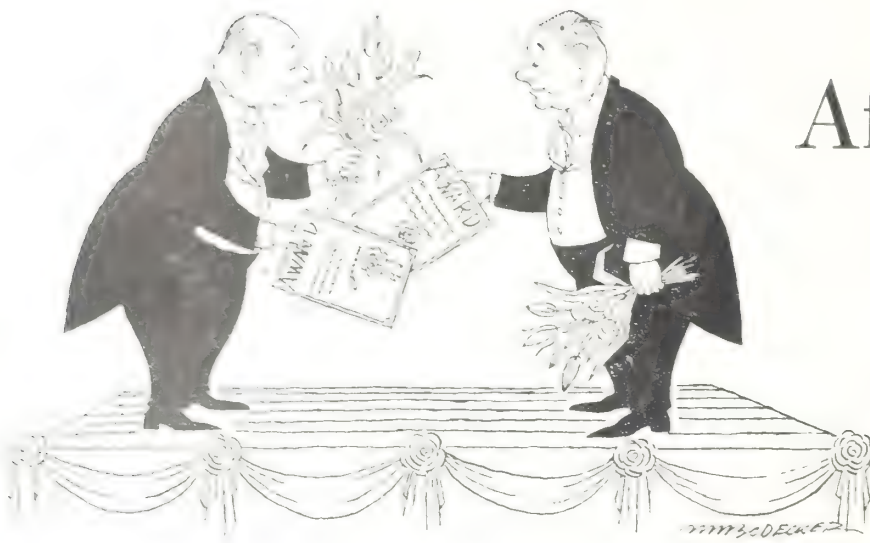
## SAINT SEBASTIAN by W. S. Merwin

SO MANY times I have felt them come, Lord,  
The arrows, (a coward dies often), so many times,  
And worse, oh worse often than this. Neither breeze nor bird  
Stirring the hazed peace through which the day climbs.

And slower even than the arrows, the few sounds that come  
Falling, as across water, from where farther off than the hills  
The archers move in a different world in the same  
Kingdom. Oh, can the noise of angels,

The beat and whirring between Thy kingdoms  
Be even by such cropped feathers raised? Not though  
With the wings of the morning may I fly from Thee; for it is

Thy kingdom where (and the wind so still now)  
I stand in pain; and, entered with pain as always,  
Thy kingdom that on these erring shafts comes.



## After Hours

### CHAMPION CITY

**I**F YOU are the head of an organization and you want to get publicity for it, the accepted technique these days is to give somebody a prize. The more prominent the person you give the prize to (if you can get him to accept it), the more publicity you get for your organization. If, for instance, you can get Bernard Baruch to accept a prize (and there must be *some* organizations that can't), you can probably make the front page of the morning papers. The awards racket blossoms like the rose in our publicity-hungry society, especially in that part of our society devoted to good works.

I have had a letter from Robert Coulson, the Mayor of Waukegan, Illinois, (and a contributor to this magazine) who has his own special gripe about the awards racket. He writes:

Dear Mr. Harper:

There are four magazines and five foundations which conduct annual competitions for the "best" or "champion" American cities. There are other special awards, kudos, hat-tippings and applause—for cities which qualify. The manner of their becoming eligible is a very sad commentary on the attitude of the public toward government.

Take for example the All-American Cities awards, sponsored by *Look* Magazine and the National Municipal League. In their announcement for 1955 it is expressly stated that "The awards, however, are for *citizen action* rather than for improvements brought about by public officials." (Italics theirs). Similar

language can be found and similar intent inferred in the other competitions and feature stories. It is a prerequisite that the politicians fail and the volunteers put out the fire or build the sewer. That is what makes a city a champion.

Frankly, then, we accept the rule that a "typical" or "All-American" city has a duly elected government of boobs and rascals. To be entitled to praise, a city must not be progressive, thrifty, clean, or efficient. Such a city is not even eligible. There must be volunteers in the city who perform the tasks which the officials were elected to perform. There must be unpaid public servants who overwhelm the salaried.

Now look at the award-winning cities. Here is one where the city council fell on its face, so a parent-teachers association spent three weekends to save the schools. Here is another where the evil Mayor refused to raid the gambling houses until the churches budgeted money for axes. And here is a city where the park or housing referendum failed and a citizens' telephone committee saved the day.

Each of these cities had a neighbor in which the commissioners promoted slum clearance, the elected officials campaigned against vice, and the school board won approval for new schools. But these neighboring cities are not even eligible for praise. By someone's definition they cannot even be typical, and it is vaguely suggested that their operation is un-American.

At a conference of mayors three years ago several of us listed six mayors who were conspicuously inept and embarrassing to have in the room. Four of their home cities have received awards for displacing them. The cities can become champions. The other hundred



and fifty cities cannot, because the others had no generation of boobs to replace, no mis-handling to recover from, and no need for the flying squads.

We have three cities near us in Northern Illinois which have not had a scandal, deficit, lost referendum, or citizens' committee in the last twenty years. A real and legitimate comparison of such cities might be made by collating income with services, public-health statistics, traffic records, insurance rates, and so forth.

But these cities are not even eligible for the awards, in the opinion of *Look* and the National Municipal League. To be considered, the city must have a citizens' putsch. This is the entry fee.

Now this is a silly requirement, a dangerous conception of All-Americanism, a foolish definition of the American way, and an outrageous sponsorship of political cynicism. The National Municipal League, self-styled "Spearhead of the good government movement," ought to know better than to insist cynically that there must be vigilante control before there is good government.

Someone ought to encourage and recognize the champion cities in which the salaried people earn their salaries. The quality of local government should be measured not by the strength of the vigilante groups, but by the lack of any need for such groups. "The highest honor a community can achieve" is not the *Look* award; it is rather the city's inability to become eligible for such an award.

So please, Mr. Harper, won't you donate a little old beat-up cup for the city which has longest been unable to qualify for the other awards, the city which has never needed to be taken over by the housewives, the city whose taxpayers have the secure feeling that the salaried officials are at work?

#### BIG SPLASH

ONE OF the recurring complaints against movies made in Hollywood is that they misrepresent America. We don't mind misrepresenting ourselves to ourselves (indeed we obviously enjoy it), but we are shocked by the reactions of foreigners to Hollywood's version of our folkways. They think we are all rich or gun-toting or all in love with our mothers. They think we work in offices decorated by Dorothy Draper and that our secretaries wear Dior dresses to work. Indeed in England some of our friends

there in the educational business have got so worked up over the popular notions about America that they are stressing in history courses that it just isn't true that *all* Americans are filthy with money.

I can't make up my mind whether this is good or not. The argument runs something like this: the trouble with American movies is that they stress the material instead of the spiritual; they emphasize the huckster's dream rather than the intellectual's dream; instead of dealing with the facts of our life, the humdrum and therefore meaningful, our movies deal only with the frenetic. We have no rambler roses, we have only long-stemmed American beauties; and we have no wild-flowers, we have only weeds. Our movies

happen at both ends of life, never in the middle where people actually live.



This hole in the middle of life has been plugged by what we call documentary films . . . Americans at work, Americans at play, problems of juvenile delinquency, problems of conservation, problems of education. But these aren't life either; they are life hopped-up with special pleading and

dramatized with angle-shots and fades and wipes. To make even a documentary bearable you have to mix it three parts fact to one part adrenalin, with a twist of banana peel.

My guess is that we misrepresent ourselves more effectively with documentary films than with the straight Hollywood product. Our best Hollywood films don't argue; they entertain by engaging the emotions, the dark ones and the light ones, the night-blooming cereus and the night-blooming frivolous.

Last evening I saw a propaganda film for Italy that made my mouth water. It was a Hollywood film, to be sure, called "Summertime," with Katharine Hepburn used as a lay figure to give Venice dimension, both architecturally and romantically. The beautiful Miss Hepburn, whose construction is essentially architectural anyway (you can almost see her struts and rafters), was the ideal companion for the Piazza San Marco and the Duomo and the palaces lapped by waves from

water lilies. The plot of this movie must be a great one to have lasted so long and been used so much, the American girl gone abroad looking for romance and finding and leaving it. It was good enough for Henry James, wasn't it? It was good enough for me. It was the backdrop that mattered. This picture will be worth more millions to Italy's hotel keepers and shopkeepers than it will be to its producers. It was irresistible. All Italians are beautiful, romantic, and charming. Venice is washed with the most beautiful of all light and music. Her painters since Canaletto and Guardi have made it look like this; so has Hollywood. There will be no complaints from Europe about Hollywood this time.

Perhaps we should invite Italian and French and British movie-makers to come to America and make films. Think what a Venetian would make of New York with its aerial palaces in the dazzling clear light that is always the wonder of foreign artists who visit here. Think what the French, great landscapists, would do with our rivers and green hills. Think what a movie Jean Renoir might make of Huck Finn, for example . . . "*Le Coussinet Nageoire*." Think what Balcon of Ealing Studios could do with San Francisco's Chinatown. We would get a picture of America that would be as irresistible as Hollywood's picture of Venice, and if it were no more true, or even just as true, what would it matter?

#### INTERNATIONAL JUKE BOX

**I**MITATION, on the other hand, is at least an honest form of flattery. There is nothing to be gained by adopting someone else's system for making a fool of himself unless you really like the system. Appreciating this, Americans delight in being copied—especially for something as native and noisy as our popular music, and most of all when the copying is done by our normally scornful adversaries, the Russians. Journalists recently admitted to Moscow have rejoiced in reporting their discovery of a jazz underground. Also we are gladdened to learn that earlier this year, in a burst of socialist self-criticism, the Russian music magazine *Soviet-skaya Muzyka* confessed that "dogmatism" and "narrow-mindedness" had caused the Tin Pan Alley of the workers' paradise to lag twenty years behind the decadent West. And we are only slightly disconcerted to find, in the same publication, that "jazz" is understood to include both "fox-trot" and "tango."

You have to take such compliments where they fall. One of them was described in *Harper's* earlier this year—March, to be precise. Readers of Mr. John Sack's article, "A Slow Boat to China," may be interested to know that the record he then mentioned as being played to the Chinese prisoners, "*Shina no Yoru*" ("China Night"), is available to American listeners on a ten-inch LP record. It is called "Night of China and Other GI Favorite Songs," and appears to be the first offering of a company called Japan Song—no address, no jacket liner, no data as to orchestra or singers. I gather this to mean that these are Japanese records the Occupation troops and Korea veterans particularly liked, and that the fewer questions asked about how they came to be re-issued over here the better.



"China Night," as Mr. Sack obligingly informed us, describes in Japanese the lights of Shanghai harbor—as seen through a substantially accurate Oriental impression of what an American popular song should sound like. It has a rather pleasant honky-tonk quality, a combination of sing-song intonations with a suggestion of gonglike percussive effects in the background, that manages to seem both natural and a little wacky at the same time. As bars and night clubs become international, there is logically more and more of this bastard music—at home everywhere and nowhere.

No doubt distance lends enchantment. There is also a certain transcendent banality to "China Night" that is as much our fault as that of the Japanese. The effect may be exotic to our ears where they, clinging to their ways, have failed to imitate us completely; but it is less shocking than the effect of unconscious parody achieved where they succeed. Is *this*, you think, what we sound like? On this particular record, our only consolation is that we are not the only models being smothered in indiscriminate admiration, as two other selections—"Japanese Rhumba" and



"Aloha Boogie"—will reveal. But in general you come away depressed that we can have an impact so devastating and unpremeditated.

I once got the same sense of stupefied surprise from listening to a record from the sound track of a movie made in Africa, with African actors and actresses, for an African audience. It was a production of the Gold Coast Film Unit called "The Boy Kumesenu," an English-dialogue drama about the rise of juvenile delinquency. The attractions of vice and high living were represented by a torch song that was indistinguishable from one of our local products. If you hadn't known the singer was a Gold Coast girl, you might have thought she was Lena Horne. She didn't even have a *British* accent, so well had the movies and the records done their work.

PERHAPS the musicologist of the future, taking for granted the profound effect of the phonograph on its country of origin, will eventually conclude that what it did to music elsewhere was far more important. Where the hand-crank portable has gone, there the indigenous song has never been the same again. There is in fact a kind of international juke-box style which follows the sailors' port-café circuit, from the Caribbean to the Mediterranean and around Africa to Southeast Asia. If you want a general impression of what it sounds like, get the M-G-M recording from another film's sound track of Silvana Mangano singing "Anna"—which can be characterized as an Italo-Portuguese samba. Give and take a nuance or two, it will stand for the most pervasive, the most widely consumed kind of music in the world.

It is, of course, the despair of the musical anthropologist, for it universally displaces the "authentic"—and, to us, charming—folksongs of tradition. All along the underdeveloped area circuit, the "natives" who have smelled the Twentieth Century and found it good are the quickest to exchange their own musical heritage for a Victrola. They absorb and adapt so enthusiastically that the purist American scholars, with their ubiquitous tape recorders, must often search hard and long for an uncontaminated national product; and it is much easier to buy in New York anthropologically accurate recordings from nearly any area than in the area itself. The music *they* like, we despise. This is by now the classical situation—one you would think made to order for American penetration. Stifling our disgust, we assume that if music is sufficiently

popular and sufficiently bad it must be American in origin.

We couldn't be more mistaken. It isn't American at all—at least not in our sense. It is Latin American. It is samba and rumba and the Haitian dance tunes called *meringues*. It is lilting and rhythmic in a way that strikes us as choppy and obvious; it lacks the smooth and lagging beat that gives most American jazz syncopation its identity. Not only do they spurn us for other idols but even where they accept us, they get us wrong. What we think of as jazz, by the widest possible definition, seems to leave these people cold. "American" to them is less likely to mean New Orleans or the Hit Parade than it is to mean cowboy and hillbilly and barber-shop quartet.

Mr. Harold Courlander, who has collected much foreign music for Ethnic Folkways, has a record of a Javanese chorus singing the "Stein Song" which suggests that "American" to them means Rudy Vallee. To the West Africans of Nigeria, it means Jimmie Rodgers, the Blue Yodeler. To the Russian soldiers in World War II, it seems to have meant "There's a Tavern in the Town."

So don't be too quick to derive satisfaction—or remorse, for that matter—from the new Soviet "soft" policy. Russian jazz, before it was officially declared deviationist and improper in 1946, seems to have been represented by the orchestra of Adi Rosner, a prewar European figure whose most notable accomplishment was the ability to play two cornets at once. (His versions of "Stardust," "Caravan," and "St. Louis Blues" can be found on Colosseum CRLP 171, so badly recorded you will have to be indefatigably curious to survive the surface noise and jumpy grooves.) Currently it seems to be represented by the *Gosudarstvennyi Estradnyi Orkestra* (State Stage Orchestra) of Leonid Utiosov, a sort of Muscovite Ted Lewis who clowns around in costume and plays to sell-out audiences in the Central House of Culture of the Railway Workers on Komsomol Square. (See Colosseum CRLP 176, but be prepared for equally poor quality.) Utiosov, according to Clifton Daniels of the *New York Times*, "is obviously as durable as Guy Lombardo," but he offers neither a compliment to be treasured nor competition to be feared. The time to worry will come when *Pravda* announces that the Blues were discovered in 1879, in the bordello district of Nizhni Novgorod, by Jelly Roll Molotov.

—Mr. Harper

# *the new* BOOKS

PAUL PICKREL

## Sanity and Society . . . Novelists on the Nature of Man

## The Supreme Court . . . War Stories

ONE of our subtlest and most pervasive ways of flattering ourselves is to suppose that because we live in modern society we suffer more than our ancestors did. It is a comforting thought, for it pays tribute to our sensitivity at the same time that it tends to excuse our failures, and it gives us a certain historical distinction: better to be specially afflicted than not to be special at all.

But whether it is true is another matter. There is some evidence that it is not. Contrary to the almost universal assumption of critics of contemporary society, serious mental disorders apparently are not becoming more frequent. In a fascinating little book published a couple of years ago (*Psychosis and Civilization*, Free Press) Herbert Goldhamer and Andrew Marshall painstakingly examined the record and reached the conclusion that psychosis was as common a hundred years ago as it is today.

Yet whatever else may be in short supply there is always enough suffering to go around, and whether modern man has a bigger share than his forebears or not, at least he has enough to make him wonder how it is that the joy life seems to promise should so much of the time elude him. Does his failure to realize that joy arise from some defect of his nature, as theologians have held, or does it arise from some mistake in the framework of society, as reformers have argued?

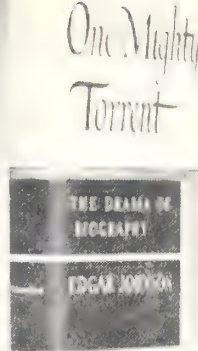
In *The Sane Society* (Rinehart, \$5) Erich Fromm attempts to join the two explanations. As Fromm sees it, man's suffering comes from his sense of alienation—his feeling of being cut off, shut out, adrift, fragmentary. Fundamentally man is alienated by his very nature; when, in the course of evolution, he parted company with the lower animals he attained self-consciousness—including the consciousness that he would die—and

thereby became a candidate for estrangement, boredom, and anxiety. But Fromm is too deeply committed to the tradition of social reform, both of the age of Jefferson and of the age of Marx, to leave the explanation there. Man's natural alienation is reinforced and exacerbated by a villainous social system whose reform would go far toward ameliorating the alienation man now feels.

The sane society, Fromm argues, is a society in which the scale is human. Man can relieve his feeling of alienation only by having a sense of the whole, and he can achieve such a sense only by being a member of a group small enough so that he can see where he and his works fit in. Therefore we should reverse the trend toward social gigantism and split up into groups of a hundred families living and working together on a basis of what Fromm calls humanist communitarian socialism.

Fromm's thesis is much obscured—and his book made a third again as long as it needs to be—by the fact that he tries to make an argument between bigness and smallness appear as an argument between capitalism and socialism. Though he is frank to say that where industry has been nationalized in accordance with socialist doctrine there has been neither a reduction in the size of enterprises nor an increase in the meaningfulness of work to the worker, he spends a good many pages trying to show that nineteenth-century socialists merely erred in their emphasis; essentially they were on the right track. And though the examples of communitarian living that he cites as models for the rest of us to imitate seem to be purely private (non-state) enterprises, he insists on calling their achievements socialism. The result of this intellectual shell game is more than a confusion in terminology. It prevents Fromm from seeing any necessary connection between socialist theory and its more undesirable practical consequences. More-





## PORTAL TO PARADISE

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By **CECIL ROBERTS**

author of *The Remarkable Young Man*,  
*And So To Rome*, and *A Terrace in the Sun*.

"It has been said," writes Cecil Roberts, "that Englishmen are born with two lives — one for the England that breeds them, the other for the Italy that lures them." For many years Cecil Roberts dreamed of an Italian home of his own. Now at least, he has found a villa, at Alassio, and there he has written this delightful account of today and yesterday on the sunny Italian Riviera. Whether he is digging-up history, summoning ghosts, exposing ancestors, or furnishing the home of his boyhood dreams, Cecil Roberts mixes the blend of scholarship and imagination that has won him such a large and faithful public.

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## SELECTED POEMS

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Robert P. Tristram Coffin brought poems to readers as a friend, and shared with thousands the riches which he found in country life and country places. This, his last book, contains 105 poems, several of them never before published in book form. It is a volume that will be especially cherished by those who know and love his poetry. For Mr. Coffin shared the pleasant task of selecting these favorite poems with his many friends and admirers who knew them both from their own readings and from the author's vivid and dramatic readings of them.

\$2.75

over, it enables him to believe that modern society makes us more miserable than our forebears were, at the same time he continues to support those whose teachings have helped to shape the institutions of modern society.

If what Fromm wishes to advocate is a kind of private or non-state socialism he has not made his position clear. Indeed his attitude toward the state is ambiguous. He is an ardent champion of voluntarism, and his suggestions for the conduct of politics are all grass roots and no grass; yet there are hints that his plan actually depends on a very strong state. For instance, he envisages state control of advertising drastic enough to keep advertisers from making us want things we don't have. Even the Almighty has never attempted that.

*The Sane Society* is also marred by the characteristic vice of reformers—excessive abstraction. Fromm usually speaks of man, very rarely of a man or some men or a few men. His cure for human ills, therefore, very largely has to neglect the diversity that is one of the chief and most endearing characteristics of human beings. Some people are willing to pay the price in loneliness for greater freedom than Fromm's little communities would permit; others would find all that groupiness intolerable. Some can imagine a whole larger than a hundred families; others would not readily give up the kind of cultural enterprises that large population centers can support, in favor of folk dancing and basket making. The otherwise uninformed reader of Fromm's book would probably conclude that everyone in the Western world makes his living on an assembly line.

But if Fromm offers a cure for human suffering that is something less than a panacea, he is often brilliant in spot diagnosis. From his wide reading he has assembled and related a great deal of information not readily available elsewhere: his quotations alone form a lively anthology of social criticism. He is penetrating on many subjects of present concern. His discussion of laziness as the ideal of the alienated worker is original and important. He convincingly describes depression not as an excess of unpleasant feelings but as an alienation from feeling. He shows that alienation is not the opposite of conformity, as might be supposed, but its cause. The unalienated man, who has a strong sense of who he is and what he is up to in the world, does not need to conform; conformity's victim is the estranged individual who has given up trying to be himself or who hopes that his estrangement will not be noticed if he looks and acts like everybody else.

ACQUAINT anyone who wants to live in a small communist settlement such as Fromm advocates can do so. There are a good many of these settlements in the United States and some of them accept converts. One group that does is

the Hutterites, a curious sect something like the Mennonites. They originated in seventeenth-century Moravia and came to America in the 1870s by way of Russia; now they have nearly a hundred colonies in the Dakotas, Montana, and Southern Canada. They are pacifist religious communists, without private property and with cradle-to-the-grave security.

It has been said that they have no mental illness, and this report led a band of social scientists under the leadership of Joseph W. Eaton and Robert J. Weil to make an intensive psychiatric study of the group.

The results have recently been published under the title **Culture and Mental Disorders** (Free Press, \$4), a book that in some respects reads like an extended footnote on Fromm. It turns out that the Hutterites *do* have mental illness, though probably the incidence is significantly lower than it is for the population as a whole. Mental disease follows a somewhat different pattern—there is very little schizophrenia (the illness of the alienated); the usual disorder is depression (the illness of those who feel guilty because they cannot measure up). Hutterite society does not confuse the individual very much. He knows what is right and what is wrong; he knows what is expected of him and what he can expect from others. It does not look like a society that could produce much of a civilization; Eaton and Weil tell of one unusually gifted young woman who in the process of conforming to group expectations became seriously neurotic.

The book tends to confirm the position that social conditions play a role in mental illness. However, the authors were unable to make a genetic study of the Hutterites, and principles of selection operating in their history may have something to do with their mental health. Nor do the authors concern themselves very much with the larger social context of the group. The fact is that the Hutterites are living in a period of tremendous boom. They are doubling their population by reproduction every sixteen years (a record); they live in a region where there is plenty of land for agricultural expansion; and while the larger society around them poses a threat, it also serves as a reminder of their superiority as chosen vessels of truth. None of these conditions could or should be matched by the total population if it took to communitarian living.

#### YOU HAVE NOTHING TO LOSE BUT YOURSELF

FROMM'S analysis of conformity is corroborated by Alan Harrington's satirical novel on the same subject, **The Revelations of Dr. Modesto** (Alfred A. Knopf, \$3.50). This is the story of an amiable but unremarkable young man who is trying to be himself and making a



## THE NEW BOOKS

ness of it. He is alienated all right. He has a job that fills him with loathing, a girl who does nothing in particular to him, and a landlady whose single-minded effort to lead him into temptation only annoys him. The one thing he cares about is making pointless little objects of wood. Then by chance he reads the advertisement of one Dr. Modesto, who promises success and happiness through his system of "centralism"—which is, of course, being just like everybody else. The young man tries the system with sensational results, but he loses his head: when he forgets that he must be no more successful than other people he ceases to be "central." In a last desperate effort to get right with centralism he goes in search of its originator, but the great Dr. Modesto, it turns out, is a harmless lunatic who had placed the advertisement in an unguarded moment.

Such a story poses serious difficulties for the novelist, for what is there to tell about a man after he becomes just like everybody else? Harrington solves the problem by relying more and more on fantasy as his story proceeds, and since he is a witty and inventive writer he makes it come off. But the best sections of the book are the least fantastic—partly because on his topic the best satire is the truth, and partly because Harrington's gift is really for comedy rather than for satire. The funniest scene in the novel—an indelicate encounter between the landlady and an exterminator—is pure comedy and unrelated to the satirical subject. Yet, much as our deeper thinkers have worried the vice of conformity in recent public utterances, Harrington has made it the subject of a fresh and highly entertaining book.

## WHICH WAY TO FREEDOM?

**P**RESUMABLY all serious novelists are interested in the nature of man, but Robert Penn Warren has frankly made that subject the central concern of his work. In his recent long poem, *Brother to Dragons*, he dealt with the place of evil in man's nature; now in his new novel—*Band of Angels* (Random House, \$3.95), the August selection of the Literary Guild—he deals with the place of freedom. The key terms of his thought are possibility and

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## THE NEW BOOKS

definition; to borrow a famous metaphor, he asks whether man's nature is a well—a constantly replenished reservoir of possibilities—or a bucket—a defined and circumscribed receptacle. He decides in favor of the bucket: man is not free to realize an infinite range of possibilities; he must recognize his own limitations. The only freedom, he finds, is self-knowledge.

Warren has hit upon a superb situation to dramatize this problem. In the Kentucky of a century ago a mulatto girl, indulged and spoiled by her white father, finds herself at his death a slave who must be sold to settle his estate. Before the age of twenty she has experienced the extremes of possibility and definition. The novel follows her for another thirty years or more as she attempts to discover in what sense she is free, but resolution of the intellectual problem does not match in narrative interest the opening section.

This may have been inevitable in the situation or it may result from a defect in characterization. Though the book is written from a woman's point of view, it is not imagined from a woman's point of view. The rhetoric, for all its resourcefulness and eloquence and apparently effortless abundance, remains the rhetoric of a male author, not of a female character. The very problem that the novel deals with would appeal to a certain kind of woman, and if Warren's heroine had been that kind of woman her story would have been different. Probably she would have ended her career as the headmistress of a training school for emancipated female slaves rather than as she does, the hopeless addict of home-made metaphysics in a Kansas kitchen.

### YANKEE AND AUSSIE

**IN Bell's Landing** (Norton, \$3.75) Gerald Warner Brace treats a subject similar in its implications to Warren's. Here the scene is New England and the time the last twenty years. The central character is a young man who must choose between the definition of his Yankee inheritance, represented by a family house called Bell's Landing, and the possibilities of a freer Bohemian life with a beautiful violinist whose Greek descent makes her representa-

tive of the new New England of the immigrant. But the problem never becomes very serious. The young man is a sensible sort of fellow who can be trusted to do the right thing.

In contrast with Warren, who uses a romantic rhetoric to support a classical intellectual position, Brace's very style hands the argument to the Yankees. In fact, his pleasantly elegiac manner is not suitable for drama, or for creating characters under the stress of choice and development. What Brace can do, perhaps better than any other contemporary American novelist, is to portray old people. He can respect their individuality and catch their peculiar vitality in a way that gives his book a distinction far in excess of the rather conventional narrative framework.

**The Tree of Man** by Patrick White (Viking, \$4.50) is a novel about Australia by an Australian. It traces the history of a marriage through the last fifty years, from the time a young man goes into the bush to clear a farm and brings his bride to live in the log cabin he has constructed there until the farm is split up into a suburban subdivision and the old man dies. It is a less intellectual novel than either Warren's or Brace's, but it too deals with "this necessary slavery," the conflict between permanence and definition on the one hand and the "fiend of motion" on the other. White's characters are simple people. For them life is a mystery through which they move—occasionally triumphant but usually stumbling—from the unknown to the unknown, sensing a greater freedom than they know and knowing a limited round of hard work, personal disappointment, and natural disaster.

For about the first two hundred pages White writes in an artsy-craftsy style that manages to incorporate most of the less winning traits of D. H. Lawrence's prose, and throughout the book there are brief passages that do not ring true. But by the end it is a solid achievement. The incidental interest of the Australian setting has something to do with the book's success, but it is also on the whole a convincing picture of how people live.



## THE NEW BOOKS

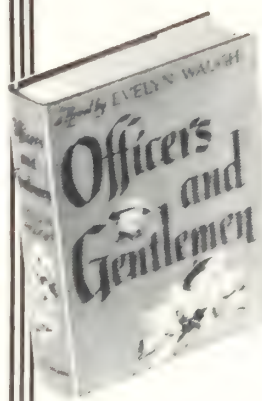
## THE JUSTICES AND JUSTICE

A FASCINATING pair of books to read in succession are Fred Rodell's *Nine Men* (Random House, \$5) and the late Justice Robert H. Jackson's *The Supreme Court in the American System of Government* (Harvard University Press, \$2). Both writers were obviously more afflicted by Roosevelt's attempt to reorganize the federal judiciary—"to pack the Supreme Court," as the headlines of the day had it—than by any other incident in the Court's history, and both took Roosevelt's side. Jackson as a leading legal figure of his Administration; yet then experience and reflection during the nearly two decades since that celebrated controversy—Rodell is a critic and scholar of the Court, Jackson for the last thirteen years of his life as one of its Associate Justices—lead them to very different conclusions, both about what the Court's role in our government is and about what it ought to be.

Rodell believes that the Court is usually behind the times and "undemocratic" because by holding legislation unconstitutional it can prevent the Congress from responding to the will of the people. He sees no real need for such an arbitrary check is the Court in his opinion exercises except in cases involving minorities. To a layman that seems to mean that the only part of the Constitution worth taking seriously is the Bill of Rights. Rodell believes that the Court ideally should stand as a guardian of justice for the whole nation, justice presumably being defined less as a legal concept than as human decency.

Jackson grants that the Court is usually behind the times politically, but where Rodell emphasizes the arbitrariness of the Court he emphasizes its vulnerability. There are so many things it cannot do (some of these limitations, Rodell points out, are self-imposed): it has too much work; even the salaries of the Justices can be and have been reduced by taxation and inflation; in the end the Court cannot rise very much above the level of the surrounding society or correct society's grosser mistakes.

But essentially Jackson differs from Rodell in believing that the



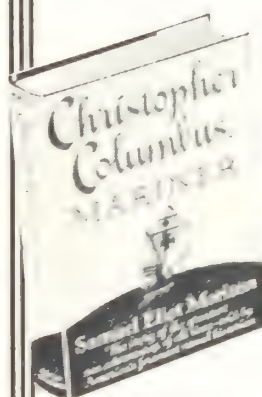
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### THE NEW BOOKS

whole Constitution matters. It is superior to legislative acts and the Court's primary function is to preserve that superiority. The Court is not a guardian of justice for the whole people, a permanent committee on moral surveillance; under the Constitution it has specific jobs to do and should do them. Jackson suggests certain ways in which the Court's work should be even further narrowed. Rodell ridicules the idea that we have a government of laws not of men; Jackson is aware that law becomes action only through men but he attaches a higher importance to the laws under which men operate.

In certain ways the two books are not commensurate. Rodell's is a critical history, complete with summaries of famous opinions and sketches of leading figures in the Court's history. The summaries are not always so clear as the breezy style assumes; the character sketches are vigorous as they are opinionated. On some points Rodell seems a little silly. He gets himself worked up because the Justices make themselves more awesome by wearing robes, but he ought to know that college professors wear even fancier robes without notoriously intimidating the population. Dissent is Rodell's hero—but Jackson, quoting Cardozo, suggests that dissent more often makes for good writing than for good law.

Justice Jackson's much shorter book is composed of three Godkin lectures that he did not live to deliver. Their method is analytical rather than historical; their style is occasionally witty and usually distinguished.

### TEN YEARS AFTER

THEY still write novels about the Second World War. The current Book-of-the-Month-Club selection, Lionel Shapiro's *The Sixth of June* (Doubleday, \$3.95), follows the fortunes of a young lieutenant from the summer of 1942, when he leaves his wife in Connecticut to join the headquarters staff in London, through an interlude in England and an interlude in North Africa, and ends with the Normandy invasion of June 6, 1944. The book is slow in getting started, the plot is fairly predictable, and the main characters—

some of whom seem to have been in novels you have read before—invite speculation about which citizens of Hollywood will in time enact them. But much of the detail (the talk in a pub, scenes on planes and trains and busses, a meal in wartime in an empty country house) is very well observed and reported. The story is admirably constructed. It builds up to the Channel crossing with real skill, and the account of the invasion itself is a fine piece of writing.

*IN Officers and Gentlemen* (Little, Brown, \$3.75) Evelyn Waugh completes, he says, the novel about the war he began in *Men at Arms*, though he adds that he expects to write further books about the same characters. As the story stands it is something of an enigma. The prose is as crisp as ever; there are fine comic scenes and some excellent minor characters. But the book as a whole has something of the quality of an overextended private joke that nobody will let you in on. One difficulty is that Waugh is fond of using British Army abbreviations not always intelligible to the American reader.

Probably the real difficulty is that the book is held together by an attitude toward the army which is never made explicit and which we do not guess because it is rare in modern fiction about war. There are hints that *Officers and Gentlemen* is another chapter in Waugh's long love affair with institutionalized irrationality, that he regards the army somewhat as he regards the old houses so conspicuous in his earlier novels. Those houses are improbable, ridiculous, inconvenient, and too costly, but they have collected around themselves certain emotions and virtues—love and courage and loyalty—which give them immense value, and by continuing to offer an opportunity for the expression of those emotions and virtues they serve the human need for grandeur and steadfastness as no rational dwelling could. So it may be that Waugh sees the army as not making sense but as making something better than sense. Though puny man may smile at its patent absurdities and chafe at its apparent injustices, if he is wise he will prostrate himself before its accumulated social power and rejoice



## BOOKS IN BRIEF

its opportunities for noble action. h an attitude would—and in hugh's book I believe it does—pro e a rather different principle of egration from the more usual anti- v attitude.

**The Navigator** by Jules Roy (Al- l A. Knopf, \$3) is a novel of the days in the life of a navigator iving in a French unit of the RAF er the fall of France. Roy's war is erent from the one Shapiro and hugh write about. They both write arnarily social novels; they see the r in a context of social relations iving, though under strain, from acetime. For the navigator the en- ement of peacetime has shriveled l fallen away; his story is the story the winds that blow across the ked kernel of the essential man, til he at last floats out among the rs and his plane is caught like a o let dancer in the searchlights over bombed city and "pierced through d through by the long royal sword o death." A beautiful brief novel, nslated into fine English by Mer- n Savill and handsomely designed W. A. Dwiggins.

BOOKS *in brief*

ATHERINE GAUSS JACKSON

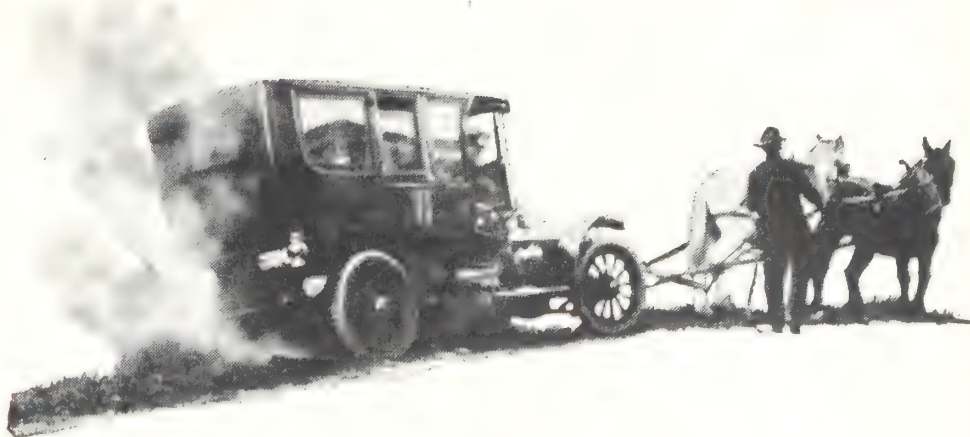
FICTION

**The Picnic at Sakkara**, by P. H. wby.

n this active and penetrating ry of modern Cairo, the struggle understanding between West and st is drolly presented in the charac- s of Perry, an Englishman teach- at the University, and Muawiya, e of his students. Moved by na- alist zeal, Muawiya—a pic- resque, sentimental member of e Moslem Brotherhood—accepts a ange mission involving his adored ofessor. Perry's giddy young wife, o finds her husband attractively nsformed in Egypt, and various yptian and English officials and andemics who are upset by Perry's n to build student hostels, compli- e the fun and significance. An onishing climax during a picnic

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## BOOKS IN BRIEF

at the tombs at Sakkara carries an undertone which suggests the ill-fated expedition to the Marabar Caves in *A Passage to India* and reminds one of the prophetic quality of Forster's great work.

Knopf, \$1.25

## NON-FICTION

Grandfather Stories, by Samuel Hopkins Adams.

The author of *Canal Town* and *Banner by the Wayside*—as well as innumerable other books, stories, and movies—in this collection of essays goes back to his boyhood recollections of Upstate New York. All of them have to do with his astonishing grandfather and many with "Governor Clinton's Canal" (the Erie) which, with his two grandfathers, was a dominating part of his childhood experiences. There is wit, sentiment, and charm nicely mixed in these family anecdotes—rather like a series of the gayer Currier and Ives prints—which record disciplines and amusements long since gone (but nostalgically forgotten) from the American scene. Most of the chapters have appeared in the *New Yorker* and elsewhere. Midsummer selection of the Book-of-the-Month Club and a delightful performance. Random House, \$3.50

Elinor Glyn, by Anthony Glyn.

This is a biography of the author of *Three Weeks* by her obviously devoted grandson which gains a great deal from the devotion. No detail of the glamorous lady's life is too unimportant to mention and the book is as much a commentary on English modes and manners of the latter decades of the nineteenth and the early ones of the twentieth centuries as it is the story of the romantic lady novelist. Mr. Glyn's pictures of life in the stately homes of England and in Paris society of that period are as vivid in their way as Mr. Adams' (above) are of the canal-town life (many of whose conventions derived from the stately homes) in Upstate New York at about the same time. It is interesting to read the two books together. . . . But there is plenty about the life of the woman who gave IT its name—taken from letters, diaries, and her own autobiography—to satisfy the most ardent

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If your child is not being adequately trained, start investigating independent schools for next fall. It is your responsibility to see that he is equipped to meet the increased competition that awaits him as a student in 1960.

AAKCEAAKCEAAK



BOOKS IN BRIEF

seekers after romance, though they may be surprised at how completely her life was ruled by Victorian conventions of respectability.

Doubleday, \$1.50

Two fathers throw caution to the winds and go overboard about their sons in August books.

**My Son Johnny**, by John McNulty.

The son here is currently only four years old and unable yet to be embarrassed by his father's revelations. But here is a different kind of sentiment from that which readers have come to expect from Mr. McNulty's *Third Avenue*, *New York* and his other pieces in the *New Yorker*. Though on second thought perhaps not, and many of these chapters have appeared there too. His Irish charm is as pervasive as ever and the child merges with a definite charm of his own, but consider some of the chapter headings: "Smiling. Development I." "Of Course He's Like Any Other Baby," "The Big Fellers," "The Time Johnny Went Away," "Cowboys Don't Cry," "When Things Get Rugged He Wants His Mother," "Gee, I Want to Read." See, period. Simon & Schuster, \$3

**This is Goggle, or the Education of a Father**, by Bentz Plagemann.

*Harper's* readers are already familiar with Goggle: some of his capades (now in the book) have been printed in our pages. Perhaps because this boy doesn't make his literary appearance till he is ten and already pretty firmly on his own feet, there seems to be more humor (and more fun with the parents too) in this book than in the father-son relationship reviewed above. One bogges (inevitably) at the name, but one comes involved with the boy, his family, and his friends as one does with characters in a novel. For although some of the chapters were first written as separate pieces, the book reads as a continuous narrative and along the way reflects much that is amusing and pertinent in the current folkways of city and suburban life. McGraw-Hill, \$3.50

**Winston Churchill**, by Alan Moorehead.

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## BOOKS IN BRIEF

one of at least four (counting photographic records) to appear in the past two years. It is an excellent brief sketch, too, by an author who is not only one of England's ablest journalists, but an essayist and novelist as well. He makes no attempt to go into a great deal of personal or political detail. For instance, he summarizes the years between the wars thus:

It is difficult to find any leading theme in Churchill's life in this period between the two world wars—it covers roughly his middle age, his forties, fifties, and early sixties—unless perhaps it lies in his resilience and tenacity. He starts in the lowest political depths, rises to the leading offices in the government, falls and recovers half a dozen times until at last, when everybody is agreed that the highest office of all has eluded him, he steps suddenly into the Prime Ministership as though he had been inevitably destined for it from the beginning. . . . But there is at least a pattern in the background. He has two bases and he never deserts them. In the house of Commons he makes his speeches, at home he writes his books, and no matter what happens, whether he is in or out of office, voting with the Conservatives or against them, he is always to be found at one or the other occupation.

This theme keeps recurring again and again in the book:

He is not a visionary or a missionary or a philosopher or a poet; one thinks of him rather as a sober contemporary tramping along at the head of history. His world is here and now and he is very clear about his direction. . . . He makes all his forays out into the world from a sure base at home. Politics are not for him a matter of personal life or death or of revolutionary causes; they are something added to life, a technique, a means for a man to express his talents and beliefs in the most responsible way, and even sometimes no more than a game.

The development of this view of Sir Winston's life is brief, yet leisurely, polished with a sharp perception and embellished with anecdote and quotation. It is lively reading.

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**Eden: The Making of a Statesman,** by Alan Campbell-Johnson.

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## BOOKS IN BRIEF

lamboyant figurehead, this is a careful historical report on a quieter statesman whose political career, though shorter, has paralleled Sir Winston's to an astonishing degree. The books in a sense footnote each other. This one, an enlargement of the much shorter life of Eden which Mr. Campbell-Johnson wrote seventeen years ago, is completely rewritten and brought up to date. It is a very competent job, but from it,—unlike the Churchill book—emerges not a living man but an historical figure. Perhaps this is because Mr. Eden has not always had—or so one gathers—that firm base of family and vocation which keeps Mr. Churchill, whether in politics or out, unperurbed on the one hand, in the headlines, on the other. Or perhaps it is simply because there is only one Churchill and the novelist Moorehead has made the most of him. Yet this biography of Eden is both a revealing picture of one of the most important figures of our time and a masterly resumé of the history of the last fifty years. Washburn, \$5

**The Family of Man.** A book of photographs from the exhibit arranged for the Museum of Modern Art by Edward Steichen. Introduction by Carl Sandburg.

This extraordinary exhibit of 500 photographs from sixty-eight countries effectively and movingly does its job of showing, through pictures from all over the world, the startling commonness of the human race in love, childhood, work, play, and old age. The exhibit itself is now touring in this country and in Europe, but it is available for home consumption in a 1 paper book published by the Iaco Magazine Corporation (New York City) and also in a de luxe edition. Simon & Schuster, \$10

## FORECAST

## Public Faces

This fall will see a long list of biographical studies of people well known in other than literary fields. It begins informally—in September—with Horace Coon's *Triumph of the Eggheads* from Random House, the history of the rise of the intellectual from Thomas Jefferson to Adlai

Stevenson. . . . In October comes *Me and Kit*, by Guthrie McClintic, Katharine Cornell's husband, from Little, Brown; and *I Love Her, That's Why* by George Burns (Is it necessary to say, "husband of Gracie Allen?") in collaboration with Cynthia Hobart Lindsay, from Simon & Schuster. . . . November will see *Lupescu* (belated wife of King Carol of Rumania) by Alice-Leone Moats, on Holt's list, and from Crown "the first and only complete account of the life and work of the great photographer," *Mathew Brady: Historian with a Camera*, by James D. Horan, with five hundred photographs.

## Veteran Novelists

A lot of old hands will be getting star billing from their publishers this fall. From Random House, September, comes Budd Schulberg's (*What Makes Sammy Run*) *Waterfront*, which, he emphasizes, is *not* just a novelized version of his movie. Later on in the month, from Knopf, comes Thomas Mann's first novel since 1951, *Confessions of Felix Krull, Confidence Man*; and, from Doubleday, Thomas B. Costain's (*The Black Rose, The Silver Chalice*) *The Tontine*—a story which begins the day after Waterloo, and is "set in England, Jamaica, Bermuda, and the United States." The Literary Guild has made it their October selection, and the publishers have offered a free copy to the first reader to send in a correct definition of "tontine." This department passes. . . . October brings MacKinlay Kantor's (*Long Remember*) mammoth two-volume, 320,000-word novel, *Andersonville*, the story of the Confederate prison where 14,000 men died. The publishers, World Publishing Company, say that Mr. Kantor has been at work on this project for over twenty-five years. The author of *The Blackboard Jungle*, Evan Hunter, has a new novel on Simon & Schuster's October list, *Second Ending*, the story of a young trumpet player, and in the same month Leon Uris, author of *Battle Cry*, appears at Random House with *The Angry Hills*, a story about Athens at the time of the Nazi invasion. Also from Random House, in November, comes *The Spider's House* by Paul Bowles (*The Sheltering Sky*).

# WHO ARE THE WORLD'S BEST LIVING WRITERS?

Certainly any roster would have to include John Steinbeck, Sean O'Faolain, Joyce Cary, James Thurber, J. P. Marquand, Alan Paton, Irwin Shaw, Bernard De Voto, E. B. White, Jerome Weidman and Cleveland Amory.

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# the new RECORDINGS

Edward Tatnall Canby

## SYNTHESIZED MUSIC

**T**his year two independent research groups solved one of the age-old puzzles, and made synthetic diamonds. And this year, also, RCA first demonstrated a fantastic new machine for the synthesizing of an even more challenging material, the sound of music. The RCA Electronic Music Synthesizer, demonstrated in detail on a new RCA Victor LP record (see below), is a device designed to eliminate the entire apparatus of musical performance, by people and instruments, that has been with us since the beginning of the art.

The Synthesizer uses no natural sound in any form. It generates its own sound electronically and, at least in theory, can synthesize from five basic sound-elements any musical effect ever conceived, or imaginable in the future.

This is a large claim, to say the least, and a good many people have shaken heads even before hearing a note from the machine itself. The Electronic Synthesizer is a product of pure engineering, at this point, and its inventors—a group headed by RCA's Harry Olsen—make no claim to musical knowledge of the composing sort.

The Synthesizer's five elements are thus objective and measurable. Together they are the parameters (a favorite engineer's term) that determine the purely physical traits of any musical

sound. Pitch, loudness, tone color (wave-form or envelope), growth and decay, irregularities such as vibrato—these are properties amenable to engineering analysis.

The logic is simple: if these are all the measurable elements of musical sound and if each is variable in all possible ways, then it follows that any musical sound can be synthesized—and so, by inference, all music.

PERHAPS so, but a few moments of listening to this record will raise a few doubts in your mind. The fancy music that is here synthesized is absolutely astonishing. Few of us would have imagined that so much progress had been made. But most listeners won't be able to suppress a snicker or two, in the midst of their amazement—for this music, in all, its variety, still has a grotesquely inhuman quality that comically defies the very meaning of music.

Let's not carry the argument too far. Perhaps this interim demonstration is unfair in that, paradoxically, the machine, having no composer-of-the-future and no new musical language to operate upon, is forced to use present stock and, absurdly, to go about imitating the very instruments and performers that it is supposed eventually to supersede. A fine contradiction! The stopgap musical fare ranges from a Bach Fugue "played" on a synthetic clavichord to a fancy setting of Irving Berlin's "Blue

Skies" for a large synthetic pops orchestra (implying, of course, not only a great many individual "instruments," but even more clearly, the performers who seem to be playing them).

There is even a gallant attempt to synthesize a "human" voice singing words—"Sweet and Low"; but the frightening creature that emerges from this rash experiment can mewl nothing nearer than a sub-human "Snyyaat'n Rrrw."

There is, indeed, everything in this synthesized sound but life itself. Perhaps, one day, a composer will "express" his music directly, in this fashion, with no more heartbreak than this article occasions on a typewriter. Surely, there can be a lot of use for such a person-to-person medium. But it will be a long time before this new art equals music's present powers.

And it's quite likely that its creators, along with Edgar Varèse, will then prefer not to call it music at all.

**The Sounds and Music of the RCA Electronic Music Synthesizer.** John Preston, narrator. RCA Victor LM 1922.

Side 1 of this remarkable record is an explanation of the Synthesizer's working, with copious and fascinating illustrations of the basic tone-components and the sounds resulting from their step-by-step synthesis. Fragments of music are produced, a step at a time (and cruelly cut off in mid-phrase), pointing out various kinds of sound and types of use to which the device may be put. Narration, by John Preston, is heavily delivered and slow though not unpleasant by any means. A faint Irish accent.

Side 2 presents the complete works sampled on side 1. The Bach Fugue (with a very noticeable wrong note and some odd "finger slips") is followed by a Brahms Hungarian Rhapsody in a vaguely piano-like sound, and "Oh Holy Night" on the "organ." There is also a Stephen Foster popular medley and the Berlin item, the two most ambitious numbers, for simulated band.

It should, I think, be emphasized that the engineers responsible for this machine are honest and direct in their approach and that their account of the possible uses for the Synthesizer is both sober and quite practical—if we accept their point of view. They are specific in disclaiming any musical value for the present experiments, and in this are on much firmer ground than some proponents of "tapesichord" music, who imply that new sounds and new music are the same. Far from it!

**Tape Recorder Music (Sonic Contours; Fantasy in Space; Incantation;**

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**Brahms:** New Love-Song Waltzes, Op.

65; Six Vocal Quartets (Op. 64, 92, 112). Flore Wend, Nancy Waugh, Hugues Cuenod, Doda Conrad; Nadia Boulanger, Jean Françaix, piano four hands. Decca DL 9650.

**Handel: The Messiah (Concert Version).** Soloists, Cho., Orch. Handel Society (Netherlands Philharmonic), Goehr. Musical Masterpiece MMS-2019 (2). Mail order only.

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## THE NEW RECORDINGS

**Invention; Low Speed.** Otto Leuning, Vladimir Ussachevsky. Innovations GB (10").

This sound is of a very different sort, though the music is also synthesized, via tape trickery. All the sounds here employed are natural in origin, recorded on tape. Principal sources are solo flute, a piano, a voice; the after-treatment includes changing the pitch and a complex tape echo effect, plus the emphasizing of some overtones via a kind of distortion.

Here the natural sounds are transcribed into weird new effects, where in the Synthesizer artificial sounds are made to imitate natural ones. Both experiments, however, propose the same evolutionary intention to free the composer from the restraints of conventional instruments and the performing artist; the proponents of both hail a new age and limitless new possibilities.

This tape-recorder music is ingenious in construction but of no great importance musically. The effects are often too mechanical, depending on the fixed repetitions of the tape "echo," and the organization varies between a rambling sort of tone-color exposition and a rather overtricky mathematics—even to twelve-tone experiment. Pretentious, but good-natured, and well worth a hearing. (The composing team has once gone on to bigger things.)

### Other Records

**Scarlatti: Sixty Sonatas.** Ralph Kirkpatrick, harpsichord. Columbia SL-221 (10").

His monumental set of four LPs is one of the finest harpsichord recordings ever produced—the music, the performance, and the engineering. Kirkpatrick has made a long scholarly study of Scarlatti and his book (*Domenico Scarlatti*, Princeton Univ. Press, 1953) is presently definitive; his new listing of the entire five hundred and fifty-odd sonatas in chronological order will soon supersede the familiar Longo numbers with new "K." numbers.

Unlike some musicologists, however, Kirkpatrick has grown artistically as his research has progressed. On the evidence of these records, Kirkpatrick now can match Landowska herself—a feat that no one else has managed, to my knowledge. (Landowska's early 78 rpm recordings of Scarlatti were among her best performances.) That means that in addition to dexterity and fluency, there is brilliance, fire, extraordinary exploration, remarkably alive phrasing, a astonishing feel for the dramatic excitement in Scarlatti's harmonies.

These sixty sonatas were chosen for

a Kirkpatrick edition (G. Schirmer), arranged, as has never been done before, into early, middle, and late sonatas. Most are unfamiliar and many of the late ones have very seldom been heard—the popular sonatas are all early. A few of these are extraordinary, revealing an unsuspected new depth and greatness in this single-track composer who never felt any need to go beyond the one-movement sonata. The collection as a whole is remarkably interesting and the album is one of those that can provide endless pleasures over long periods of exploration.

Wonderfully natural recorded sound, without exaggerated tinniness and at a proper distance. Extensive notes by Kirkpatrick himself.

**Christel Goltz Sings Salome** (final scene); arias from *Fidelio*, *Oberon*, *Taming of the Shrew*, *Alceste*. Various orchs., conductors. Decca DL 9778.

The first side of this disc is given to the famous final scene from Strauss's opera in which the lady sings to the severed head of John the Baptist, then is suddenly crushed to death by Herod's soldiers. Goltz' performance on stage brought extraordinary praise from all sides, but here, minus the visual aid and without the total dramatic impact of a potent stage personality, the music fares well, but no more. By itself, Goltz' Salome is eloquent but strangely monotonous in tone color, the diction not fierce, nor the tension particularly high-voltage where by rights it should crackle and flame.

There are record personalities, it seems, as well as those for mike and stage. Goltz isn't one of them. The Salome of Ljuba Welitch on Columbia records has all the hair-raising intensity, for the ear alone, that Goltz' stage performance clearly has had for those who have experienced it in the opera house.

As a good musician Goltz is at ease in the other and lower-voltage items on side 2, to excellent effect. An interesting disc.

**Brahms: String Quartets in A, Op. 51, #2, B Flat, Op. 67. Vegh Quartet.** London LL 1142.

Brahms too often over-wrote his chamber music, straining the individual instruments until they screech and squeak. This group of players is suited to the two quartets because it performs in a warmly lyric but somewhat heavy romantic style; the over-tense climaxes are reduced to manageable proportions and the sonorities are excellent. Big, live, stringy recording, an appropriate sound for the music, with some of his loveliest middle-period melodies in it.

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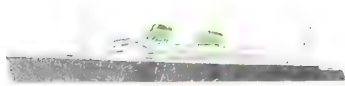
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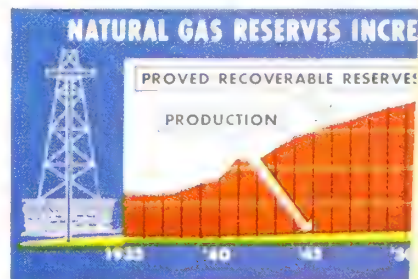
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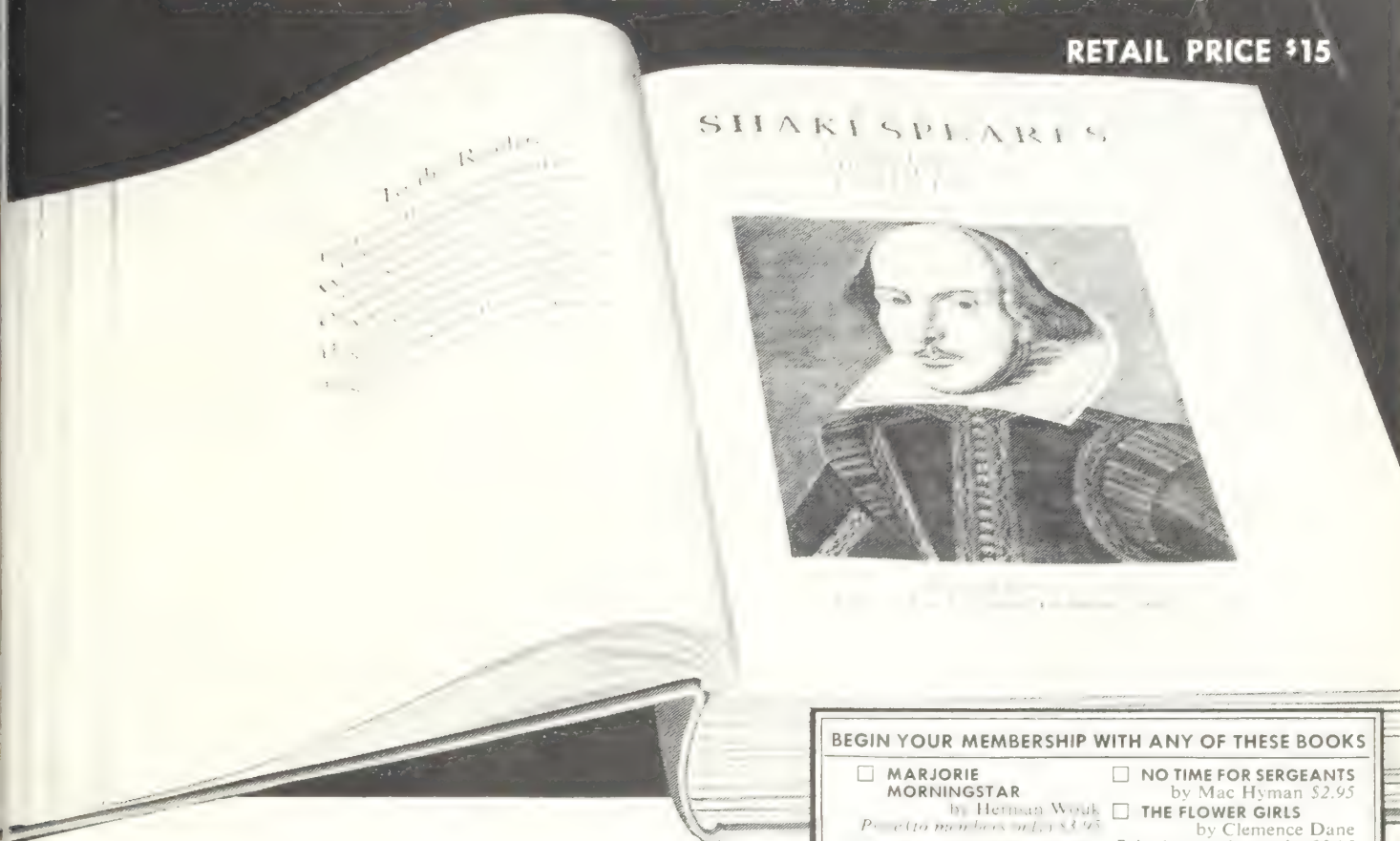
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## Women

TO THE EDITORS:

The August issue of your magazine carried an editorial about American women which depicted them as carnivorous creatures selectively devoted to devouring the male of the species. Part of one paragraph of particular interest to me lamented: "Never before in history has any nation devoted so large a share of its brains and resources to . . . keeping its women greased, deodorized, corseted, enshrined in chrome convertibles, curled, slenderized, rejuvenated, and relieved of all physical labor."

First, it might have been wise for the editor to check into ancient Egyptian and Babylonian civilizations for these facts. Although the populations were relatively smaller, as comparably large a portion of money, time, and art was spent in making women beautiful in many of the same ways and for many of the same reasons that prevail today.

Second, as a manufacturer of make-up I know that the majority of women who use cosmetics or other beauty aids are not those who reside in chrome convertibles but housewives. . . . Women, it has been clearly demonstrated, want to be beautiful for one purpose only: to please and satisfy men.

Third, the women who are relieved of physical labor are again in the minority. Most women look after a home, children, a husband, and a job and still don't forget to powder their noses.

Fourth, what man exists who would not prefer to look at a woman who is attractive? . . . Frankly, it is none of his business to pry into the why—it is only his concern to suspect and respect the arduous labor behind it. What man would punish a butterfly for having begun as a caterpillar?

The editor who penned that article runs all the responsibility of having applied to him a remark made by James Thurber in one of his books: a man who remained adamant to an attractive lady was asked, "What's the matter with you anyway?"

MAX FACTOR, JR.  
Max Factor & Co.  
Hollywood, Calif.

The editorial comment on Mrs. Marion Sanders' article in the August issue was an example of very poor taste. . . . Whether your editor realizes it or not, women make up a large proportion of

your reading audience, and Personal Otherwise was downright insulting to mid-twentieth-century woman. Not only women but men are victims of the changes in the culture of the United States. The emancipation of women was only a by-product, not a source of all the changes that have taken place in our lives. We have achieved a most complex technological economy as well as a new level in education.

The person responsible for writing the article is demonstrating to me the result of an unhappy marriage and can find escape only at the expense of the reading public. . . . I suggest that your editor consult his psychiatrist rather than be permitted to air such maladjustments in your magazine.

CLAIRE E. FORD  
Philadelphia, Pa.

Your comments on Davy Crockett and Texas gave me a big lift and now you come up with an even better piece of our greased and deodorized and rejuvenated women who will make Walter Mittys out of their men even if they have to wear their tongues down to their roots.

Our first mistake was letting them play with dolls. In loving them they had to discipline them and then it wasn't a far step to us. Next, perhaps was the mistake of letting them have a puppy. First they love the puppy, then they manage him and by then are set in their ways. They take us on with ease. . . .

CHANNING COOPER  
Jensen Beach, Fla.

Couldn't help feeling that Personal Otherwise might have been a little less personal and more otherwise in her rather churlish retort to Marion Sanders' witty and realistic article on "Women in Politics."

P & O sounded like nothing so much as an old time Southern Bourbon all a tizzy because "the Nigras are getting so uppity."

All hail to Mrs. Sanders. . . .

BARBARA BORDOWITZ  
Concord, Calif.

Bravo, P & O. Hear, hear.

ELLIOTT J. ECHELMAN  
New York, N.Y.

## And Politics

TO THE EDITORS:

I am, of course, deeply offended by the malicious and superficial treatment



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accorded my last year's campaign for the state senate from Los Angeles County in the article "Women in Politics." Though my personal hurt deep in its innuendo that I let down the many fine people who so generously supported my campaign by "not really campaigning," I am quite accustomed to personal attack. To reduce a campaign in which the issues were some of the most basic ever brought before America's voters to an immature crack about the candidate's hat is a terrible disservice to women candidates. . . .

Although nothing could matter less I certainly didn't "campaign in a Mr. John hat." I've never owned one and as a housewife who also works, I never hope to! I don't know who the "candid Republican lady" so blithely quoted in but I do know that her standards of values and mine are quite different. . . .

It might interest the author to know that I was grateful to receive the second largest number of votes ever cast for a woman in the United States. I worked very hard for those votes. . . . averaged ten speeches a day over a long period of time; I called on the majority of Los Angeles County's more than 35 newspapers; I did endless other things.

Yes, I was defeated. I lost by one per cent of the vote cast in a heavily Democratic county in a year when my party lost the Congress. I am deeply aware of my many personal shortcomings . . . but I pray I will never do the injustice to the cause of the multitude of women candidates yet to come of belittling and laughing at their campaigns.

MILDRED YOUNGER  
Los Angeles, Calif.

Mrs. Younger's letter shows how hard it is for Easterners to understand the West. Hereabouts, a Mr. John hat is not considered a badge of shame. The incident was reported, not to "belittle" Mrs. Younger or her campaign, but to illustrate the inverse snobbery of the American electorate with which politicians have had to cope since Andrew Jackson's day.

Recalling the vicious smear tactics to which Democrats in California have been subjected ever since the appalling Nixon-Douglas campaign, it is odd to find a Republican from that state wincing when a powder puff is cast at her millinery.

MARION K. SANDERS  
New York, N. Y.

The lady with the Mr. John hat was completely outclassed in her Los Angeles County contest for state senator. Marion K. Sanders was off base too, obviously for the sake of theme, when she referred to dynamic Senator Dick Richards' candidacy as "listless."

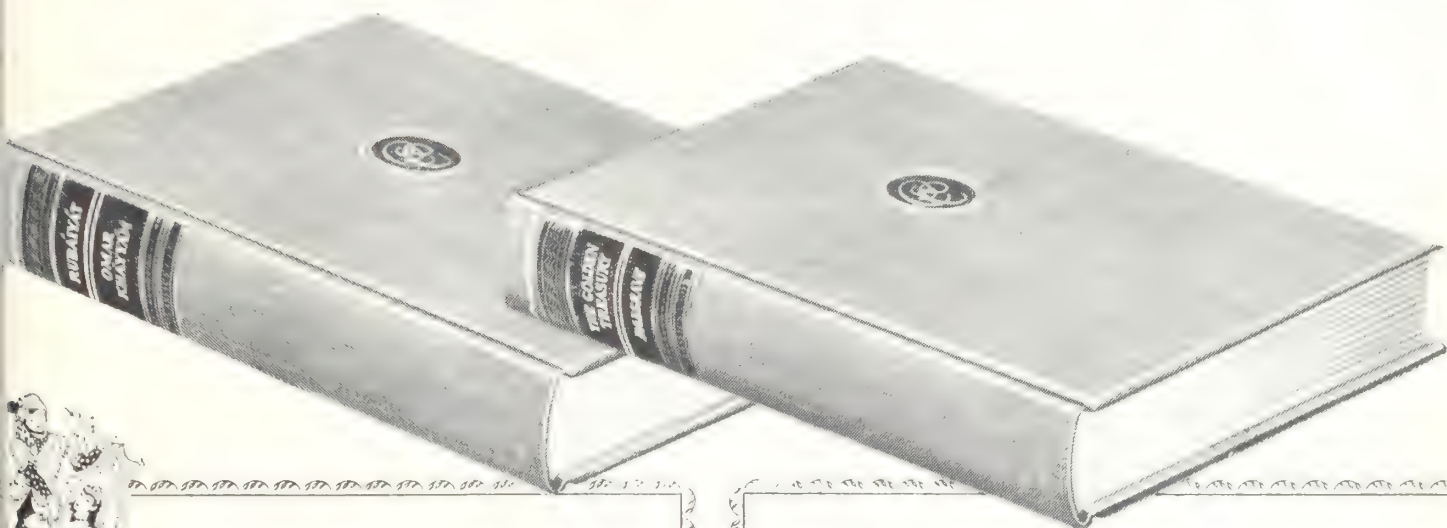
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## LETTERS

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CAROLYN A.  
South Pasadena, Ca

I want to congratulate you on the excellent articles in the August issue especially liked Marion K. Sand "Women in Politics," even though I am a Democrat. We are Rockland County Republicans, but we found the examples in her article very true to life. Trying to become a politician is one of the hardest walls a woman can bat her head against. . . .

EDITH CALLAHAN  
Blauvelt, N.Y.

## Getting Published

TO THE EDITORS:

David Dempsey's "How to Get Published, More or Less" [August] gives a picture of subsidy publishing, more or less! . . . The co-operative publisher has a place and serves a need. He does not in any way hurt the writer, trade publisher, or the bookseller, but can only help.

Our list includes books very favorably reviewed by top reviewers of books because they are as good as books produced by royalty publishers. . . . The books we publish may be limited in appeal, in locale or subject perhaps, but they are well written and have a message. . . . The subsidy publisher to survive must be selective, must do a first-class book-production job, must promote and advertise books effectively. . . . The co-operative publishing plan of Comet Press Books is an . . . honest attempt on the part of a house long established in other phases of book production to help new, unknown, and special interest authors get into print and find a market. . . .

SYLVIA R. KAPLAN, Vice President  
Comet Press Books  
New York, N.Y.

## Old Papers

TO THE EDITORS:

In the July Letters column you published a letter of Marion E. Barr which was critical of the Library of Congress for not organizing the manuscript of

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lections it acquired. She spoke of her experience in trying to use collections here. Our records show that in the last sixteen years Marion E. Barr has visited the Manuscript Division on only one occasion, June 18, 1953, when she was served ten boxes of papers (and these were badly organized) of only one collection. Our records further show that in the last four years, our net acquisitions number approximately 2,437,500 pieces and that, during this same period, we have processed approximately 2,804,500 pieces.

We are fully conscious that the organization of some of the papers included in this count is a preliminary one. . . . However they have been put in an arrangement that enables us to serve them to readers; our procedures for organizing large recent collections are described in two articles by Katharine E. Brand published in the *American Archivist* in 1953 and 1955. We regret there is an arrearage of unprocessed older accessions that more greatly need to be organized or reorganized. We can report that we are making progress in reducing this arrearage.

DAVID C. MEARNS, Chief  
Manuscripts Division  
Library of Congress  
Washington, D. C.

## Nudists

TO THE EDITORS:

Your illustration by N. M. Bodecker of Brother Sawyer on a nudist's trail in August "After Hours" is wonderfully subtle comedy with almost unplumbed depths of humor. It starts a deep-down laugh at first glance.

And then, at second glance, one sees something more. Maybe Brother Sawyer has something. Any nudist who can walk out of his socks before he does his shoes is probably worth taking a look at.

CHAN GURNEY  
Oklahoma City, Okla.



## Hi-Fi Griselda

TO THE EDITORS:

When I saw the title "The High Fidelity Wife" [August], I thought it referred to the Perfect Playback Wife who is capable of such performances as the following:

"You said, 'I'll be home by twelve.'"  
"You said, 'I'll never take another drink as long as I live.'"

"You said, 'Darling, after we're married. . . .'"

Here's to Opal Loomis, more patient than a golf widow, the civilized man Griselda.

WILLIAM KIRK  
Philadelphia, Pa.

## Librarian's Lot

TO THE EDITORS:

How long, oh Lord? How long?

For how many years are fiction writers to portray librarians in distortion?

"The Condemned Librarian" in the July *Harper's* is a wonderful example. Read these quotations:

"A little of her school-librarian manner came out."

"'I had better love books,' she said and left the room."

"'What had I ever done to you? Look there in that dark library, dreaming of being a doctor, saving my money and finally escaping.'"

Why should Jessamyn West picture being a librarian as the dreariest of occupations and being a doctor the most fascinating? The title of the story should have been "Condemned to be a Librarian."

CHARLES H. COMPTON  
Librarian Emeritus  
St. Louis, Mo.

## Hysteria at Work

TO THE EDITORS:

It is no criticism of Mr. DeVoto "Spread of an Infection" [August] that I wish he had gone into the causes of the disloyalty hysteria, the evil effects of which he showed to be still at work. Unless constant effort is made to explore and publicize the beginnings of mania, the same thing will occur over and over again, as in the Salk vaccine mess diagnosed in the same issue by Leonard Engel.

Although the monster in one case was Red Infiltration and in the other Polio Epidemic, the public hysteria in both cases was from fear of the unknown—a unknown that had grown terrifying out of all proportion because public officials seemed afraid to make its true size and shape known. . . .

Public officials who believe "the people" too lacking in emotional stability and intelligence to be told the truth must, by the same token, believe themselves unfit to govern themselves. It was lack of faith in freedom that set off the chain reactions of fear now chipping away at our freedom.

HERBERT B. LUBOWITZ  
Newtown Square, Pa.



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## *the easy* Chair

### OUTDOOR METROPOLIS

I HAVE written a good deal about touring New England, often in *Harper's*; I now pledge myself to abandon the practice. When I write about this region hereafter I will stick to its history. Like every other vacation area in the country, New England has reached a condition of crisis, and I propose to do nothing that might aggravate it.

As I write it seems possible that the horrors of the hurricane called Connie and the scarehead advertising of a possible successor may have hurt the local tourist business. Boston has belatedly acknowledged that it has a polio epidemic, having hitherto refused to use that word lest it frighten visitors away. But more than half of August, the month of heaviest travel, remains and it is already clear that this is the biggest tourist summer New England has ever had. I have not taken a vacation yet but professional commitments have required me to make four trips to upper New England since the first of June and so I have experienced the fullness.

On the hottest day of the summer so far, road construction near Bath, Maine, held up the car in which a colleague and I were heading north. The line of cars was solid as far as you could see ahead and to the rear, which on US 1 is never very far. My companion, who was driving, had been saying at short intervals, "Damn US 1. Damn the Blue Star Highway." Some road workers, stripped to the waist and badly in need of salt pills, were leaning on their shovels near my window. Glancing at that half-mile of lavender-and-chartreuse creations, one of them who had the unmistakable intonations of his state said feelingly to another one, "God damn tourists, God damn 'em all." The point he made is unanswerable. But also he was exemplifying

Maine's special contribution to the multiplying problems of New England as a vacation area.

A northbound motorist can take the New Hampshire and Maine Turnpikes, which are expressways, as far as Portland. He had better do so not only in order to travel safely and expeditiously but on aesthetic grounds as well, but at Portland he has to take the road he has been avoiding, US 1. As far as Bucksport it remains what it has been from Newburyport on, a longitudinal slum. As recently as 1938 Mr. Kenneth Roberts, who may have been a little optimistic even then, asserted that the slum ended at Bath, but by now it has reached the crossing of the Penobscot and it is marching on toward Ellsworth. It is an unintermitted eyesore of drive-ins, diners, souvenir stands, purulent amusement parks, cheap-jack restaurants, and the kind of cabins that my companion described as mailboxes. The road passes through some of the loveliest towns in New England; for thirty years I have been watching their attractiveness erode away. In the narrow zone between the road and the shore there is much clean and beautiful country, together with pleasing, dignified facilities for vacationists, but there are also a lot of slum areas and these are widening. To the westward, in the beautiful valleys of the Kennebec and the Penobscot and the only less beautiful valley of the Androscoggin, towns and the landscape are much less defaced. But the blight of Vacationland is spreading here too and the inhabitants are sedulously encouraging its spread.

ACCESSIBILITY from metropolitan centers, which is to say mass vacation use, is what made coastal Maine a jerry-built, neon-lighted, overpopulated slum. Nobody can blame the Downeasters for God-damning tourists. Depressingly often the American on vacation is rude, demanding, contemptuous, noisy, a good deal of a vandal, and in some degree a thief. And yet for the slum along US 1 Maine itself is primarily responsible. Its solvency depends on the vacation business but, more than any other New England state, it has refused to face and accept that fundamental fact. On the one hand it has clamorously invited mass invasion by vacationists while refusing to control the congested areas or regulate the facilities that congest them. On the other hand, a majority of the rural people who, in the main, conduct the vacation business feel and manifest a thoroughgoing resentment of their clientele. Small wonder that slums develop or that the behavior of their patrons is in accord with the surroundings.

The proprietors of cabin courts and roadside restaurants are in the hotel business but they refuse to learn from the professionals who pro-



vide almost all the comfortable lodgings and good food Maine offers the vacationist, mostly along the shore. Practically all the cabins and most of the new motels are niggardly: small and uncomfortable, crudely furnished, with wafer-like pillows and sheet-like blankets and sleazy towels, little lighting badly arranged, cheaply inferior toilets and showers. The explanation is not that their proprietors are any more impecunious or penurious than people in the same business elsewhere. It is partly provincial business judgment, failure to realize that spending one's available money on fewer but better cabins with better furnishings would produce bigger profits.

But mostly it is a feeling that there is no reason to consider the needs or comfort of the strangers from out of state who patronize the business. The farm wife who cooks and serves meals feels the same way: there is no reason to pander, servilely, to the tastes, whims, or pleasure of a lot of tourists. God damn 'em. But also, pack 'em in.

Our population is increasing at a constantly accelerating rate; so is our leisure. Both increases put a constantly greater strain on vacation areas everywhere in the United States, but nowhere more visibly than in New England. Its most popular regions are rapidly losing the characteristics that made them popular and this trend is certain to continue. Some of them are ceasing to be rural: they are becoming a kind of summer suburb.

A friend of mine who had never visited New England recently asked me to suggest a place where he could spend three weeks quietly, comfortably, and in agreeable natural surroundings. I directed him to a lake in northern Vermont and routed him toward it by US 3. It proved to be everything he had been hoping to find but he wrote me that, till he got through Franconia Notch, the State of New Hampshire looked to him as if it were up for sale for taxes. He was unjust to a diversely beautiful region but his impression is easily explained. It was produced by the most heavily resorted portion of the state, roughly the middle third. It includes all the famous lakes and mountain ranges, has been popular as a vacation area for more than a century, and has long had the densest summer population in New England. But by now the population is so dense that the area is a kind of outdoor metropolis. The qualities that originally gave it its appeal are disappearing and it is becoming something quite different from what it was.

This region has a good many Coney Islanded plague spots but let's disregard them and make the formidable assumption that they will become no bigger or more numerous than they now are,

and that the rest of the region will be held to tolerably high vacation standards. Still, what is the future of central New Hampshire likely to be? In the past vacationists have come here for a variety of reasons, but in the main to find quiet and remoteness, easily accessible solitude, clean air and clean water, the spaciousness of mountains and lakes. And again and always, for quiet and remoteness—to get away from crowds, to be for a while by oneself. But they have come in such numbers that the things they originally wanted are getting hard to find and are straitly limited when found. No part of the area is remote from any other part or from anything else, few parts are quiet, almost all parts are frequented by crowds. Vacation areas have become resort areas and these tend to grow toward one another and to combine in what looked to my friend like a continuous amusement park. Much can be said in favor of this development from many points of view, including that of New Hampshire's economic health. But it means a radical change in one portion of summer New England, and it means that people whose tastes and desires are the same as those of the people who first made it a vacation area will have to go elsewhere to satisfy them.

A REVEALING and prophetic explosion occurred on Cape Cod on the Fourth of July weekend, when the Cape had the largest number of visitors and did the biggest weekend business in its history. Boston and Cape newspapers differ in their estimates of the crowd, but there were more people than the Cape could accommodate, more than it had beds for. Many slept on the beaches, many others in their cars; in some towns residents kept their sprinklers going all night to keep them from sleeping on the lawns. Every place of amusement was jammed. For many people there was nothing to do but to wander about town in small groups and force their way into another bar when they could. By midnight on Saturday some groups had become gangs and were on the verge of becoming a mob. Whisky bottles were smashed against stores and houses; parking meters were broken; there was a lot of brawling and fighting, yelling, catcalling, and drunken accosting of frightened women. In some towns only expert police work prevented rioting, and Hyannis came so close to violence that the cops had to throw seventy-seven people into jail. It would have been wise to jail three times as many and to fine and sentence them, not merely hold them till they sobered up.

There are a lot of resort areas, notably in California, where such incidents are no novelty but it was a new experience for the Cape, though all the elements that precipitated it have been in





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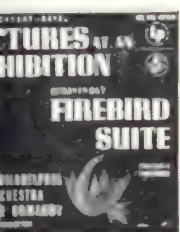
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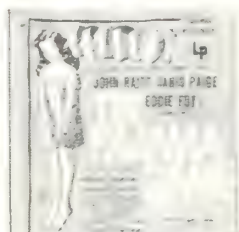
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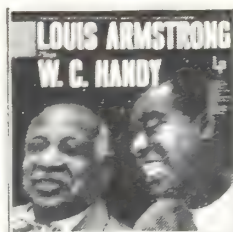
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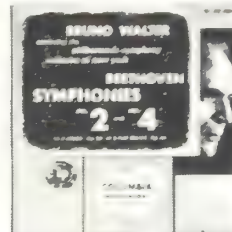
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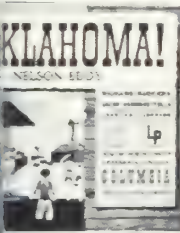
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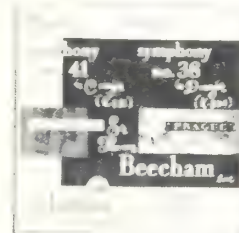
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

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
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
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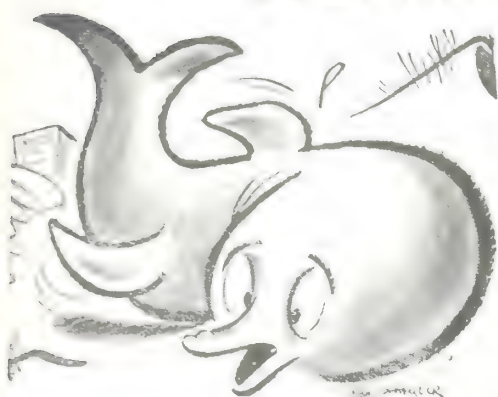
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# THE LION AND THE DOLPHIN



The lion had his hands full fighting a wild bull, so he called on his friend the dolphin who came racing in to the rescue. But once on land, the dolphin was as helpless as a fish out of water—could barely flop his way back to safety in the sea.



But once on land, the dolphin was as helpless as a fish out of water—could barely flop his way back to safety in the sea.

Aesop, of course, used this story a long time ago to say that when you need help be sure you ask someone both willing *and* able to give it.

We're using the story again because it still makes a lot of sense—especially in this business of investing.

Time after time, we come across people who call on the butcher, the baker—nearly anybody but a broker—for the investment help they need. Time after time, we see people buying stocks on the say-so of friends—or worse still—the passing remarks of a stranger.

And that just doesn't make sense.

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## THE EASY CHAIR

time environment and the unrivaled opportunities for water sports. But even before the last war the Cape had ceased to be remote, was ceasing to be quiet, was increasingly visited by transients, and was beginning to be overcrowded. Because it is easily reached from New York City and metropolitan Massachusetts, all four tendencies have intensified since the war. On the average the people who are overcrowding it now are not much interested in the attributes that made it famous. They want the modern vacation suburb, a seaside zone of amusement parks—in part expensive and exclusive, in part cheap and rowdy, but always antipathetic to what the Cape has been traditionally. They are sure to get what they want.

Some towns are trying to resist this trend. Perhaps some of them, by zoning and rigorous law enforcement, will be able to preserve much of their original charm and guide development as they may choose. But any town that succeeds in doing so will be out of luck if the next town becomes a honky-tonk. The metropolitan mass will seep over the boundary on one side and swarm through to settle beyond the boundary on the other side. For many reasons the towns are afraid that the Commonwealth of Massachusetts will condemn sizable stretches of shoreline and maintain them as public beaches. Yet state action is not only inevitable, it is the Cape's best hope. The Cape is certain to become a mass vacation area, and only the state is able or willing to control design, enforce standards, and penalize rowdiness in mass areas. Better a Jones Beach than, well, to spare local feelings, let me say than any five miles of US 1 south of Portland.

Massachusetts and upper New England are going to be compelled to take more state action than they have taken up to now, and some of it must come very soon if it is to be successful. All the states have planning and development commissions. They make highly intelligent plans but have little authority to put them into effect. Every effort on behalf of the future is sure to arouse local jealousies and threaten local cupidities, and to be challenged by powerful commercial interests, usually a railroad.

It ends by being emasculated or killed. And the plans of these commissions rest on what is essentially a contradiction: they are trying to make the future of New England a summer area a more populous and more profitable extension of what it has been traditionally, to keep it as it is and to fill it to the guards with vacationists. "Selling" New England destroys what is being offered for sale.

An acquaintance of mine is the head of a private organization that works to the same end. I recently heard him describe what seemed to him an outrageous example of shortsightedness and perversity. Some corporations which were clients of his were preparing to spend a good many million dollars creating in a remote town a resort area opulent with railroad spur, landing field, hotels, golf courses, and all the accessory suburban developments which as he talked about it, kept bringing Las Vegas to my mind. His client had to abandon the project; the town would not sanction it. I need hardly say that the town, which was entirely right, was in Vermont. Much earlier than the other states, Vermont understood the necessity of guiding future developments; also it determined that it would have no developments like Las Vegas. But though it will hold out better than the rest of New England, Vermont cannot slow up the American birth rate and it too will be in great part transformed.

THE area of upper New England cannot be stretched and has only so many beaches, mountains and lakes. The established vacation areas will grow more congested as their transformation into summer amusement suburbs will continue. Something like the present social and financial stratification will be maintained, but areas of mass patronage will increase in size and number, and only the states can keep them from decaying into slums. The zone of organized summer business will move northward, and the kind of vacationists who have traditionally sought out New England will move ahead of it. But a limit is set to the northward extension, for the geography and the nature of the landscape change. The kind of summer





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It will not be too long before TV cameras will check the front door or a child's bedroom and "report" back to you on a living-room monitor. And in the future you may have a large-screen television set so flat it will hang on the wall like a picture.

Many more ideas like these—not only for homes, but for farms, industries and defense as well—are on the way from General Electric scientists and engineers. Our postwar investment in new research and development facilities, when completed, will reach 155 million dollars. And we will continue to invest in the future, because, as we see it, progress in "electrical living" has only just begun.



**Electronic oven** that roasts meats in minutes is being developed in our appliance and electronics laboratories. Executive Vice President Roy W. Johnson points out features of experimental model to a housewife. For the booklet, "Wonder Home of 1964," write



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## THE EASY CHAIR

In England we elders are accused to will leaphog northern Vermont and New Hampshire, to Quebec and the Maritime Provinces. Except for a few square miles all true wilderness New England is in Maine, and it seems safe. It is a magnificent country for hunters and fishermen, and the constant multiplication of these species outdoorsmen will multiply the pressure on it but it can stand the strain. Not much of it could ever be developed for other kinds of vacation use, and besides most of it is owned by lumber and pulp companies which will have to keep it as such and protect it. A more serious problem is one I touched on here last month, of maintaining sizable areas of forest in something like their natural state. It is most urgent in Massachusetts, which will be compelled to enlarge its state parks and forests and increase their number. And Massachusetts could learn a good deal about the proper management of public reservations from its northern neighbors.

The Green Mountain and White Mountain National Forests, in Vermont and New Hampshire respectively, are a great deal more important. It is aside from my present point that most of the water supply and important portions of the pulp industry in both states depend on them, but they are the foundations on which the vacation business, winter as well as summer. They are certain to be endangered; even if the new Hoover Commission were to take over, it would be forced to resume the purchase program which the present administration has suspended. No kind of federal action is likely—there is no scenic area, for instance, of sufficient national significance to be made into a national park. But there are some areas not yet under state control that will have to come under it. And as crowds increase and roads improve, throughout New England the states will certainly be forced to intervene in many aspects of the vacation business. For state agencies can exert the kind of effective control that will be required to prevent mass vulgariza-



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# WHY RAILROADS SUPPORT AN UP-TO-DATE TRANSPORTATION POLICY



Consider the extraordinary situation that the railroads of this country face today.

Here is a fundamental industry, performing a service essential in peace and irreplaceable in war; which directly employs over one million people; which provides, maintains and improves, at its own expense, the roadways and other extensive facilities which it uses — and which pays taxes on those roadways and facilities. Here is an industry operating with constantly increasing efficiency; which is conservatively financed, with a steadily decreasing total of fixed charges.

Yet here is an industry which earns a return on investment of only about 3½ per cent — among the very lowest of all industries; an industry so restricted by the application of laws governing transportation that frequently it is not permitted to price its services on a competitive basis.

How can such a situation have arisen in a nation devoted to the classic concepts of free enterprise and equal opportunity?

An important part of the answer is clearly indicated by the recent report of the Presidential Committee on Transport Policy and Organization created last year by President Eisenhower. This Committee consisted of members of the President's Cabinet and two other government officials. It was charged with responsibility for making "a comprehensive review of over-all federal transportation policies and problems."

The report of the Committee, released by the White House in April, opens with this sentence:

"Within the short span of one generation, this country has witnessed a transportation revolution.

"During this same period," the report continues, "the government has failed to keep pace with this change. Regulation has continued to be based on the historical assumption that transportation is monopolistic and that the . . . growth of pervasive competition. The dis-





ns which have emerged from this intensified competi-  
n, on the one hand, and the restraining effects of  
olic regulation on the other, have borne heavily on  
common-carrier segment of the transportation  
ustry . . .

many respects, government policy at present pre-  
ts, or severely limits, the realization of the most  
omical use of our transportation plant."

end that all forms of transportation should be de-  
to their greatest economic usefulness, the Cabi-  
nmittee recommended, among other things, that:

common carriers . . . be permitted greater freedom,  
rt of discriminatory practices, to utilize their eco-  
nic capabilities in the competitive pricing of their  
vice . . ."

on to give effect to Committee recommendations  
introduced in Congress.

age of this legislation would not give railroads any  
that other forms of transportation do not already

have or would not receive. The legislation recognizes that  
each of the competing forms of transportation has ad-  
vantages in handling different kinds of shipments, moving  
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# PERSONAL and otherwise

## On Running for Cover

ONE of the nicest things you can say about the American people is that they don't take Civil Defense seriously. They've been lectured about it for years. The implications of atomic warfare have been borne home to them in harrowing detail. When the somber possibility of the United States' being bombed has to be discussed, no one panics; no one tries to pretend that it doesn't exist. But when we come to do something about it in our own front yards, even to take rudimentary measures of self-preservation, a different attitude comes into play. From one end of the country to the other, we confront the actual tasks of Civil Defense with complete, untroubled, and overwhelming apathy.

When the sirens sound, I troop dutifully to shelter, as you probably do yourself. You'd better. Not to, at least in my state, is a misdemeanor punishable under the Defense Emergency Act. In public hallways I read the posters instructing me how to hide under tables; in busses and the subway I observe the wavelengths of the two stations that will broadcast emergency instructions to the fortunate owners of battery portables. On the parkways outside of town I still note that these will be closed to everyone but Civil Defense vehicles, though I have been relieved to discover that, if an evacuation is ordered, *all* vehicles taking part will automatically become Civil Defense vehicles. That's the kind of reasoning with which we dispose of these questions in my town, and I doubt that you do better in yours.

There is no major city in the country properly prepared for the holocaust we presumably anticipate. Everywhere staffs are small, plans are sketchy, volunteers are few. The subcommittee of the Senate Armed Services Committee which looked into the matter this year flatly concluded that the nation was "presently unprepared to deal with a disaster resulting from a thermonuclear at-

tack. . . ." As a sounding board the popular will, in this as in other things, Congress itself has persistently ignored the problem. It has never participated in a Civil Defense test. It couldn't, even if it wanted to, because it has nowhere to go. "If war broke out today," writes Anthony Leviero of the *New York Times*, "Congress would scatter to the winds with no predetermined meeting place."

When catastrophes happen, people generally rise to them and perform well, and I'm sure the dedicated individuals who have volunteered for Civil Defense work will be no exception. They performed well in disastrous floods of this past August. But surely it is a curious argument for preparing ourselves against an H-bomb that the preparatory might also be handy in a hurricane. In its own terms, Civil Defense is a farce—and a farce only slightly alleviated by the fact that very few people ever thought it otherwise. The ordinary citizen was capable along of taking a view which government could not take, at least openly. He could afford to be fatalistic about himself. Government cannot be fatalistic about the lives of its citizens, at least, not openly. We ourselves can show our good sense in treating the whole business as silly, even though we would show still better sense in publicly facing up to the fact of its silliness.

IT DOES not do for a nation to practice psychological warfare on itself. The last-ditch argument that Civil Defense measures has been taken because they involve the whole people, personally, in matters of common concern from which we are all ordinarily remote. We thus become prepared, "indoctrinated," in officialese—to accept the instructions of Civil Defense officials and do what we are told, even if it is the opposite of what we were told we would be told. There is no way back from this reasoning; it is clear, sensible, and essential; any hope of surviving the unimaginable



e blast. But it will justify anything, from the arrogance of small-tyrants in tin hats to that of the bureaucrat who decides to tell people what is good for them to know. First of all, it forces us to connive telling fictions to one another about the very dangers we seek to avert.

Everyone knows, and has known for years, that there are several ways open to the Russians, or anyone else, in delivering atomic weapons into American cities without any warning whatever. For Civil Defense to make use, it has been necessary to assume that the bombs would be carried in long-range aircraft across the Arctic—other words, that the enemy would have the way we would. Not only this is a foolish assumption, but it is in conflict with any assumption from previous experience with Soviet strategy would suggest. The Communists do not normally try to oblige their opponent by engaging in a test of strength arranged by him, on his terms, and there is no reason to suppose they would begin with us. The fact that we have become ourselves committed to night-fighter squadrons, elaborate radar-warning nets, and our own strategic bombers may lead us to regard their use as more reasonable, and thus more reasonable, in the alternatives—contrary to what our good sense tells us.

Actually, if you must be reasonable, the reasonable assumption is that no bombers, laden with nuclear weapons, will fly in either direction. The reasonable assumption is the one made all along by the people who said another major war was very unlikely, in the predictable future, that no nation could start it without contemplating national suicide. For some time this seemed to be an opinion shared by pacifists or over-optimistic dreamers in world government, but actually it has begun to commend itself to far more coldly calculating people. Military strategists, as Bernard Brodie explains in this month's leading article (p. 33), have been compelled to recognize that the world of atomic nuclear explosions is one in which they can no longer practice their profession. To underscore Mr. Brodie's thesis, the editors have followed his article by two others that have arrived independently in our office, each exposing in its own way a fur-



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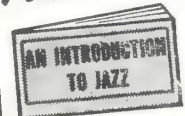
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H-9

ther dimension of modern warfare impracticality.

Perhaps before long the time will come when we can be equally sensible about Civil Defense. The last time there was an air-raid drill in New York, twenty-nine people were arrested in City Hall Park for openly refusing to take part in it—for refusing to flee from phantoms. Some were members of the War Resisters League and the Fellowship of Reconciliation, and one carried a sign reading, "End War—the only defense against atomic weapons," which hardly a revolutionary sentiment. Two of the group—Dorothy Day of the Ammon Hennacy, of the Catholic Workers movement—have a long and honorable history of getting arrested for doing what ought to be done but no one else dares to do. In meeting running to cover, the rest of us have only compounded the dishonesty of a Civil Defense program that is neither serious nor safe.

—E

...Mr. Brodie, who used to teach international relations at Yale, was one of the first resident professors of the National War College. He is the author of several works on strategy, including *A Guide to Naval Strategy* and *The Absolute Weapon*, and is currently engaged in research on national defense.

Richard S. Meryman, Jr. ("The Guardians," p. 37) is a young journalist working in the Chicago bureau of *Life* magazine, for which he has reported such disparate subjects as desert animals, Rocky Mountain goat, and city slum problems. He attended Amherst, Tufts, Williamstown (A.B. degree), and Harvard—although, he writes, "it was finally clear to me that nobody learns to write in college. . . ."

Hans Thirring ("The Noise of the Weapon," p. 44) is head of the Institute of Theoretical Physics of the University of Vienna. In 1946 he published the first calculations of the destructive power of the H-bomb, followed two years later with an analysis of the potentialities of radioactive contamination. He is one of the foremost nuclear physicists of our time.

... "The Safari Industry" (p. 47) is a somewhat delayed follow-up to Oden Meeker's "How to Take a

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## P &amp; O

"Tropics," which appeared in *Time*'s last January just in time to help the last tourist who had mastered the mambo and set out for the Tropics. Anyone still interested in rapping his own hippopotamus-umbrella stand will know how to proceed after reading this new article. Mr. Meeker has traveled in some thirty countries and is now in Laos, China, as chief of the CARE Mission. His book, *Report on Africa*, published by Scribner's last year, won the 1955 Anisfield-Wolf Award of \$100 as "an outstanding study of relations in Africa."

Lee Nichols and Louis Cassels, who have spotlighted the inchmeal progress of American churches toward racial desegregation (p. 53), present interestingly varied backgrounds in relation to their subjects. Mr. Nichols, a Quaker (he lived the Swarthmore, Pennsylvania, Monthly Meeting of the Society of Friends at the age of twelve) was born in New York State and now lives in Montgomery County, Maryland, while working in Washington for the United Press. He is the author of *Breakthrough on the Color Line*, a book about the ending of segregation in the U. S. armed forces. Louis Cassels, an Episcopalian, was born in Ellenton, South Carolina, and "went North" to college at Duke University in Durham, North Carolina. He served as a first lieutenant in the Air Force in World War II and then joined the United Press, which sent him to Washington in 1947.

The intense interest which Arthur H. Parsons, Jr., took in his son's adventures in 1952 as local chairman of the Citizens for Eisenhower (see "Luton, Button," p. 58) may be due in part to his professional zeal for documentation of all kinds: he is Director of the Omaha Public Library, and before that he was Librarian in Wampscott and Brockton, Massachusetts. He is the author of *The Man that Stopped the Band*, a children's book.

His son Lynn, who has just completed his sophomore year at Grinnell College, has been a member of the debate team, an actor in a college production of "Julius Caesar," and a member in the same year—Grinnell

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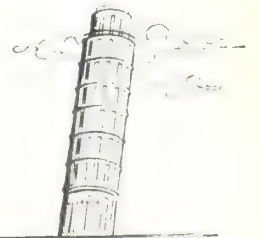
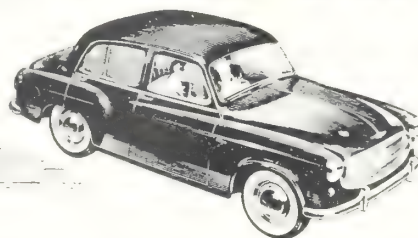
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P & O

delegate to the meetings of the Midwest Federation of College Young Republican Clubs, and an alternate delegate to the meetings of the Young Democrats of Iowa.

...One of the most versatile creators of fiction today is **Graham Greene**, whose romantic comedy of manners, *Loser Takes All*, begins this month on page 61. At present, Mr. Greene is best known in England and in this country for his fascinating but grueling explorations of the human predicament in such novels and plays as *The Heart of the Matter*, *The End of the Affair*, and *The Living Room*. But his reputation was made first with crime and spy stories, like *The Confidential Agent* and *This Gun for Hire*, which were published under the heading of "entertainments." *Loser Takes All*, fluffed up by a light hand, entertains less painfully than any of these. As you may guess, a movie of it is being made in England right now.

...The narrow world of Louisa Alcott—the one she lived in and the one she pictured in the famous "little women" and "little men" books—is revived, with affection and wit, by **Eleanor Perényi** (p. 69), who has herself inhabited a much more varied and wider world. She is the author of two books: *More Was Lost*, about her life in Hungary, and a new one this year, *The Bright Sword*, about the Civil War. Born in Washington, she was educated in France, Italy, Shanghai, Washington, and Newport. She has lived and traveled much in Europe and Mexico, and now lives in Stonington, Connecticut.

...The well-known internist and columnist, **Dr. Walter C. Alvarez**, did not sit for his word portrait to **Greer Williams** (p. 73); even at the age of seventy he is too busy to sit for anyone. But Mr. Williams, who has specialized for many years in profiles of doctors—including psychiatrists, physiologists, surgeons, pathologists, psychologists, radiologists, medical politicians, and researchers—is adept at catching them on the wing. He has written well over a hundred magazine articles since 1945; before that he had worked on newspapers, was science editor of the *Chicago Sun*, and during the war was public

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mation officer for the Air Surgeon General. He served for some time as director of public relations for the American College of Surgeons and is now senior writer and assistant to the director of Human Resources Area Files, in Washington.

"Jonah" (p. 79) is by Irene L. a young English writer now living in Washington, D. C. Her stories have appeared in magazines on both sides of the Atlantic.

Among the new books of poems included in "Randall Jarrell's Year in Poetry" (p. 96) is Mr. Jarrell's own latest, *Selected Poems*, which was brought out by Alfred A. Knopf of this past spring. He is the author also of a book of criticism, *My and the Age*, and a fictional novel, *Pictures from an Institution*; teaches English at the University of North Carolina. His essay on the poetry of 1954-55 substitutes this month for "Books in Brief" by Katharine Gauss Jackson, who will return in the November issue.

#### COMING NEXT MONTH

You hear a great deal these days about our bipartisan foreign policy. One of the men most responsible for setting our postwar course challenges the notion that, in the foreign field, it makes no difference which party is in power. By a series of striking recent examples he demonstrates the considerable difference between the Republican and the Democratic approach to international affairs—"The Parties and Foreign Policy," by Dean Acheson.

Do you think that, no matter what, our patriotic duty to vote, and to elect as many other people as possible who will likewise, whenever the opportunity presents itself? The Republican Mayor of Waukegan, Ill., thinks so. Recently—"Let's Not Get Out the Ballot," by Robert E. Coulson.

And the men who sail them are a lasting appeal to the most fertile imagination. A long-time sailor who is also a novelist and playwright presents a dramatic portrait of the men of the merchant navy—"Ship's Company," by Jan Hartog.

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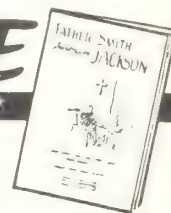


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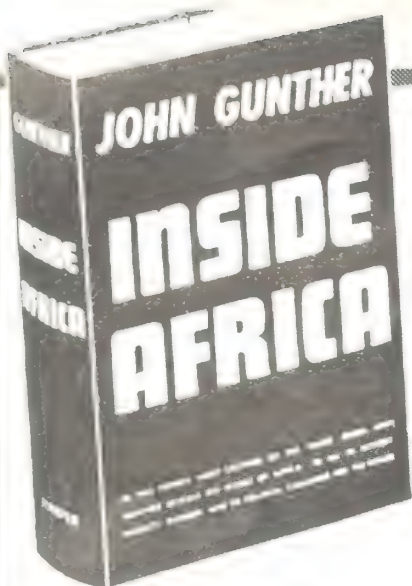
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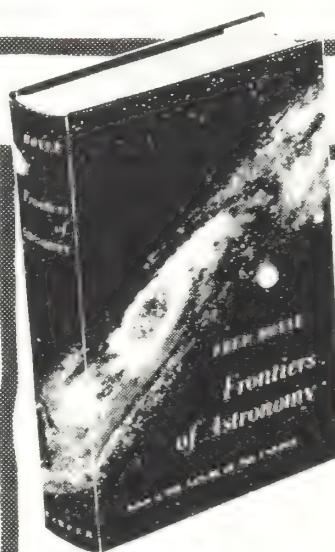
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# Harper's MAGAZINE

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## HOW WAR BECAME ABSURD

*Behind President Eisenhower's remark that "there is no alternative to peace" lies the sober, cold-blooded estimate of professional strategists that warfare, as they have known it, is no longer practical. The three articles which follow suggest the reasons why. Written independently, each of them explores a different aspect of our military future.—The Editors*

### STRATEGY HITS A DEAD END by Bernard Brodie

ONE OF THE commonest slogans in strategic literature is the one inherited from Jomini, that "methods change but principles are unchanging." Until yesterday that thesis had much to justify it, since methods changed on the whole not too abruptly and always within definite limits. Among the most important limits was the fact that the costs of a war, even a lost one, were somehow supportable. At worst only a minor portion, literally speaking, of a nation's population and wealth would be destroyed. Even the two world wars did not go beyond this limit, despite their horrendous magnitude.

There could therefore be a reasonable choice between war and peace. There could also be a reasonable choice among methods of fighting a war, or "strategies." However unrestricted they were intended to be, wars were inevitably limited

by the limited capabilities (as we now see it) of each belligerent for heaping destruction on the other. Indeed, there were even slogans insisting that the application of force in war *must* be unrestricted.

If the time has not already arrived for saying good-bye to all that, it will inevitably come soon—depending only on when the Soviets achieve an air-atomic capability comparable to the one we already have. For unless we can really count on using ours first and, what is more, count on our prior use eliminating the enemy's ability to retaliate in kind—and surely the combination would deserve long betting odds—we can be quite certain that a major unrestricted war would begin with a disaster for us, as well as for them, of absolutely unprecedented and therefore unimaginable proportions.

There are impelling psychological reasons why strategists have in the past found it almost impossibly difficult to adjust their war plans to the

possibility of national disaster at the outset. If not now, then soon, no other assumption for an unlimited major war will be realistically possible. Because we face a situation unique in history, most of our descriptions of it are understatement. For example, people speak bravely of atomic explosives being the most portentous military invention "since gunpowder." In doing so they only prove how hard it is to believe that something which has happened in one's own day—before one's very eyes, as it were—makes every other comparable development of the entire five or six thousand years of recorded time pale in importance.

SINCE we have recently passed the end of the first atomic decade, this is an appropriate time to observe how much has changed in these ten years. Though it was immediately apparent in 1945 that something of tremendous military importance had happened, we can see now how many of the interpretations then offered were too conservative. In retrospect it is clear that many of them were wedded to presumptions soon to be disproved—for example, that the bomb was fated to remain scarce, extremely costly, bulky and therefore difficult to deliver, and limited to about the same power and spatial effectiveness as the Nagasaki bomb.

The first decade of the atomic age has seen the collapse of the American monopoly, of the myth of inevitable scarcity, and of reasonable hopes for international atomic disarmament; it has seen also the development in both major camps of a thermonuclear weapon of vastly greater destructiveness. Since we have been living with the fission type of atomic bomb for a decade, it might appear to some that the fusion type introduces nothing essentially new other than a greater economy of force. That unfortunately is not the case.

No doubt the implications of the first atomic bombs were radical in the extreme, and it was right at the time they appeared to stress the drastic nature of the change. The utility of strategic bombing could no longer be questioned. At once it became incontrovertibly the dominant form of war, especially since it could be entirely carried through with air forces existing at the onset of war and at speeds which were phenomenally fast by any previous standard. Also, it could be carried out successfully over any distances that might separate the various great powers on this globe. This was change

enough from the conditions of World War II.

Nevertheless, the bomb yields were still sufficiently limited to make the delivery of a substantial number of bombs necessary in order to achieve decisive results. That in turn made it possible to visualize a meaningful air defense, even if not a satisfactory one. It was therefore still necessary to think in terms of a real struggle for "command of the air." It was also still necessary to apply, though in much modified form, the lore so painfully acquired in World War II concerning "target selection" for a strategic bombing campaign. And the functions of ground and naval forces, though clearly affected by the new weapons, still appeared vital even in the "all-out" type of war.

These ties with the past, tenuous enough at best, were immediately threatened by the appearance of the modern type of thermonuclear bomb. Among the questions that thereupon became obsolete were most of those concerning the selection of strategic targets. Since a thermonuclear bomb could not be used on an industrial concentration in or near a city without destroying that city—and since one such bomb will effectively eliminate all the industry associated with that city—there is not much point in asking which industries should be hit or in what order. Whether we like or not, the thermonuclear bomb used strategically is a "city-buster."

The same is of course true if we hit air fields near cities. We cannot talk about strategies being aimed against the enemy air force as distinct from the enemy economy or population, unless we actually intend taking deliberate measures to refrain from hitting cities. It cannot matter greatly whether the destruction of cities is a by-product of the destruction of air fields or vice versa.

THE number of cities that account for the bulk of the so-called economic war potential of either the U.S. or the U.S.S.R. is small—possibly fifty or less, and certainly not over two hundred (the range depends on the weighting one gives to certain factors, such as industrial interdependence). Most of these cities, moreover, are concentrated in the eastern part of the United States, and especially the northeastern part, where urban and nonurban populations alike are subject to overlapping patterns of radioactive fallout. The concentration of industry in Russian cities, and the concentration of cities and populations in the western part of the country,



makes the Soviet Union comparable as a target to the United States.

It seems likely, in the event of an all-out thermonuclear war, that the survival of people and industries will be far more important in determining the recovery of the nation following hostilities than in controlling the subsequent course of those hostilities. The reason for this is simply that the minimum of destruction one can reasonably expect from any *unrestricted* strategic attack will inevitably be too high to permit further meaningful mobilization of resources, perhaps too high even to permit the effective use of surviving military units.

So far as the population is concerned, the uninjured survivors may be many, though it is also conceivable that they may be relatively few—that is, down to a quarter or less of the original figure. In either case they are unlikely to be much concerned with the further pursuit of political-military objectives. We learned something about that from the apathy of the German and Japanese peoples in the latter stages of World War II.

The idea that prolonged hostilities might be carried on with conventional weapons following the initial massive exchange of nuclear ones has fortunately been abandoned, at least on the level of official pronouncement, both by us and by the British (as their *Defense White Paper for 1955* makes clear). Everything is now stacked on deterrence, and on the measures and attitudes that will make deterrence work.

Sir Winston Churchill has even derived some comfort from the phenomenon of fallout, because (he said) it tends to equalize in degree of vulnerability a small country like Britain with a large one like the Soviet Union. And in a sense he is right, because the difference is only one of numbers of bombs required to achieve comparable results, and whatever the larger number may be it will very likely be within easily deliverable limits.

**M**OST of what I have so far said implies the judgment that the prospects for significant improvement of defenses against strategic bombing in the next decade or so are not bright. There are several reasons for this assumption. First, since the coming of the A-bomb, and largely as a result of a steady increase in the bomb's power, developments in the strategic bombing offense have outpaced to a fantastic degree those of the defense—and this

movement has by no means run its course. (Sir Winston, among many others, tells us that the intercontinental ballistic missile is somewhere in the offing.) Second, the growth of national nuclear stockpiles is irrepressible, and while delivery capabilities do not normally expand with the same exuberance, it is nevertheless likely to be far easier and less costly for one side to double the number of bombs on targets than for the other to double, by dispersing them, the number of targets that the enemy must hit.

Finally let us note the fact that there are enormous impediments—psychological, political, economic and, let us admit it, doctrinal—to the adoption of really drastic measures for defense. The proof of that lies in all we have conspicuously failed to do after ten years of living with the atomic bomb, especially in the field of “passive” defense. Our industry is not noticeably less concentrated than before, and existing measures of civil defense are almost universally regarded as ludicrous. New and effective stimuli to action may yet turn up, but some exceedingly powerful ones have so far failed to move us.

From all this it would seem that at least one conclusion can be drawn: barring revolutionary advances in air defense, an unrestricted strategic air campaign in a war in which the U.S. is engaged is bound to be decisive. On the other hand, when I say “decisive,” I am not using the term in its traditional sense—that is, in the sense that implies a clear victory for one side or the other. I mean instead that if strategic bombing occurs on the grand scale, other kinds of military operations will prove either unfeasible or superfluous and most likely both.

**I** HAVE thus far been discussing nuclear weapons strictly in terms of what is usually called strategic use—that is, against the enemy homeland. There also must be considered a prospective tactical use—that is, on the battlefield.

Whether or not we can relinquish strategic bombing as a way of war, it appears that we cannot afford to abjure the tactical use of nuclear weapons without dooming ourselves and allies to a permanent inferiority to the Soviet and satellite armies, at least in Europe. But the problems involved in the tactical use of atomic weapons seem to have peculiarly forbidding difficulties. It is all very well to say that the general development of troops must combine low spatial density with the capacity for instantane-

ous concentration—but how to accomplish it is another story. The few who are attempting to grapple with the problem in published books and articles seem always to assume tacitly and perhaps also unconsciously various restraints or restrictions on the size and availability of tactical nuclear weapons. And they also show a general predilection for small bombs.

In fact, one sees an increasing tendency to distinguish between tactical and strategic nuclear weapons according to size of weapons, the big ones being reserved strictly for the strategic function. Before this particular habit becomes too firmly established, we might ask whether there is any basis for it other than the obvious one—that it is easier to imagine ground forces operating in not too unaccustomed a fashion if the nuclear weapons they use and contend with are small and relatively few in number. But the enemy may not be so accommodating.

**J**USTIFICATION one sometimes hears for using the smaller bomb is that one must be able to exploit through immediate advance of one's own troops the advantage gained. Here again we discern tacit assumptions—this time from thinking only in terms of the offensive. But if the French high command had possessed the thermonuclear weapon when the German forces were pouring through the Ardennes gap in May of 1940, they would surely not have withheld it because of a craze for exploitation.

The growing abundance of nuclear weapons on both sides may, however, force us to the ultimate conclusion that under their unrestricted use tactically no substantial forces will be able to live in the field at all. If organized bodies of troops cannot exist above ground in the field—or at any rate, cannot operate effectively there—it would seem that they must be either under ground or in the air. In either case we must think in terms of greatly reduced numbers; and, as for airborne forces, we must remember that in nuclear war usable air fields will become quickly scarce, and that small combat aircraft competing for the use of surviving fields can carry out few bombs.

Thus, if lead to the end to get the same result by considering unrestricted tactical war in the future that we get in unrestricted strategic war. The conclusion tends toward the pessimistic. The only distinction would seem to be that the strategic intervention must have prior

consideration in our thoughts, because whatever else it is that an army is fighting for, it must be fighting for a nation that is healthy enough to have national interests.

If what I have said thus far makes any sense at all, it means at the very least that for any war among the major powers we cannot henceforward consider air strategy, naval strategy, and land strategy (or the political objectives they are supposed to secure) in separate categories—unless there is some form of deliberate restriction on the use of nuclear weapons.

There is a stark simplicity about an unrestricted nuclear war that almost enables it to be summed up in one short statement: be quick on the draw and the trigger squeeze, and aim for the heart. One then has to add: but even if you shoot first, you will probably die too! This brings us a long way from the subtleties of a Clausewitz, a Jomini, or a Mahan. It brings us even a long way from Douhet, the prophetic theorist of strategic air power. It brings us, in short, to the end of strategy as we have known it.

And it requires us also to face one of the most disturbing of all the implications of nuclear weapons. With the speed and magnitude of destruction available through their use, any unrestricted war between the major powers must have a character and a conclusion that are fully predetermined at the outset. That is not to say that the relevant war plans will, in complete contrast to those of the past, prove themselves wholly "realistic"; it is only to say that they will govern the commitments made at the outset, and the results of those commitments will prevent any recovery from the errors exposed in the process of executing them.

**A** REFUSAL to look plain facts in the face, on the grounds that to do so leads one to be too pessimistic, leads straight to dangerous nonsense. On the other hand, the fact that an inherited strategy tends toward the nihilistic, which is to say suicidal, indicates that it is wrong—that it reflects a tragically mistaken national policy. Let us be careful to distinguish between what is impossible and what is merely wrong. A future war resulting in mutual annihilation is far from being impossible. But surely it needs no argument to say that a policy that has such an end is a mistaken one.

There are those who believe they have found the answer in deterrence, which is hardly a new conception; but even the British in their *Defense*



*White Paper* make allowance for peripheral challenges which do not call for total reactions. So far they seem to be stanchly refusing to consider the many conceivable borderline cases, but soon they will have to. Do not let me imply that we as a nation are in advance of them in this respect. Their planners have merely exposed their ideas in organized fashion in an official paper, while we leave that sort of communication to the conflicting, off-the-cuff remarks of high officialdom.

The key to the dilemma, if there is one, must be found in discovering the true sense for modern times of the old axiom of Clausewitz that "war is a continuation of policy." War is rational, he argued, only insofar as it safeguards or carries forward the political interests of the state. Certainly no one can dispute that, but it also seems at times that no idea could be further from the minds of people who presume to discuss national policy and strategy. One trouble is that even ordinary politicians and journalists feel impelled to utter resounding though meaningless platitudes when the phrase "national objectives" is mentioned, so that almost everything said on the subject is likely to be unrepresentative of what really lies in the minds and hearts of the people at large.

An unrestricted thermonuclear war is to the national interest of no nation. In view of the direction in which we are moving and the speed at which we are going, it seems absolutely beyond dispute that we and our opponents will have to adapt ourselves mutually to ways of using military power which are not orgiastic. The Great Deterrent will have to remain as the Con-

stant Monitor, and its efficiency in that role should never be subject to doubt. But to argue that its efficiency requires it always to be straining at the leash is to uphold an argument today which—if we are actually intent on preserving the peace—we are bound to abandon tomorrow.

At a time when the opponent will be able to do to our cities and countryside whatever we might threaten to do to his, the whole concept of "massive retaliation"—and all that it stands for in both military and political behavior—will have to be openly recognized as obsolete. It is not enough to let a strategic idea die a lingering death from occasional verbal rebukes, leaving behind only confusion in public and professional opinion—including confusion about whether or not it is really dead. It is not enough to say that an unrestricted thermonuclear war cannot happen anyway because both sides will recognize its folly. There are various positive steps we must take to prevent its occurring even when military force is resorted to in disputes between nations.

In a world still unprepared to relinquish the use of military power, we must learn to effect that use through methods that are something other than self-destroying. The task will be bafflingly difficult at best, but it can only begin with the clear recognition that most of the military ideas and axioms of the past are now or soon will be inapplicable. The old concepts of strategy, including those of Douhet and of World War II, have come to a dead end. What we now must initiate is the comprehensive pursuit of the new ideas and procedures necessary to carry us through the next two or three dangerous decades.

## THE GUARDIANS by Richard S. Meryman, Jr.

**I**N A PLACID, tree-shaded neighborhood, much like any other, one house—no different from the rest—had on the front door a note which might have been left by any family. It read, "Am at Vista Beach, 100 yards west of the bathhouse. Back at 5:00." This message, however, had been put there by order of the United States Air Force's Strategic Air Command, for this family is virtually at war with Soviet Russia.

Steve Anderson, in his late thirties, the navigator-bombardier in the crew of a B-47 jet bomber, is constantly on one-hour "notice" to deliver an atom bomb over an enemy target, to achieve the annihilation which serves us as a deterrent to Russian attack. He and his crewmates, Dick Miller and Ted Smith (given these arbitrary names to preserve their anonymity), are the human bones and sinews of "massive retaliation." They have personally assumed the

fulfilled America's international commitments. While living in the midst of a largely indifferent, peaceful society, they are daily fighting and winning a deadly block war.

How reward does not lie in the salaries, which are modest. It comes only in part from the pride of belonging to an elite—the most combat-ready arm of the military services. Certainly it comes not at all from any sense of glamor in the job they do. For the modern warriors' work is anything but romantic. It is long, complex, tedious, and primarily intellectual. The chief satisfaction it can give them is the knowledge of their own proficiency, and of the awesome responsibility they have accepted—if the worst should occur—to obliterate a city at one blow.

For this mission everything human and therefore fallible must be dispensed with, must be trained out of them. Systematically the Strategic Air Command seeks to perfect its men, in the hope of honing out human error, doubt, and frailty till they can fly and bomb by rote, like electronic instruments. Each week they crisscross the north American continent at speeds past 500 miles per hour, where one minute equals eight miles, and at altitudes above 30,000 feet, where unprotected they would die in a few seconds—where the sky is blue-black and the ground far beneath them shows dim like ocean shoals, and the clouds rise from the indistinct earth like snow-covered islands.

"We're made to feel we're at war, constantly doing missions which are combat simulated," says Anderson. "I flew in World War II and in Korea. I'll be honest with you. I'm flying tougher missions now in training. If they ever blow the whistle, I don't see how anybody can make a mistake."

**B**UT occasionally there appears in a newspaper, carefully cleansed of details by military security, a short note about a "mistake"—the crash of a B-47. Once upon a time in the fairy-tale days of propeller planes, when flying was sport, the greatest danger was the enemy. Today the missions and machines alone confront jet pilots with hazards so complicated that even in peacetime an emotional upset on the ground can be as deadly as an enemy plane in war. So intense is the level of performance demanded of these men that their way of life continuously assaults them psychologically, intellectually, and physically.

The Millers and Smiths and Andersons of the Strategic Air Command may be called upon at an hour's notice to wield a weapon 100,000 times more powerful than the load of TNT once carried in a B-29—so appalling that it staggers the imagination, so appalling that apparently a number of scientists didn't want to build it in the first place. The question must be asked by the aviation medics whether or not a man's personal misgivings at the moment of dropping an A-bomb might not flood into his computer and reduce him after all to a mere human being.

It has therefore been repeatedly emphasized to SAC crews that if they ever drop this bomb, it will be only as an act of retaliation. They will do it, perhaps in the dark of night, knowing that somewhere in the vast skies they have passed unseen fleets of enemy bombers bound with equal destruction toward their own homes. "I've thought about going over there and cutting that bomb loose," a navigator-bombardier explained, "and if I have to go I'll do my damndest to drop it right where it ought to be. But it's pretty hard to spend hours fondling an A-bomb's innards and feel everything's normal when you get home."

"If the bell rings tomorrow," Dick Miller's Wing Commander said, "considering all conceivable obstacles, including mechanical difficulties and enemy opposition, 80 per cent of the planes in my wing would drop effectively on Russian targets in a matter of hours. This is the first team. They want to fly the mission as briefed and they are disgusted if they don't. They don't need charts to tell when they didn't do well. They have to live with each other. I'd hate to think the Russians were preparing as well as we are."

Steve Anderson made a silly human error in navigation pre-flight computation which made them miss Tampa by 95 miles on the final leg of a mission (35 miles would be considered a "gross" error). This lapse very nearly cost the crew a promotion and it did bring disgrace on them, even though they were well known by their superiors to be one of the ten best crews in the best wing in SAC.

Anderson's reaction was representative. "It hurt my pride something terrible. It was inexcusable, awful! I made two errors and it put me off 95 miles. The Air Force expects me to be able to navigate to any spot on the earth at any moment in any aircraft. There's nothing I can do about it now; it's water over the dam. But



naturally it hurts. It hurts my pride to do something so gross."

The job required of the airman in this new age is not itself especially new. He is not flying many radically longer missions than he did during World War II, nor are the technical skills required to fly a jet especially different from those needed to fly a prop-driven plane. The spectacular change has been one of compression. All the operations to fly the plane and perform the mission have been crowded into a far shorter time and are now done by a far smaller crew. So great is the cost in speed and range of each added pound that a 180-pound man in a jet bomber would require an extra 1,440 pounds of engine, fuel, and airframe to carry him. As aircraft cover the same ground faster, fewer men have less time to do the same jobs. A B-29 cruising at slightly more than 200 mph carried a crew of 10. A B-36 cruising at over 300 mph has a crew of 15. A B-47 cruising at over 400 mph has a crew of only 3 men.

**D**URING a flight there is no time for intricate computation, planning, and reflection. All that must be done ahead of time. An observer in a B-47 crew like Steve Anderson spends roughly the same amount of time to prepare for a mission as it takes to fly it. For a sixteen-hour "globetrotter" mission he needs twenty hours to plot his route, an alternate route in case of emergency (weather, for instance), courses for each leg, times and locations of air refueling rendezvous, plus study of the radar-scope pictures of each city he may have to bomb and a briefing by five different men covering the same ground he has already studied by himself. Missions of three to nine hours are flown two to three times a week and all crews must fly at least one "globetrotter" a year.

The pilot and co-pilot have their own detailed pre-flight planning. First they make a copy of the observer's courses, which they will use to check the observer during the flight and to make up their fuel log in advance. Jet engines consume fuel at a frenzied rate, and fuel is the determining and constantly changing factor in the weight of the bomber. This in turn affects the aircraft's take-off distance, climbing rate, climbing angle, and most efficient altitude and speed. And since all planning includes a margin for emergency, if at some moment weather or mechanical breakdown should "abort" the mission Dick Miller must know exactly how to

climb and cruise and have enough fuel left to reach a landing strip that is big enough to handle a B-47.

When not actually preparing for the next mission, the Millers, Smiths, and Andersons of SAC are reviewing for the hundredth time their war mission. Each crew has a particular target in Russia plus a number of alternates (less than six). At each major SAC base is a large, windowless building with the inside partitioned off into little cubicles. For several hours each week all crews isolate themselves in these compartments to study and restudy their own particular part in the over-all plan. Needless to say, they tell nobody what their target is.

Any combat-ready SAC crew member, however (especially the observer), *could* tell you with closed eyes from what base he will depart, what course he will fly, at what altitude, and at what speed. He will know the time and location for each turn; the times, locations, and altitudes for the rendezvous with refueling tankers. He will know by heart the exact latitude and longitude at which he will make his penetration of the enemy radar screen, and what his courses and altitudes will be thereafter. Every man on the crew can draw on paper from memory what the target city will look like in the radar scope; he can show you the pinpoint in the city over which his bomb should explode and the off-set aiming point which is his guidepost. He can then tell you whether he is to turn right or left after the bomb run, what his course will be, the point at which he is to leave enemy territory, what his refueling points are, and the base for which he will head.

**T**AKE-OFF for a mission is usually at dawn, when runways and air are cool and a plane can take off with a greater load. The crew arrives at 5:30 A.M. The hangars, like giant caves, are filled with light. The jet bombers parked in rows in front are huddled black forms which flash sudden silver highlights when, as a man walks toward them across the cement, the polished curves of aluminum pick up flecks of light from the arching mouths of the hangars.

The first job for the crew is a last-minute ground check of every instrument and mechanism on which they can put a hand or a flashlight beam. This takes about an hour and a half. While the observer sits up in the nose of the plane going over his navigation and bombing instruments, the pilot and co-pilot sit in their

creeps with a whole book of checklists on their knees. One reads the items over the intercom phone and the other checks the switch or the meter or the lever designated. Then the two pilots, armed with more checklists, move to the runway and start in on the body of the airplane. By this time the horizon has begun to lighten. The planes begin to take on shape as the bullet nose, drooping, swept-back wings, and tall, arching tails are silhouetted against the sky. Under one of the long silver bodies the black forms of two pilots and ground crew chief move methodically, to the flicking beams of flashlights—pulling, patting, poking, peering as they go.

After two hours the crew is ready to take off.

As the bomber taxis out to the runway, the ground-crew chief walks ahead, guiding it between the ranks of inert airplanes. This tiny figure of a man, dwarfed by the nose of the huge jet bomber, walks backward with up-raised hands, signaling directions. He is like a god who has tamed a fantastic bird, which hisses with a wild shrill whine, its wings outspread and trembling with harnessed power, and moves obediently to its master's gestures.

In the air, embarked on their mission, the very personalities of a crew change. A man on the ground may be a buffoon; in the plane he is coldly efficient. Even the best friends use military jargon when they talk to each other on the intercom. Every time they remove or replace their oxygen masks or headphone, light a cigarette or leave their seat, they notify each other in crisply standardized phrases.

The reason for such regimentation is simple: every time these men go up in their bomber it is a life or death matter. If they make a mistake, the plane can crash and kill them. All the men, especially the aircraft commander, are tense for even the tiniest indication that something is wrong. Unable to see each other, they want to know exactly what everybody is doing every moment. They want to know why Steve doesn't answer on the intercom, what that sound is forward in the nose, or why that sudden whiff of smoke.

This stress of responsibility is the primary wear and tear on an aircraft commander like Dick Miller. During most of a mission he simply sits in his seat, sometimes in the drowsy heat of the sun, sometimes in the numbing cold of night. But though he may be only adjusting the dials of the automatic pilot, Dick is operating at the peak of his nervous energy, keyed to react

to the slightest dip of an instrument needle, to the merest tremor in the vast jet bomber, to the tiniest noise audible to him above the shrill, crackling whine of six jet engines.

On one occasion co-pilot Ted Smith was trying to move his seat forward and hammered at it with his heel. Instantly over the intercom came Dick's voice, "Ted! What's that?"

Smith explained. "For God's sake," Dick said, "let me know when you're going to do something like that."

This tension is not mere nervousness. It comes from being poised to act instantly, without thought. During a take-off, before the plane was airborne, one B-47 pilot complained to the field tower of "squeals" on the radio. The co-pilot heard the word distorted by the disturbance and mistook it for the command "wheels." Though the bomber was still taxiing, he pulled the lever which raised the landing gear, and in a few seconds would flop the plane down on the cement, skidding along on its belly. The pilot instantly noticed his own landing gear lever come up, and without thought he swept all throttles ahead full and with the other hand pulled the stick into his stomach. The bomber trembled an instant, then rose into the air just as the wheels tucked up into its belly.

**M**OST of the time the plane is on automatic pilot. The aircraft commander, or "AC," flies it personally only during the three most critical operations—take-off, landing, and air-to-air refueling from a tanker, the most difficult flying job of all. A B-47 can fly non-stop to Russia and back only by meeting tankers somewhere in the sky between here and there, and the maneuver itself is extremely strenuous for the pilot. An Air Force research team testing a ventilating suit to keep men cool while wearing sealed exposure clothing discovered that they could keep a pilot dry of perspiration at all times except during refueling.

Fueling rendezvous are set at a certain latitude, longitude, and altitude. The B-47 has to get there on time, for the heavily loaded tanker has only enough fuel to hang around for about fifteen minutes. During the actual operation the prop-driven KC-97 (a Stratofreighter converted to a flying fuel tank), is fully loaded and flying at top speed. The B-47, empty, is flying just ten knots above stalling speed. The tanker lowers a long pipe, or "boom." Then the pilot literally flies the bomber's fueling hole onto the end of



the boom. Then for fifteen or twenty minutes the two aircraft fly in tandem, tied together by this metal umbilical cord. As the B-47 gets heavier from the increasing fuel load, it must either go faster or stall out. So both planes, still linked, go into a shallow dive to increase the speed of the prop-driven KC-97. And all this time the propeller wash from the tanker's four engines rushes past the bomber just a few feet overhead. If a wing should get caught in it, the B-47 would flip up and over, thus possibly spinning both craft and crew to the earth far below.

Dick Miller loves to fly (that's one reason he's in the Air Force), and he loves to fly the Boeing B-47. "The B-47," says Dick, "is the safest plane I've ever flown, but you've got to fly it; it won't fly you. In this plane the margin for error is cut way down. It doesn't forgive you, the way a B-29 does. The B-47 is so much faster that if it starts flying you, you've had it. But it's really very much easier to fly, the easiest one I've ever been in. It has plenty of power—power to spare. Oh, Lord! It's such a wonderful airplane. It just goes, that's all."

The co-pilot, Ted Smith, has the fuel instruments in his cockpit, so it is he who checks them, controls flow, and writes the log. He helps the navigator by taking sextant sights and double checking over the intercom all precomputed figures as Steve Anderson feeds them into his instruments. Smith also follows "AC" Dick Miller on the controls during dangerous maneuvers like refueling. If there is any minor breakdown in the equipment, the co-pilot is expected to double as flight engineer and do trouble-shooting. In combat he turns his seat around and fires the guns situated in the bomber's tail.

Very rarely does the co-pilot fly the plane, and then only for a few minutes while the AC is otherwise engaged. Because he is primarily a checker and trainee for aircraft commander, his is not the stress of a difficult job. It is the difficulty of keeping keyed up and alert just sitting there minding the rest of the crew's business hour after hour, but without the nervous stimulant of being in command.

**T**HE STRESS on the observer—Major Steve Anderson on this crew—is quite different from that on "AC" Dick Miller. Anderson is an extreme example of the human computer in the new jet age. He sits up in the nose or

"mole hole" of the B-47, blocks up all the windows so he can see his radar scope better in the gloom, never sees the sky or the earth, yet guides the bomber's mission from first to last. He has to take a sight with his sextant and fix the plane's position every quarter hour, during which time the plane covers about 150 miles of ground. He is the one-man composite of three men on the crew of the old B-29—navigator, radarman, and bombardier. As such he must perform a task of precision accuracy and manual dexterity through six, nine, and sometimes sixteen hours. During a sixteen-hour "Globetrotter" flight he has about one hour off for occasional cigarettes and yawns plus one trip to the relief tube.

As navigator he must figure continuous "fixes" at a rate of one every fifteen minutes. In a B-29 the plane speed required only one every hour. He takes these exact locations of the plane and plots them on a chart. By the time he has done this the plane is about thirty miles past that point. From these plots he gives new headings to the pilot to keep the plane on the pre-planned course.

It is the observer's job to direct the bomber to within a few miles of the target and drop the bomb within a thousand feet. During the last few minutes of the bombing run he even takes over control of the plane, flying it with a little five-inch stick called the "tracking handle." The bomb is dropped automatically by the electronic bombsight, and Steve's job is to maintain the target pinpoint exactly in the radar cross-hairs, having already "cranked into" the bombsight the plane's speed, altitude, four different wind figures, and plane drift. Just the smallest mental lapse or instant's clumsiness can make him "throw" a bad bomb.

**S**TEVE himself complains that merely a four-week vacation makes him rusty for bombing. "My bombs don't go right," he says. "I've got about eight switches to set while my head's in the scope and my hands don't go right to them. And I can't give that tracking handle just that little touch to make the cross-hairs get back on the target. You can go stale quicker in this airplane than any I've ever been in. The rate of closure is so damn fast, you got to be ahead of it. It takes too long to catch up and you're lost."

For example, describes Steve, if a man got behind on a bombing run it would happen like

this: "You're on a bomb run. You've got to find the target, you've got to know where the place is. You've got to get the equipment set up right, and head the plane in the right direction. You've got to do that in one to four minutes or the plane gets ahead of you. You should have had your arrival course worked out long ago and make the decision on where you're going to hit the target area. By that time you can't be still computing where you are. You couldn't care less what's under you at that particular time—and certainly not what's behind you. You want to know where you're going. In a slow plane, you've got time to figure it as you go along. You can hunt up an error or recompute back and find it. In this plane you've already penetrated the target area, so it wouldn't do any good. You've already passed the point you flew all that way to get to."

The observer carries the ball for the entire crew. No matter how good the AC and co-pilot are, their rating and spot promotion and personal pride depend on the cold statistics of navigation and bombing. A plane rarely arrives at a target city exactly as charted. The distance by which the observer misses the city, scored like a bull's eye, is his navigational "circular error." He then guides the plane over the target by radar, a job that seems superhuman to the layman.

One pilot described the image shown on the scope as "a bucket of maggots." All the observer sees are a bunch of little black blobs of various arrangements and sizes. From the pattern he must recognize his target, which in training might be the southeast corner of the First National Bank in St. Louis. Instead of an actual bomb, he fires down a radar beam which is received and scored by an Air Force receiver station on the ground. The distance by which the beam misses the target is called his bombing "circular error."

If Steve Anderson "throws a bad bomb" and gets a gross error or "grossie," he has to give an accounting to his superiors. The only excuse that could possibly be valid would be a mechanical malfunction of the equipment—and that can be checked by the electronics ground crew. "If an observer drops a bad bomb," explains the crew's Wing Commander, "he appears before the gross error board. It's not a punishment; the fact that the man must defend his actions is enough. And our Wing gross error figure is less than the SAC gross error. It's a subtle pressure to

make the men perform to the limit of their capability."

One explanation the observer can't give, but which might be the truest, is a personal or family problem. When Steve Anderson had his last gross error, it worried his wife as much as himself.

"Nobody being perfect," she said, "I'm just human enough that I have worries of my own, and sooner or later I have to confide in Steve like a person should. I was in a state last week—and I finally was going to bust so I talked to him. You've got to have a marriage. But then he went out and threw a bad bomb. Now I wonder if I had anything to do about it. I'll never know—and neither will he."

**D**URING a mission all three members of a B-47 crew suffer from one stress in common—debilitating discomfort. Observer Anderson describes it this way: "A long mission drains you. You've got about forty-five pounds of stuff on your back—your parachute and bail-out bottle and stuff. Juggling that around every time you move wears you down pretty bad. That helmet weighs six or seven pounds and the parachute straps go right down under the bones in your buttocks. They wear a hole in you. Sixteen hours is a long time to sit on anything. When I start using that sextant in the nose I have to unstrap myself, ship my parachute, hang the oxygen mask on the back of the seat, take off my helmet, and put on a pair of intercom headphones. By then all that exertion on low oxygen leaves you panting and puffing. So I put on the oxygen mask to keep my head clear so I won't make a bunch of mistakes. And finally I'm ready to take a sight. You get in some of the damndest positions; to use that seat you have to be a contortionist. Another thing, it gets so hot back in the pilots' seats under that sun that they get sick from it, while up in front in the dark nose there's only metal between me and that -60° air. Sometimes I'm so cold that from the knees down I don't know I have any legs."

There are no professional heroes in the Air Force these days who pooh-pooh physical discomfort. In high-speed aircraft, they are too haunted by the threat of human error to laugh off anything that affects performance. "A man can't stay as alert after sixteen hours," says Dick Miller. "All the guys do things they wouldn't ordinarily do, things a guy wouldn't do on the ground. You can't sit in a chair all that time,



get out of it only once, and be as good as when you took off."

During their "Globetrotter" mission, Dick Miller goes on, "Steve had told me to come to 195 degrees. I said 'Wilco, 195' and just sat there. A minute later Steve asked me was I going to come to that course. So then I came to 95. That was when I knew my mind was stale."

At the end of a "Globetrotter" Ted Smith had a similar experience. When Miller, already making the final approach for the landing, told him to put down the flaps, the co-pilot just sat there. Dick was so busy with other things that it was actually dangerous for him to make the move himself, for landings are at very high speed. "Things gang up on you fast," says Miller. "Instead of a hundred miles an hour, you bring this baby in at almost twice that [so fast you need a parachute to stop it]. Your final approach is at 320 mph, and things mount up on you there too. If you make a mistake in your altitude, you can bury yourself in the ground. It's all over before you know it." A B-47 landing is called a "jet penetration." The pilot dives almost straight down from an altitude of 40,000 feet, at such a rapid rate that in a matter of minutes he is on the ground.

**I**MEDIATELY after a long mission, walking through the darkness from the bomber to their lockers, carrying their briefcases, parachutes, helmets, life rafts, and coats, SAC crews show no signs of extravagant fatigue. Their legs are a little stiff, their backs sore—but nothing a stiff drink and some complaining won't cure.

The cost is on the inside. Miller, Anderson, and Smith, after their "Globetrotter," were mentally wrung out but their nerves were still flying the mission. While their flesh and their wills were exhausted, the adrenalin still flowed and sinews were still strung to the pitch of the past sixteen hours.

Talking disjointedly about the mission, swapping experiences and reactions, they changed into their daily uniforms and immediately began their reports. Miller had to file his fuel log plus reports telling the training requirement "squares" they had filled. Anderson did a report on each bombing run and navigation leg, showing his circular error to score the mission. This took an hour of routine, dull labor.

When Anderson was finally finished, the three set off for the Air Force "discharging" process—a Scandinavian steam bath, a hot shower, and a

rub-down. This is required by SAC order, but unfortunately the inevitable manpower shortage keeps the facilities from being open at night on some bases. In this case, all three men fell fast asleep under the hypnotically soothing hands of the masseurs. As the physical body breathed a deep sigh of relief, the nerves stretched and yawned and the computers clicked to a stop.

At home Dick Miller went right to bed before his wife knew he was there. Ted Smith was asleep when he walked in his door. Steve Anderson's wife was waiting for him as always with a martini and sandwich. Because his performance amounted to their record for the whole mission, Steve was still wondering if he'd done everything as well as he might have. As usual, he sat up for another hour telling his wife about the mission.

"He comes in so dead tired he can hardly move," she says, "but he has to tell me all about the mission from start to finish. He has two martinis and then just rattles and rattles on and unwinds. That mission is on his mind—where the cross-hairs were on the first target, where they went in on it—'I went in on 87°,' he'll say. 'Then I called Dick to change to 60°, I switched in the cross-hairs and they were sitting right on the target just as nice. After the bombs away they stayed right on. I called it 800 feet.' Sometimes a run doesn't go so well. Maybe he's behind the plane. 'I couldn't get my winds figured out,' he'll say. 'When I finally got my winds and the cross-hairs on, we were already on the run. I never got caught up.' And then he'd call the bomb a 1,000-footer and it would come back 3,000 and then he's mad."

Sometimes Steve's unwinding takes all night. Then, says Mrs. Anderson, "Steve comes home mentally and physically beaten after a long flight. He is so tense sometimes that even though he's tired and sleeping, his legs and arms wriggle and twitch."

Maybe Steve Anderson never does completely unwind. "It gets to the point where you can't really relax," he admits. "I go home and sit around but automatically I start thinking, 'Jesus Christ! If I'd just done this and that, I would have done better and so-and-so wouldn't have beaten me out.' Pretty soon it boils over inside of you and before you know it, you're all screwed up inside."

But Miller and Anderson and Smith have accepted the life they lead. Even their wives and families have made a partial adjustment to being

Some day if they alert Steve and send him to his target," says Mrs. Anderson, "more than likely he won't come back. And that should make us live every moment for itself. But we don't. We live like plain people. We worry about health, our children, our yard,

and Choo Choo's fleas. Flying that B-47 is so much I can't comprehend it. It's beyond my scope. Those distances, altitudes, pressures—all that. I was worried when he first started. I'd brood about it. But I guess he's protected and I won't worry about him. It's Steve's job."

## THE NOISELESS WEAPON by Hans Thirring

THE WARS of the future, if they take place, will not be fought with the ludicrous fire-crackers of World War II. They may not even be fought with the expensive nuclear bombs of the present. They are far more likely to be fought with a lethal material which, by 1985 at the latest, will exist in abundance. Thirty years from now any industrialized nation with the necessary technicians—no matter how small, no matter if it lacks armed forces—will be able to inflict deadly damage on another nation.

The weapon will be a death dust, the radioactive ash produced by nuclear power stations. It is the inevitable refuse of the atomic reactors, a mixture of the isotopes into which the fissioning uranium and plutonium disintegrate. The majority of its three hundred components are short-lived, but there are some that remain active long enough to be dangerous. If you believe in the inevitability of a third world war, you should become acquainted with the names of these isotopes, whose radiation may someday kill you—Strontium-89, Yttrium-91, Zirconium-95, Niobium-95, Ruthenium 103, Iodine-131, Barium-140, Lanthanum-140, Cerium-141, Praseodymium-143, Praseodymium-144, and Neodymium-147.

The difficulty of handling the atom-ashes can be surmised from information released by the British. In the Windscale plutonium-producing plant near Sellafield, Cumberland, the product of the reactors is first conveyed to a chemical processing plant where plutonium and the unburned uranium are separated. The radioactive remains then contain exactly the same fission products as those generated in a nuclear power plant. To dispose of the short-lived isotopes, two pipe lines lead two miles out onto the seabed of the Irish Channel. But those with a longer life like Strontium-89 and the others listed

above, cannot be discharged into the sea without seriously menacing coastal fishery. They must be separated beforehand and piped into great storage tanks, specially protected against corrosion, where they can be kept indefinitely. Until its radioactivity is exhausted, there is nothing to be done with this vicious stuff, short of, as someone has suggested, shooting it to the moon.

The increasing demand for electricity, plus the shortage and increased cost of natural fuel, can be expected in the next few decades to stimulate the construction of nuclear power plants. By the 1960s and 1970s, reactors that are now in the experimental stage will be commonplace, and their development will come about most quickly in countries which have less coal and oil than the United States. The nuclear power capacity of Great Britain foreseen in the program presented to Parliament last February will be ten to fifteen million kilowatts by 1975, a goal which other nations may not equal but which can serve us as a guide.

THE RADIATIONS emitted by radium and the radio-isotopes (as well as X-rays and cosmic rays) have an ionizing effect on living tissues which can be healing or harmful, depending on the duration and intensity of irradiation. Radioactivity as such need not be dangerous but, on the contrary, may have excellent therapeutic effects. Whether or not we are justified in fearing it and taking protective measures depends on the size of the radiation dose.

The international unit of the dose of ionizing radiation is called "r," after the discoverer of the X-rays, Roentgen. (All kinds of radiation—in spite of the differences between alpha, beta, and gamma rays—can be treated in crude approximation as far as their ionizing effect is concerned.) When you are treated in the hospital



with X-rays or gamma rays, the doctor adjusts your dose in amounts of so-and-so many *r*. In doing so, he himself is exposed to radiation, though in much smaller quantity, and over years of daily work he and his assistants may receive more than the safe limit. Before full knowledge of radiation tolerances had been gained, there were many victims of this insidious damage. Up to 1954 more than two hundred radiologists had died of malignant disease arising from over-exposure to radiation.

During the thirties safety codes were set up, limiting the level of radiation intensity to which personnel could be exposed for seven hours a day, five days a week. The regulations differed in various countries, but a widely accepted thumb-rule permitted one *r* per week. In 1950 it was reduced to what we may call the "international tolerance dose rate" of 0.3 *r* per week. Some experts believe that even this figure is too high, and that particularly irradiation of the genitals should be kept at a lower level to avoid the possibility of genetic effects on the descendants of the person exposed.

It must be remembered that these limitations apply to the radiation absorbed by people continually during their work. You need not be afraid if your dentist, X-raying your teeth, exposes you for a few seconds to a radiation intensity with a dose-rate of more than 100,000 *r* per week. For the total dose you receive in that brief interval would be only a few *r*, which is absolutely harmless.

**H**OW MUCH radiation, then, may we expect from the radio-isotopes generated in nuclear power plants? Here the important question is not the total production of atom-ash but the rate at which it is produced. Radioactive substances, fortunately, are not durable; they decay. By emitting alpha or beta particles their atomic nuclei disintegrate and are transmuted, either temporarily into other radioactive elements or finally into stable, non-radioactive elements. If new radium, for instance, were not being continually reborn from the longer-lived uranium, all the radium on earth would long ago have turned into lead. This is a helpful fact for the planners of atomic power plants, since it means that the radioactivity of the atom-ash is ultimately self-destructive and will not accumulate indefinitely.

From the standpoint of producing atomic ammunition, the stock of radio-isotopes emerging

from a nuclear reactor does not grow with time but begins to decay from the moment it is formed. While the half-life (that is, the time during which half of any quantity of the substance decays) is about 4.5 billion years in the case of uranium, and about 1.5 thousand years with radium, the half-lives of the fission products in the atom-ash are considerably shorter. That of Strontium-89 is fifty-three days, for example; that of Zirconium-95, sixty-five days; and that of the other radio-isotopes, still shorter. The relevant quantity is therefore not the amount of material produced daily, but the point of equilibrium reached where the decay of the materials is balanced by new production.

What matters further is not the mass of the isotope material in pounds or tons but its activity, which is proportional to the number of nuclear disintegrations occurring per second. The international unit of radioactivity is the curie, which corresponds to the activity of one gram of radium. Since the rate of decay of radium is 37 billion nuclear disintegrations per gram per second (with an alpha particle emitted at each disintegration), one curie of a radioactive substance is that quantity of it which emits 37 billion alpha or beta particles per second.

Using these terms we can now describe the amount of radiation from the fission products generated by a reactor. Limiting ourselves to the twelve longer-lived isotopes (Strontium, Yttrium, etc.), we find that within a year or so an equilibrium activity will have built up of five hundred curies per kilowatt of thermal power. Assuming an over-all efficiency of 25 per cent, thermal power is four times electric power; thus the equilibrium activity of the twelve components of the atom-ash will be 2,000 curies per kilowatt of electric power in the plant.

According to the British program, as we have seen, between 10 and 15 million kilowatts of nuclear power will be provided by 1975. If the average operating power is 10 million kilowatts, the activity of the resulting atom-ash will be 20 billion curies, or the equivalent of 20 billion grams of radium. There is some difference, in that radium emits alpha particles while the radio-isotopes emit beta particles, but curie for curie the killing power of radium and of atom-ash is approximately the same. The reader may get some notion of what 20 billion curies mean by remembering that in hospitals even a single gram of radium must be handled with great care, to avoid harm to hospital personnel.

Another difference lies in weight. The isotopes spend their nuclear energy at a faster rate than radium, so that one gram of Strontium-89 is the equal of many thousand curies. The weight of one curie of the twelve-isotope mixture is about 30 millionths of a gram, so that the death dust—in order to give it bulk—will have to be prepared by impregnating ordinary sand with a thin coating of the isotopes. Assuming the active coating of the sand to be only 1 per cent of total weight, a curie of the death dust would weigh only 3 milligrams and a billion curies, only 3 tons. Of all the means of mass annihilation, the death dust would still be the lightest and—since atom-ash will be produced in enormous quantities, whether we want it or not—the cheapest.

How much radiation will the dust produce in terms of its effect on living organisms? Suppose that a dust cloud has been discharged by rocket high in the atmosphere. Suppose also that it has descended to the ground in a fairly uniform layer. The relationship between the activity deposited per unit of area and the dose rate to which anyone living in that area will then be exposed can be theoretically calculated. We find that a layer covering the ground with a density of one millicurie per square meter (or 1,000 curies per square kilometer) would cause a radiation at medium body height of about 3 *r* per week. Though this is ten times the international tolerance dose rate, it would not meet military requirements, which would probably be better served by a radiation level of, say 1,000 times the international tolerance dose rate.

Within two or three decades the reserves of atom-ash available in many countries will be more than sufficient to this purpose. One thousand times the tolerance dose rate would mean 300 *r* per week or, according to the rule above, 100,000 curies per square kilometer. Since the reserves of isotopes accumulated in Great Britain by 1975 will amount to 20 billion curies, we can see that a mere 5 per cent of them—weighing only three tons in the form of death dust—could suffice to make an area of 10,000 square kilometers (or about 4,000 square miles) totally uninhabitable.

With rockets now rumored to exist in both the United States and the U.S.S.R., any target in Europe can be reached from a central European base. Within the next decade, financed because of their strategic importance and incited by the hope of conquering space, the arts of rocketry

will have developed transcontinental and transoceanic missiles. Together with the quantities of death dust available in the 1970s, these will usher in the Era of No War. By that time the total imbalance between destructive and defensive means will be established beyond any doubt. Any nation contemplating aggression against any other will have to face crushing retaliation.

WAR fought with radio-isotopes would be noiseless and unbloody, yet disastrous for the peoples involved. A kind of light ash rain would cover densely populated areas with an almost invisible layer of dust, the presence of which could be detected only by Geiger counters and would not be noticeable to the normal human senses. It would neither smell nor sting, nor would it cause any immediate effects. Radiations from the isotopes are quite as insidious as X-rays or pure ultra-violet rays; you scarcely notice anything during irradiation and begin to feel symptoms only when you have already received a dangerous, or even fatal, dose. If not warned by radiation detectors, people in a contaminated area might pursue unsuspecting their everyday activities, yet be doomed to die painful deaths within a few weeks or months.

All of this affirms what Sir Winston Churchill has said about the armament race reaching saturation. The automatically growing stock of material for mass annihilation will permanently upset all existing concepts of military strength. A sufficiently dense layer of death dust covering wide areas will kill all living things, whether civilian or military, whether brave or cowardly. The number of divisions or the resources of heavy industry, formerly the yardsticks of power, will become meaningless, and attempts at civil defense will be like fighting an avalanche with a toy shovel. The factors determining military power in the future will be the technical personnel and facilities, operated by remote control, for turning atom-ash into death dust—and above all the rockets and other long-range missiles to carry it through the stratosphere. Given the suitable means for well-aimed delivery—if necessary, provided by strong allies on a lend-lease basis—even the have-not nations will be able to keep in check their most powerful neighbors, and even a child will recognize the suicidal character of all military aggression. The net result of this development will be a stern but simple truth—the only alternative to bilateral annihilation is no war at all.





# THE SAFARI INDUSTRY

By ODEN MEEKER

*Drawings by William Pène du Bois*

IF YOU have normal reflexes, the word "safari" probably carries to your ears some faint echo of romance. For most of us it has overtones of lions, Francis Macomber, stampeding hartebeests, bronzed white hunters, and bewitching British blondes in white shirts and jodhpurs, panting in the tropical moonlight. Alas, gentlemen, I have to report that this vision—like so many other iridescent dreams—has now been put on a sound commercial basis.

The safari has, in fact, been converted from an adventure into an industry. Its market has broadened to include housewives, night-club columnists, and 4-H club members.

The law of diminishing returns still operates, and the old-fashioned intrepid explorer is in a pickle. In an earlier day, the dauntless types who marched off—helmeted, whiskered, and mosquito-veiled—emerged from the mangrove swamps or the Mountains of the Moon with a collection of absolutely new hair-raising stories, plus material for several books and years and years of lectures with hand-tinted slides.

Now everybody is getting into the act. Some of the old wonder is gone when the safari managers and their allies take the hunter in hand on his suburban doorstep, wheel him smoothly through Darkest Africa, and with any luck get him home with his film and his savage souvenirs all unscratched. In the lobby of the New Stanley

Hotel—a rest house in Nairobi whose main dining-room is graced by a Hungarian string quartet—the huntsman will find for sale home movies of big game, ready-made for the amateur.

The suspicion begins to stalk up on the reporter bound for Africa that travel may have changed since Stanley last came this way. The trim, nautical BOAC stewardesses serve iced martinis and little shrimp on toothpicks as one flies over the hippopotami in Lake Victoria. American big-game hunters creep up on their quarry in sleek Farrell Line ships sprinkled with swimming pools and beauty shops; the management suggests bargains in freshly-mined diamonds as they round South Africa. Penetrating the interior, one encounters the Kenya Jockey Club, gymkhana meets, polo, cinemas, flower shows, country clubs, and a place in Uganda where people like to stop for picnics because they can boil their eggs in a hot spring there.

THE FIRST Europeans to go tramping and hunting in Africa did so under conditions any travel agency would find discouraging. Captain Thomas Windham, a Somerset gentleman described by that ineffable explorer Mary Kingsley as "either mad or bad, possibly both," managed to secure 250 "oliphant's teeth" in West Africa in the 1550s, but he lost 100 of his 140 men in the Bight of Benin on his first voyage, and more died after they reached home. On one walk across Africa, Stanley lost all three of his European lieutenants, 343 of his 356 porters, and he had to fight 32 battles along the way. James M. Barrie's young friend Joseph Thomson was able to avoid battle with the truculent Masai only because of his reputation as a fearful wizard,

...d by dropping Fritos Fruit Salts in a glass of water (they effervesced) and by removing his teeth and waving them.

Stanley carried a demountable whaleboat, the *Lady Alice*, in five sections. These days, all the special equipment an adventurer needs are a couple of miracle fiber shirts. He can borrow the detergent. The impresarios insist on laying on a professional White Hunter (I haven't seen any-one advertising Black Hunters), and he will escort not more than two customers. In Swahili, the word "*safari*" just means a trip—any old kind of trip—but the idea has been improved until it

covers the custom-made safari car with the built-in gun rack, the five-ton truck that carries tentage, the mosquito nets, long canvas baths, the bedding, linen, pressure lamps, water filters, and medical equipment, and the food stores with Major Grey's Chutney, Huntley & Palmer's biscuits, lemon squash on the house), and aged whisky (extra). The safari masters promise subscribers "a good general bag of game in about a month," and say flatly, "In one day's drive we will show you 50,000 head." An outsider has observed that a boy of twelve can be guaranteed his lion, but of course that boy of twelve will need plenty of money.

There is a Bon Marché Safari Outfitters in Nairobi, and other hairy-chested caterers are scattered over the rest of East and Central Africa. A South African firm named African Car Hire (Pty.) Ltd. offers its clients the Pygmies of the Congo and Saucer-Lipped Women in four days (Tour OP. 4), or the Giant Watusi Aristocrats (Tour JN. 35) in a single afternoon. A French outfit called Les Amis du Sahara sends people over the desert. This has become so popular that in 1951 the French government had to refuse a visa to a little old lady who wanted to bicycle across.

Any self-respecting safari through the African great lakes and the Eastern Congo ought to be able to whistle up the seven-foot Watusi or the four-and-a-half-foot Pygmies on a few hours' notice. The latter are most easily organized in the depths of the Ituri Forest. Fortunately, a good highway runs through it, patrolled by policemen armed with bows and arrows. Here, at a point called Epulu, the late Patrick Putnam went into the tropical motel business with his wife Anne, whose book about it called *Madami* was published last year. Patrick Putnam was a brilliant scholar and an unparalleled Africanist, a Boston Brahmin and a Belgian government

agent sanitaire. He and his wife put up a main hotel building, guest rondavels, a cook house, and an Hôtel des Chauffeurs. Intrepid explorers staying with them ate palm-heart salad and a whisky hot sauce from an old family recipe of the Princesse de Ligne.

For \$50 the Pygmies would visit them, or for \$40 they could visit the Pygmies, including the traditional tip to the Pygmies of palm oil, salt, sugar, and fifty packages of cigarettes. Toasted termites, which taste like Fritos, were available in season. The Pygmies could make a rustic typewriter table in twelve minutes flat, and their leaf houses run up for the guests were extremely comfortable. In a special enclosure was an Abercrombie & Fitch canvas shower bucket donated by Prince Ferdinand of Liechtenstein. Organized activities included net hunting with the Pygmies. And while milling around getting ready for a lope through the jungle, they cry—of all things—"Safari! Safari!"

#### NO CEILING ON EXTRAS

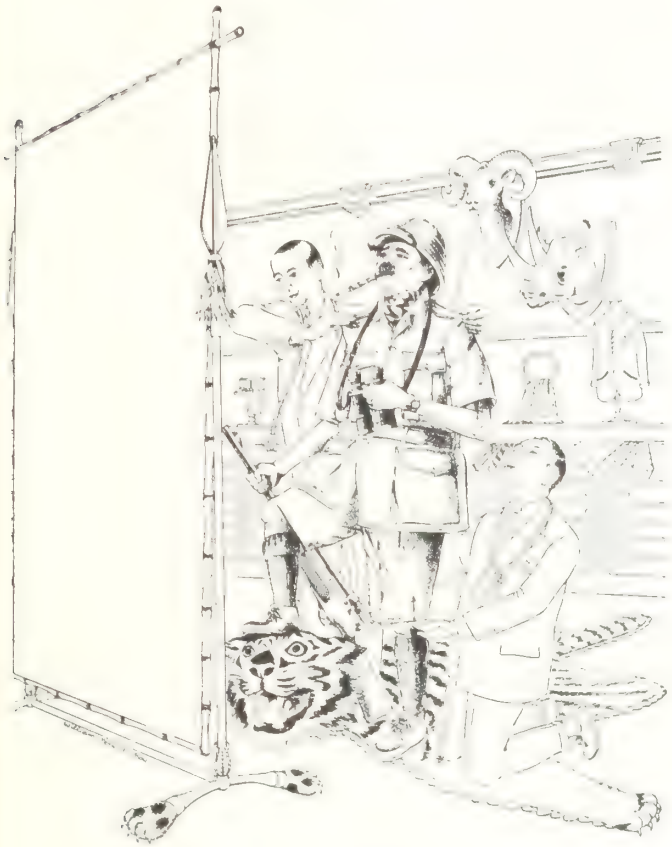
NAIROBI, on the other side of the Mountains of the Moon, is the base of most of the classical safari operators. The oldest and most fashionable among them is Safariland, Limited. Its board of directors is studded with retired British army officers. For a very few thousands of dollars or pounds, Safariland, Limited, can do for you what it did for the Aga Khan, the Maharajah of Jodhpur, for Gary Cooper, the Duke of Windsor, George VI, Elizabeth II, and Balkan noblemen and department-store tycoons beyond counting. The Duc d'Orléans carried his crown jewels along with him. A client of this sort will want a portable refrigerator with its own refrigerator mechanic.

"One Eastern potentate," said Safariland, "whose spirit was extremely willing, but whose flesh weighed against him, was provided with a specially built steel-framed chair with a single rubber-tired wheel for moving along narrow tracks."

The ordinary man who goes out on safari for the recommended minimum of thirty days need pay only £29 or \$80 a day. Shorter trips, of course, cost more, proportionately, and there is always that refrigerator to add in at \$34 a month, the electric plant at \$56, the rifles at \$28-\$34 each, ammunition, and the \$140 general game license good for a limited number of the commoner quarry—a lion, three African buffalo, four zebras,



and so on, down to half-a-dozen dikdiks, and two of its small cousin, the pygmy antelope, whose horns have a record maximum spread of less than three-and-a-half inches. Special licenses for the more spectacular big game like elephants, rhinoceroses, and giraffes cost anywhere from \$280, down to \$5.60 a head for each of two ostriches, a bargain rate. The White Hunter, however, costs nothing extra, but comes at the all-in rate along



*Customers are naturally called Bwana.*

with the double-fly sleeping tents with baths and verandas attached, the gun-bearers, skimmers, drivers, camp porters, cooks, waiters, and personal servants (minimum of two per explorer) to tend the hot baths, hang mosquito nets, turn down covers, bring morning tea in bed, wash, press, and mend clothes, and fetch the soothing drinks called sundowners. Customers are naturally called Bwana.

There is no known ceiling on extras. The Aga Khan went on safari with a demountable brass bedstead. A spokesman for Safariland assured me, though, that it was not true that a light plane regularly dropped his daily papers at his campsites. Just sometimes.

This all began just after the turn of the century when a firm of Nairobi traders, Messrs. Newland & Tarlton, opened a safari department. There weren't enough African guides to go

round, so unemployed British sportsmen were engaged to "conduct shooting parties to the hunting grounds." These became a professional group, the European *shikaris*, the White Hunters of song and story.

These were the days of thirty to forty African bearers for each hunter. Newland & Tarlton equipped the safaris of Theodore Roosevelt and his sons, and of Carl Akeley, the gentle American naturalist, taxidermist, conservationist, and inventor who lies buried in Albert National Park in the Congo. Akeley was collecting for the American Museum of Natural History in New York, but he was on the side of the animals. When in 1920 he took a Mr. and Mrs. H. E. Bradley and a young Miss Miller along with him while he collected gorillas for the Museum, he commented:

The uninitiated in African hunting censored me for leading the ladies into such terrible dangers. The initiated, or rather some of them, were irritated because, if I showed that ladies with no previous hunting experience could hunt gorillas, elephants, and lions, much of the heroics which attached to African big-game would begin to wane. As a naturalist interested in preserving African wild life, I was glad to do anything that might make killing animals less attractive.

Noting that a member of the Swedish royal house had recently shot fourteen gorillas around Mount Mikenno in the Eastern Congo, Akeley observed: "If three more gentlemen like the Prince of Sweden go into the Mikenno region there will be no gorillas left there."

Carl Akeley was the gorilla's best friend, and he took issue with Paul du Chaillu, the nineteenth-century Franco-American explorer and writer of adventure stories for boys, who was probably the first white man to see the beast. Du Chaillu told his breathless juvenile audience that a gorilla he bumped into in the forest had a "hellish expression of face which seemed to me like some nightmare vision . . . some hellish dream creature—a being of that hideous order, half-man, half-beast which we find pictured by old artists in some representations of infernal regions."

Akeley, unmoved, wrote:

If you read the tale as Du Chaillu wrote it, it gives the impression that the gorilla is a terrible animal. If you read merely what the gorilla did, you will see that he did nothing that a domestic dog might not have done

under the circumstances. All I want to point out is that the gorilla should be judged by what he does, not by how the people that hunt him feel!

Before Akeley went to Africa with the revolutionary idea that the naturalist-taxidermist should study an animal in its habitat, the outside world was convinced that the shy, mainly vegetarian gorilla—a primate which Dr. Robert Yerkes has described as comparatively introspective and depressed—had the disposition of King Kong, and lived up a tree. Akeley wrote that the gorilla is “neither ferocious nor in the habit of living up trees. He can climb a tree just as a man can climb a tree, but a group of human beings up a tree would be just as natural as a gorilla group in the same position.” Mr. Akeley might have added that gorillas spend very little time abducting Hollywood starlets.

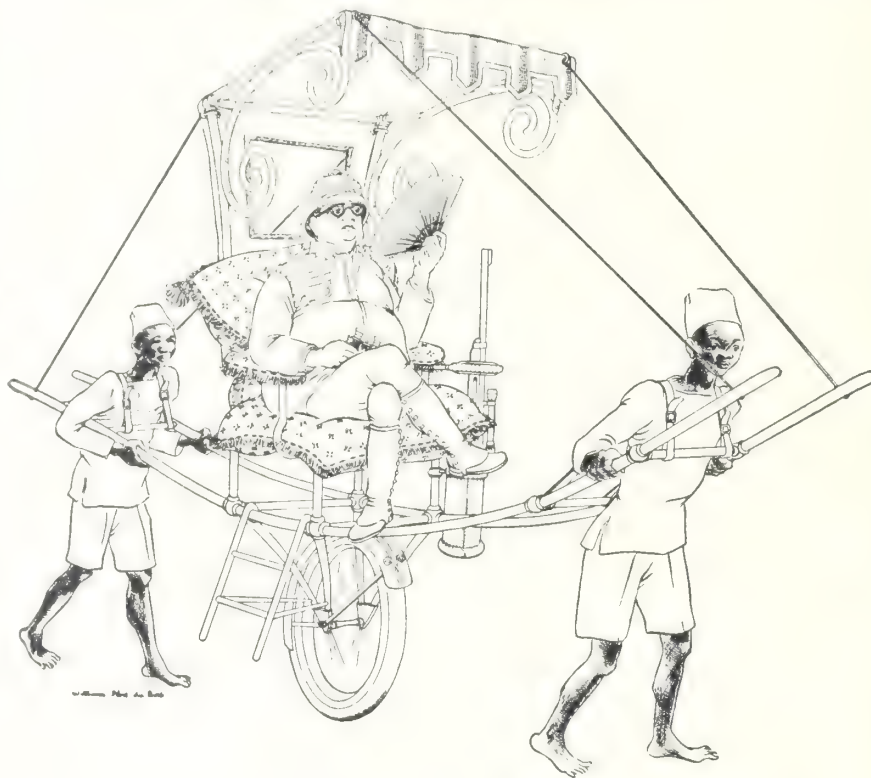
Not every visitor is still allowed to go around hunting gorillas, though Clark Gable appeared to do so in “Mogambo” (actually Gable was filmed in Kenya; the gorillas, in French Gabon). Those who can bring themselves to do so shoot the inquisitive giraffes, who have soft eyes like ballerinas and browse on the flat tops of the acacia trees; or the hand-painted zebras; or the wart hogs who barrel across the plains with their tails straight up like poker. An increasing number of people feel happier just taking snapshots. All hands are united in their ambition to see a genuine lion. This is equivalent to checking off the “Mona Lisa.”

In the past this has not always been easy: a dignified citizen of Sierra Leone once confessed to me that he had to wait until he went to London for his university education before he could inspect the proud animal his country was named for.

#### GREAT HIPPO CONTROVERSY

NOW that their own capitals are furnished with zoos, Africans can make the acquaintance of their fauna, including lions, with less difficulty. The zoo in Pretoria in the Union of South Africa even has a couple of ligers though

it has not yet duplicated Charles the tiglon in the Central Park Zoo in New York. The road out to the National Park five minutes from Nairobi is jammed with cars full of people going out to look at the lions. Many excursionists in their zeal claim *Felis leo* when what they have seen is *Crocuta crocuta*, the slope-shouldered hyena which nightly forages in Nairobi's outlying streets as the Dust Bin Patrol. The lions are so



*One Eastern potentate whose spirit was extremely willing, but whose flesh weighed against him . . .*

used to it all that they have been photographed yawning in the tourists' faces.

There is a hard core of heretics who prefer hippos to lions. In the blue-green depths of a pool in Nairobi's National Park where they live, you can see the great beasts moving as lightly as hippopotamus balloons in the sky. A government proposal to evict the inhabitants of a similar pool near Mombasa drew such fire from Kenya hippopotamus lovers that the *New York Times* was able to report to its readers on June 14, 1953:

"Public opinion is solidly pro-hippopotamus. The elected members of the Legislative Council are being urged to stand up and declare whether they are pro-hippopotamus or not, and whether they are prepared to tolerate the anti-hippopotamus plans of the Colonial Government." The columns of the local paper, the *East African Standard* were full of the great hippopotamus controversy. One defender preferred to remain



anonymous, signing himself simply "Pro Bono Hippo."

Still, if one shoots a hippopotamus on safari and has his feet made into umbrella stands, nobody seems to get very upset. Rowland Ward's, the elegant Piccadilly sporting establishment which maintains a branch in Nairobi, will take care of it for you, and sell you an elephant's tail hair bracelet, a lion's hide engagement book, and an electro-plated rhinoceros-foot biscuit barrel while you wait. If you have failed to bag anything, they will sell you a set of zebra-striped playing cards. Their home address is JUNGLE, PICCY, LONDON, where they have the front half of a lion stalking out of a case in their window.

Ward's likes to make cocktail glasses out of antlers. They also make the elephants', rhinos', and hippos' feet into wastepaper baskets and flowerpots. Nothing fazes this safari *couturier*. They once without comment accepted eighteen elephants' feet from an Indian nabob who wanted them made into ruby-glass-lined wine coolers; nobody knows what happened to the other half elephant.

#### ALL-GIRL ELEPHANT HUNT

UNTIL recently, when it was battered by the Mau Mau, the most comfortable place to inspect the big game of the safari country was Treetops, where Elizabeth II spent the night she became Queen. Treetops looked like a bungalow left stranded by a flood up a fig tree. It was fitted with electricity, carpets, hot and cold running water, toilet, and bath. A 500-watt artificial moon shone down on the whuffling and shuffling elephants and rhinoceroses, the baboons, waterbuck, and other game which patronized the iodized artificial salt lick below. A retired general, a lieutenant commander, and two colonels escorted the guests. The proprietor, a pink-cheeked, white-mustachioed old boy who wears a carnation and a Royal Flying Corps tie, insists that it was the most expensive hotel in the world.

When Elizabeth and Philip stopped off in the White Highlands, all hell broke loose. Shops in Nairobi sold out their stocks of ladies' opera-length gloves within a few hours after the announcement of the visit, and an emergency supply of officers' dress swords had to be flown out from Britain. When the royal couple finally entered the jungle, British papers were almost beside themselves:

ROYAL COUPLE MAY SEE THE LEOPARDS STALK

ELEPHANT HERD 11 YARDS FROM QUEEN

ELEPHANT HERD 10 YARDS FROM QUEEN

QUEEN FACED A WILD ELEPHANT

ELEPHANT DID NOT DETER FUTURE QUEEN

QUEEN'S COURAGE IN THE JUNGLE

THE QUEEN BRAVED ELEPHANTS

Royal publicity, the unflagging efforts of the South and the East African tourist people, transportation companies, travel agents, and guided-tour pilots; the tropical rain of feature articles, books, films, and popular songs about happy Africans; wild beasts, White Hunters, witch doctors, veldt, and other items in good supply—all have contributed to a boom in the safari business and allied trades. Tin Pan Alley has done its bit by following up "Bongo, Bongo, Bongo (I Don't Want to Leave the Congo)" with "*Skokiaan*," a South African number introduced by the Bulawayo Sweet Rhythms Band and refitted with some American lyrics. As I remember it, "*skokiaan*" in Afrikaans just means "hooch." Man, oh man.

There have been special safaris for Colombians and Venezuelans, Members of Parliament, and the International Federation of Agricultural Producers. Richard Josephs, the travel editor of *Esquire*, even proposed to lead fifteen trekkers on a Writer's World Tour (\$5,995 for 114 days in 12 countries, and touching on Africa). This tour was designed primarily not for writers, but for people who want to see how writers get in to interview all those celebrities. A previous gold-plated safari was Fielding's Caravan Through Europe and Africa, led by a former drum major of the Princeton University Band, and offering an audience with Haile Selassie as well as the big game. Applicants for the Caravan were screened for social acceptability, and if they made the grade, were given individually engraved Cartier stationery and "personalized baggage tags." (Thirty-seven days for \$14,850, but champagne in the back of your car.)

Even more specialized expeditions have been led by Miss Beverly Putnam: the 1953 All-Girl Safari—a thirteen-woman commando including a Honolulu matron named Peaches Guerrero—and the subsequent All-Girl Elephant Hunt. A brochure for the All-Girl Elephant Hunt promised inner-spring beds, Frigidaires to supply filtered water, ice cubes, and freshly made ice

cream. The ladies were to be guided by a White Hunter named Bunny Allen. "Practice shoots will be scheduled for novice hunters. . . . Small groups will frequently sleep out in 'fly camps' on the veldt to hear Africa ringing with the coughing of leopards and the howling of hyaenas." Six and a half weeks cost \$3,120, not including souvenirs, the Kenya general license, or the special elephant license which cost \$214 for one only.

#### HOLLYWOOD HUNTERS

THE movie people are among the industry's best customers. The Martin Johnsons had two planes painted in zebra and giraffe patterns. Now Ernest Hemingway has promised to write and act in a safari film. We have already had "King Solomon's Mines," "The African Queen," "Mogambo," "Ivory Hunters," "White Witch Doctor," and I don't know what all. On the simplest level, some poor wight arranges for an economy-sized safari, and shoots a lot of dubious film on a shoestring. Then the exploitation boys go to work on it:

SAVAGE JUNGLE DUEL TO DEATH!

WEIRD WEDDING RITES!!

LUST CRAZED NATIVES!!!

This is offered by the off-Broadway grind houses to the natives of 42nd Street.

Somewhat less inflammable safaris are those of the documentary photographers, like Alfred Milotte and his wife who went out to East Africa to film baby elephants and other engaging fauna for Walt Disney, and who used a specially-con-

structed Dodge with a trap door in the bottom and a twenty-foot aluminum-and-canvas blind which cranked out of the top.

Most profitable of all is the full-fledged Hollywoodian safari like that for the film "Mogambo," which Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer says means "Passion" in Swahili. "Mogambo" was responsible for bringing Clark Gable and Ava Gardner to Africa, though the inhabitants may have been a little blasé after having already seen Deborah Kerr, Stewart Granger, Humphrey Bogart, and Katharine Hepburn. The location unit employed not only a couple of planes but a dozen river-boats and barges, a truck convoy, and a jungle telegraph on the 55-meter band.

One Mogambo radio station was in Nairobi and the other in the trackless wilderness. Their conversation went something like this: "Mogambo 2, Mogambo 2 . . . Mogambo 2 from Mogambo 1. How many clothes hangers do you require? Over." Mogambo 2 requested 200 clothes hangers, 78 bath mats, 36 tea strainers, and 18 hot water bottles.

"Mogambo" turned out to be an amusing film largely because it didn't take itself too seriously, but the average Hollywood picture of life on trek through Darkest A. seems to have been conceived by a scenic artist from the Tunnel of Love. An anonymous reviewer for *Time*, appraising a jungle film starring Dana Andrews, drilled his target right between the eyes: "Dana's way is barred by large numbers of hostile fauna—cobras, stuffed leopards, baboons, Jeanne Crain, elephants, hippos—but he comes through grandly, with nothing more than a case of explorer's knee . . ."

## THE GREAT ATTACK ON THE FOUNDATIONS

THE FUNDS of these Foundations are largely invested in securities of corporations dominant in American industry. . . . The policies of these Foundations must inevitably be colored, if not controlled, to conform to the policies of such corporations. The funds of the Foundation represent largely the result either of the exploitation of the American workers through the payment of low wages or the exploitation of the American public through the exaction of high prices. . . . The power of these Foundations is practically unlimited, except that they may not directly engage in business for profit. . . . Foundations are subject to no public control, and their powers can be curbed only by the difficult process of amending or revoking their charters.

—From the Final Report of the United States Commission on Industrial Relations, 1916.



Lee Nichols and Louis Cassels

# THE CHURCHES REPENT

**"The most segregated institution in America"  
is beginning to open its doors . . .  
but the expected flood of Negro worshippers  
is reluctant to flow in.**

A FEW days after the Supreme Court struck down racial segregation in public schools last year, two Presbyterian ministers met for lunch at a Washington, D. C., restaurant. Their conversation soon turned to the Court's ruling.

"It is a great challenge to us," said one of them. "The Church must prepare the people to accept integrated schools in a Christian spirit."

His companion was silent for several moments before he answered. "I wonder," he said finally, "if there is anything convincing we can say about brotherly love and racial understanding, when the Church itself is the most segregated institution in America."

He put his finger on one of the sorest spots in America's Christian conscience. The churches are bringing up the rear in a battle they should have led. While racial barriers have been crumbling in sports, in the theater, in trade unions, in schools and in the military services, the worship of God is still being conducted—in almost any community you can name—on a predominantly Jim Crow basis.

Before we condemn the churches for hypocrisy, however, we must in fairness cite two facts in

their defense: First, they face a more difficult task than secular institutions; second, and more important, many of them have confessed the sinfulness of segregation and are now working hard at repentance.

Let a Negro theologian, Dr. Frank T. Wilson of Howard University School of Religion, speak for the defense on the first point.

"The churches will take longer to achieve integration because they are undertaking a much greater accomplishment," he said recently. "Worshipping together is a more personal thing than riding trains or attending movies together. Tolerance is not enough here; it must be real brotherhood or nothing."

The movement toward interracial worship started almost from scratch at the end of World War II. In 1946, Dr. Frank S. Loescher made a survey of the racial practices of 17,900 churches of six Protestant denominations. He found only 860 with racially-mixed congregations. Nearly all of these were predominantly white churches to which one or two Negro families came. "The number of white and Negro persons who ever gather together for worship under the auspices of Protestant Christianity," Dr. Loescher concluded, "is almost microscopic."

In March of that same year, the old Federal Council of Churches convened a special meeting to consider the problem. The resolution that the convention adopted in the light of Dr. Loescher's findings was a radical challenge to American Christians. Bluntly it declared that segregation is "unnecessary and undesirable and a violation of the Gospel of love," and the Council called upon its member bodies to "work for a nonsegregated Church and a nonsegregated society."

AT SUBSEQUENT denominational conventions and conferences, Congregationalists, Northern Presbyterians, Disciples of Christ, and the Evangelical and Reformed Churches committed themselves unequivocally to the stand taken by the Federal Council. The Episcopalians, Northern Baptists, and several smaller denominations adopted somewhat different statements of their own in which they called on local churches to open their doors to persons of all races. The Methodists, who have a separate "central jurisdiction" for Negro churches, and who had side-stepped a direct pronouncement on segregation for years, were firmly told by their 1952 General Conference that "there is no

place in the Methodist Church for racial discrimination or segregation."

One of the most dramatic episodes in this witness of soul-searching took place in June 1954 at St. Louis during the annual meeting of the Southern Baptist Convention, the governing body of the largest Protestant denomination in the South. A resolution vigorously supporting the Supreme Court school decision, and implicitly condemning segregation in all areas of life, was brought to the floor by the convention's Christian Life Commission. Many of the 5,000 Southern delegates were shocked. The resolution seemed to be headed for overwhelming defeat when Dr. Jesse Burton Weatherspoon, revered professor at the Southern Baptist Seminary at Louisville, Kentucky, went to the speaker's stand.

"Last night," he said, "we had a foreign mission program, and a lot was said about taking Christ to people around the world. I wonder what some of those people in China and Japan and India would think about our sending missionaries to them if they knew that right here in our own country we rejected a chance to go"—and here he pointed toward a huge banner bearing the motto of the convention—"Forward in Christ."

The convention adopted the resolution by a tremendous majority.

Denominational pronouncements by themselves will never, of course, end segregation. But they do mark a clean break with past attempts by the churches to justify, ignore, or explain away what Monsignor Ronald Knox has called "the enormity of racial division in the Body of Christ." There is convincing evidence that the stands taken in recent years by denominational bodies have strengthened the hands of local ministers and lay leaders who seek to open church doors to Christians of all complexions.

#### TEN PER CENT MIXED

THE doors are opening in every part of the country. The National Council of Churches (successor to the Federal Council) does not know exactly how many of its member churches now have racially-inclusive congregations, but it does know that the number has increased sharply since 1946. In the only statistical survey comparable in scope to Dr. Loescher's, the Council's Department of Racial and Cultural Relations checked 13,597 churches in three denominations and found 1,331, or

nearly 10 per cent, with mixed congregations. The same survey showed that the Presbyterians alone now have as many open-door churches as Loescher found in six denominations nine years ago. The Unitarians, polling 170 churches, found 79, or almost half, with Negro members. Dr. H. Conrad Hoyer, home missions director of the National Lutheran Council, reports "dramatic" progress in his denomination in the past five years.

That there are now many predominantly white churches with a few Negro members is less significant than the fact that there are at least a few churches, in every part of the country, that are truly interracial. An interracial church may be defined as one in which Negroes and whites, in substantial numbers, share fully and equally in all aspects of church life—from holding office to teaching in church school and to participating in social functions.\*

Because of the pattern of residential segregation that still prevails nearly everywhere in America, few local churches have the opportunity to build such interracial congregations, even if they want to. A church located in the middle of a lily-white suburb will not attract many Negro members, no matter how often or how sincerely it proclaims an open-door policy. Thus the front line in the battle to end church segregation is in the "changing neighborhoods" of the big cities, where once all-white churches find that the communities they serve are now occupied partly or largely by Negro families. It is here that some of the most inspiring victories have been won in the last few years.

Fred DeHart Wentzel, in his 1948 book, *Epistle to White Christians*, said the number of fully interracial churches in the United States could be "counted on the fingers of one hand." The situation is changing so rapidly that no one can say precisely how many there are today, but a recent spot check turned up scores of them, particularly in the Congregationalist, Presbyterian, Episcopal, Northern Baptist, Lutheran, and Unitarian denominations. Although many are small

\* Alfred S. Kramer, associate executive director of the department of racial and cultural relations, National Council of Churches, takes issue with us here. Mr. Kramer, who is one of the most respected authorities in this field, says of the first sentence in this paragraph: "My personal opinion is that it is just the other way around." He also feels that the phrase, *in substantial numbers*, tends to exaggerate the importance of mere nose-counting as a criterion for determining the interracial quality of a church.



neighborhood congregations, the roll includes several very large and important churches—the Episcopal Cathedral of St. John the Divine in New York, the Congregationalist Church of All Peoples in Los Angeles, the Westminster Presbyterian Church in San Francisco, the First Baptist Church of Chicago, St. John's Lutheran Church in the Bronx, All Souls' Unitarian Church in Washington, to name only a few of them.

#### DRAMA AT NEWTON GROVE

**S**O FAR we have focused attention on Protestant denominations because that is where the main problem lies: the vast majority of America's 9,000,000 Negro church-goers are Protestants. But the Catholic Church, although its 400,000 Negro communicants represent only a tiny portion of its own membership and of the over-all Negro population, has taken a bold lead in the Deep South, where Protestants so far have moved very slowly. It was a Catholic prelate, Bishop Vincent S. Waters of North Carolina, who struck perhaps the most courageous and effective single blow against segregation in the churches.

Early in 1953, Bishop Waters, a Virginian by birth, visited one of the smallest parishes in his state-wide diocese, the tiny tobacco town of Newton Grove, North Carolina. What he saw there shocked him. Barely two hundred yards apart on a dusty, unpaved street stood two white frame Catholic churches. One, Holy Redeemer, ministered to 250 white parishioners; the other, St. Benedict, to eighty Negroes. Racial congregations were at that time the general rule in Southern Catholic churches, but in other places the raw color line could at least be glossed over by the explanation that the churches were merely serving the segregated neighborhood in which they were located. That excuse could not be offered at Newton Grove.

Bishop Waters returned to Raleigh and prayed. Then he issued an order that will be long remembered in North Carolina. Beginning on Sunday, May 31, 1953, he said, the parishes of Holy Redeemer and St. Benedict would be consolidated. There would be interracial worship, or no Catholic worship at all, in Newton Grove.

On the appointed Sunday, about thirty-five white parishioners and twenty-nine apprehensive Negroes showed up for early mass at Holy Redeemer. They found the Bishop himself at the altar. Outside, an angry crowd of white

Catholics and non-Catholics milled about the small church, jeering at those who went inside. When mass was over and the tall, bespectacled prelate started to walk from the church to the nearby rectory, one man in the crowd shouted, "Get that damn Bishop!" and another yelled, "Beat hell out of him." The unruly mob shoved toward the rectory door behind the Bishop, roughing up two priests who firmly blocked the way. A few stones were hurled through the windows.

When the disturbance quieted down, Bishop Waters again returned to Raleigh and prayed. North Carolina Catholics waited, some hoping, some fearing that he would retract his explosive edict at Newton Grove. On June 12, 1953, they got their answer. From every Catholic pulpit in the state, priests read a pastoral letter from the Bishop, abolishing segregation throughout the Diocese.

The letter itself was a classic statement of the Christian case against segregation.

"I am not unmindful, as a Southerner, of the force of this virus of prejudice," said Bishop Waters. "I know, however, that there is a cure for this virus, and that is our Faith. . . . Christ did not follow customs if they were wrong. As Pastor of your souls, I am happy to take the responsibility for any evil which might result from different races worshipping God together, but I would be unwilling to take the responsibility of those who refuse to worship God with a person of another race."

So far, Louisiana is the only other Southern state in which Catholic authorities have ended segregation outright by ecclesiastical fiat. But the torch lit by Bishop Waters has thrown its light into every Catholic parish in the South. Many of them have taken a less dramatic course by ending segregation in practice without making public pronouncements of the fact.

Anyone who is inclined to minimize the Catholic accomplishment in the South should note what happened to the Reverend Henry A. Buchanan, a young Baptist minister at Shellman, Georgia, who preached an antisegregation sermon last year. Angered by his forthright assault on their prejudices, members of the congregation voted overwhelmingly to demand his resignation. Buchanan left, after advising the Shellman Baptists to "call yourselves a club instead of a church." Opposite his own name on the church roll, he wrote: "Cast out."

While Protestant spokesmen acknowledge that

to Catholics Day, moved farther and faster in race relations in the South, they also assert that the Roman church faces a somewhat different problem, both because of the relatively small numbers of Negroes involved and because of the much greater authority that Catholic priests and bishops exercise over church affairs. No Protestant bishop could successfully end segregation in a diocese by edict. A Protestant clergyman bent on breaking down racial barriers in his own church must have not only the personal courage and determination to do so, but also the leadership to carry with him the laymen who, through vestries, presbyteries, boards of deacons, or congregational meetings, have the final word on church policy.

#### CHANGING NEIGHBORHOODS

THE Reverend Arnold J. Dahlquist, formerly the pastor of St. Mark's Lutheran Church in Jamaica, New York, learned a few years ago how difficult and delicate this can be, even in a northern community. Caught like thousands of churches in "changing neighborhoods," St. Mark's had the choice of relocating nearer its white members, who continued attending though many had moved to "more desirable" sections, or of opening its doors to Negroes now living nearby. Mr. Dahlquist spent weeks wrestling with his conscience. He finally decided the only Christian solution was to take the Negroes in. He set about selling this idea to his congregation.

He sounded out lay leaders of the church by seemingly casual remarks. When he thought he had found four potential allies, he invited them to a parsonage dinner at which a Negro lady was a guest. The laymen accepted the situation graciously, and he knew he could count on their support. Then he prepared his congregation with a series of forthright sermons on the sinfulness of race prejudice.

While he was still debating how and when to move, Mr. Dahlquist says, "God acted." A new Negro boy in the neighborhood, who had set out to attend a Negro church, wandered by mistake into St. Mark's. Mr. Dahlquist welcomed him personally and quickly led him to a Sunday School class taught by one of the lay leaders he had previously tested. The pastor called on the boy's father and mother and persuaded them to attend services at St. Mark's. He recruited more Negro children for the Sun-

day School, then more Negro adults for worship services.

When he finally called for a vote on admitting the Negro families to membership, there was a short, sharp battle. A few white parishioners walked out, never to return. But Mr. Dahlquist was amazed at the whole-hearted support he got—not only from the few laymen he had tested but from many he had suspected of violent prejudice. In the show-down, St. Mark's voted for racial brotherhood by a "great majority."

St. Mark's experience has been duplicated, with minor variations, by dozens of churches that elected to stand fast in changing neighborhoods. The pastors of these churches-in-transition are remarkably unanimous in their post-mortem reports on how it was done, and the lessons they learned.

In the first place, nearly all of them agree that white Christians, when actually exposed to the practice of interracial worship rather than mere talk about it, prove to be far less opposed to it than they had thought they would be.

"The best way I know to change the prejudiced attitudes of the average person," says one Presbyterian pastor who tried it, "is to involve him willy-nilly in fellowship across racial lines. Few people, even the most prejudiced, can fail to grow and change when they share the deep experience of worship and friendship in the church with persons of another race."

The National Council of Churches' department of racial and cultural relations recently asked the ministers of several hundred racially-inclusive churches to count up the number of white communicants they had actually lost over the color issue. Out of a total of 237,000 members of all these churches, the survey turned up only twenty-six who had walked out rather than worship with Negroes.

EXPERIENCE has also cut the ground from under another bugaboo—the notion that a "white" church will lose its financial support and go bankrupt if it admits Negroes. St. Andrew's Presbyterian Church in Detroit, which has become one of the most thoroughly integrated congregations in the country, discovered that its income rose in almost direct proportion to the increase in Negro membership from 1949 through 1954. The Warren Avenue Congregational Church in Chicago had a similar record. No church has reported any serious financial problems resulting from integration.



The churches that are pioneering in interracial fellowship have learned another lesson that will surprise many white Christians. There is no likelihood that a church which opens its doors to people of all races will suddenly be swamped by a flood of Negro members. The problem is just the opposite. "We threw the doors open and nobody came in," said one minister. "We soon found that a willingness to 'accept' Negro members is not enough. You have to go out and find them, and convince them that they are really wanted."

This widespread experience could be, and has been, cited in support of the conscience-salving alibi that Negroes prefer segregated worship. Negro leaders agree that this is true, as far as it goes, but it overlooks a fundamental question: Why? Dr. Dwight W. Culver of Purdue University put this question to a large number of Negro Methodist clergymen, and he reports that the answer was nearly always the same:

"Negroes prefer their own churches because they feel unwelcome in white churches."

At a race relations conference sponsored by Lutherans at Valparaiso, Indiana, in 1953, a Negro layman, Cleveland Lassiter, offered white churchmen some practical advice on how they can overcome these misgivings:

"To help shatter any foreboding doubts in my mind as to whether I'm welcome, I would want to see some sort of slogan or by-word on the church's bulletin board or road marker or in its service bulletin reflecting its receptiveness. I wouldn't expect to see the caption 'this is an interracial church.' I like the slogan I saw on a Philadelphia church recently which read, 'This is everybody's church, serving everybody's God.' I would not hesitate to enter such a church."

Once inside the church, Lassiter said, he would observe whether Negroes were "assimilated into the main stream of church life, the council as well as the choir or women's society." If they were not, he said, he would have to conclude that the church was not really prepared for interracial worship, but could extend to Negroes only "brotherhood at arm's length."

And this, of course, is the sticking point for many congregations. Some white Christians who would gladly share a pew with Negroes have a

deep-seated dread of social intermingling—at church suppers, in youth groups, at the Ladies' Guild meetings.

CHURCHES that have successfully achieved integration have had to face this problem realistically. One answer is to let the children lead the way. With fewer prejudices to overcome, they respond enthusiastically to experiments in interracial friendship, and their example is usually sufficient to shame their elders into following suit. The Washington, D. C., Federation of Churches reports that several churches in the nation's capital have found that "the first and most easily executed step" toward racial integration is to bring Negro and white children together at Vacation Bible Schools. Regular Sunday School classes and church-sponsored summer camps have been used elsewhere to break the first hole in the racial wall.

Women's groups have also played an important part in battering at segregation. Indeed, the Young Women's Christian Association has apparently moved more rapidly than any voluntary quasi-social group in America toward the complete elimination of racial barriers. At its 1946 national convention, the YWCA adopted an "Interracial Charter" which pledged the organization "to pioneer in an interracial experience that shall be increasingly democratic and Christian." It has lived up to this pledge in an inspiring way. In the north and in many border states local YWs are now operated on an entirely nonsegregated basis. And even in the deep South, courageous women are treading deftly and determinedly among the taboos to bring white girls and Negro girls together under circumstances that no bigot dares criticize. The length to which this effort has gone in the South was dramatically illustrated in June 1954, when three hundred white women and a hundred Negro women from sixty Southern cities gathered at the YWCA camp at Blue Ridge, North Carolina, for a completely nonsegregated four-day conference.

It can be done. The churches and their related institutions have only barely set their feet on the long, rock-strewn road toward color-blind Christian fellowship. But they have finally made a start.

# BUTTON, BUTTON

## *or, how we elected Eisenhower*

By Arthur H. Parsons, Jr.

*Drawings by Donald Higgins*



THE CURRENT spate of authoritative predictions, calculated guesses, and confident denials concerning the probable 1956 Presidential ambitions of Dwight David Eisenhower leaves me cold. This is not because I feel any coolness toward Ike, or any specific enthusiasm for such assorted "hopefuls" as Stevenson, Dewey, Nixon, or Kefauver. It is merely because I know that not one of them—not even the President—can wage a campaign as full of interest or as vital in its outcome for my family as Ike's was in 1952.

It all started innocently enough when our fifteen-year old son, Lynn, intrigued by one wilted Landon-Knox sunflower and three assorted Willkie buttons still in my possession, decided to make his own collection of campaign buttons and sent his first request, in the early spring of 1952, to the national offices of Citizens for Eisenhower in New York.

The answer arrived promptly in the form of a letter from one Walter Williams, National Chairman of Citizens for Eisenhower, who warmly welcomed Lynn as the State Chairman for Nebraska. Enclosed with the letter were instructions on how the State Chairman should proceed in order that "our team" might be successful at the Chicago convention and in the eventual test in November, and forms on which were to be listed his other officers, his committee chairmen (Speakers, Membership, Finances, Special Events, etc.), his divisions (Youth, Women, Veterans, Farms, and

something called All American Origins), and any other functionaries who might be appointed by the Nebraska group.

Lynn was considerably worried at having such responsibility thrust upon him, but I assured him that further communications would cease if he simply failed to fill out the forms. His faith in my political astuteness was, I fear, rudely shattered by subsequent events.

Within less than a week he received an urgent letter ordering him to call together his County Chairmen immediately to take such action as he deemed necessary to assure a unanimously-pledged Nebraska delegation for Eisenhower at Chicago. Along with this letter came a batch of postal cards—sent first class at no slight expense—promoting Ike's request for delegates. These were to be signed chain-letter fashion and mailed to candidates in the primary election for convention delegates. Also helpfully included were mats to be used in the printing of an additional supply of the postals—at the local group's expense.

About this time weekly issues of a newsletter from the national offices of Citizens for Eisenhower began to arrive in our home, reporting in enthusiastic, confident tones the nation-wide progress of the campaign for delegates and passing along tips and suggestions for activity programs designed to bring about a more efficient operation of the local group.

With letters and bulletins of this kind arriving in volume Lynn expressed the opinion that perhaps he should write to Mr. Walter Williams and "tell all," but I, having become fascinated by the turn of events and their future possibilities, deflected him as gently as I could from any such thoughts. A second questionnaire (we had still not replied to the first) requiring answers to such questions as "How many women are there in



your organization?" "How many labor leaders?" "How many veterans?" "How many TV stations serve your area?" showed that the organization was expanding rapidly.

ALL THROUGH the spring of 1952 mail poured through our letter slot and we received the impression that Walter Williams (by this time we thought of him usually as just "Walter") was indeed a busy man. We have a rule in our house that mail—even second and third class—is sacred and is opened only by the person to whom it is addressed. It was at times most difficult to observe the rule that spring.

The Nebraska primary was duly held and a solid bloc of delegates pledged to Taft was named to the convention. This apparently made no dent in the thinking at the national offices of Citizens for Eisenhower. The Texas primary came along and Lynn's mail stepped up wondrously in both amount and content as the big hassel over the Texas delegates developed and gained momentum. Day after day came cries of "Foul" from Walter and his staff, furnishing us with the most enjoyable reading we had had for months. Capping it all, only days before the convention, a huge and angry dissertation entitled "The Texas Steal" arrived Air Mail—Special Delivery at a postage charge of something over a dollar.

The convention quite naturally found the whole family in the Eisenhower camp. We ardently hoped for the defeat of those who had perpetrated the dastardly outrage in Texas. We cheered Tom Dewey on the TV set and booed without mercy the mellifluous tones and accusing finger of Senator Everett Dirksen.

With the success of our champion (we had secretly hoped that our friend Walter would be named Vice Presidential candidate at least) Lynn and the rest of us sat back, ready to be forgotten as more professional men took over Ike's destinies. But as Citizens for Eisenhower became Citizens for Eisenhower-Nixon, Lynn was immediately drafted for the duration of the Crusade. The weekly newsletter, now the Eisenhower-Nixon Club News, still contained alternating tones of urgency, admonition, and confidence. A new note, curious but somehow illuminating, crept in as the bulletin spoke cautiously of gain-

ing the proper sort of *rapport* with "the regular Republican Organization in your community" and of gaining support from Democrats and Independents "and all those who do not wish to be affiliated with the regular Republican Organization."

Lynn's mail continued to arrive in quantity, all of it first class regardless of size, weight, or mailing cost. An imposing thirty-four page *Citizens for Eisenhower-Nixon Organizing Manual* listed well-developed techniques for such projects as "How to Set Up Your Vocational Divisions," "Seven Big Projects Your Club Can Accomplish" ("Conduct Telephone Round-Ups; Make an All-Community House-to-House Canvass; Furnish Poll Watchers, Witnesses, and Challengers"), "How to Co-ordinate with Regular Republican Organizations," "Details of a House-to-House Canvass," and dozens of others.

Newspaper mats for political advertisements of varying sizes from full-pages to "spots" came in a large bundle. Order blanks arrived from manufacturers of political buttons—large ones, small ones, "cute" ones, and standard "I Like Ike" ones—and from dealers in car plates, stickers, posters, and other political gimcracks. Letters from Walter Williams reflected his continuing optimism but they now were signed also by Mrs. Oswald B. Lord ("Select a woman for your Co-Chairman. Find a lady who has proved her qualities as a leader and who has time and zeal for the work"—*Organizing Manual*, p. 8). We were happy to see that Walter had read the *Manual* and we were further gratified to have Mrs. Lord add her own measure of assurance and caution.

The *Organizing Manual* had been prefaced by a cozy letter from General Eisenhower to "Dear Walter and Mary," referring often to "the Cause." We had learned that the Cause is "bigger than any party," that it "is the Cause of honest government," that "the Cause is too big for any of us to win alone." Apparently that was another reason why Walter had enlisted Mary as his Co-Chairman. Both Walter and Mary urged Lynn, "Let us all go forward to Victory in November." It seemed a reasonable request from two people who by now had become old friends of the family, and we felt a little sheepish for not having co-operated more actively with them.



ST. LOUIS, Mo. (UPI)—Lynn and each week brought additional titillating correspondence, increasing in frequency as November approached. Then, on October 20, Lynn received the following communication, typed (not mimeographed, mind you!) and signed in ink (not rubber-stamped):

OFFICE OF DWIGHT D. EISENHOWER

October 17, 1952

Dear Mr. Parsons:

I am intensely gratified to learn that you are holding your vitally important position in the Citizens organization. This makes us members of the same team. I personally can do only so much: the important task of organization, of securing workers, and of getting out the voters who will vote for our team must rest upon your shoulders.

I am asking a good deal of you, I know, but I am confident that having accepted with me our positions of responsibility, you will do your utmost to obtain the results that we must have to win.

Walter Williams has explained very graphically to me the fine work which you are doing in your state on behalf of the Eisenhower-Nixon ticket. I know and keenly appreciate more than anyone else that if our ticket is successful in November, that success, in large measure, will be due to your efforts.

The Citizens for Eisenhower-Nixon movement, acting as one horse of a team pulling the Eisenhower-Nixon campaign wagon, has the tremendous job ahead of it to point out to over 10,000,000 Independent and Democratic necessary voters in our country why they should support our team. The accomplishment of that job is necessary for our victory in November.

I know you feel as strongly as I do that we must work day and night and personally sacrifice far beyond the normal call to duty to succeed in this crusade. We must put party lines and all personal prejudice behind us, and go forward to victory.

Sincerely yours,

*Dwight D. Eisenhower*

Lynn's cup was filled to overflowing with receipt of this letter, and to have the autograph of a future President (there was no doubt in

Lynn's mind of Ike's election) was satisfaction compounded a hundred-fold.

**I**KE'S ELECTION duly came and Lynn relaxed, sorry that his first venture into politics had ended but happy that, however slight, his part in the campaign had been recognized by President-Elect Eisenhower. He was still not forgotten, however. The long arm of politics, the Hatch Act, and other statutory regulations stretched out from Washington to the Cornbelt. Losing no time, the Honorable Thomas C. Hennings, Jr., Senator from Missouri and Chairman of the United States Senate Sub-Committee on Privileges and Elections, dispatched on November 13, 1952, two copies of an eight-page questionnaire to:

Citizens for Eisenhower  
Lynn Parsons

The covering letter stated that "The attached questionnaire is being directed to all organizations engaged in any activities tending to influence, directly or indirectly, the results of elections for the following offices: (a) President and Vice President of the United States, (b) United States Senator."

At first we intended to neglect this new inquiry too, but we soon considered the probable course of any eventual investigation by the Junior Senator from Wisconsin and rapidly changed our minds. We therefore responded to Senator Hennings, filling in all the blanks as required and reporting that Lynn's group had no "subsidiary, branch, or affiliate offices," that no salaries were paid, that the organization did not "regard itself as relatively permanent" (I regretted having to admit that fact), that no contributions of over \$50 had been received, that no expenditures of any amounts had been made for travel, radio, printing, or "painted bulletins," and that only three cents had been expended for postage.

That three cents was for the stamp on the original letter requesting an "I Like Ike" button—a request which was never honored. We have hopes however. Lynn's young brother will next year be at just the right age to start a collection of campaign buttons.

On second thought, I can hardly wait for the 1956 campaign to get under way.





Part I of a Novel in Four Parts

by GRAHAM GREENE

# LOSER TAKES ALL

1

I SUPPOSE the small greenish statue of a man in a wig on a horse is one of the famous statues of the world. I said to Cary, "Do you see how shiny the right knee is? It's been touched so often for luck, like St. Peter's foot in Rome."

She rubbed the knee carefully and tenderly as though she were polishing it. "Are you superstitious?" I said.

"Yes."

"I'm not."

"I'm so superstitious I never walk under ladders. I throw salt over my right shoulder. I try not to tread on the cracks in pavements. Darling, you're marrying the most superstitious woman in the world. Lots of people aren't happy. We are. I'm not going to risk a thing."

"You've rubbed that hoof so much, we ought to have plenty of luck at the tables."

"I wasn't asking for luck at the tables," she said.

2

THAT night I thought that our luck had begun in London two weeks before. We were to be married at St. Luke's Church, Maida Hill, and we were going to Bournemouth for the honeymoon. Not, on the face of it, an exhilarating program, but I thought I didn't care a damn where we went so long as Cary was there. Le Touquet was within our means, but we thought we could be more alone in Bournemouth—the Ramages and the Truefitts were going to Le Touquet. "Besides, you'd lose all our money at the Casino," Cary said, "and we'd have to come home."

"I know too much about figures. I live with them all day."

"You won't be bored at Bournemouth."

"No, I won't be bored."

"I wish it wasn't your second honeymoon. Was the first very exciting—in Paris?"

"We could only afford a weekend," I said guardedly.

"Did you love her a terrible lot?"

"Listen," I said, "it was more than fifteen years ago. You hadn't started school. I couldn't have waited all that time for you."

"But did you?"

"The night after she left me I took Ramage out to dinner and stood him the best champagne I could get. Then I went home and slept for nine hours right across the bed. She was one of those people who kick at night and then say you are taking up too much room."

"Perhaps I'll kick."

"That would feel quite different. I hope you'll kick. Then I'll know you are there. Do you realize the terrible amount of time we'll waste asleep, not knowing a thing? A quarter of our life."

It took her a long time to calculate that. She wasn't good at figures as I was.

"More," she said, "much more. I like ten hours."

"That's even worse," I said. "And eight hours at the office without you. And food—this awful business of having meals."

"I'll try to kick," she said.

That was at lunch time the day when our so-called luck started. We used to meet as often as we could for a snack at the Volunteer, which was just round the corner from my office—Cary drank cider and had an unquenchable appetite for cold sausages. I've seen her eat five and then finish off with a hard-boiled egg.

"If we were rich," I said, "you wouldn't have to waste time cooking."

"But think how much more time we'd waste eating. These sausages—look, I'm through al-

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ready. We shouldn't even have finished the caviar."

"And then the *sole meunière*," I said.

"A little fried spring chicken with new peas."

A *single horseshoe*.

"Oh, don't be rich, please," she said. "We mightn't like each other if we were rich. Like me growing fat and my hair falling out. . . ."

That *shouldn't* make any difference."

"Oh yes, it would," she said. "You know it would," and the talk suddenly faded out. She was not too young to be wise, but she was too young to know that wisdom shouldn't be spoken aloud when you are happy.

I went back to the huge office block with its glass, glass, glass, and its dazzling marble floor and its pieces of modern carving in alcoves and niches like statues in a Catholic church. I was the assistant accountant (an aging assistant accountant) and the very vastness of the place made promotion seem next to impossible. To be raised from the ground floor I would have to be a piece of sculpture myself.

In little uncomfortable offices in the city people die and people move on: old gentlemen look up from steel boxes and take a Dickensian interest in younger men. Here, in the great operational room with the calculators ticking and the tape machines clicking and the soundless typewriters padding, you felt there was no chance for a man who hadn't passed staff college. I hadn't time to sit down before a loudspeaker said, "Mr. Bertram wanted in Room 10." (That was me.)

"Who lives in Room 10?" I asked.

Nobody knew. Somebody said, "It must be on the eighth floor." (He spoke with awe as though he were referring to the peak of Everest—the eighth floor was as far as the London County Council regulations allowed us to build toward Heaven.)

"Who lives in Room 10?" I asked the liftman again.

"Don't you know," he said sourly. "How long have you been here?"

"Five years."

We began to mount. He said, "You ought to know who lives in Room 10."

"But I don't."

"Five years and you don't know that."

"Be a good chap and tell me."

"Here you are. Eighth floor, turn left." As I got out, he said gloomily, "Not know Room 10." He relented as he shot the gates. "Who do you think? The Gom, of course."

Then I began to walk very slowly indeed.

I have no belief in luck. I am not superstitious, but it is impossible when you have reached forty and are conspicuously unsuccessful not sometimes to half-believe in a malign prov-

idence. I had never met the Gom: I had only seen him twice; there was no reason so far as I could tell why I should ever see him again. He was elderly; he would die first, I would contribute grudgingly to a memorial. But to be summoned from the ground floor to the eighth shook me. I wondered what terrible mistake could justify a reprimand in Room 10; it seemed to be quite possible that our wedding now would never take place at St. Luke's, nor our fortnight at Bournemouth. In a way I was right.

### 3

THE GOM was called the Gom by those who disliked him and by all those too far removed from him for any feeling at all. He was like the weather—unpredictable. When a new tape machine was installed, or new calculators replaced the old reliable familiar ones, you said, "The Gom, I suppose," before settling down to learn the latest toy. At Christmas little type-written notes came round, addressed personally to each member of the staff (it must have given the typing pool a day's work, but the signature below the seasonal greeting, Herbert Dreuther, was rubber stamped). I was always a little surprised that the letter was not signed Gom. At that season of bonuses and cigars, unpredictable in amount, you sometimes heard him called by his full name, the Grand Old Man.

And there was something grand about him with his mane of white hair, his musician's head. Where other men collected pictures to escape death duties, he collected for pleasure. For a month at a time he would disappear in his yacht with a cargo of writers and actresses and oddments—a hypnotist, a man who had invented a new rose or discovered something about the endocrine glands. We on the ground floor, of course, would never have missed him; we should have known nothing about it if we had not read an account in the papers—the cheaper Sunday papers followed the progress of the yacht from port to port. They associated yachts with scandal but there would never be any scandal on Dreuther's boat. He hated unpleasantness outside office hours.

I knew a little more than most from my position: diesel oil was included with wine under the general heading of Entertainment. At one time that caused trouble with Blixon. My chief told me about it. Walter Blixon was the other power at No. 45. He held about as many shares as Dreuther, but he was not proportionally consulted. He was small, spotty, undistinguished, and consumed with jealousy. He could have had a yacht himself, but nobody would have sailed with him. When he objected to the diesel oil,



Dreuther magnanimously gave way and then proceeded to knock all private gasoline from the firm's account. As he lived in London he employed the firm's car, but Blixon had a house in Hampshire. What Dreuther courteously called a compromise was reached—things were to remain as they were.

When Blixon managed somehow to procure himself a knighthood, he gained a momentary advantage until the rumor was said to have reached him that Dreuther had refused one in the same Honors List. One thing was certainly true—at a dinner party, to which Blixon and my chief had been invited, Dreuther was heard to oppose a knighthood for a certain artist. "Impossible. He couldn't accept it. An O.M. (or possibly a C.H.) are the only honors that remain respectable." (It made matters worse that Blixon had never heard of the C.H.)

But Blixon bided his time. One more packet of shares would give him control and we used to believe that his chief prayer at night (he was a churchwarden in Hampshire) was that these shares would reach the market while Dreuther was at sea.

4

WITH despair in my heart I knocked on the door of No. 10 and entered, but even in my despair I memorized details—they would want to know them on the ground floor. The room was not like an office at all—there was a bookcase containing sets of English classics and it showed Dreuther's astuteness that Trollope was there and not Dickens, Stevenson and not Scott, thus giving an appearance of personal taste. There was an unimportant Renoir and a lovely little Boudin on the far wall, and one noticed at once that there was a sofa but not a desk. The few visible files were stacked on a Regency table, and Blixon and my chief and a stranger sat uncomfortably on the edge of easy chairs. Dreuther was almost out of sight—he lay practically on his spine in the largest and deepest chair, holding some papers above his head and scowling at them through the thickest glasses I have ever seen on a human face.

"It is fantastic and it cannot be true," he was saying in his deep guttural voice.

"I don't see the importance. . . ." Blixon said.

Dreuther took off his glasses and gazed across the room at me. "Who are you?" he said.

"This is Mr. Bertram, my assistant," the chief accountant said.

"What is he doing here?"

"You asked me to send for him."

"I remember," Dreuther said. "But that was half an hour ago."

"I was out at lunch, sir."

"Lunch?" Dreuther asked as though it were a new word.

"It was during the lunch hour, Mr. Dreuther," the chief accountant said.

"And they go out for lunch?"

"Yes, Mr. Dreuther."

"All of them?"

"Most of them, I think."

"How very interesting. I did not know. Do you go out to lunch, Sir Walter?"

"Of course I do, Dreuther. Now, for goodness sake, can't we leave this in the hands of Mr. Arnold and Mr. Bertram. The whole discrepancy only amounts to seven pounds fifteen and fourpence. I'm hungry, Dreuther."

"It's not the amount that matters, Sir Walter. You and I are in charge of a great business. We cannot leave our responsibilities to others. The shareholders . . ."

"You are talking highfalutin rubbish, Dreuther. The shareholders are you and I . . ."

"And the Other, Sir Walter. Surely you never forget the Other. Mr. Bertrand, please sit down and look at these accounts. Did they pass through your hands?"

With relief I saw that they belonged to a small subsidiary company with which I did not deal. "I have nothing to do with General Enterprises, sir."

"Never mind. You may know something about figures—it is obvious that no one else does. Please see if you notice anything wrong."

The worst was obviously over. Dreuther had exposed an error and he did not really worry about a solution. "Have a cigar, Sir Walter. You see you cannot do without me yet." He lit his own cigar. "You have found the problem, Mr. Bertrand?"

"Yes. In the General Purposes account."

"Exactly. Take your time, Mr. Bertrand."

"If you don't mind, Dreuther, I have a table at the Berkeley. . . ."

"Of course, Sir Walter, if you are so hungry . . . I can deal with this matter."

"Coming, Naismith?" The stranger rose, made a kind of bob at Dreuther, and sidled after Blixon.

"And you, Arnold, you have had no lunch?"

"It really doesn't matter, Mr. Dreuther."

"You must pardon me. It had never crossed my mind . . . this—lunch hour—you call it?"

"Really it doesn't . . ."

"Mr. Bertrand has had lunch. He and I will worry out this problem between us. Will you tell Miss Bullen that I am ready for my glass of milk? Would you like a glass of milk, Mr. Bertrand?"

"No, thank you, sir."

I found myself alone with the Gom. I felt exposed as he watched me fumble with the papers—on the eighth floor, on a mountain top, like one of those Old Testament characters to whom a King commanded, "Prophecy."

"Where do you lunch, Mr. Bertrand?"

"At the Volunteer."

"Is that a good restaurant?"

"It's a public house, sir."

"They serve meals?"

"Snacks."

"How very interesting." He fell silent and I began all over again to add, carry, subtract. I was for a time puzzled. Human beings are capable of the most simple errors, the failing to carry a figure on, but we had all the best machines and a machine should be incapable. . . .

"I feel at sea, Mr. Bertrand," Dreuther said.

"I confess, sir, I *am* a little too."

"Oh, I didn't mean in that way, not in that way at all. There is no hurry. We will put all that right. In our good time. I mean that when Sir Walter leaves my room I have a sense of calm, peace. I think of my yacht." The cigar smoke blew between us. "*Luxe, calme, et volupté*," he said.

"I can't find any *ordre* or *beauté* in these figures, sir."

"You read Baudelaire, Mr. Bertrand?"

"Yes."

"He is my favorite poet."

"I prefer Racine, sir. But I expect that is the mathematician in me."

"Don't depend too much on his classicism. There are moments in Racine, Mr. Bertrand, when—the abyss opens." I was aware of being watched while I started checking all over again. Then came the verdict. "How very interesting."

But now at last I was really absorbed. I have never been able to understand the layman's indifference to figures. The veriest fool vaguely appreciates the poetry of the solar system—"the army of unalterable law"—and yet he cannot see the stately march of the columns, certain figures moving upwards, crossing over, one digit running the whole length of every column, emerging, like some elaborate drill at the Trooping the Color. I was following one small figure now, dodging in pursuit.

"What calculating machines do General Enterprises use, sir?"

"You must ask Miss Bullen."

"I'm certain it's the Revolq. We gave them up five years ago. In old age they have a tendency to slip, but only when the 2 and the 7 are in relationship, and then not always, and then only in subtraction not addition. Now, here sir, if you'll look, the combination happens four times, but only once has the slip occurred. . . ."

"Please don't explain to me, Mr. Bertrand. It would be useless."

"There's nothing wrong except mechanically. Put these figures through one of our machines. And scrap the Revolq (they've served long enough)."

I sat back on the sofa with a gasp of triumph. I felt the equal of any man. It had really been a very neat piece of detection. So simple when you knew, but everyone before me had accepted the perfection of the machine and no machine is perfect; in every join, rivet, screw lies original sin. I tried to explain that to Dreuther, but I was out of breath.

"How very interesting, Mr. Bertrand. I'm glad we have solved the problem while Sir Walter is satisfying his carnal desires. Are you sure you won't have a glass of milk?"

"No, thank you, sir. I must be getting back to the ground floor."

"No hurry. You look tired, Mr. Bertrand. When did you last have a holiday?"

"My annual leave's just coming round, sir. As a matter of fact I'm taking the opportunity to get married."

"Really. How interesting. Have you received your clock?"

"Clock?"

"I believe they always give a clock here. The first time, Mr. Bertrand?"

"Well . . . the second."

"Ah, the second stands much more chance."

The Gom had certainly a way with him. He made you talk, confide, he gave an effect of being really interested—and I think he always was, for a moment. He was a prisoner in his room, and small facts of the outer world came to him with the shock of novelty; he entertained them as an imprisoned man entertains a mouse or treasures a leaf blown through the bars. I said, "We are going to Bournemouth for our honeymoon."

"Ah, that I do not think is a good idea. That is *too* classical. You should take the young woman to the south—the bay of Rio de Janeiro. . . ."

"I'm afraid I couldn't afford it, sir."

"The sun would do you good, Mr. Bertrand. You are pale. I would suggest South Africa, but that is no better than Bournemouth."

"I'm afraid that anyway . . ."

"I have it, Mr. Bertrand. You and your beautiful young wife will come on my yacht. All my guests leave me at Nice and Monte Carlo. I will pick you up then on the 30th. We will sail down the coast of Italy, the Bay of Naples, Capri, Ischia."

"I'm afraid, sir, it's a bit difficult. I'm very, very grateful, but you see we are getting married on the 30th."

"Where?"



"St. Luke's, Maida Hill."

"St. Luke's! You are being too classical again, my friend. We must not be too classical with a beautiful young wife. I assume she is young, Mr. Bertrand?"

"Yes."

"And beautiful."

"I think so, sir."

"Then you must be married at Monte Carlo. Before the mayor. With myself as witness. On the 30th. At night we sail for Portofino. That is better than St. Luke's or Bournemouth."

"But surely, sir, there would be legal difficulties. . . ."

But he had already rung for Miss Bullen. I think he would have made a great actor; he already saw himself in the part of a Haroun who could raise a man from obscurity and make him the ruler over provinces. I have an idea too that he thought it would make Blixon jealous. It was the same attitude which he had taken to the knighthood. Blixon was probably planning to procure the Prime Minister to dinner. This would show how little Dreuther valued rank. It would take the salt out of any social success Blixon might have.

Miss Bullen appeared with a second glass of milk. "Miss Bullen, please arrange with our Nice office to have Mr. Bertrand married in Monte Carlo on the 30th at 4:00 P.M."

"On the 30th, sir?"

"There may be residence qualifications—they must settle those. They can include him on their staff for at least six months. They will have to see the British Consul too. You had better speak on the telephone to M. Tissand, but don't bother me about it. I want to hear no more of it. Oh, and tell Sir Walter Blixon that we have found an error in the Revolq machines. They have got to be changed at once. He had better consult Mr. Bertrand who will advise him. I want to hear no more of that either. The muddle has given us a most exhausting morning. Well, Mr. Bertrand, until the 30th then. Bring a set of Racine with you. Leave the rest to Miss Bullen. Everything is settled." So he believed, of course, but there was still Cary.

5

THE NEXT day was a Saturday. I met Cary at the Volunteer and walked all the way home with her: it was one of those spring afternoons when you can smell the country in a London street; tree smells and flower smells blew up into Oxford Street from Hyde Park, the Green Park, St. James's, Kensington Gardens.

"Oh," she said, "I wish we could go a long, long way to somewhere very hot and very gay

and very—" I had to pull her back or she would have been under a bus. I was always saving her from busses and taxis—sometimes I wondered how she kept alive when I wasn't there.

"Well," I said, "we can," and while we waited for the traffic lights to change I told her.

I don't know why I expected such serious opposition; perhaps it was partly because she had been so set on a church wedding, the choir and the cake and all the nonsense. "Think," I said, "to be married in Monte Carlo instead of Maida Hill. The sea down below and the yacht waiting. . . ." As I had never been there, the details rather petered out.

She said, "There's sea at Bournemouth too. Or so I've heard."

"The Italian coast."

"In company with your Mr. Dreuther."

"We won't share a cabin with him," I said, "and I don't suppose the hotel in Bournemouth will be quite empty."

"Darling, I did want to be married at St. Luke's."

"Think of the Town Hall at Monte Carlo—the mayor in all his robes—the, the . . ."

"Does it count?"

"Of course it counts."

"It would be rather fun if it didn't count, and then we could marry at St. Luke's when we came back."

"That would be living in sin."

"I'd love to live in sin."

"You could," I said, "any time. This afternoon."

"Oh, I don't count London," she said. "That would be just making love. Living in sin is—oh, striped umbrellas and 80 in the shade and grapes—and a fearfully gay bathing suit. I'll have to have a new bathing suit."

I thought all was well then, but she caught sight of one of those pointed spires sticking up over the plane trees a square ahead.

"We've sent out all the invitations. What will Aunt Marion say?" (She had lived with Aunt Marion ever since her parents were killed in the blitz.)

"Just tell her the truth. She'd much rather get picture-postcards from Italy than from Bournemouth."

"It will hurt the Vicar's feelings."

"Only to the extent of a fiver."

"Nobody will really believe we are married." She added a moment later (she was nothing if not honest), "That will be fun."

Then the pendulum swung again and she went thoughtfully on, "You are only hiring your clothes. But my dress is being made."

"There's time to turn it into an evening dress.

And all that's left it would have become  
away."

The church loomed in sight: it was a hideous church, but no more hideous than St. Luke's. It was gray and flinty and soot-stained, with reddish steps to the street the color of clay and a text on a board that said, "Come to Me all ye who are heavy laden," as much as to say, "Abandon Hope." A wedding had just taken place, and there was a dingy high tide line of girls with perambulators and squealing children and dogs and grim middle-aged matrons who looked as though they had come to curse.

I said, "Let's watch. This might be happening to us."

A lot of girls in long mauve dresses with lacy Dutch caps came out and lined the steps: they looked with fear at the nursemaids and the matrons and one or two giggled nervously—you could hardly blame them. Two photographers set up cameras to cover the entrance, an arch which seemed to be decorated with stone clover leaves, and then the victims emerged followed by a rabble of relatives.

"It's terrible," Cary said, "terrible. To think that might be you and me."

"Well, you haven't an incipient goiter and I'm—well, damn it, I don't blush and I know where to put my hands."

A car was waiting decorated with white ribbons and all the bridesmaids produced bags of paper rose petals and flung them at the young couple.

"They are lucky," I said. "Rice is still short, but I'm certain Aunt Marion can pull strings with the grocer."

"She'd never do such a thing."

"You can trust no one at a wedding. It brings out a strange atavistic cruelty. Now that they are not allowed to bed the bride, they try to damage the bridegroom. Look," I said, clutching Cary's arm. A small boy, encouraged by one of the somber matrons, had stolen up to the door of the car and, just as the bridegroom stooped to climb in, he launched at close range a handful of rice full in the unfortunate young man's face.

"When you can only spare a cupful," I said, "you are told to wait until you can see the whites of your enemy's eyes."

"But it's terrible," Cary said.

"That, my dear child, is what is called a church marriage."

"But ours wouldn't be like that. It's going to be very quiet—only near relatives."

"You forget the highways and hedges. It's a Christian tradition. That boy wasn't a relation. Trust me. I know. I've been married in church myself."

"You were married in church? You never told me," she said. "In that case I'd *much* rather be married in a town hall. You haven't been married in a town hall too, have you?"

"No, it will be the first time—and the last time."

"Oh, for God's sake," Cary said, "touch wood." So there she was two weeks later rubbing away

JEAN PEDRICK

## IT'S YOUR EGO BUT IT'S MY ID

now that I have insight what has happened to *outsight*?  
You were such a droll looking fellow, no one to turn at.  
Insight has knighted you, benighted me, and in the night  
Even the telephone grows funny. I could call you and will not.

Plane walls become the vista of an island harbor  
That doesn't exist, but hear the children's voices  
And the slender gulls outcry one another. There  
Through the dumb wall where you ought to hang your diploma  
Insight sees the mighthavebeens that weren't for good reason  
And *outsight* sees a hell of a mess next season.

Thus on second and second hundredth thought  
You call *me*: that's the one way it never was—



at the horse's knee, asking for luck, and the great lounge of the Monte Carlo hotel spread empty around us, and I said, "That's that. We're alone, Cary." (One didn't count the receptionist and the cashier and the concierge and the two men with our luggage and the old couple sitting on a sofa, for Mr. Dreuther, they told me, had not yet arrived and we had the night to ourselves.)

6

WE HAD dinner on the terrace of the hotel and watched people going into the Casino. Cary said, "We ought to look in for the fun. After all we aren't gamblers."

"We couldn't be," I said, "not with fifty pounds basic." We had decided not to use hers in case we found ourselves able to go to Le Touquet for a week in the winter.

"You are an accountant," Cary said. "You ought to know all about systems."

"Systems are damned expensive," I said. I had discovered that we had a suite already booked for us by Miss Bullen and I had no idea what it would cost. Our passports were still under different names, so I suppose it was reasonable that we should have two rooms, but the sitting-room seemed unnecessary. Perhaps we were supposed to entertain in it after the wedding. I said, "You need a million francs to play a system, and then you are up against the limit. The bank can't lose."

"I thought someone broke the bank once."

"Only in a comic song," I said.

"It would be awful if we were really gamblers," she said. "You've got to care so much about money. You don't, do you?"

"No," I said and meant it. All I had in my mind that night was the wonder whether we would sleep together. We never had. It was that kind of marriage. I had tried the other kind, and now I would have waited months if I could gain in that way all the rest of the years. But tonight I didn't want to wait any longer. I was as fussed as a young man—I found I could no longer see into Cary's mind. She was fifteen years younger, she had never been married before, and the game was all in her hands. I couldn't even interpret what she said to me. For instance as we crossed to the Casino she said, "We'll only stay ten minutes. I'm terribly tired." Was that hint in my favor or against me? Or was it just a plain statement of fact? Had the problem in my mind never occurred to her, or had she already made up her mind so certainly that the problem didn't exist? Was she assuming I knew the reason?

I had thought when they showed us our rooms

I would discover, but all she had said with enormous glee was, "Darling. What extravagance."

I took the credit from Miss Bullen. "It's only for one night. Then we'll be on the boat." There was one huge double room and one very small single room and a medium-sized sitting-room in between: all three had balconies. I felt as though we had taken the whole front of the hotel. First she depressed me by saying, "We could have had two single rooms," and then she contradicted that by saying, "All the beds are double ones," and then down I went again when she looked at the sofa in the sitting-room and said, "I wouldn't have minded sleeping on that." I was no wiser, and so we talked about systems. I didn't care a damn for systems.

After we had shown our passports and got our tickets we entered what they call the *cuisine*, where the small stakes are laid. "This is where I belong," Cary said and nothing was less true. The old veterans sat around the tables with their charts and their pads and their pencils, making notes of every number. They looked, some of them, like opium smokers, dehydrated. There was a very tiny brown old lady with a straw hat of forty years ago covered in daisies: her left claw rested on the edge of the table like the handle of an umbrella and her right held a chip worth one hundred francs. After the ball had rolled four times she placed her piece and lost it. Then she began waiting again. A young man leaned over her shoulder, staked 100 on the last twelve numbers, won and departed. "There goes a wise man," I said, but when we came opposite the bar, he was there with a glass of beer and a sandwich. "Celebrating three hundred francs," I said.

"Don't be mean. Do you know—watch him, I believe that's the first food he's had today."

I was on edge with wanting her, and I flared suddenly up; foolishly, for she would never have looked twice at him otherwise. So it is we prepare our own dooms. I said, "You wouldn't call me mean if he weren't young and good-looking."

"Darling," she said with astonishment, "I was only—" and then her mouth hardened. "You *are* mean now," she said. "I'm damned if I'll apologize." She stood and stared at the young man until he raised his absurd romantic hungry face and looked back at her. "Yes," she said, "he is young, he is good-looking," and walked straight out of the Casino. I followed saying, "Damn, damn, damn," under my breath. I knew now how we'd spend the night.

We went up in the lift in a dead silence and marched down the corridor and into the sitting-room.

"You can have the large room," she said.

"No, you can."

The small ones quite big enough for me. I don't like huge rooms."

"Then I'll have to change the luggage. They've put yours in the large room."

"Oh, all right," she said and went into it and shut the door without saying good night. I began to get angry with her as well as myself—"A fine first night of marriage," I said aloud kicking my suitcase, and then I remembered we weren't married yet, and everything seemed silly and

absurd.

I put on my dressing-gown and went out on to my balcony. The front of the Casino was floodlit: it looked a cross between a Balkan palace and a super-cinema with the absurd statuary sitting on the edge of the green roof looking down at the big portico and the commissionaires; everything stuck out in the white light as though projected in 3D. In the harbor the yachts were all lit up, and a rocket burst in the air over the hill of Monaco. It was so stupidly romantic I could have wept.

"Fireworks, darling," a voice said and there was Cary on her balcony with all the stretch of the sitting-room between us. "Fireworks," she said, "isn't that just our luck?" so I knew all was right again.

"Cary," I said—we had to raise our voices to carry. "I'm so sorry. . . ."

"Do you think there'll be a catherine wheel?"

"I wouldn't be surprised."

"Do you see the lights in the harbor?"

"Yes."

"Do you think Mr. Dreuther's arrived?"

"I expect he'll sail in at the last moment tomorrow."

"Could we get married without him? I mean he's a witness, isn't he, and his engine might have broken down or he might have been wrecked at sea or there might be a storm or something."

"I think we could manage without him."

"You do think it's arranged all right, don't you?"

"Oh yes, Miss Bullen's done it all. Four o'clock tomorrow."

"I'm getting hoarse, are you, from shouting? Come on to the next balcony, darling."

I went into the sitting-room and out on to the balcony there. She said, "I suppose we'll all have to have lunch together—you and me and your Goni?"

"If he gets in for lunch."

"It would be rather fun, wouldn't it, if he were a bit late. I like this hotel."

"We'd have just enough money for two days, I suppose."

"We could always run up terrible bills," she said, and then added, "but it wouldn't be so much fun really as living in sin, I suppose."

I wonder if that young man's in debt."

"I wish you'd forget him."

"Oh, I'm not a bit interested in him, darling. I don't like young men. I expect I've got a father fixation."

"Damn it, Cary," I said, "I'm not old enough to be your father."

"Oh yes, you are," she said, "puberty begins at fourteen."

"Then in fifteen and a half years from tonight you may be a grandmother."

"Tonight?" she said nervously, and then fell silent. The fireworks exploded in the sky. I said, "There's your catherine wheel."

She turned and looked palely at it.

"What are you thinking, Cary?"

"It's so strange," she said, "we are going to be together now for years and years and years. Darling, do you think we'll have enough to talk about?"

"We needn't only talk."

"Darling, I'm serious. Have we got *anything* in common? I'm terribly bad at mathematics. And I don't understand poetry. You do."

"You don't need to. —You are the poetry."

"No, but really—I'm serious."

"We haven't dried up yet, and we've been doing nothing else but talk."

"It would be so terrible," she said, "if we became a couple. You know what I mean. You with your paper. Me with my knitting."

"You don't know how to knit."

"Well, playing patience then. Or listening to the radio. Or watching television. We'll never have a television, will we?"

"Never."

The rockets were dying down: there was a long pause: I looked away from the lights in the harbor. She was squatted on the floor of the balcony, her head against the side, and she was fast asleep. When I leaned over I could touch her hair. She woke at once.

"Oh, how silly. I was dozing."

"It's bed time."

"Oh. I'm not a bit tired really."

"You said you were."

"It's the fresh air. It's so nice in the fresh air."

"Then come on my balcony."

"Yes, I could, couldn't I," she said dubiously.

"We don't need both balconies."

"No."

"Come round."

"I'll climb over."

"No. Don't. You might . . ."

"Don't argue," she said, "I'm here."

They must have thought us crazy when they came to do the rooms—three beds for two people and not one of them had been slept in.

[To be continued in the November issue.]





Eleanor Perényi

## Dear Louisa

IN THE 1886 edition of *Jo's Boys*, with a foreword written two years before her death, appears the engraved rendering of a profile of the best-loved children's writer this side of the Atlantic. The physical appearance of authors is always interesting and it is instructive to compare her with portraits of her contemporary female Victorians. Sand, of course, had the luck, or the taste, to be painted by a major artist. She is noble, cat-faced, elegant, and massive by turns as Delacroix saw her. E.B.B., even in the hands of a minor portraitist, is an irresistible cross between a poetess and a spaniel. George Eliot's hideousness is the authentic face of genius, as Lincoln's was.

Louisa May Alcott resembles none of them. Nothing in her face suggests genius or, it must be said, charm, but rather effort, discipline, and a kind of untidy gentility. With her rather large nose, hair in a bun, and tightly drawn mouth, she looks like an overworked English teacher. One is not surprised to learn that she did, indeed, die of overwork, at the age of fifty-six, and in the same year as her father, who did so much, in his simple-hearted way, to kill her off. One remembers a phrase she often used—"early old"—to describe her prototype, Jo. Yet in her way she also had genius and, one may believe, charm.

It is curious how few children's classics were, in fact, written for children. Children tend to take over the adult immortals of the generation just past, and they remain faithful to the *démodé*. Louisa was not alone but somewhat exceptional in that she always knew her audience. And that audience she has not lost. Her publishers still sell some six thousand copies a year of her books to today's children and there is no telling how many people (myself included) reread her faithfully in spite of every killing change of fashion. She is astonishingly out-of-date. Sermons in stones are endless and the clichés fall like hail. One wonders that young

stomachs ever digested it all, why they still do, and why one is oneself moving along with so much pleasure on the well-worn tracks. What is her fascination?

**A** PART FROM LIBERALISM *There in Wonderland* and sundry classics of our own day, in which Thurber's children's stories must be included—perhaps the most solid appeal to children's taste can be found in regionalism. Stevenson, *Uncle Remus*, and every cowboy story ever written make this appeal, and no one was more regional than Louisa Alcott. Though, like other prophets, she was not born in her soul's country but in Germantown, Pennsylvania, she eventually found her way to the geographic spot she belonged in. New England became her own. Concord is in every sense close to Walden Pond, and we are not surprised to learn that she prattled at Thoreau's knee, or that her father made his own Transcendental Utopia within the confines of that sacred circle which can be drawn by stabbing one branch of the compass into Beacon Street and sweeping the other in a fifty-mile radius.

Plain living and high thinking flourished within this circle as nowhere else in America and in Louisa's books the principle is rampant. Her liberalism is real, there is no doubt about it, but it takes some surprising forms to today's readers, surprising but, I think, very regional too.

Consider her attitude toward money. Nearly everyone in her books has it, or, as in the case of the Marches, has had it. And solid money it is, mostly we gather derived from ships and the China trade. Laurie's grandfather, the uncles in *Eight Cousins*, Tom Shaw's father, all are engaged in this business. (One astonishing little passage in *Eight Cousins* has a tiny Chinese kissing Aunt Plenty. He is a business associate of the uncles and presumably from that sink of iniquity, Macao, to which so many New England merchants and sailormen retired, though not in Louisa Alcott's books, with unuttered sighs of relief.)

There are, however, two very different ways of being well off. In all her works, we are shown the vulgar—only hinted at as Irish, and this in their names only—who are coming up. They are ostentatious, they have no breeding, they most mistakenly snub the simply dressed heroine. They are in complete contrast to the "good rich"—who are easily identifiable by simplicity, and

even more by charitableness. Charity and breeding are intimately connected and this charity is curious in that no one seems to have found it offensive. To our minds, it is profoundly so. The solemn decisions to feed or clothe or employ the underprivileged radiate patronage, and sometimes foolishness. Beth, after all, got scarlet fever from her series of unnecessary visits to the poor German family next door. The Rose of *Rose in Bloom*, transparently modeled on Jane Austen's Emma but lacking, alas, all wit, is nothing short of insufferable to her protégée, the maid of all work, Phoebe.

Yet when all this is said, it must also be said that the moral is a sound one. It is nobler not to grind the faces of the poor, to assume responsibility for one's fellow creature. The capitalistic conscience, like other forms of conscience, first made itself felt in New England and Louisa could hardly help portraying it. In her world, everyone not only *seemed* to be on the side of the angels. In the 1860s, they really were. Bronson Alcott was, among other things, a Garrisonian Abolitionist. So, it can be assumed, was his daughter. No one suffered more than she from his improvident idealism. No one can have seen more clearly that he was something of a fool. But he was the right sort and she must have known this too.

**A**S WITH slavery and economic responsibility, Louisa is also the liberal in her attitude toward women's rights and the dignity of labor. She wrote of ballot boxes and careers for women in 1869. This was not extraordinary in itself. The subject was not new. Frances Wright was lecturing on sexual equality thirty years earlier and my own grandfather, Robert Dale Owen, writing the first shattering tract on birth control for women as long ago as 1830. Louisa never ventured into such dangerous areas, naturally, but she was for women's rights all the same and not only because the achievement of independence is a reliable variant of the Cinderella theme. Herself forced to make her own way by hard work, she knew what she was talking about, and it is perhaps for this reason that her Jos and her Pollys, her hard-working girls, are her most successful characters.

So far, it is easy enough to analyze her personal version of New England liberalism. More difficult to sift is her point of view toward New England religion. To be sure, God is constantly mentioned. There is a most embarrassing scene



in which Professor Bhear, that shaggy philosopher devoted to the Socratic method, breaks into what we can guess (and she has real genius in that she is able to suggest more than she tells) to be a conversation among learned agnostics. At any rate they are questioning the existence of God and the Professor interrupts to defend the "good old beliefs" (Socrates? The New Testament? We are not told) and assert his faith. This makes Jo proud of him and even makes her love him.

Yet going to church is literally never mentioned in *Little Women*. Not even on Christmas Day, after the family has given their breakfasts

to the exceptionally dreary Germans next door, do the Marches go to church. None of the girls is married in church. Mr. March is fleetingly depicted as some sort of minister, but again with no church, no parish, no religious duties. What is he supposed to be? One can only suspect that he is the rather curious shade of Ralph Waldo Emerson, whom Louisa knew and admired all her life. He wrote: "A man contains all that is needful for government within himself . . . the highest revelation of God is in himself." This was in his diary and she cannot have read it, but it is the essence of the institutional philosophy in which her father

## BURNING THE CAT by W. S. Merwin

IN THE spring, by the big shuck-pile  
 Between the bramble-choked brook where the copperheads  
 Curled in the first sun, and the mud road,  
 All at once it could no longer be ignored.  
 The season steamed with an odor for which  
 There has never been a name, but it shouted above all.  
 When I went near, the wood-lice were in its eyes  
 And a nest of beetles in the white fur of its arm-pit.  
 I built a fire there by the shuck-pile  
 But it did no more than pop the beetles  
 And singe the damp fur, raising a stench  
 Of burning hair that bit through the sweet day-smell.  
 Then thinking how time leches after indecency,  
 Since both grief is indecent and the lack of it,  
 I went away and fetched newspaper,  
 And wrapped it in dead events, days and days,  
 Soaked it in kerosene and put it in  
 With the garbage on a heaped nest of sticks:  
 It was harder to burn than the peels of oranges,  
 Bubbling and spitting, and the reek was like  
 Rank cooking that drifted with the smoke out  
 Through the budding woods and clouded the shining dogwood.  
 But I became stubborn: I would consume it  
 Though the pyre should take me a day to build  
 And the flames rise over the house. And hours I fed  
 That burning, till I was black and streaked with sweat;  
 And poked it out then, with charred meat still clustering  
 Thick around the bones. And buried it so  
 As I should have done in the first place, for  
 The earth is slow, but deep, and good for hiding;  
 I would have used it if I had understood  
 How nine lives can vanish in one flash of a dog's jaws,  
 A car or a copperhead, and yet how one small  
 Death, however reckoned, is hard to dispose of.

believed, and in which we must assume she believed also. It explains the flatness of the religious precepts, which appear everywhere but which seem to exist without a frame, and very nearly without truth. It saved her from some of the more tiresome forms of Puritan bigotry (which might also have bored or irritated her readers in other parts of the country), though not from all. In, for example, her attitude to foreign things, it is hard to say whether she is animated by bigotry or simple chauvinism.

Her New Englanders, like the real New Englanders, are traveled people. Their Europe, however, is a rather special continent. In Rome, the paintings—not the murals—of Raphael and the Forum are the important things. The idea of gaudily painted Greek temples was as hard for Louisa to bear as for the rest of the Victorians, and hers are the standard white. There is England—London is comfortingly like Boston—sugar-coated Swiss Alps, and lastly, there is France.

France has ever been a tricky problem for the Anglo-Saxon of Louisa's temperament. Whether they have viewed it with horror or admiration, they have never conquered the idea that it isn't quite nice. Paris, to Louisa, was a place to indulge in harmless girlish vanities like kid gloves. Apart from Napoleonic relics, there is little to see. The real capital is Nice, which is full of light-minded, overdressed French, and many equally unreal other foreigners. It is pretty in a vulgar sort of way but on the whole it only makes one long to go back to Concord. By and large, her French are like her underbred rich, not the thing. The position of the "good rich" is occupied, astonishingly, by the Germans, who were, besides the English, the only respectable Europeans. Consider that mysteriously wicked affair known as "the French novel." A lifted eyebrow goes with the phrase, but what can it have referred to? Balzac? Flaubert? More probably Eugene Sue or the younger Dumas. No nice girl could afford to be found dead with one, though we may wonder if Louisa herself was. She was surely too good a craftsman not to be curious as to what others were up to. At any rate, from her special Emerson-Carlyle-Bronson Alcott bias, she rejected them, along with most of European civilization.

**T**HIS rejection is interesting in another way, which appears in her views on education. It is a subject frequently dealt with in her books—there is Jo's school for boys, Laurie's col-

lege, etc. The system described as in use in these schools seems to be firmly anti-classical. It is, in fact, progressive. The pupils learn by doing (as Mr. March teaches his grandson the alphabet by forming the letters with his arms and legs), not by stuffing their little heads with dry facts, *i.e.* Latin grammar and English composition. The girls take the Victorian equivalent of home-economics courses. Now, there has always been something appealing to all Americans in this view of education's function, and we have been increasingly unable to make the European distinction between trade schools and schools. It is not the purpose here to go into this subject, except to say that in her attitude to it, Louisa Alcott was perhaps less New England than simply American. She hated the thought of the young subjected to any pressure other than that imposed by a healthy poverty, and had she lived another fifty years, would no doubt have come to hate that also.

In other words, for all the old-fashionedness of her technique and point of view, she is still modern in a number of surprising ways, of which the most striking is her mixture of high principle with immaturity. She was never quite grown-up, but then neither was her audience, and it has been her lasting legacy to mirror for young Americans certain more or less permanent attitudes inherent everywhere in American culture, but most particularly in New England culture. I believe it is this even more than the charm of her four immortal young women which has kept her going all these years. For children do not, strangely enough, merely demand a good story. There are many magnificent good stories which bore them to death. Hawthorne and Melville, for example, are today rarely sought outside the classroom. They are, as it were, too original, too full of creative risk. She was not.

Under the portrait spoken of before is Louisa's signature. For a creative writer, a woman who had labored as prodigiously as only the children of improvident idealists know how to labor, the handwriting is a strange one. It is a round, back-sloping hand of the kind associated a hundred years later with fashionable finishing schools for young women. It is also, if graphologists are to be believed, extremely inhibited. Here, one would say, was someone who never had her full chance, in life or as an artist. This we can believe was the case. Yet she succeeded brilliantly and in this was true to herself as well as to the peculiar tradition which bred her.



# ALVAREZ:

## *everybody's family doctor*

America's best-read medical columnist enrages  
some doctors, delights others . . .  
and distills his vast experience  
as a former consultant at the Mayo Clinic  
into doses of unconventional advice.

AT THE AGE of seventy, Dr. Walter Clement Alvarez provides an interesting example of what a man can do after retirement. In 1950 he left the Mayo Clinic after twenty-five years of service in which he made himself a world-famous authority on nervous indigestion (and a source of some professional concern about what he might do next). But he was not at all ready, as it turned out, to slump into a rocking chair. Instead he rented a modest office at 700 North Michigan Boulevard, Chicago, installed a Dictaphone and an Irish secretary, and started to write for the newspapers. The results have been surprising.

He has become perhaps the best-read medical columnist in America. Moreover his column offers some of the most unconventional free medical advice you can get anywhere. It enrages a certain number of doctors, delights others, and fascinates millions of ordinary readers. And beyond any question it has set a new style in medical writing for laymen.

Four times a week Dr. Alvarez's 600-word pieces appear in eighty newspapers with a combined circulation of twelve million. This does not make him the most widely-syndicated medical columnist; several competing columns go to more newspapers, but only one—Dr. Brady's—has a bigger total circulation. Bureau of adver-

tising studies indicate, however, that in reader interest he gives ground to no one.

A glance at his columns will show why. In style they are admirably simple, direct, and uncluttered with medical obfuscation. Their tone is warm and chatty, enriched with countless anecdotes harvested during fifty-odd years of symptom-swapping with nervous patients. (He has, after all, seen upward of 25,000 of them; and he found most of them boundlessly interesting. As he says, "I have always enjoyed talking to intelligent patients.") Like most elderly gentlemen he loves to reminisce, but his reminiscences are nearly always to the point and often they are distilled down to wry aphorisms:

"If you had taken all the funds you gave to surgeons and hospitals and had spent them instead on vacations or help around the house, you would have been better off." . . . "It is a sort of happiness to know the worst that can befall us." . . . "Never call in a tiger to chase away a dog."

Above all, the Alvarez columns are personal and reflect with shining candor the character of the man who wrote them. Dr. Alvarez was never quite dociled by that fraternal bond which holds that any criticism of doctors by doctors must never be permitted to reach lay ears. So on one day he may slam the predatory type of surgeon for taking out a neurotic woman's uterus. On another he will deplore the psychoanalyst who has broken some mother's heart by telling her that her child's psychosis is due to an excess of mother love instead of "the probability that the child just inherited a bit of Uncle Bill's and Aunt Lucy's insanity" (a diagnosis that many mothers might find infinitely more distressing than the analyst's, but that has the charm of stubborn individuality).

Yet on occasions, when his heresies against his profession seem to worry even himself, he is apt to slip in a flattering reference to, say, "My good and kind friend, Dr. Benjamin Spock, whose feet are always on the ground." For there is a strong strain in the Alvarez personality which a venturesome psychiatrist might describe as a narcissistic wish to do as he pleases and still be admired for it—and however it has affected his life, it makes for good reading.

#### MEDICINE'S HAIR SHIRT

THE medical profession's reaction to this personality, and most especially to its appearance in a newspaper column, has been mixed. Some doctors have tried—unsuccessfully—to persuade the American Medical Association to declare it unethical for medical men to profit from writings for lay consumption—a proposal aimed on occasion directly against Dr. Alvarez and as directly shouted down by his supporters. But according to Dr. Alvarez himself, "Times are changing. Only a few physicians are still asking that I be kicked out of the medical society for my efforts at public education."

Nevertheless there are still rumblings of disapproval. I asked one of Alvarez's fellow specialists in internal medicine what he thought of the columns. An expression of horror crossed his face. Then he checked himself quickly from expressing criticism of a colleague to an outsider. An outstanding pathologist said simply, "No one doctor should be permitted to write a health column; no one is that good." A professor of medicine considers Alvarez "inconsistent, undignified, and belittling to his profession." Psychoanalysts—the only people Dr. Alvarez once admitted he could not bring himself to like—return the compliment.

But general practitioners, who constitute the bulk of the medical profession and who see the vast majority of sick people, read his columns, buy his books by the thousands, and write him fan letters telling him so. He speaks their language, and he gives them the answer to the hordes of patients who keep showing up in their offices complaining of stomach aches, headaches, back aches, and aches all over which miracle drugs do not cure. Some doctors even prescribe that their patients read his book, *Nervousness, Indigestion, and Pain*, as part of their treatment.

In any case, the disapproval of some of his distinguished peers is no new experience to Dr.

Alvarez. During his years at the Mayo Clinic he provoked innumerable letters to the late Dr. Will Mayo asking, in effect, "Why don't you muzzle that man?" He has hurt both patients' and doctors' feelings—always, in his opinion, for their own good. All his life he has tended to graze away from the herd, frequently in someone else's pasture. He has acted as clinician, teacher, scientist, writer, editor, and a kind of free-wheeling psychiatrist without couch. And for many years he has served as medicine's all-purpose hair shirt.

Some thirty years ago, when he was a brash young medical professor in San Francisco making no claims to being a surgeon, he demanded to know why patients were purged before operations. Often, he said, they went to the operating table so weak, dehydrated, and bloated from taking cathartics that they seemed nearly dead of the "preparation" alone. "Why do surgeons do such a foolish thing?" he cried. He could get no logical answer. Finally he spotted its presumptive basis in the ancient idea that one must always purge himself before any kind of ordeal. Eventually he convinced surgeons—and, presumably, saved thousands of lives—by pointing out that "unprepared" patients rushed in for emergency surgery did better post-operatively than purged patients.

Dr. Alvarez's term for the kind of blind following of routine the surgeons were guilty of is "decerebrate medicine," from the laboratory word meaning brainless. His fight against it, in all branches of his profession, has been ceaseless. One of his most important campaigns has been for a return to what he considers the almost lost art of personal diagnosis. Modern medical education, he believes, is teaching doctors more and more to suspend clinical judgment on a patient and to rely on a series of laboratory tests and reports, usually done by specialists and assistants, instead of their own eyes and ears. Sometimes the doctor himself does not even see a patient until all the reports are in. "But," Alvarez points out, "there is no test that will show that the patient sitting across the desk is dying of a broken heart."

Too often, he feels, doctors tell the patient what is wrong with him, instead of letting the patient try to tell them. As a case in point, he recalls with no little satisfaction the eminent physician who consulted him during Prohibition about a handsome, well-dressed woman patient of forty with an anxiety neurosis. The physi-



cian, discovering that she was married but childless, had lectured her about sitting around the house all day and urged her to go out and look for a little excitement. She did not respond, and he sent her to Dr. Alvarez. Why, she asked Alvarez later during one of their talks, should she bother to tell a man like that that she and her husband smuggled whisky across the Canadian border and that she spent every night with a Tommy gun across her knees on the lookout for hijackers and revenue agents?

## TWO-QUESTION DIAGNOSIS

ANY observant reader of Dr. Alvarez's medical publications—which run to more than a thousand items—will discover that the doctor's favorite self-portrait is that of a brilliant diagnostician discovering in a flash, by simple observation, the symptoms other doctors have missed. Pressed on the point, he will admit that he is not infallible—"I have missed my share of carcinomas of the stomach and the pancreas," he acknowledges, referring to two of the toughest diagnoses in medicine. But he has dozens of examples of cases in which, by merely talking to the patient and making a "two-question diagnosis," he has saved time, money, and perhaps lives.

In one instance he glanced at the galoshes an old man was wearing on a hot summer day and asked, "How come?" The man said he was cold. Suspecting a low metabolism rate, probably due to an atrophied thyroid gland, Alvarez ordered one test and confirmed his suspicion. Other doctors who had not noticed the galoshes had not thought to ask for a metabolism test.

Even a handshake may be significant. A gastro-enterologist had a patient X-rayed three times and found nothing to explain the stomach cramps he suffered every time he ate. Then he consulted Alvarez. Shaking hands with the patient, Alvarez noticed that the man's right hand was clumsy, tight-skinned, red, and shiny—the signs of neurological damage.

"Did that happen at the beginning, with the stomach trouble?" he asked.

The man nodded.

"One day I fell out of my chair in the office. I got up but I felt giddy and nauseated and a pain shot down into my stomach."

Could he still write with that hand? No. Diagnosis: a little stroke.

On another occasion, Alvarez diagnosed cerebral thrombosis, or blood clot in the brain, from

a gray spot on a man's vest. The man was export manager in a large company and troubled because he could no longer work as efficiently as he once did. But, says Alvarez, he did not look like a successful executive. He walked with a shuffle, spoke slowly, and had stains on his vest. Clearly something had happened to his brain.

Alvarez's concept of little strokes, or strokelets as he once called them, is one of his major contributions to modern medicine. Some internists still reject the idea, but Mayo's great brain pathologist, Dr. James Kernohan, backs up Alvarez in the fact that many small blood clots may be found in the brain after death without anything in the case history to explain them. And family doctors who get a ten- or twenty-year view of older patients tend to agree. As Alvarez wrote in *Geriatrics*, a medical journal of which he is editor, "One of the commonest ways of petering out is that in which the brain is slowly destroyed by the repeated thrombosis of small sclerotic blood vessels." Or, as one sweet old lady put it, "Death keeps taking little bites of me."

## "ELEMENTARY, MY DEAR WATSON"

ALVAREZ'S astuteness as a medical detective was once demonstrated by his version of a classic diagnostic stunt. (A similar performance by a famous Scottish doctor—working from direct observation rather than from X-ray film—gave a young medical student, Arthur Conan Doyle, his inspiration for Sherlock Holmes.) A physician handed Alvarez a large X-ray chest photograph, with no other information.

"It is a roentgenogram of a woman of about fifty," Alvarez began at once, "rather tall and thin, always frail, wealthy, a Catholic. She has several children. She probably has insanity in her family. In her youth she had a pretty severe tuberculosis; she may have had polio. She once had pneumonia with empyema. She was once thrown from a horse. She has high blood pressure with some arteriosclerosis, and she suffers at times from arthritis. She used to go shooting with her husband."

How did Alvarez know so much? He explained. In the film he could see the shadows of the breasts and the small size of the bones, so he knew that this was a woman. Calcification of the rib cartilages and deformities in two neck vertebrae indicated that she was over forty. The length of the thorax suggested that she was tall and thin; the narrow costal angle made by the

100,000 neuroses as they spread from the lower end of the breastbone, that she was frail. The medal and chain around her neck bespoke Catholicism; the diamond on her hand, wealth. Her sagging breasts indicated several children, and "the fact that one breast was decidedly larger than the other suggested insanity in the family because I have seen this relation in many cases."

Calcified scars in the lungs and on the side of the neck showed the possibility of early tuberculosis. One arm slightly shorter and smaller than the other raised the possibility of polio. A scar in one rib, showing where the drainage tube for empyema had been, betrayed the pneumonia. A healed fracture in the collar bone might mean a fall from a horse in a woman of her apparent social position. The large left ventricle of the heart and a slightly calcified arch of the aorta told of high blood pressure and some arterial hardening.

"There were abundant signs of arthritis around her vertebrae, and two bird shots in the muscles of one shoulder suggested a hunting accident," Alvarez finished triumphantly.

This case, which he has recorded in his notes for an autobiography, reveals as much about Alvarez as his diagnosis did about the patient. He is a great diagnostician, and he has learned much from his vast experience. He loves his work; he also loves to grandstand. He has a poetic imagination, and he tends to generalize from particulars. He is capable of certain novel theories—like his association of female breast asymmetry with mental aberration in the family—and these are usually connected with the field of mental health in which he is a true maverick. He is no hunter, as the reference to bird "shots" instead of shot plainly demonstrates.

#### "A SLIGHT TOUCH OF INSANITY"

WHAT Dr. Alvarez considers his most monumental work, *The Neuroses*, was a bold plunge into the field in which he is at his most controversial. This 667-page volume occupied a sizable part of his time during his last two years at the Mayo Clinic and sold 11,000 copies at \$10 apiece in 1951, the year it was published. In the preface he explains that he wrote it because "I have had the good fortune to work in a place to which each year now come some 140,000 sick persons, many of them with those puzzling neuroses and functional troubles

that have always fascinated me." He confesses that he "felt a bit of an inferiority complex wondering what I, an internist, was doing writing on neuroses and minor psychoses," but hastens to add that after looking at the professional psychiatrists' offerings he became convinced that the ideal book on everyday neuroses for the non-psychiatrist must be written by a non-psychiatrist. However, even a non-psychiatrist may wonder at the fact that the name Sigmund Freud is signally absent from *The Neuroses'* extensive index and bibliography, and that references to the Oedipus complex and Freudian theories occur only twice in the text—and then merely to dismiss them.

But Dr. Alvarez's whole orientation to mental disorders is different. From his collection of thousands of his patients' symptoms of nervousness, indigestion, and pain he has concluded that people with migraine headaches, excitable bowels, nervous fatigue, and "nerves that play tricks" are "constitutionally inadequate" or "relatives to the insane." And he has on occasion pointed out that such people lack the physical or mental strength for a robust life, and "had they been puppies or kittens would have been drowned." This point of view always brings a spate of furious mail denouncing his "undemocratic pessimism" whenever his column touches on such matters.

Many psychiatrists would agree with Dr. Alvarez—perhaps to his horror—that inherited nervous or physical weaknesses often determine at least the form a neurosis or psychosomatic sickness takes. They could also learn much from him about the way the stomach and intestines react to fear and other nervous tensions—a subject on which Dr. Alvarez is probably better informed than any man alive. But many psychiatrists also believe that actual neuroses and psychoses themselves are usually caused by childhood traumas which can be reached and removed by therapeutic treatment. Dr. Alvarez does not. In his first venture into what he likes to call "public education" he set forth his basic position. This was a series of pamphlets, written shortly after his retirement and later syndicated in the newspapers, on how to live with your ulcer, nerves, headache, allergy, arthritis, high blood pressure, heart condition, and high-pressure executive husband. "Why not cure them?" stormed a psychiatrist. But the only cure, according to Dr. Alvarez, is to learn to live within your limitations. If you are a nervous person, admit it and stop running from doctor to doctor. The secret



of happiness is to accept what you cannot change.

Dr. Alvarez claims that he has successfully soothed many of his patients by persuading them that their trick nerves, constitutional inadequacies, or possible tendency toward eccentricity, alcoholism, or epilepsy are simply their small share of a family legacy of insanity—a “minor equivalent” of the big thing.

“I take the fear of going insane *out* of my patients,” he says.

#### HOW TO LIVE WITH YOUR NERVES

**B**E THAT as it may, Dr. Alvarez himself is the best proof of his own theories about “how to live with your nerves.” Nothing about him—except perhaps the haughty, pained look about his pale, photophobic eyes behind their rimless glasses—suggests a high-strung nature. At seventy he still stands six feet one and weighs 175 pounds. His head with its thinning gray hair is a marvelous dome with large ears, pink skin, a square jaw, and a Roman nose. His smile is friendly and instantaneous. However, as he cheerfully admits throughout his writings, he has suffered all his life from sensitive nerves.

In his twenties and thirties he used to panic whenever he was called on to speak—his heart beat 140 times a minute, sweat poured from his skin, and his stomach churned. At medical conventions he was apt to lie awake most of the night, tense with excitement. But he resolved to hoard his nervous energy and not wear himself out worrying. Whenever possible he read and wrote—and still does—in a reclining position. He

also, he says, trained himself “to avoid conflicts with people”—a statement which may come as a surprise to many of those on whose toes he has stepped most heavily.

“We should never notice slights,” he observed in one of his more philosophic moments. “If we are wise, we shall not expect much consideration from others. We can go through life easily and happily if we will only like people and show it.”

By a rigorous process of dietary experimentation he came to the conclusion that chicken and chocolate made him sick, and he has avoided them whenever possible. All his life he has needed eight to nine hours of sleep a night to feel fit, and he has done his best to get it. While he drinks an occasional sidecar or whisky-and-ginger ale, he has never smoked, claiming that an allergy to tobacco runs in his father’s family. He has always shunned dancing, cocktail parties, and active sports, choosing as hobbies instead photography; reading, which he does with prodigious speed; and mountain climbing, which he finally gave up in his forties.

Alvarez cannot remember a time when he did not expect to become a doctor. His father, who was born in Spain, was a quiet, good-humored general practitioner first in Hawaii, where his son’s small boyhood was spent, and later in Los Angeles. From the age of seven, Walter helped his father in his office and laboratory. But when he firmly announced his choice of a career, his father told him flatly that he did not have the money sense to make a go of it. And for some time afterward the son

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T. S. MATTHEWS

#### CONVERSATIONAL ENGLISH

WHO ARE you? Do you love me? What do you mean?  
I will ask at the door. I am sorry, he is not at home.  
Is the gentleman ill? This fruit is rather green.  
I do not know any news. We are going to Rome.

How do you like the climate of this town?  
Let us avoid a row, the bill is paid.  
Why do you cry? The franc is going down.  
How much time is there now? Are you afraid?

amply supported his father's fears for him.

After graduating from Cooper Medical School (now Stanford University School of Medicine) and interning at San Francisco County Hospital, he accepted a lowly faculty appointment in pathology. Then in 1907, shortly after his marriage to a Methodist traveling secretary's daughter he had met while in medical school, he was financially driven to taking a practice in the isolation of a Mexican mining camp.

Two years later his old teacher, Dr. Emil Schmoll, from whom he learned something of the art of snap diagnosis, offered him a partnership, and he seemed finally started on the road to success. As a partner, however, he found Dr. Schmoll more interested in making money and living well than in research. He resigned, took his small savings, and with his wife's encouragement went to Harvard to study under the great physiologist, Dr. Walter Cannon. In 1913 he returned to San Francisco to go into practice for himself; by 1925 he was earning a substantial income and also serving as associate professor of medicine at the University of California Medical School. But just when his father's gloomy prognostications seemed to be confounded, he threw up his practice and blithely accepted an offer to join the staff of the Mayo Clinic as a consultant in medicine.

He had been there two weeks before any mention of salary was made. Then they asked him how much he wanted. Enough to support his family and put his four children through college, he replied. He got it. Because there is a staff rule against discussing salaries—and perhaps also because any public discussion of his income is acutely painful to him—he still refuses to record how much it was. But it is a safe bet that it was less than half of what he had been grossing.

#### COMMON-SENSE SPECIALIST

**T**ODAY, after a lifetime of flight from the contamination of cash, he is grossing approximately \$50,000 a year from his column, books, lectures, pension, the few patients he still sees, and the editorship of *Modern Medicine*, a medical digest magazine distributed free to 142,000 physicians.

He rises at six each morning in the two-room apartment he and Mrs. Alvarez have taken at the Pearson Hotel, reads from the forty scientific journals he receives, breakfasts with his wife,

listens to the news on the radio, and perhaps works on the proofs of *Modern Medicine* or writes a column. At nine he starts his three-minute walk to his office where his secretary hands him his mail. In it he is certain to find something that gives him an idea for a column, and he reaches for the microphone of his dictating machine. His secretary transcribes his notes, and he takes them home at noon.

After lunch he stretches out on his bed and edits copy until it is time for his nap. Mrs. Alvarez retypes his notes for him, and a little later he returns to his office to see a daily three or four patients whom "I can't make up my mind to stop seeing." He leaves at 5:30 and takes Mrs. Alvarez out for an early and leisurely dinner, sometimes with old friends. By 8:30 he is usually in bed, surrounded by books, proofs, and copy. At ten or so he is ready to go to sleep.

Like many elderly men, Alvarez spends part of his time measuring the value of his life. Even more than most people he has in his time played many parts, but he seems to fancy himself first as a teacher—who is still teaching the general public through his writings—and second as a scientist. To the outsider, however, he stands first and foremost as a courageous synthesizer, a man who has tried in a world of increasing specialization to retain some of the virtues of the well-rounded man of the Renaissance, or, more particularly in his case, of the old family doctor. That almost mythical figure made many "scientific" mistakes in diagnosis and treatment, yet he often more than compensated for them by the warm and friendly interest he took in his patients' lives and the human understanding he showed.

Dr. Alvarez is a specialist, and a large proportion of the patients he has seen have come to him because of highly specialized complaints involving the gastro-intestinal tract. There is a world of difference between the Mayo Clinic practice he had and the intimate small-town contacts of the general practitioner. But Dr. Alvarez has consistently tried to combine his special knowledge with the intimate, common-sense, highly personal approach of the best general practitioners. He treats his patients—and his millions of readers—not as so many sets of notations on clinical charts, but as human beings with a rightful curiosity about their aches and infirmities. This may prove to be a greater contribution to modern medicine than some of his colleagues yet realize.





# JONAH

## A Story by Irene Orgel

I WANT to talk about Jonah, said the man on the psychoanalyst's couch.

Jonah and the whale? asked the doctor.

Jonah, said the patient, before he ever met the whale. Jonah, first of all, when he was running away. Jonah, the man with the big fear pursuing him. When God looked for Jonah, he couldn't see him for the dust. When God called to Jonah, Jonah didn't hear him for the wind which was whistling in his ears.

Jonah ran to the end of the land, as far as he could go, and when he reached the end of the land and came to the edge of the sea, he took a boat.

"Do you have a reservation?" they asked him.

"No," said Jonah, because he never had time to plan ahead.

But there was one ticket left and Jonah thought he was lucky to get it, even though they charged him an exorbitant price.

Picture him at the customs, Jonah with the guilty face. Any number of crooks and smugglers had gone on board without raising any suspicion at all. But Jonah was subjected to the closest search and questioning. They made him undo the knots in all the string around his suitcases (he hadn't been able to locate the key) and empty the unwieldy paper bags in which he'd thrown his last-minute things.

Lord, what a muddle Jonah's luggage was in! He'd forgotten his toothbrush and his shaving kit. But, on the other hand, the bottom

of his grip was full of old photographs and theater programs that he couldn't bear to throw away. There were photographs of several sweethearts he had very nearly married. One girl he had run after for years, but she had never given him a tumble. The reason he had all this bric-a-brac with him when he reached the edge of the sea, was very simply this: He didn't know how long he'd be away. He didn't even know if he was coming back.

When Jonah finally stumbled up the gangplank and on board, he immediately went down to his stateroom, locked the door, and fell onto his berth. It was only when the engines started to turn over and his staring eyes saw upon the white ceiling the dancing reflection of fast-moving water, that Jonah's fists at last unclenched, and the sweat on his brow dried up. The peace and contentment which most people feel when they are beside their own hearth, was experienced by Jonah only when he was on a journey. All his deepest reading and thinking had been done on moving vehicles. As soon as he stopped moving he felt hemmed in. And even when he got a bit used to his moving surroundings—as soon as a bare stateroom began to take on the contours of home and habit, for instance—as soon as that happened, the unease came back to Jonah like a vulture.

So within his little locked cabin, lying with his face pressed down into his pillow, Jonah tried to hold onto the feeling of relief which came to him with the beginning of a journey. And his stomach felt the queasy rocking of the boat, and he lay listening to the creaking of all the shipboards and the rushing of the sailors to and fro.

"There's someone guilty on board," said the sailors when the storm arose.

"That's me," thought Jonah without a second thought. That's the sort of egotist he was. He didn't give a thought to all the crooks and smugglers on the passenger list. He didn't consider the cutthroats in the crew who had signed up to get away from the scene of their crimes. No, Jonah had this guiltier-than-thou attitude, and all that he could think of was Jonah.

He opened the door of his stateroom and he said:

"Here I am, boys."

The sailors picked him up (he had asked for it) and swung him by his arms and legs, one, two, three, and yo-heave-ho, and over he went. Splash! And into the jaws of the whale.

AND IN the belly of the whale, where it was warm and enclosed, and where it was physically impossible to run any further, Jonah gave up. It was the ultimate end to his flight. It might have been a padded cell. It could have been this room. It happened to be the belly of the whale.

(The womb phantasy, murmured the analyst).

Well, whatever it was, continued the man on the couch, *in ventro* and *de profundis* Jonah cried out to the Lord. And this time Jonah's words weren't the panting, incoherent snatches of a man running away from his Fear. This time it was despair; but it was his own despair. And for the first time he cried out with his own voice.

In the belly of the whale, Jonah was transformed. He reversed all his behavior patterns. It was like a religious experience. What am I talking about! It *was* a religious experience. He was the prophet Jonah, wasn't he? People who had known Jonah before, and met him after the whale, said:

"Jonah, you're a changed man."

It wasn't that his hair had turned white or anything obvious like that. It was simply that everything he had done before, he now did in reverse. He had been a fearful man and he had suddenly changed into an angry man. As precipitately as he'd run away from Nineveh, he now wanted to dash toward it. Just as sharply as he'd turned away from God's word, he now wanted to overdo God's word.

"Yes, son!" shouted God.

"I'm off to Nineveh," yelled Jonah. "Don't stop me."

"Wait a minute," said God, trying to keep up with him. "What are you going to do when you get there?"

"Fire a burst!" replied Jonah.

"Now take it easy," said the Lord, and he held Jonah back by his shirt-tails.

"But they don't listen to YOUR WORD," stormed Jonah, with his super-duper-super ego. "We're not going to stand for that, are we?"

So the Lord made him sit down and cool off under a gourd. Gurd or Goord, is it? I never said it out loud before. I never could see why the business about the gourd was stuck on the end of this story. Yet it's the logical ending. The gourd represents every living thing.

As if in a speeded-up, documentary movie, Jonah saw it sprout from seed, flower and then, to his consternation, it withered before its time.

"What's the big idea?" he protested.

"Look," said the Lord. "Don't you go getting sentimental over the life and death of a gourd. This happens to be one of the stiffest, prickliest, least organized of all the organisms in my vegetable kingdom. Whereas people, and this includes even the people of Nineveh, are the most highly organized of all my organisms. Where's your sense of proportion, son?"

Then Jonah understood.

HIS FEAR and anger fell away from him, like so much unnecessary luggage, jettisoned. And this left room for love of the whole of creation to well up in him. And he was no longer angry with Nineveh, which had after all represented nothing to him but his own past. Instead of a turreted town crammed with phantasmagoria, it now appeared before him as a plain, ordinary, workaday city, and the people in it were only people, after all.

Imagine Jonah now, having left behind his luggage of confusion and turmoil. Free-striding and life-accepting, as he walked along the road to Nineveh. Simplicity was in his pocket, and the principle of the gourd was deep-rooted in his heart.

Without knowing the scientific details, he knew he was a man who had come out of the sea. And he knew he was a man who had come out of the sun. The Lord had told him all this when he said:

"Consider the gourd. Respect it."

Because Jonah still thought things out best when he was walking, he had a long, calm discussion with the Lord on the way to Nineveh.



## *There is no Substitute for a Sound Classical Education*

### MAY ISSUE CORRECTION

IN OUR May issue report on the Greek Civilization lecture series, read *Euripides* for Euripedes; Thomas *More*, instead of Moore; *propylaea*, rather than propylae.

Also, in her lecture on famous Greek archaeological sites, Dr. Cobbs of Swarthmore showed a color slide of the road which *Oedipus*, not Orestes, traveled to the Temple of Apollo at Delphi.

—From the *Barnard [College] Alumnae Magazine*, July 1955.

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"If you created the seed and the life and the sprouting," Jonah asked, "why did you create the negating and rejecting? The fear and the anger and the turning away?"

"To tell you the truth," said God, "I had no idea it was going to go this far. Of all the roads it might have taken, this is surely the most surprising. When I was in the infinitesimal speck which held the potentiality of creation, how was I to know it would expand to become the universe? And when I blazed and exploded in the innumerable suns, how could I foresee that out of the near collision of two of them would leap the tide which would cool into planets? This by the way," said God confidentially, "I learned from Sir James Jeans. Most of what I know comes from Albert Einstein. Before that I had only Newton to go on. And before that . . ."

"But before Man," asked Jonah, shocked out of his wits. "Do you mean you understood nothing at all? Didn't you exist?"

"Certainly," said God patiently. "I have told you how I exploded in the stars. Then I drifted for aeons in clouds of inchoate gas. As matter stabilized, I acquired the knowledge of valency. When matter cooled, I lay sleeping in the insentient rocks. After that I floated fecund in the unconscious seaweed upon the faces of the deep.

Later I existed in the stretching paw of the tiger and the blinking eye of the owl. Each form of knowledge led to the more developed next. Organic matter led to sentience which led to consciousness which led inevitably to my divinity."

"And what will you become next?" asked Jonah.

"I don't know," said God reverently. "I am waiting to be told."

"By whom?" asked Jonah, and he looked round the lonely landscape in dismay.

"How I tremble," sang God. "In rapture before the next stroke of consciousness! How I yearn to be created further!"

"But I don't like this at all," cried Jonah. "Can't we go back to the way it used to be? You scared me to death most of the time. But how I loved to hear your scolding voice."

"I couldn't go on forever," said God severely, "telling tall stories about whales, any more than I could have remained inert once the first colloidal systems started to form, or inchoate once the form of the atom was established."

"But it was cozy," sobbed Jonah. "You and me: I and thou."

"Now it shall be We are One."

"And shall I never call you father any more? And will I never hear you call me son again?" asked Jonah.

"You may call me," said God, agreeably, "anything you please. Would you like to discuss semantics?"

So Jonah found himself alone on the road to Nineveh. And yet he was not alone. For the gourd was with him, and the lungfish, and the stars. He knew that he was a man who had come out of the sea. And he knew that he was a man who had come out of the sun. And in Nineveh he took root, and he flowered in the expression of his consciousness until he died.

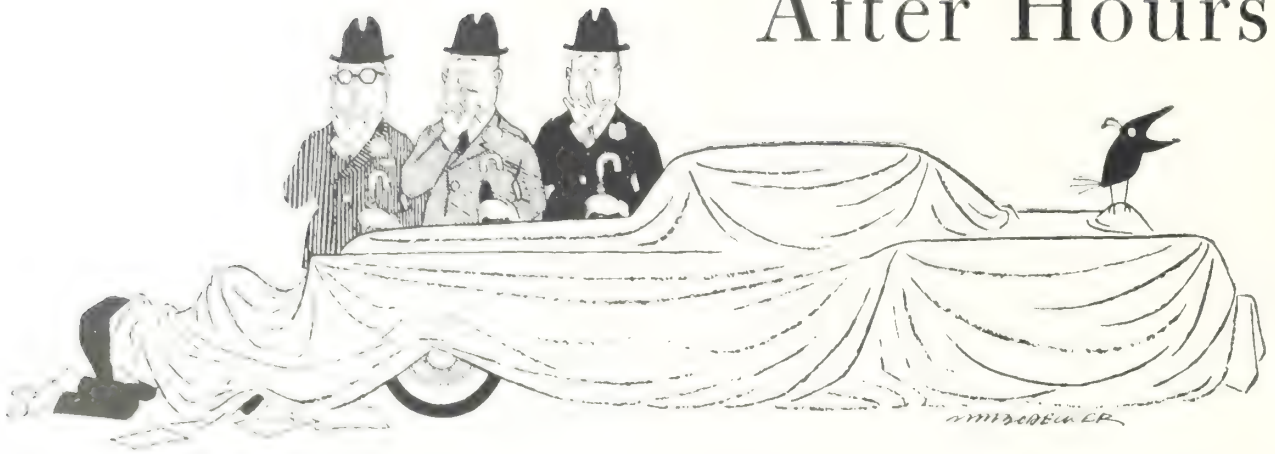
He married a Nineveh girl, of course. That goes without saying. They had a double ring ceremony and there was a slight confusion as she didn't know her right hand from her left. Otherwise everything went off without a hitch.

THE MAN on the couch fell silent. After a while he sat up and started to grope with his feet for his shoes on the floor. Then he bent over and slowly tied his shoelaces. Then he stood up.

Well, I just wanted to talk about Jonah, he explained diffidently.

And then he bolted from the room.

# After Hours



## CONCOURS D'ELEGANCE

SOMETIME in the next week or so the wraps will finally be unwrapped, the curtains will part, the scales will fall from your eyes, and the design of the 1956 Lincoln Continental will be on public view. At last you will know what only the happy few, such as myself, have been privileged to know about this new automobile for these many weeks past—such as the answer to the question of the spare tire (is it inside or outside?) or the more general problem of success and failure (is it as good as the *old* Continental or isn't it?). Meditating on these matters some months ago, I decided to ask the Ford people to give me a preview in time for this issue of the magazine, to appear just before the formal unveiling; and after no more than the routine bail bond, urinalysis, and loyalty check they threw scruples aside and agreed to do so.

The Continental—properly, since it is no longer a Lincoln but a division of the Ford Company in its own right—is what they call a low-volume car, which signifies in the vernacular that they don't plan to make a very large number. The price will be somewhere around ten thousand smackers, which is about as round as you can go and still bother to count. It is frankly intended for those elements of the carriage trade that want a new carriage but are unwilling (after all, you see such riffraff in Cadillacs) to be vulgar about it. The Continental is a shoot-the-moon car. It is just as high a high style as Detroit believes it can reach—and stay solvent; they don't expect to make millions, but they wouldn't want to lose Mr. Ford's shirt, either, if they could help it.

The new Continental, in other words, is based

on the assumption—quite an assumption—that there are people around with both taste and money, and that there is an aesthetic way to get at such folk. According to a confidential Continental memorandum of several years ago on what was then called the X-1500, the plan was “to create a distinguished design that will enhance the Company's style leadership . . . thereby lending prestige to its other vehicles.” The name for this style, according to Ford vocabulary, was Modern Formal. It is thereby to be distinguished from *Modern Informal*, naming no brand names, which “tends toward soft, continuous, streamlined surfaces which have a rakish spectacular appeal [and] tends to sacrifice functional body surfaces for the purpose of accommodating styling tricks. Carried to extreme, it emphasizes increased use of chrome, massive front and rear-end treatment, and continuous rub rails, jet scoops, and the like.

“There is a market,” the memo goes on, “for both the spectacular and the elegant. The original Continental, however, filled a gap in the passenger car market by offering a vehicle whose beauty lay primarily in its honesty and simplicity of line. From the apparent trend of current automobile design, there will exist an even greater need for such a car in the future. . . . We believe greater and more lasting Company prestige can be obtained with a distinguished product rather than with a spectacular product. The Modern Formal theme will appeal to . . . people who have learned to appreciate and can afford the elegance of simplicity.”

I don't know about you, but I'm more impressed by these words' coming from the inner councils of the company, in the normal course of work, than I would be if they came from the advertising agency after the product had been put up for sale. The language is the language of the



sales conference, which tends to muddy communication, but the essential bravado comes through unimpaired. I'm reasonably convinced (making suitable allowance for the proposition that Continentals could lose money and still sell a lot of Mercurys) that Ford's theorists have few reasons not to be candid about design, especially when insulting their competitors. The snobbish position is sufficiently unpopular that no one has to take it who is not in earnest, and knows what he is about.

THERE need be no doubt in your mind, once you see the end result of all this doctrinal forethought, that the new car's makers knew what they are doing. Their whole process has been self-conscious to the verge of total recall. They have happily told the story of how it was done—how they designed retroactively what would have been a logical Continental for 1950 (the old one was abandoned in 1948), followed it with an imaginary 1953 version, and then went on to design for the coming year. They are equally delighted to admit that they hired four outside consultants and then let a group of Ford executives vote, under elaborately neutral conditions, for the version they liked the best. The one you will see was the unanimous choice, and the product—sighs of relief must have been audible in Ashtabula—of the division's own designers.

There is a contrast here, of course, with the original Continental, which seems to have been dreamed up—like the true masterwork it is—in a fit of absence of mind. Several Continental press releases comment plaintively on the deplorable lack of old records; and this in a company so history-minded that it has a corner set aside in its museum for displaying the first watch repaired by Henry Ford, the second watch, and so on. Mr. Ford's son Edsel went to Europe in 1938 and was bitten by what would now be called the sport-car bug. He had the Continental prototype built for himself and, with his youngest son Bill, drove it to Florida in 1939. Edsel came back with two hundred orders and went into business; eventually 5,322 of the lovely things were built, in a variety of models, before production was suspended. There may be some question what precisely are "classic cars," even among the members of the C.C.C.A., or Classic Car Club of America, but there is no question that the Continental belongs among them.

William Clay Ford, to bring us full circle, is now general manager of the Continental division.

His satisfaction in reviving the tradition his father began is obvious, and no less justified in that he builds on the continued popularity of the original car; he frankly took the occasion of a Lincoln Continental Owners Club meet in Dearborn a year ago to announce the new model, and there is every reason to suppose that the existence of nostalgic, and well-heeled, car fanciers is one of the taste-tips his company acted on. Not only is affection for, say, the 1937 Cord the sign and seal of developed sensibility; not only does Herb Shriner drive a 1934 Packard phaeton; but, more than that, these fanatics will pay out good money—such as \$5,500 for a nineteen-year-old Duesenberg—in pursuit of their passion. That, even in Detroit, gives one to think.

I MEAN no disrespect to the new Continental in saying that it is, on its face, a compromise. It could hardly be anything else. It is reminiscent of the old one, but not too much. It is both commercial and uncommercial, and both quite aggressively. In some senses of the word, it is even more fancy-refined than its progenitor—but not too much. There are elements in it of high-brow design and elements in it of just plain Cadillac; and, considering the *mélange* this is, it is well stirred. My first reaction was one of uneasiness, then of grudging acquiescence, then of dawning respect. I am inclined to think that it is a successful "design-solution," as the designers say, in that it "solves the design problem"; but I'm not sure that this settles the issue.

As cars go nowadays, here are severe lines and "honest" expressions of function—at least to the extent, for instance, that the chaste fins on the wheel drums were *intended* to ventilate the brakes, even though this turned out to be unnecessary and they were kept on for their added attractiveness. To emphasize the purity of line, the advertising photographs will show Continentals that are either all white or all black, an ironical throwback to Grandpa Henry's famous statement that the public could have any color it wanted, provided it wanted black. So far, of the Continental's sight-unseen customers, almost half have demanded black—which is pleasant to know.

But there are other features less easy to reconcile. I like the front grille, very much, and I like the way the cab sits on the body, and the way the wheels are exposed: it really looks like a *car*. But I wish the headlights weren't quite so rockety (an inch shorter would have made the difference) or the rear-end quite so fussy and cluttered.

There is an embossed line along the side that may be visually more necessary than I think, but I still don't see how the word "functional" could be applied to it. What immediately takes the eye, on the other hand, is the handling of the spare tire, and I'm afraid I'll have to observe security at least to the extent of not describing it. This is the feature that General Motors stylists—according to Holly Whyte of *Fortune* in his masterly account of "The Cadillac Phenomenon"—call the "cross-up" something that "makes the bystander think to himself, the hell they say."

It works, and it works together with the total effect, which I guess is what I mean by design-success—greater success, in terms of the problem posed, than that of the old Continental, with its bulbous drape-shape fenders sharply conflicting with the angularity of its windshield and windows, and the finicky hung-on bumpers and ornaments that were then conventional. Our convention now is smoothness and competence, of the kind that can wrap up nostalgia, fashion, and vigorous marketability in a single package and make them stick. This is the designer's Pyrrhic victory, the triumph containing the seeds of defeat. It may be heresy to say so, but I suspect that the "successful" designs—in this context of overwhelming professional skill—are not those that go on to become the memorable, the fawned-over, and the inevitably imitated classic.

#### REVIVAL

JUST about now the art museum in Cincinnati, which is the oldest in the Middle West, is opening an exhibition of paintings by a selection of American artists who the staff feels are in the need of revival. In point of time the painters stem from the days before the Revolution, through the age that we in America mistakenly persist in calling Victorian, to the beginning of this century. The show starts with Robert Feke, a man to whom all men had a somewhat Gothic look, and ends with Harnett and Peto, a pair of still-life painters in the *trompe-l'oeil* manner. There are pictures by the Long Islander, William Sidney Mount, who started life as a sign painter and whose skill in depicting scenes of daily life must make the *Saturday Evening Post* cover artists bite their nails in dismay. There are paintings by George Caleb Bingham, who celebrated the gaiety (or was it merely the obverse of boredom?) of the boatmen on the Mississippi. There are others—the fantasist Quidor, recently redis-

covered by John Bauer, then at the Brooklyn Museum (and I'm not sure it was worth it), and a satirist, David G. Blythe, a minor talent, and Robert S. Duncanson, the son of a Scotsman and a mulatto, a pleasant painter, and a nice man who died insane.\*

None of these men is a major artist, even if judged against other Americans who were painting at the same time they were. Feke seems more than a generation removed from Copley. Mount is no Winslow Homer nor is George Caleb Bingham a Thomas Eakins. But what is surprising about them, and pleasing, is that even if they were the Jay Vee, they still field a pretty impressive team. None of them was a howling success in his day, which is regrettable. For the most part they made modest livings, were moderately successful, and pleased a certain number of their contemporaries. In other words, like many artists before and since, they paid for the pleasures and despairs of following their heart's desire by being only scantily rewarded by society.

It would not be accurate to say that their fame lived on. Their fame died, and it is for that reason that they are being revived. Their impact on their contemporaries was not such that they became legends; their pictures disappeared into family attics and the basements of museums (in the few cases where they ever got into museums at all), and it took men of our generation to exhume them. And this raises a nice question. Why should we exhume them? What is the nature of the persistent desire in our time to revive things?

There are, of course, many answers. Some of the answers are scholarly; some are, always are, commercial; some are the results of desperation.

The nineteenth century, during which most of the painters in the Cincinnati exhibition lived, was a time of revivals too, but those revivals were quite different from our own. Our great-grandfathers didn't reach back into the immediate past of America; they plunged their hands into the great grab bag of history and came up with something on a grand scale. They revived Greek and Roman architecture and then when they got tired of that they revived the Gothic, and before the century was out they had dug up the Renaissance and spread it over our landscape. There was nothing mingie about that. We, on the other hand, seem content to reach into the smaller grab bag of our own history, and along

\* Also exhibited are Aaron H. Corwin, Ralph Earle, Edward Hicks, and Fitz Hugh Lane.



with some grandeur we come up with the cutest things.

First we revived Colonial furniture and glass and silver, and among the household goods of our forebears we found some handsome objects. But when we ran out of such objects we began to make imitations of them; every second house in the 1920s was the cutest possible version of Williamsburg. To replace what we considered in the 1920s to be the horrors of the Victorian Age we produced a new set of anachronistic horrors which didn't even have the validity of being a nice try; they were just a warmed-over try.

The Colonial revival, however, was a symbol (though many people would deny it) of a kind of maturity. America was beginning to feel sufficiently grown up to think of its own artistic past with respect. This was something new. Up to then, in the eyes of most Americans, only Europe and the Orient had an artistic past, and our revivals were all borrowed from them. Furthermore, reviving the American past had undeniable commercial possibilities. Almost every family that lived on the Eastern Seaboard, or near it, had a piece of something that suddenly had some sort of value as an antique. Here was a kind of revival that was not only good for architects and picture dealers but for almost everybody. Antique dealers cropped up on every rural roadside.



AS THE Colonial revival began to spend itself, there were too many people in the revival business not to find something new to revive. It had to be the nineteenth century, since the seventeenth and eighteenth were pretty well exhausted. It would be nice to know where this nineteenth-century revival actually started. Twenty years ago there was a spurt of revivals of cheap nineteenth-century melodrama, the purpose of which was to tickle our ribs at the expense of our parents. There were night clubs done up in the manner of the "Gay Nineties"; there was the musical, "Show Boat," based on Edna Ferber's novel. And there were serious

revivals as well—Henry James and Melville (where is William Dean Howells?) and architects like H. H. Richardson and Louis Sullivan, and more recently Richard Morris Hunt and Renwick and A. J. Davis. Antique stores, short on Colonial, began to capitalize on gewgaws of rosewood and papier-mâché, on love seats and *dos-à-dos*, on needlepoint cushions depicting sleeping spaniels, on whatnots and Turkish nooks.

It is interesting, I think, that the general revival of painters should come along after the revival of architecture and novelists and household odds and ends. That is not to say that the current exhibition in Cincinnati marks the beginning of the revival . . . far from it. As long ago as 1934 the St. Louis museum had a show of George Caleb Bingham and seven or eight years ago the Metropolitan in New York had a very entertaining exhibition called, as I remember, "The Taste of the Seventies." It was full of most slickly painted and sentimentalized nudes—and of laughs. The Cincinnati show is quite different; it is not for fun, it is serious. It is an attempt to find a common denominator in the taste of the last century and the taste of the middle of this one. Or so at least I interpret it.

One will not find in these men any great invention, so dear to our jaded hearts today. They took great care in the selection and arrangement of their subject matter, whether it was figures or landscape or objects, and then they put it down on canvas with skill. Mood was important as a part of subject matter, and the mood is almost always a romantic one. William Sidney Mount spoke for most of them when he wrote in his journal in 1850: "I must paint such pictures as speak at once to the spectator—scenes that are most popular—that will be understood in an instant." You would hear no such doctrine from a serious painter today. Immediacy of communication is not his concern, and it may be that the mystery that time has interjected between the paintings of Mount and the others and ourselves is part of their charm for us. We are used to making an effort to understand art, and now these painters are far enough away from us so that we must make an effort to see what they have to say to us. But we feel a kinship for them, partly patriotic, partly nostalgic. We also (and let us not underestimate it) have a special respect for the people who never made star billing but who worked hard and honestly in the shadow and who somehow managed not to be forgotten by time.

—Mr. Harper

# *the new* BOOKS

PAUL PICKREL

## The 'Thirties and the 'Fifties

### The Day's Work

### The Artist's Life

**I**T LOOKS as if the 1930s were replacing the 1920s as a favorite setting for novels. That is to be expected. The 'twenties have worn a little thin (if they weren't a little thin to start with); and, for many of the novelists now coming to their literary maturity, the 'thirties were the highly impressionable years of late adolescence that have always been a favorite subject for fiction. Yet it is difficult to write about the 'thirties in the 'fifties. To an historian writing a thousand years hence the two decades may appear indistinguishable, but to those who have lived through both they seem to be separated by a change in attitude toward almost all the fundamental problems of life—religion, politics, sex, money. It was probably no harder to be young in the 'thirties than it is in the 'fifties, but it was certainly different.

#### A QUESTION OF TRANSLATION

HERMAN WOUK'S new novel, *Marjorie Morningstar* (Doubleday, \$4.95), is the story of a Jewish girl who was young in New York in the 'thirties. Her real name is Marjorie Morgenstern—Morningstar is the translation of her surname she plans to use in her stage career.

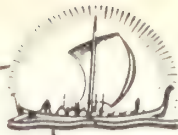
Marjorie belongs to the first generation of her family to be born in this country. Unlike the immigrant generation of her parents, for whom the new world was primarily an economic challenge, she sees America as a cultural challenge. For her the theater she tries to crash is partly what it is for any pretty girl who has a little talent and likes to be admired—an opportunity for further admiration. But it is also, though she is less conscious of this, a way of circumventing the problems of cultural assimilation. To be

established in the theater would be to belong to the general American culture; to be a great artist would somehow dispose of the problem of being a Jewess. Meanwhile she wanders in a moral no-man's-land, impatient and half-ashamed of the traditional restrictions of Jewish life, yet tentative and conscience-ridden at breaking away from them. Should she continue to observe the dietary laws? Should she marry one of the nice conventionally religious young men her mother introduces to her at temple dances? Above all, should she follow the Jewish precepts governing sexual behavior before marriage?

These problems acquire a new urgency for Marjorie when she meets Noel Airman, the director of a theatrical troupe at a summer hotel. Noel is not only a somewhat older man than Marjorie has known before, highly successful with women, a man with ease and grace of manner and a variety of superficial talents, but he also represents the emancipation of the theater, for in choosing the stage as his career he has tried to slough off his Jewish heritage along with his original name of Saul Ehrmann. Naturally he makes a powerful appeal to the whole Morningstar side of Marjorie's nature, and she is strongly tempted to have an affair with him, especially after she sees from living with the troupe that other Jewish girls of her age have lapsed from the teaching of their religion in more ways than eating bacon. But there is a side of Marjorie's nature that is plain untranslated and unassimilated Morgenstern, the product of a long religious tradition and a careful upbringing, and this side of her nature is shocked at the idea of an affair. Marjorie's difficulty in reaching a decision and the consequences of her decision once it is reached form the major part of the novel's action.

Noel is the nearest thing to a failure in characterization in the book, not because he is uncon-





**"A timeless work of art... from which no essential element of life has been omitted. A magnifying glass has been laid over a microscopic world in the center of which loom, larger and larger, man and woman, married, bound by love, and from whom radiate the beauty and tragedy of humanity."**  
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**Salamanders and other wonders**  
by WILLY LEY



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...but because there is not enough energy in him to play so large a part. He is an arty Bohemian who becomes a long-winded bore well before the novel is over. Since the other characters on the side of assimilation are even more foolish, the major theme does not have a free dramatic development.

In spite of its setting in the 'thirties, *Marjorie Morningstar* is very much a novel of the 'fifties. This is true in part because the kinds of situations that the reader is likely to think of as typical of the 'thirties do not appear here. The Depression makes little mark on the characters—Marjorie's parents move to a less expensive apartment and that is about all that happens. There is no sense of public problems requiring public solutions. Marjorie knows a good many unemployed young actors, but the number of young actors who are unemployed at any one time has little to do with the state of the national economy. Even the persecutions of Jews in Germany is hardly mentioned until near the end of the book.

But it is in its underlying attitudes that *Marjorie Morningstar* is most clearly a novel of the 'fifties. It has the rather joyless acceptance of things as they are, the distrust of the untried and unusual, the failure of revolt, that are typical of the present decade. Although there are some genuinely religious characters in the novel, their religion has no prophetic strain; it is hard to tell where religion leaves off and middle-class respectability begins. For Marjorie's generation religion underwrites the status quo and offers what comfort it can; it triumphs *faute de mieux*. The sexual morality shows the influence of the New Puritanism; it is priggish—not because there is anything priggish about chastity but because there is something priggish about finding chastity interesting in proportion to the thinness of the ice it skates over. Marjorie's definition of chastity is strictly physiological; she does more necking than any other fictional heroine that comes to mind. If the critic was right who found the surest formula for a best-seller in procrastinative rape, then *Marjorie Morningstar* should sell very well indeed.

Wouk is at his best in portraying scenes of Jewish family life. The finest passage is an account of the *bar mitzvah* of Marjorie's younger brother—an excellent mixture of true religious feeling and vulgar ostentation, of innocent social climbing and family love. The writing here is very adroit, shifting its tone in keeping with the nuances of the subject—warm, satirical, reverent, sentimental, and humorous by turns. By far the most winning characters are the members of the immigrant generation, the generation of Marjorie's parents. They speak with accents; they have little formal education but a great deal of native wit sharpened on the adamant of events. The structure of the book assumes that

they constitute an argument for middle-class respectability, and in a sense they do, but there is an important difference between them and their children in this matter. For the older generation the prosperous respectability of their lives is not what it is for Marjorie and her contemporaries—something to be chosen or rejected at will, like an item on a menu. It is rather their achievement in life; it was once their morning star, and to achieve it they have fought tooth and nail. The second half of the novel is the poorer for the disappearance of the older generation from the story. A Book-of-the-Month Club selection.

#### THE GLORY ROAD

**I**N *The Fabulous Train* (Rinehart, \$3.50) Fred-eric Wakeman provides another story of the 'thirties. Here the central character is a young man—one Hal Sample, the fair-haired boy of a tiny Kansas town—but the central problem is the same as in *Marjorie Morningstar*: whether it is better to stay within a familiar round or to venture beyond.

In the summer of 1933 Hal Sample finds himself with a fresh bachelor's degree in physics and the job of selling enough Fords to nonexistent buyers to establish a home for the girl he loves. Then one evening a luxurious train, which ordinarily hardly bothers to whistle when it flashes through town, has to stop on the railroad siding for a hotbox to cool off. Along with the rest of the village underemployed, Hal saunters down to give it the once-over, and it becomes for him something like what the stage is for Marjorie Morgenstern: a symbol of the unrealized grandeur of life that beckons from beyond the petty and the everyday. At the moment it is particularly poignant to Hal, for he has just received an offer to go east for graduate study in physics, but for economic reasons he can accept the offer only by deserting the girl he loves.

Wakeman is good at catching one aspect of the 'thirties—the hanging around waiting for something to happen, the corrosion of idleness in men who have few resources except work. But in other respects the perspective of the 'fifties is all too apparent. In making Hal an atomic physicist in embryo Wakeman has paid his respects to current interests, as he has even more obviously in Hal's brief flirtation with Communism. Hal puts a stop to that nonsense in an embarrassing speech on why Communism can never appeal to an All-American boy like himself that sounds like a piece of institutional advertising copy. He is too clearly meant to be a Sample.

The plan of *The Fabulous Train* is dictated by no internal necessity. The symbol of the train comes and goes as arbitrarily as a figure in an allegorical pageant. Even the solution to Hal's problem of whether to go or to stay is handed in



# The Swivel Chair



The murmurous susurrations of the hammock is stilled; reading is again a serious occupation, and the book trade celebrates its brief season as big business with new works by the old pros.

Africa has gotten the nod as the most discoverable continent of the year, and there will be an impressive list of surveys by alien experts. There will be one, **The African Giant**, (\$4.00) by a writer with the head start of being native to the place. **Stuart Cloete**, descendant of the first white colonist in South Africa, set out in 1953 on a year of rediscovery. He and his wife moved on from friend to Government House to Emir's palace to friends of friend. They travelled by boat and plane and safari truck. They saw Mau Mau hunt and ju-ju houses, the New Africa's hospitals and the Old Africa's slave barracoons. They listened and talked to the men who are still governing and to those about to take their places.



It is easy, because Cloete is a masterly novelist, to be charmed away from the central, difficult question of the Giant's strength. It is easy to be seduced by the distillation of all the good and lively talk — for people talk their best to the Cloetes — or to be diverted, for instance, by his interview — in parables — of an African king, to absorb the sights and smells and sounds of a market of the Mammy traders. But all the while, because Cloete is an historian as well as a novelist, the African giant is taking shape. What he is heir to, what he is being taught, what extravagances of violence and retrogressive simplicities confuse him — these are the preoccupations of this urgent and enlightening book.

If you have among your acquaintances someone who got double pneumonia riding on an elephant's head with Mrs. Jack Gardner and had an aeroplane fall on him in the Place Vendôme, who was sworn to secrecy by Tallulah and listened to George Gershwin in the throes of Rhapsody composition, who played host unexpectedly to Queen Marie of Rumania and lent taxi fare to Noel Coward — then it would be prudent to buy **Untold Friendships** (\$4.00) by **Schuyler Parsons**, for you may be in it. Even for the non-participating this is a delight always, for Schuyler Parsons is one of the rarely fortunate who has lived at precisely the right moment in time and circumstance to make a vocation of playing host and proving friend to some of the liveliest celebrities of a happily uninhibited era. A pre-publication review puts it very neatly in the phrase, "There is a gallantry here that suits the glitter."



The Fates are essentially tidy; it was inevitable that the longest novel in the English language should be the product of a loyal Texan. *Sironia, Texas* obligingly broke all sorts of records when it was published, three years ago, and is currently probably accounting for more pounds of type in translations than any other novel of its vintage. Its author, **Madison Cooper**, has written a new novel, **The Haunted Hacienda** (\$3.75). Its protagonist is not a Texan, but his story begins for us when he reaches there. Guido Celli was ordered by his wealthy and indignant parents to a gilded exile in California. But he stopped off in Texas on the way and met the most enchanting bow-legged blonde in recent fiction. Naturalism at its liveliest.



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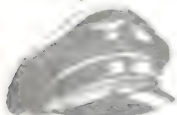
By CHARLES FOLEY

Introduction by  
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never appears and is fictionally meaningless. In fact, the book reads less like a completed novel than like a heavily padded first chapter for a novel. The biggest wad of padding is pretty funny: it is a little drama of rustic buffoonery in the manner of Caldwell with a Kansas accent.

### FACING BOTH WAYS

BY BUDD SCHULBERG *Waterfront* (Random House, \$3.95) is a novel of the 'fifties marred by the author's attempt to fit it into the format of the 'thirties. It begins with a long passage written in a pseudo-talk style, like a "work song" played at some long-ago benefit party for Spanish Loyalists. It is — in a favorite phrase of that era — fired with a sense of social injustice, and it does a good job of reporting on a victimized portion of the population. One of the two main characters is a priest who acknowledges his working-class origins and by-passes his toadying ecclesiastical superiors to champion the laborers against the vested interests. Except that the villains are bloated labor racketeers instead of bloated capitalists, the part of *Waterfront* that centers on the priest might have been written twenty years ago, and it shares a leading moral attitude of that time: good and evil are a question of social justice: get rid of the bad bosses and all will be well.

But intermixed with the priest's story is another story with another main character, Terry Malloy. This story exists in a different atmosphere: here good and evil are a problem of self-knowledge, and recognition replaces reform as the object of moral effort.

Terry is a baffled tough of twenty-eight whose one chance of glory as a prize fighter is already past. He is torn between the self-protective anti-cop code of a rough and ready neighborhood and the code of an officially Christian society. He does odd jobs for his labor-racketeer brother in innocence of spirit until he has to recognize the consequences of his work. He loves his brother yet hates what his brother has done to him by making him throw a fight. Terry is not, like the priest, the mouthpiece for a point of view but a potentially tragic creation, though too super-

ficially characterized to achieve tragic stature.

There is no real confrontation of the two stories, Terry's and the priest's. This is most apparent at the end, which is different from the ending of the motion picture but almost equally unsatisfactory. The ending of the picture, with its triumph of proletarian solidarity, was straight out of the left wing of the 'thirties; the ending of the novel makes better sense but is artistically and psychologically inept because it gives the center of the stage to the priest.


For many readers one of the chief pleasures of *Waterfront* will be the opportunity to compare cognate novel and picture. Recollection of the inarticulate eloquence Marlon Brando brought to the role of Terry enriches the novel, and the novel excuses Karl Malden's uncharacteristic performance as the priest. Comparison reveals certain common success — chiefly the dialogue, though the same scene is the best scene in both the novel and the picture (the last encounter between Terry and his brother); yet comparison also reveals a difference as excellent. Like Kazan and Budd Schulberg are, Kazan is primarily an imagist. He has a wonderful sense of scene and a weaker sense of narrative. Schulberg is much less the artist. He has strong sociological and polemical impulses, though in the figure of Terry he makes a stronger bid for serious attention as an imaginative writer than he has made before.

### TIME AND TOLSTOY

GEORGE SOULE'S *Time for Living* (Viking Press, \$3.00) is a book that could only have been written in the 'fifties, for it is a series of speculations about the economic and human consequences of atomic energy.

Having developed our economy and technology on the assumption that time is a scarce commodity, Soule shows, we now have to rebuild our society on the assumption that time is abundant. What kind of society will it be? It may be pretty dismal — without the harsh necessity of working for a living most of our waking hours we may become a aimless and inert mass ruled by





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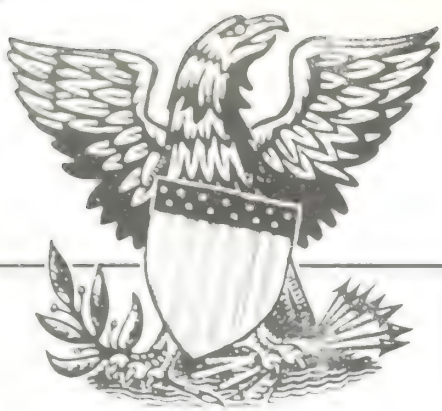
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## THE NEW BOOKS

tight little band of hard-working technologists, scientists, and professional administrators. Or we may be able to make ourselves at home in a world where the machines do most of their own baby-sitting. Soule points out certain facts that support the more optimistic view:

(1) Though the imminent debauchment of workers by leisure has long been a cause of alarm to moralists, labor has for some time chosen to take some of the increase in productivity in the form of more free time rather than more goods without disastrous results, and there is no reason to suppose that this trend will reverse itself.

(2) In many kinds of work there has been and will be no increase in productivity, and most of these kinds of work could absorb many more workers to the advantage of society. A teacher's productivity cannot be increased technologically, nor can a psychiatrist's or a mother's or a nurse's or a philosopher's. The *proportion* of the population that tends machines—what Marx called the industrial proletariat—has been shrinking for some time; from now on the actual *number* of such workers will decline. Apparently the economic future belongs to those who work with people.

(3) The do-it-yourself mania may indicate that people are already working out a different relation to the market economy; they meet it on its own terms for a few hours a day and are then free to give their unpaid time to activities that are certainly work but are not tied through the cash nexus to the market.

The gravest problem, as Soule sees it, is how to reconcile a technology that minimizes work with a morality that maximizes it. He has hard words for the puritan view of work and for that economic puritan Thorstein Veblen. Unpaid time will certainly have to be filled with something better than "recreation"—i.e., play that is approved because it puts the player into shape to work some more.

There are many gaps in Soule's analysis. He has little to say about the role of government in the massive redistribution of employment he envisions; he seems not to have any very coherent view of human nature underlying his speculations. The book is a rambling loose-jointed

## Conflict— men at odds with their times

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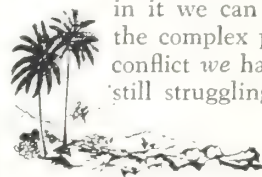
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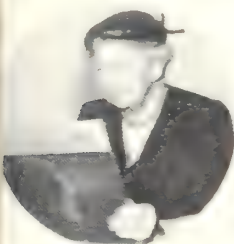
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essay, made up of all kinds of odds and ends, sometimes witty and sometimes banal, written in a style that might be called highly nontechnical (Soule even explains to the reader what the phrase "per capita income" means), yet far from unsophisticated in some of its insights.

John Goffe's *Legacy* (W. W. Norton, \$3.50) by George Woodbury is a good book to read along with Soule's. It is a light-hearted account of how eight generations of the same family have lived and made a living on a piece of New England soil whose chief economic advantage is a water mill built in 1744 and still going. There are many curious and amusing and even touching things in the book. The finest is the rule laid down by the first John Goffe: "Never take toll from a widow's grist, or from a man bringing grain on his back." The best character is an early-nineteenth-century Mrs. Goffe who, in spite of her celebrated sternness, desperately wanted a pair of silk stockings. Logically enough she set about realizing her desire by having one of her boys fetch home some mulberry shoots. Having grown their feed, she acquired the necessary livestock, processed their silk, and knit herself a pair of silk stockings that survived her for a century. Apparently there was time in her life to do it yourself too.

### THE TIME-DEFIERS

**T**HERE are three things a man can do without fretting about: wasting his time—make love, make war, and make art, and technology can significantly increase his productivity only at war. Yet love and art are still the time-defiers.

Recent weeks have seen the publication of a number of books about artists. The best—because the least replaceable—is by the artist himself, Sir Jacob Epstein's *Autobiography* (Dutton, \$6.00). This is actually a re-issue, with some additional material and many fine plates, of *Let There Be Sculpture* published fifteen years ago. But time does not wither the Polish-Jew from the Lower East Side who can discreetly condescend to a Duke of Marlborough in his text and immortalize him in an exquisite bronze bust. This is the autobiography of the artist not the man. It

contains no personal revelations, but it abundantly documents a career unequalled in modern art for the virulence of its detractors and unsurpassed in modern sculpture for the range and beauty of its accomplishment.

... Peter Quennell's *Hogarth Progress* (Viking Press, \$6.50) is a elegant example of the lapidary art. It tells you a good deal about London in the middle of the eighteenth century, something about Hogarth's paintings, and what there is to be known—it isn't a great deal—about the man who made them. Quennell writes it all as if a crumpet wouldn't melt in his mouth.

... In *Swift and Carroll: A Psychoanalytic Study of Two Lives* (International Universities Press, \$5.00) Phyllis Greenacre, a practicing psychoanalyst, takes a professional look at two of the odder gentlemen to make their mark in English literature. Both are sitting ducks for this approach and both have been clipped before, but Dr. Greenacre puts her case well, and it can be read with pleasure by a layman. In the instance of Swift crucial pieces in the biographical puzzle are lost, presumably forever, and so Dr. Greenacre can add little more than a scientific vocabulary to the surmises of Swift's attentive reader. The comparison of Swift and Carroll yields some surprising parallels.

... *Portrait of Barrie* (Dutton, \$3.50) is Cynthia Asquith's sympathetic account of Barrie's last twenty years, when she served as his secretary. Unfortunately these were the duller years in his life. He produced only two new plays, "Marion Rose" and his failure, "The Boy David," written for Elisabeth Bergner. Much of his time was given to such activities as cricket, a snobbish infatuation with Eton, and making speeches. This mild and mildly entertaining book is unexpectedly recommended by an account of Thomas Hardy's dog Wessex, who did not play cricket but was otherwise loathsome: he bit mailmen and waiters around on the table during dinner disputing their food with the guests. Like all impossible dogs he was madly adored by his owner.

... Aileen Pippett's *The Mod and the Star* (Little, Brown, \$5.00) is probably the best biography of Vir



THE NEW BOOKS

a Woolf we can have at present. leaves many important questions answered, but presumably those questions will have to await the passage of time and the publication of documents. Mrs. Pippett has had access to V. Sackville-West's letters to Mrs. Woolf (probably the most important body of correspondence), and she has talked with some of Mrs. Woolf's surviving friends, but most of the story told here has been before the public for some time. The biography is somewhat too Woolfian in manner (facts tend to get muffled up in elaborate figures of speech) and much space is given to the retelling of the novels. Incidents are treated with a full sense of the subject's dignity; Mrs. Pippett tells, for instance, that Virginia Woolf went swimming with Rupert Brooke but she does not add that he wore no suits. Mrs. Pippett is at recreating times and places, she does a good job of defending Mrs. Woolf's tiresome and febrile mannerism. An excellent book for the reader with unlimited enthusiasm for Mrs. Woolf's work and a good introduction for the reader with uneducated ignorance of it, *The Moth and the Star* will leave unsatisfied the reader who knows Mrs. Woolf's work, admires it within limits, and is looking for more facts and more illumination.

INNOCENT BYSTANDER

A sense Anthony West's novel *Inheritance* (Random House, \$3.75) belongs with the novels of Wouk and Hemingway discussed earlier, since it is another novel chiefly concerned with an adolescent in the 'thirties. In a more important sense it belongs with these lives of artists, for it is a study of certain human sequences of the artist's life. West's central character is the illegitimate son of a famous actress and an even more famous writer. As rather commonplace boy caught between two vivid personalities, he is to share in the splendor such great persons shed around them, but for the sake of his own integrity he tries to make the world of fact in which he is at home prevail against the tyranny of their powerful imaginations. West has chosen to treat this material in the framework of the

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## THE YEAR IN POETRY

conventional novel of development; at the end the boy, now a young man, has achieved a maturity of sorts. He realizes that his mother loves him and his father respects him; they can value the casual creature of their bodies as well as the more glamorous creations of their minds.

The case against the imagination

is not conclusive, however, because the best thing in the book is the father's talk. The mother is a figment of fiction, but the father has the kind of vitality that will always be fascinating. He can ramble along on any subject—his boyhood, international politics, how London has changed—and make the rest of the novel pale by comparison.

## THE YEAR *in poetry*

RANDALL JARRELL

MRS. JACKSON has asked me to write a short piece about the year's poetry—"something to make people rush out to the bookstores," as she said. I wish that I could. Elizabeth Bishop's *Poems*, Robert Graves' *Collected Poems* are worth a long walk through sand, worth reading by the light of a bottle of lightning-bugs, worth more than anybody is ever likely to pay for them—and yet, short of having a hypnotist tell people it's 1855, or that the poems are really Robert Ruark, I don't know any way to get many people to buy or read them. Let me start with two recommendations that may have a better chance:

Dylan Thomas' *Under Milk Wood* and Wallace Stevens' *Collected Poems* were published late last year; both poets are dead, now. We put up statues of poets, once they're dead, or buy their houses, but the only way we can really do anything for them is to read them. Reading *Under Milk Wood* is a piece of easy and magical piety, since it is as good a celebration of A Day in My Home Town—this one is a Welsh fishing village—as anybody is ever likely to write. Thomas describes the things and people of Llaregub, and then lets them speak for themselves, and everything that all of them say is living almost beyond life: it would be hard for any work of art to communicate more directly and funnily and lovingly what it is like to be alive. To Thomas life is not a means to anything, but an outrageous and indefensible—who needs to defend it?

—end; because the people of Llaregub are hopelessly, helplessly human, he loves them without qualification. If Falstaff, safe in Arthur's bosom, had begun longing for the things of this earth, and had looked back and written his own *Midsummer Night's Dream*, he would have got something like *Under Milk Wood*. And just to make sure that this last work of his would be able to mesmerize anybody at all, Thomas put most of its poetry into prose: whether you can read poetry or not, read modern poetry or not, you can read *Under Milk Wood*.

WITH Stevens' *Collected Poems* it's different: you have to be able to read poetry—modern poetry, sometimes. But now that Stevens has gone to join Whitman and Dickinson and Melville—how pleasant it would be to hear him telling them, with delicacy and firmness, exactly what he thinks of them, the last world, and the next!—oughtn't all of us to read his poems? If we had been contemporaries of Whitman and Dickinson and Melville, and had got rid of them with, "All this modern Victorian poetry just doesn't make sense to me," wouldn't the angels have had the right to laugh or weep at us? and if we get rid of Stevens with the same sentence, haven't they the same right? The angels would naturally be on the side of Stevens, since he had something of their own detachment, elevation, and magnanimity. His representations of human existence are far-ranging, imaginative, and profoundly individual: they come to





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## THE YEAR IN POETRY

gether into a world of his own, one that makes us see a little differently the world we all share. His last poems, *The Rock*, show better than any other poems, perhaps, what the world looks like as we leave it. I wish that I could quote the long "To an Old Philosopher in Rome," a poem that is the poet's own requiem; let me quote instead "The Brave Man," a poem that can serve as a symbol of what we lost when Stevens died, and what we kept:

The sun, that brave man,  
Comes through boughs that lie in  
wait.

That brave man.

Green and gloomy eyes  
In dark forms of the grass  
Run away.

The good stars,  
Pale helms and spiky spurs,  
Run away.

Fears of my bed,  
Fears of life and fears of death,  
Run away.

That brave man comes up  
From below and walks without  
meditation.

That brave man.

HERE SHE IS

**F**IFTY-THREE years after the death of Queen Victoria, it has become possible to read Emily Dickinson's poems as she wrote them, and not as her guides, relatives, and friends wished that she had written them: Thomas H. Johnson and the Belknap Press of the Harvard University Press have brought out in three big volumes, noted, chronologically arranged, and accurate to the last variant, misspelling, and grammatical error, *The Poems of Emily Dickinson*. Now and then—I know I shouldn't admit this—I am glad of what the people did to the poems: for instance, *signed away* / *What portion of me I Could make assignable*, in the poem that begins *I heard a fly buzz when I died*; but usually Emily Dickinson's own ways are better, even when there is a dash every second word and an exclamation point every third. This is, truly, a marvelous book: the reader finishes speechless, and laughing, and shaking his head in helpless wonder. He has read some great poems, and some good ones, and some arch and silly



A. Aubrey Bodine

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## THE YEAR IN POETRY

and terrible ones, poems that would make a bureau blush; all the absolutes and intensives and eccentricities of an absolutely intense eccentric have passed over him like a train of avalanches, and left him a couple of hundred feet deep in Knowledge.

He has learned all there is to know about one woman: here she is. Her poetry is the diary or autobiography—though few diaries or autobiographies compare with it for intentional and, especially, unintentional truth—of an acute psychologist, a wonderful rhetorician, and one of the most individual writers who ever lived, one of those best able to express experience at its most nearly absolute. How much truth and how many lies, what vanity and blasphemy and agony and monotony, there are in these three volumes! You live with the poems—or rather, with the poet—in almost intolerable intimacy. After finishing thirteen hundred pages of this magnificent and impossible little Queen of Calvary, God's spoiled, lonely, only child, you say *Never again*, laugh, and start out all over again. The poems are haunted by their daemonic, ridiculously human, entirely immortal maker.

## OF THE FUTURE

SOMETIMES when I can't go to sleep at night I see the family of the future. Dressed in three-tone shorts-and-shirt sets of disposable Papersilk, they sit before the television wall of their apartment, only their eyes moving. After I've looked a while I always see—otherwise I'd die—a pigheaded soul over in the corner with a book; only his eyes are moving, but in them there is a different look.

Usually it's Homer he's holding—this week it's Elizabeth Bishop. Her *Poems* seems to me one of the best books an American poet has ever written: the people of the future (the ones in the corner) will read her just as they will read Dickinson or Whitman or Stevens, or the other classical American poets still alive among us. I have been reading most of Elizabeth Bishop's poems—two-thirds were printed in *North and South*, a book long out of print—for ten years; I've read my many favorites many

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# THE YEAR IN POETRY

hundreds of times, and they seem  
 r and fresher, more nearly per-  
 than they ever did. They are  
 , truthful, sad, funny, most mar-  
 isly individual poems; they have  
 and, a feel, a whole moral and  
 cal atmosphere, different from  
 ing else I know. And I don't  
 of any other poet with so high  
 portion of good poems; at least  
 are completely realized works of  
 They are honest, modest, mi-  
 y observant, masterly; even  
 most complicated or troubled  
 imaginative effects seem, always,  
 nal and natural, and as unmis-  
 ble as the first few notes of a  
 er song, the first few patches of  
 illard interior. (The poems are  
 Vuillard or even, sometimes,  
 eer.) Occasionally you meet  
 one and feel in astonished joy:  
 l, this is what people ought to  
 ke"; this is what poems ought to  
 ce.

won't quote, since I'd want to  
 many pages; I hope you'll  
 for yourself "The Man-  
 ," "Roosters," "The Weed,"  
 Fish," "Love Lies Sleep-  
 "The Monument," "Ana-  
 ," "The Prodigal," "Little  
 ise," "Rain Towards Morn-  
 "Invitation to Miss Marianne  
 e," "Faustina, or Rock Roses"  
 almost as good, "From the  
 try to the City," "The Map,"  
 Imaginary Iceberg," "The  
 er the Air," "Wading at Well-  
 "The Gentleman of Shalott,"  
 ge Bad Picture," "The Unbe-  
 ," "Sleeping Standing Up,"  
 onimo's House," "Over 2000 Il-  
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 "the first and fourth "Songs for  
 colored Singer," "A Summer  
 om," "At the Fishhouses," "A  
 cle for Breakfast," "Varick  
 St," "O Breath," "The Sham-

his is a ridiculously long list,  
 if I went back over it I'd make it  
 er. And have I not one fault to  
 Some of the later poems are too  
 asively descriptive—and there are  
 our poems in the book, not sev-  
 hundred.

HERE are several hundred in  
 bert Graves' Collected Poems.  
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 erly, all are like nothing else  
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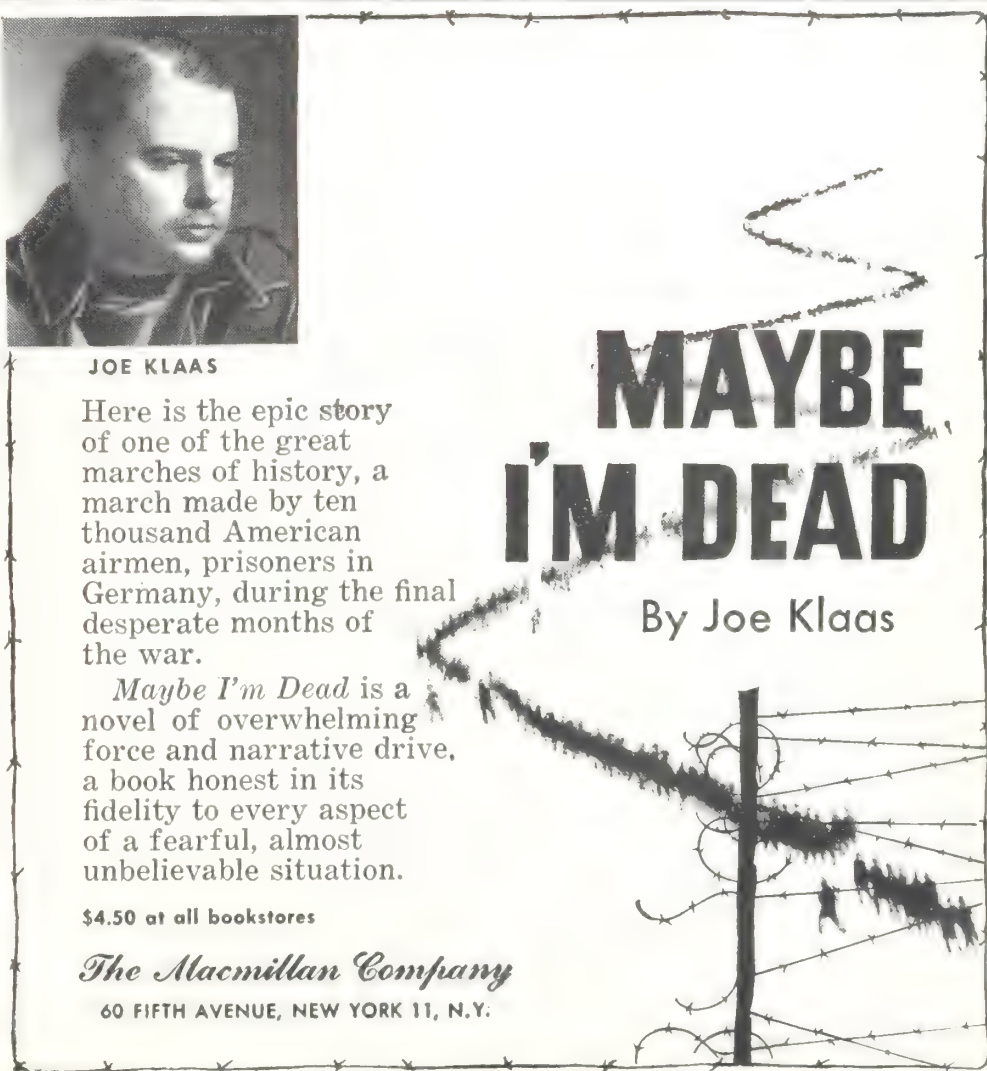
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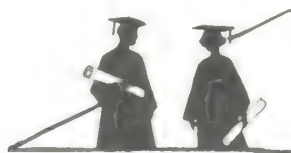
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## THE YEAR IN POETRY

and didn't get these poems would be a foolish man indeed. I am in the middle of writing a long essay about them, and feel a real repugnance toward crowding them into a paragraph or two: may I simply recommend them? In them many things—some of them most unusual things—are well felt, well seen, well imagined, and well expressed.

POET ALIVE

IF YOU would like to see the most accomplished poet alive doing as he pleases, buy W. H. Auden's *The Shield of Achilles*. A few of the poems are good, and all of them are brilliant, self-indulgent, marvelously individual: if Auden sometimes loses faith in something as frivolous as poetry, he never loses it in something as serious as Auden. *Nones* was a better book, but this one is worth reading; Auden's laundry list would be worth reading—I speak as one who's read it many times, all rhymed and metered. After all—this is the point people rarely make—when Homer nods it's quite a performance.

Stephen Spender is, I think, an open, awkward, emotional, conscientiously well-intentioned, and simple-minded poet. To like his poems as much as we shouldn't, we need to respond to what they are meant to be, not to what they are—and it is surprisingly easy to do this.

Most of his virtues and vices cluster around the word *sincere*. One likes his *Collected Poems* neither for their development (most of his experience and intelligence are excluded from the poems, so any great development is impossible) nor for their general excellence, but for a few touching, truthful poems that seem the products of observation, moral insight, and inspiration.

Isabelle Gardner's *Birthdays from the Ocean* is a trickily mannered, but appealing and unusual book. The poems have enough personal charm to make you forget their influences and self-consciousness, but not enough to make you forget that they are never, quite, good poems. Howard Nemerov is younger than his age, and full of Yeats, and not very individual as yet, but there are several good poems in *The Salt Garden*—for instance, "The Deep

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ods," "The Cuckoo King," "And only Am Escaped Alone to Tell e"—and one finishes it pleased at what he has done and very much interested in what he is going to.

Louis Simpson (*Poets of Today II*) is a slighter but unusually active poet: he has a personal style, an easy and natural lyricism, that are rare today—his half-dozen best poems make you wish that he could write much more than he does.

None of these three poets, however, seems to me as original and fully developed a poet as Katharine Tynnes, an extraordinary writer whose work still hasn't been published in a regular book.

There were other books in the year which many people liked much, and which I cared for—anything I could say about would hardly get you to a book. Ben Belitt (*Wilderness Stair*) an accomplished rhetorician in the style of Hart Crane; Constance Carrier (*The Middle Voice*) is a writer of thoughtful, good-hearted, well-crafted, commonplace poems; Roy Campbell (*Selected Poems*) imitates Milton and Shelley storm scenes, and is a sledgehammer satirist besides; and Ignatow (*The Gentle Weight*) is an observant, appealing, emphatic disciple of William Carlos Williams; and Lincoln Fitzell (*Selected Poems*) is a faithful—if only there were any other kind!—disciple of Robert Winters, and usually sounds like an Academy of Arts and Letters' Anthem.

In all, it was a fine year.

American publishers of the books distributed by Mr. Jarrell are as follows: Thomas—*New Directions*; Walter Stevens—*Alfred A. Knopf*; Emily Benson—*Harvard University Press*; Beth Bishop—*Houghton Mifflin*; Hart Graves—*Doubleday*; W. H. Auden—*Random House*; Stephen Spender—*Random House*; Isabelle Gardner—*Houghton Mifflin*; Howard Nemerov—*Houghton Mifflin*; Louis Simpson—*Knopf's*; Ben Belitt—*Grove Press*; Constance Carrier—*Alan Swallow*; Roy Campbell—*Henry Regnery*; David Ignatow—*Morris Gallery*; Lincoln Fitzell—*Alan Swallow*.

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# the new RECORDINGS

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## THE STEIN AND THE STEINWAY

**I**F THERE IS ONE THING you can adjust us to, the sound of the Mozart piano, the instrument used by Mozart in the late seventeenth century, and the modern grand, it is the sound of first, a cross between a harpsichord and one of those miniature apartment-sized affairs with treble, middle and the tinny bass.

Nevertheless, and this must be your second thought, here is the very sound that Mozart heard; these are the tones that Mozart made with his own fingers. And this is the instrument for which he wrote and which he prized. In 1777 Johann Andreas Stein built a piano for him, the now-famous Stein piano, which still exists in Salzburg and has been copied widely in modern reproductions. It was a remarkable instrument, this Stein, but it was no Steinway.

The Mozart piano is an early form of the modern instrument. From the technical and engineering viewpoint, it is thoroughly obsolete. Beethoven's piano was louder and fuller, Chopin's had a more delicately veiled *pianissimo* (judging by the music each composed), and the thunders that Wagner and Liszt drew from their much larger instruments would have been unthinkable on the little Stein, hardly a third the size of a Steinway.

We can understand the revival of the harpsichord, an instrument basically unlike the piano both in sound and in operation, the one plucked, the other hammered. But the Stein is piano through and through, and the Steinway

is its direct descendant, via a thousand and one details of mechanical and acoustical improvement. So the classic question arises—why revive an obsolete model of an instrument now gloriously perfected?

If you will listen for a while to Epic's recordings (below) of Mozart for violin and piano as played on a modern reproduction of the Stein, you will find (as your ears adjust to the sound) that the Mozart piano, quite simply, is ideal for Mozart; the Mozart piano and the Mozart violin are, in the old phrase, made for each other. There is other recorded evidence too. Try, for example, Westminster's Badura-Skoda Mozart played alternatively on a piano dating from Mozart's time (WL 5153) and on a modern piano (WL 5154), an excellent comparison.

How can this be? The biggest reason is of course that Mozart wrote for this instrument, as Bach wrote for the harpsichord and the "Baroque" organ. It is matched to the music, as the modern piano is not.

The Stein piano is brighter and tinier than the Steinway, cracked gold in tone instead of smooth white. The treble, hard at first, soon mellows into a remarkable expressiveness, somehow reminiscent of oboe tone. In soft playing, the middle range is mysteriously muffled and flute-like, but in *forte* passages it has a sudden drumfire percussion that is quite startling. The bass is utterly unlike a modern piano, thin but rich, close to the stringy twang

of the harpsichord but with a n piano-like solidity—a perfect sup for the Mozart-type melodic line and lovely coloration as well.

The Mozart piano is a color-instrument, high in overtone content, in way between the harpsichord and present piano. Mozart's piano-and lin works need that quality. On a modern instrument they are po balanced, lacking in body—and more softly the well-meaning pia plays the worse is the incongruity! The modern piano lacks color and, in Mozart's transparent writing, mixes po with the edgy violin; the ear must f the two together to derive their mon harmony. The bass is too he for Mozart, yet paradoxically it le the treble quite unsupported. The no middle to the music, no feeling ensemble.

But with the Mozart piano the instruments are immediately relate tone and the blending is perfect. Mozartean thinness, mistakenly p by many a pianist, vanishes comple. The brighter coloration of the piano fills in the middle region and lates the bass and treble—as M obviously intended. The warm, me bass line balances the brilliant sou the violin with perfect ease and th tire music flows in the most na ensemble, for very easy listening.

And so, I suggest, the Stein p and its many modern facsimiles, u proved (except for such specialti our time as an aluminum frame) here to stay. We can always play M on a modern piano and few of us own Steins for our own private ex ments in the Mozart idiom. But sound, on records and in concert, be a revelation to any pianist or linist.

## Performances with Style

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**Mozart: Violin Sonatas in G, K. E-minor, K. 304; B-flat, K. 378; C 379,** Amsterdam Duo. Epic LC

A husband-wife team plays these plays the Neupert Stein piano, liantly, a bit nervously and wi somewhat too driving and infe rhythm in the fast movements. plays a violin made in 1609 with a from Mozart's time; he is a first Mozart musician, more expressive his wife, but the Duo is perfectly ciplined for good ensemble. Exc recording, close-up style.

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**Handel: 12 Concerti Grossi, Op. 6.** Engl. Baroque Orch., Scherchen. Westminster WAL 403 (4).

**A Bach Recital.** James Friskin, piano. Bach Guild 543/4/5 in album.

**Stravinsky: Le Sacré de Printemps; Petrouchka.** Phila. Orch., Ormandy. Columbia ML 5030.

**Stravinsky: Symphony #1, Op. 1** (1906-07). Vienna Orch. Soc., F. Charles Adler. Unicorn UNLP 1006.

**Prokofieff: Piano Sonata #9, Op. 103; Ten Pieces from Cinderella, Op. 97.** Menahem Pressler. M-G-M E3192.



## THE NEW RECORDINGS

Variations offered here turn out upon a tune familiar to many—*Me quite a while to recall it—as Holly and the Ivy*—a Christmas. The original evidently was a love ditty of a couple of centuries back. Many a saintly hymn tune from a similar source.

Sonatina in G, K. 11, is a brilliant piece from Mozart's eighth year, shining in its maturity as a matter of course, interesting also in its faithfulness to the pre-Mozart sonata strongly influenced by Christian the "London Bach" and youngest of Bach's sons. At that time the sonata was actually a piano with a sort of optional violin hardly more than a bit of filling added color. (The piano, perhaps, the novelty instrument of the day.) Other two Sonatas are advanced in which Mozart pioneered the equality of piano and violin became the modern sonata.

second (and earlier) record shows out the group of sonatas that with K. 301, above, composed at Mannheim on Mozart's way to Paris. These date from within a year or of the Stein piano itself. The recording project is part of Epic's long-Mozart Jubilee Edition, in honor of his coming 200th birthday in Jan-

**Toccata in D Minor.** E. Power. 14 European organs. Columbia ML 32.

is an interesting exercise in authentic sound-styling that explores surround, the suitability of instruments to the music expressly composed for them. A sequel to Mr. Biggs' recent mental exploration of European organs. (Sweelinck, Buxtehude, Pachelbel, his one would seem likely to be the real bore—the same piece fourteen times over. But it isn't at all.

With two major variables fixed, the sound and the performer, we begin to see all sorts of things normally obscured in performance. Above all, what comes here is the way a performer brings his playing to the acoustical situation—and the skill with which Bach has anticipated these very acoustics in his writing.

Between Bach, Biggs, and the organists, these fourteen Toccatas blossom forth each unlike the last in surprising way and yet the sense of their unity of concept and style is truly remarkable.

"Hi-Fi Adventure" is the record's title. Quality is excellent and hi-fi enthusiasts who can manage to ignore the commercial interest will find everything satisfactory, both highs and lows.

**Quantz: Flute Concerto in G.** Gluck: *Flute Concerto in G*; *Dance of the Spirits*. Mozart: *Andante in G for Flute and Orch.*, K. 315. Hubert Barwahser, flute; Vienna Symphony, Paumgartner, Epic LC 3131.

The other side of a similar coin, this is music revived to complement a familiar instrument in its earlier days. Every music student reads about Quantz, musical major-domo and flute teacher to Frederick the Great and mainly responsible for the flute's introduction to the modern orchestra. (He added keys, an easy tuning device.) He wrote some 300 flute concertos, other works in proportion! Here is one, perhaps representative, which turns out to be a very musical piece, the slow movement reaching unusual heights of expressivity.

As any good listener might have expected, old Quantz is just what he should be—one of the major musical minds of the day, among those of less than ineffable genius. The style of the concerto is especially interesting in that it marks, for our later ears, a neat halfway point between the "Bach-Handel" and the "Mozart-Haydn" styles, with easily recognizable elements of each. No inconsistency at all: music does not jump from one style to another but, as this work shows us so nicely, develops continuously without pause, from period to period, changing dynamically all the while.

A pleasant though not important Gluck concerto and a lovely Mozart *Andante*, from the same Mannheim visit as the violin Sonatas above, set off the Quantz. There is sympathetic playing and excellent recording throughout.

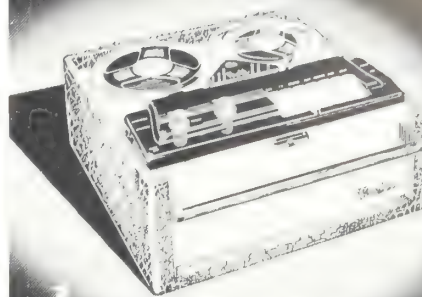
**Vivaldi: The Seasons.** N.Y. Philharmonic, Cantelli. Columbia ML 5044.

A prime example of poor styling, not only in the "symphonic" sound of the large ensemble but in a hundred details of misapprehension. As a symphonic piece this work is a dud. The static, unchanging harmonies will not support the heavy-handed full-orchestra tone, the solo violin is dismally overbalanced, in spite of the mike's amplification (merely enhancing a separation that ought to be a co-operation), the brilliant play of descriptive fantasy—to words purportedly by Vivaldi himself—is weightily and humorlessly set forth.

Try any one of the several recordings with a smaller, more intimate ensemble—the Stuttgart Chamber-Orchestra (London), pro Musica (Vox), Zimmler Sinfonietta (Boston Records)—for the real sense of this music.

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MAGAZINE

NOVEMBER 1955

FIFTY CENTS

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CHESON

hail: Dronhet Without Honor



SHIP'S COMPANY by Jan de Hartog

Joseph Low







**OF DESTRUCTION** was the main street of Winsted, Conn. Among the first to get through the floods was a telephone truck bringing emergency power equipment to provide service in the flooded telephone exchange at the lower end of the street.



**PHONE MEN GO TO WORK BY BOAT** to speed drying of equipment in telephone exchange at Putnam, Conn., where service was aided by temporary switchboard on higher ground. In Stroudsburg, Pa., linemen and operators were flown in helicopters.



**FACING THE FLOODS.** Radio-telephone set was set up at strategic points even as the floods reached their peak. In automobile makes emergency while Mayor Moule of Phillipsburg, and telephone man stand by.

## The Deluge of Diane

**Hurricane floods emphasized the value of the telephone and the teamwork of telephone people in emergencies**

Seldom has a water-borne disaster struck with more concentrated fury than the floods of Hurricane Diane, which hit several eastern states.

"I never saw anything so terrifying in my life as when that river came down," said the telephone manager in Winsted, Connecticut.

Out of the havoc of the floods have come countless stories of courage and the good American spirit of helping one another in times of trouble.

Among them are heart-warming tributes to the telephone men and women who kept service going and worked so

hard to restore it wherever lines had been washed out. Together with the Red Cross, Salvation Army, National Guard, Civil Defense workers and all their neighbors in the stricken communities, they did their part in the tremendous job of rescue and restoration.

Many former telephone operators and those off duty reported back to their jobs. Trained, experienced crews from the telephone companies and Western Electric moved in fast with equipment and supplies and worked 'round the clock.

Disaster comes suddenly. But wherever it strikes you can depend on telephone people to do everything possible to provide you with telephone service.

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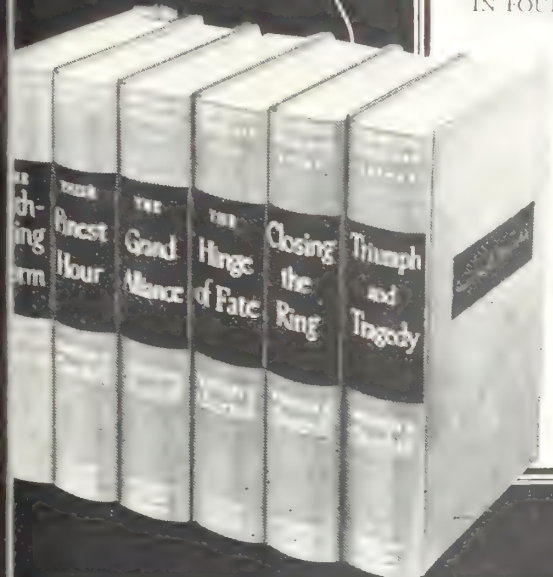
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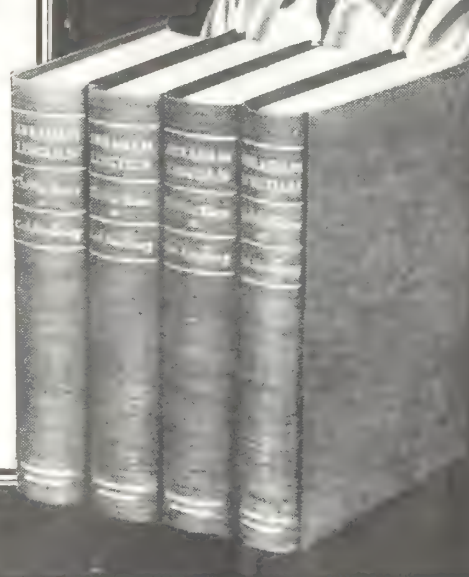
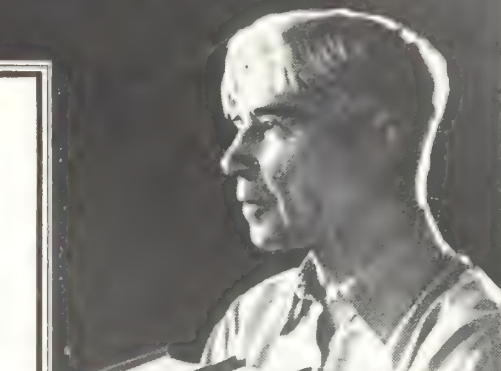
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# LETTERS

## Public Schools

TO THE EDITORS:

The reading of Sloan Wilson's "Public Schools Are Better Than You Think" [Sept.] was a refreshingly exhilarating experience. To read printed matter concerning the schools, teaching methods, or educational philosophy which does not resort to sensationalism, exaggeration, or unadulterated untruths is enough to make this school man as "cheerful and resilient" as Mr. Wilson has found the educator crowd. . . .

The weaknesses he mentions are certainly with us, and in addition there are too many (one would be too many) teachers who are almost as inept as those described by a college professor in an article in *Harper's* ["Can Our Teachers Read and Write?" Nov. 1951], but as long as these weaknesses can be faced with the candor, sanity, and honesty Mr. Wilson has shown, those educational infirmities are doomed.

LOWELL GISH, Supt. of Schools  
Wilmore, Kan.

I liked Sloan Wilson's article very much. But he stated a rather deep-seated and shocking ambiguity which has long needed correcting: our public schools did not grow, over the past fifty years, in response to the demands of the public as revealed by actions of local school boards. Rather, in my opinion, the direction and growth of our schools have always been controlled almost unrestrainedly by school superintendents and other professional educators. . . .

At an open meeting of the board there will be two, three, perhaps ten persons who are "the public." And whatever the business is—be it plans for a new school, suggested changes in curriculum, textbook adoptions, teacher appointments, or salary adjustments—you can be sure the superintendent and his staff have done *all* the work in gathering information and drawing up the recommendation for what they consider should be the board's decision. . . .

The kind of action by the public Mr. Wilson mistakenly describes as being responsible for our school growth *ought* to be true of every local public-school system in the nation. I think

it's up to the boards, professors, administrators, and teachers to engage broad and active citizen participation in school affairs. . . . It'll be imagination and real ability to get citizens excited about and active in their schools. But it's the only way we'll be able to say our schools are truly representative of what the public wants. . . .

JOSEPH P. ALLEN  
White Plains, N. Y.

Please, in fairness to the United States' vocational and other schools, correct the sentence in Sloan Wilson's article: "Books like the *Board Jungle* give a picture of worst big-city schools. . . ." The book did not give a picture; it gave a false, unspeakably filthy, and unflattering exposure of an author and his publisher.

WILLIAM H. ALLEN, Dir.  
Institute for Public Service  
New York, N. Y.

. . . I was literally stopped in my mental tracks by Mr. Wilson's statement that, fifty years ago, none but brilliant students went to high school. The moment public high schools were established in this country, every boy who was anybody, unless he was stupid, made his children attend them. Stupid were in the majority, as always. Ask anyone old enough to know.

And his statement: "Certainly no one has ever suggested that the Three R's are less important than they ever were." No one except a sizable majority of the foremost educationalists. . . . I have edited their productions and I know. As a single instance I refer Mr. Wilson to the famous address delivered to the National Association of Secondary School Principals in 1944, often known as the Shot Heard Round the World: "It is just as illogical to assume that every boy must be able to read as it is that each one must be able to perform on the violin." He will find the whole nauseating pronouncement in the organization's Proceedings, better, on page 56 of Dr. Arthur Bestor's *Educational Wastelands*. . . .

DOROTHY LANGFORD  
Chicago.

## Little Magician

TO THE EDITORS:

I am stirred to this correspondence by the discussion in the September "Personal & Otherwise" on, of all people, Martin Van Buren, who is described



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and australia,  
too!..

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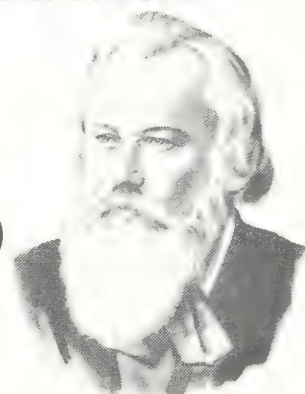
The Stadium Concerts Symphony Orchestra

## Brahms' VIOLIN CONCERTO

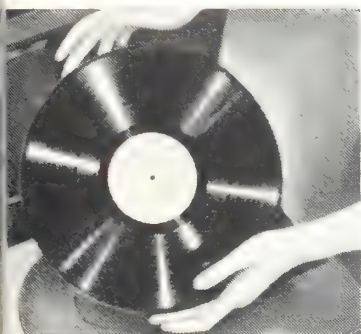
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LETTERS

roughly comparable to Vice President Nixon.

The author discusses Van Buren for a moment and then tells us that "mercifully nearly everything about him has been forgotten." Alas, poor Martin, since almost everybody takes that point of view and there is not a word of truth in it. Martin Van Buren was the first really great political organizer in the United States. . . . It is true that Van Buren, like Nixon, was a Washington fixer; this was a comparatively small part of Van Buren's job, while it seems to be practically all of Nixon's. There was no national Democratic party prior to Van Buren; the alliance under Jefferson had deteriorated into a blob of pasty and exceedingly uneven uniformity when Van Buren came on the scene in the early 1820s, at a time when Jackson was still only a border captain and not even a particularly plausible President *in futuro*.

Van Buren was known in his day as the Little Magician, and while the title has in it some element of opprobrium, it is also a measure of his very real skill.

JOHN P. FRANK  
Phoenix, Ariz.

*Home Décor*

TO THE EDITORS:

"Decorating the Home," by Milton R. Sapirstein and Alis de Sola [Sept.] was a real eye-opener. After reading it I went around my small holding to learn more about myself as I am revealed in my decorating. In one corner is a squat, chubby chair; by the book case is a slim model; over yonder is a sort of square, broad number. The sofa is none of these. What am I to make of this heterogeneous collection? Schizophrenia would hardly describe my state. My personality isn't split; it's shattered. . . .

ALLISON PAWLING WISLEY  
Cliffside Park, N. J.

I am in the midst of decorating my home and find myself in a quandary. . . . I find that I've been collecting bottles—all green and all filled with ivy. Every niche and level spot has a bottle artistically arranged and, up to now, very satisfactory to my psyche. But now I don't know what I *really* am or hope to be. What, in the final analysis, is a bottle symbolic of? I shudder. I shall put away my collection until I hear from Dr. Sapirstein.

CATHARINE H. BROWN  
Hatboro, Pa.

. . . I *like* to be creative, I *like* to do over furniture and mirror frames, I *like* to go shopping. After my husband read

"Decorating the Home," he laughed and said now he knows *why*.

DOROTHY P. JON  
Mobile, Ala.

It seems to me that the psychiatrist as much the victim of his time as his patients—bent on turning out the standardized product our age requires: trimming down the rough corners of broad consciousness, narcissistic and schizophrenic tendencies to form the perfectly self-dependent and at-ease female.

God help us—how dull!

MARY LOU PATTON  
Seattle, Wash.

With reference to "Decorating the Home," in behalf of the homosexual male decorators, the ferociously aggressive female decorators, and the paranoiac painters, plasterers, plumbers, and paperhangers, I would submit that there are other occupations, too, surfeited with misfits.

For example, it appears to me that the professions of psychology and psychiatry are overfull of boobs and crackpots. . . . And when it comes to undermining a client's confidence, would judge a psychiatrist could run circles around an ordinary garden-variety homosexual decorator. . . .

ROBERT LYNN  
San Mateo, Cal.

*DeVoto and the DAR*

TO THE EDITORS:

The "ample grounds" given for erroneous statements about the National Society of the Daughters of the American Revolution by Mr. Bernard DeVoto in your September Letters column are so obviously founded on false information that they really need no answer or defense from us, because our sixty-five-year records of historical, educational, and patriotic service speak for themselves to all who know our outstanding achievements.

However, for the benefit of your readers who may not be familiar with our achievements, I would like to say that our resolutions passed at our sixty-fourth Continental Congress were for what we believe to be the best interests of our Constitutional Republic and the preservation of the American Way of Life.

Our main resolution called for the widespread observance of Constitution Week, September 17-23. . . .

Even if Mr. DeVoto might not agree with our resolutions and all that was said by our excellent and patriotic speakers . . . that would be no justification for his unfair attack on our Society; for, just as we in the DAR yield

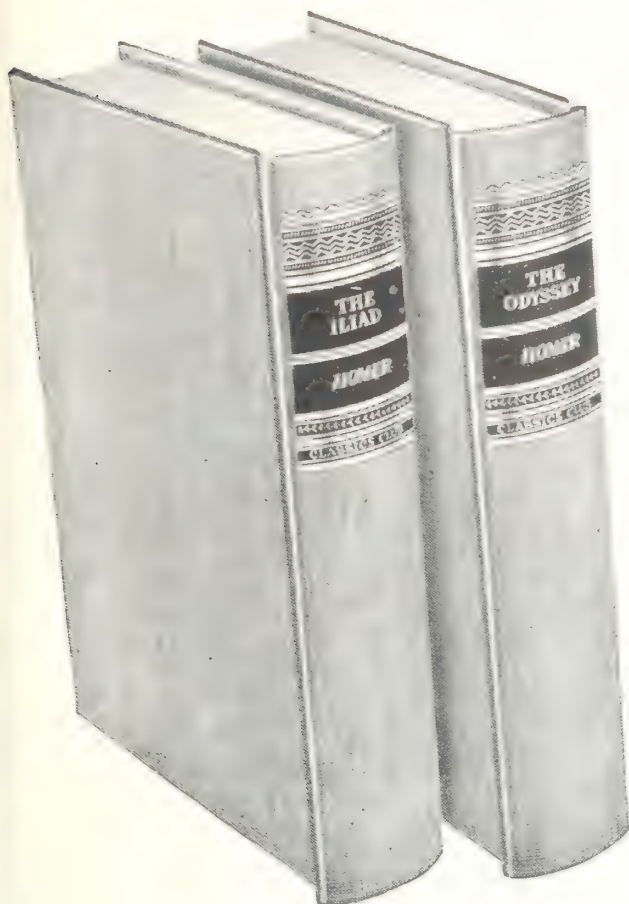


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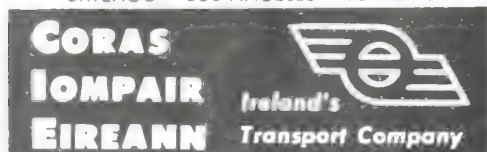
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## LETTERS

the right, so do we claim the right of  
freedom of thought and assembly and  
speech in this fine, free land of ours. . . .

GERTRUDE S. CARRAWAY  
President General, NSDAR  
Washington, D. C.

In the controversy in the September  
Letters column over the merits and de-  
merits of the DAR, I think both Mr.  
DeVoto and Miss Carraway are doing  
each other an injustice by refusing to  
see that both of them are partly right.

The last paragraph of Miss Carraway's  
letter is certainly illustrative of the good  
work the DAR does on a local level.  
. . . However, I was as shocked and re-  
volted as Mr. DeVoto when I read some  
of the resolutions made at the annual  
meeting in April.

It is a shame that some of the unin-  
formed and narrow-minded national  
representatives of this organization have  
given it such a bad name, which seem-  
ingly blots out, in most people's minds,  
the fine work it has done on the local  
level. . . .

MARIBEL MEISEL  
A DAR Daughter  
Fairmont, West Va.

### Pro Emerson

TO THE EDITORS:

Ernest Kroll's poem, "Emerson," with  
Robert Osborn's drawing [Sept.] re-  
minds one of British cartoons of Lin-  
coln between 1860 and 1863. Warped  
quotations, false epithets, and even an  
implied simple-minded League with the  
Devil are all here. As Emerson himself  
advised: when you aim for a king, be  
sure you kill him. PVT. PARK HONAN  
APO 259

. . . It is true Mr. Emerson had the  
defects of his qualities as well as the  
qualities of his defects. . . . Seven gen-  
erations of ministers do not endow a  
person with the robustness of Mark  
Twain, but to accuse Mr. Emerson of a  
lack of compassion is an injustice of  
the first water. Read his burning words  
about the Fugitive Slave Act. . . .

In this age of cynical disillusionment  
don't we need Emerson's optimism—his  
"fix your eyes on the stars even if your  
feet are stuck in the mud"? He is the  
philosopher for youth, and he helps us  
make life a great adventure. . . .

ALDEN SHAW  
Detroit, Mich.

### The Nixon Issue

TO THE EDITORS:

What manner of man is Rovere? . . .  
He treats our belabored Vice President  
["Nixon: Most Likely to Succeed," Sept.]  
as though it were a sin to be a Repub-

lican. Nixon is a party man and is  
pected to be one by most vote  
imagine. . . . Although Mr. Rovere  
cuses Nixon of wavering, in no un-  
tain terms, for instance between  
tionist and internationalist tenden-  
on certain issues, the intelligent re-  
will realize that Nixon was (1) ac-  
ing the attitude recommended by  
great minds of the Republican Ad-  
istration itself, and (2) acting under  
different set of world circumstances  
time. . . .

WILLIAM A. SN  
Vineland, N.

I appreciate Mr. Rovere's review  
Nixon's political career for I have  
been unable to find the reason for  
President's great admiration for him.

Mr. Rovere, I suspect, is a New I  
ing Democrat, for he failed to men-  
that Nixon like every good Republi-  
is sincerely for God and country—as  
as puppy dogs. MARTHA J. KU  
Export

The article in your September  
in which Richard M. Nixon is seri-  
portrayed as a Presidential possi-  
leads one to wonder, if we are red-  
to such choices, how much humilia-  
this country is able to endure with  
revulsion.

M. FARMER MUR  
New Canaan, Co

### Creative Cakes

TO THE EDITORS:

On page 71 of the September issue  
a quotation from Dr. Ernest Dichter  
the Institute for Research in Mass M-  
inations. Dr. Dichter says that the "a-  
age housewife accepts rationally the  
that she can buy a much better cake  
pie in a store than she could possi-  
bake herself." The word "possibly"  
key one. Most women might buy be-  
cakes and pies than they *do* make,  
they *can* do much better than the co-  
mercial bakers if they wish. I have  
never, for instance, bought a pie with  
decent crust. My wife makes them  
quently. . . . Dr. Dichter may know  
great deal about mass motivation but  
knows nothing about cake.

WALTER FREEMAN  
Jamaica, N.

. . . If Dr. Dichter would come out  
his ivory office and do a little act  
shopping and cooking himself, he would  
quickly find that he wanted to bake  
own cake for much simpler, if less  
tering, reasons than the desire to  
creative. He might, for instance, want  
cake on Sunday or in the evening of  
a day when he had to stay home with  
sick child. . . .

RALPH P. BOAS  
Evanston.



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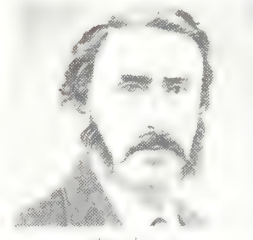
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visit the famous author, Jack London,  
made to his good friend, Martin Eden. He  
brought him a bottle of Old Crow as a  
gift, and then proposed a toast, "Skaal to  
the Old Crow, Martin—it is best!"

\*



A Winnetka lecturer discovered a book in  
which it is stated that Mark Twain, whose  
favorite whiskey was Old Crow, invited  
author Bret Harte to his Connecticut home.  
Here Twain and his house guest joined  
in a drink to celebrate Harte's completion  
of one of his most entertaining stories.

\*



A Kentucky scholar uncovered an original  
letter from Governor Robert Letcher of  
Kentucky written in 1849, advising his  
friend, Orlando Brown, the Commissioner  
of Indian Affairs in Washington, D. C.:  
"Never open your mouth unless it is to  
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BERNARD DEVOTO

## the easy Chair

NUMBER 241

THE Nieman Fellows are newspapermen who spend a year studying at Harvard in order, so the grant that finances them reads, "to promote and elevate standards of journalism" in the United States. At intervals writers and editors are invited to talk to them about problems of journalism, and some time ago this election fell on the editor of *Harper's*. He chose to discuss the kind of journalism that *Harper's* publishes. Before he got very far there was a question from the floor: what fees did he pay for contributions? They are not of Hollywood size and another question followed at once, "How do you get anyone to write for *Harper's*?" There was no problem, the editor said; the articles that *Harper's* publishes are written by people who want to write for *Harper's*. The magazine pays as much as it can afford to but for the *Harper's* writer the fee is not the first consideration, it is not even an important one. He wants to bring something to the attention of the public.

For many *Harper's* pieces there is only one other possible outlet, the *Atlantic*. I cite the articles about the struggle over the public lands that I have been running periodically in the Easy Chair and the body of the magazine ever since January 1947. Some have been straight news stories, some have been editorial comment, some have been primarily polemic; but whatever their nature, they have given the subject the only adequate coverage it has had anywhere. No newspaper has covered it well, and that goes for the *New York Times*. Apart from *Harper's* no magazine has more than glanced at it. Presumably I could have published most of my pieces in the *Atlantic*—but where else? Several magazines for sportsmen ran occasional articles about isolated parts of the struggle. In the first year after the

story of the land grab broke—after I broke the story—*Collier's* ran two pieces about it. No other mass-circulation magazine would touch it. The weeklies never got past the fringe. But *Harper's* ran my articles; to run such articles is one of its functions.

*Harper's* and the *Atlantic* are the only survivors of what was called the Quality Group when I was in college. The phrase carries no implication that there is not journalism as expert in other magazines; it does imply that much quality group journalism is different in kind, context, or treatment from other journalism, and that it has some forms of its own. All the other original members of the group have died and only two magazines that can be considered to belong to it have been established, *Fortune* and the *New Yorker*. Some *Harper's* articles might well appear in one or the other of them; some others might appear in such magazines as the *New Republic* or the *Reporter*.

None of these magazines, however, shares more than a part of the *Harper's* field. In the Easy Chair of the Centennial Issue I described that field, and I explained that *Harper's* has survived because it assumed some functions that American journalism at large has either relinquished voluntarily or proved unable to perform. The "people who want to write for *Harper's*" perform those functions.

I appear to be the person who wants most to write for *Harper's*. I have kept a file of my publications but I know that it is not complete and so I cannot say exactly how many pieces I have published in this magazine. There must have been at least thirty text articles and I began writing the Easy Chair twenty years ago this month, with the issue of November 1935. The total must be at least eight hundred thousand words, and more likely it is nine hundred thousand—the equivalent of half a dozen long books. As my twentieth anniversary approached, it occurred to me with some force that I have written more for *Harper's* than anyone else now living.

WHEN my turn to address the Niemans came, I reminded them that the Easy Chair is the oldest editorial feature in American journalism. It is subject to the conditions of monthly journalism but only one limitation is set on it, that of length. I used to work three weeks ahead of publication, but the breath-taking advance in technology that is called American know-how spread to printing establishments and for some years I have had to work seven weeks ahead. The limitation of length and the long time-lapse are a monthly test of a writer's professional judgment, not to speak of his luck. (My luck has been good; in twenty years I have had to make only one stop-press



change because a situation had developed otherwise than I had judged it would.) Also, I have a deadline. The editors will tell you that I have never missed it, and I can tell you that I am scrupulous not to anticipate it. One of the satisfactions of being a *Harper's* writer is that you remain your own writer; your work is not taken down, reassembled, and rewritten by a committee; you are expected to provide your own structure, verification, and who-he. But even the writers who edit *Harper's* are editors; their fingers may be counted on to twitch if given time.

WHEN the Niemans pressed me for a label that would describe the Easy Chair I could do no better than "cultural criticism," which is unsatisfactory. I have never formulated any principles for writing it but I have probably observed some. Such a column as this could not easily be pretentious and I have tried to keep it from being pompous. I have tried to avoid repeating myself, at short intervals anyway, and to keep the subject matter so varied that a reader would not know what to expect when he turned to the column. I have ranged so widely that I found I could not represent the full scope of the Easy Chair in a volume of selections from it which will be published about the time you read this, and which no virtuous person will fail to buy. I have assumed that there was no public demand for me to write about anything at all but that if I was interested in something, some readers would be interested in it too. But also I have written about a good many subjects not primarily because I wanted to write about them but because it seemed likely that no one else would. *Harper's* does some chores because it believes that journalism must not leave them undone; so does the Easy Chair.

Some implications of my job were obvious from the beginning; others became apparent to me only gradually. Fact pieces in the *New Yorker* have a formula which is intended to preserve the convention that Mr. Tilley's interest in anything is strictly dilettante. "When I met Mr. Chase the next morning, he suggested that I have coffee with Mr. Sanborn while the reports from the whatisits were coming in." For a time after I began writing the Easy Chair I went to equal length to give it an appearance of editorial anonymity. But the personal pronoun is a space-saver and I found myself more and more forced to make use of it. I was surprised to find that readers welcomed it. Not many places where personal journalism can be practiced legitimately remain; there seems to be a use for what is left of it.

Equally surprising is the value attributed to such editorial space as mine by press agents. In



the name of our common culture and the American way they call on me to publicize goods, liquors, restaurants, business firms, crusading organizations, crackpot organizations, causes, people who pay to get their names in print, and one columnist whose social engineer keeps demanding that I explain to my readers how the American language has been enriched by the words he invents. These efforts are occasionally subtle but usually high-pressure, frequently elaborate, and sometimes so persistent that it would have been cheaper for the client to buy four pages of display space in *Harper's*. If any has succeeded, then it succeeded brilliantly for I did not know I was being taken. Sometimes a press agent's solicitation has resulted in my abandoning an Easy Chair I had intended to write.

Such eagerness does not inflate my ego, for there are counter-irritants. Some of my most enthusiastic readers are people who have been reading someone else, frequently Elmer Davis. Others understand that the Easy Chair is a department of the *Atlantic*. And things happen—as when an apparently sober publisher once thanked me for rescuing a book he had published. The sale was small and had dried up, he said, but following my Easy Chair about it, it revived and ran sixteen thousand copies. This was a flattering story but it had a hole in it, for I hadn't written anything about the book. And I get a lot of letters praising or denouncing pieces which neither I nor anyone else has written.

Readers write to me; newspapers run quotes from the Easy Chair and write editorials about it; other writers use it or refer to it in articles and books. These are the only means I have of judging the response to it. It has had enough supporters to count or I would have been fired. It has had opponents and even enemies, some of



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### THE EASY CHAIR

them habitual or occupational. I have annoyed quite a lot of people but though I have cost *Harper's* some subscribers there have been no lawsuits. A cheese-maker tried hard to suppress me and a publisher of books to censor me. Neither succeeded.

The Easy Chair is sometimes called controversial, even by Personal & Otherwise, but the adjective is inaccurate. I have deliberately precipitated only one controversy, the one over the public lands I have mentioned, and I precipitated that one as a reporter. It took me some time to understand what the reality behind the inaccurate adjective is and why the Easy Chair has produced so much more heat than it has carried. My job is to write about anything in American life that may interest me, but it is also to arrive at judgments under my own steam, independently of others. With some judgments that is the end of the line; express them and you have nothing more to do. But there are also judgments that require you to commit yourself, to stick your neck out. Expressing them in print obliges you to go on to advocacy. They get home to people's beliefs and feelings about important things, and that makes them inflammable.

I seem most consistently to offend two groups that have in common a love of simplification and absolutes: writers of advertising copy and contributors to quarterlies that deal with epistemology and, trailing by some lengths, literature. Copywriters always run a mild fever, quite trivial stimuli can send it shooting up, and I am always wounding these poet-patriots without intending to. Commonly they assail me with one or the other of two libels: that only a Communist would disparage manufactured goods and that I could have made a fortune, as clearly I have not done, if I had gone into advertising. Often they are rhetorically belligerent and the announced ambition of one is to punch my nose. Still, I was once asked to address a meeting of advertising men, whereas so far as I know no quarterly has ever approved of anything I have written. The accusation here is on different grounds and there is no lament that I once had it in me to become a literary person. Instead there is a twofold



# THE EASY CHAIR

society, to establish that I am mid-brow, Philistine, superficial, the enemy—in a word, a journalist—and that I have betrayed or subverted literary thinking.

The condescension seems superfluous, a waste of energy. It is fully probable that I respect reality judgments as requiring more intelligence than fantasy and think them a better instrument for critical analysis. Just as visibly I distrust the literary approach to experience, preferring direct approaches. The universals of *a priori* thinking are not for me, large abstractions will not fit my mind, and I work with complexities and tentatives. Certainly, I am a journalist. But who is using all those epithets? Long ago I got used to seeing ideas which were first expressed in this column, or in my books, turn up as the invention and simple property of literary thinkers who scorned and denounced them when I published them.

MORE than that. When I was preparing the book that is to be published this month, I found clipped in one Easy Chair an article I had forgotten. The critic who wrote it proved me a Fascist, without disclosing that he knew what Fascism is. It simmering with the same resentment that nowadays represents me in a red, and went on to say, "If Mr. DeVoto is a democrat, then I am not."

That may be a true statement but we have no way of knowing, for there is nothing to tell us what he is. I have been reading him for many years and I have yet to see him stick his neck out about anything except the symbol of the peach in "The Love Song of J. Alfred Prufrock." Getting out on that limb may have required courage but not of a kind that would make trouble for him. And I believe that some years later the peach proved to have been eaten by Edward Fitzgerald. Some battles cannot be fought after the fact and in journalism a writer runs into some who does not care to be above.

The first Easy Chair I wrote described some asininities committed by the New Deal agency. (Prophetically, it was a news story, one I had dug out for myself.) Various newspapers promptly admitted Mr. E. S. Martin's successor to the Republican party.

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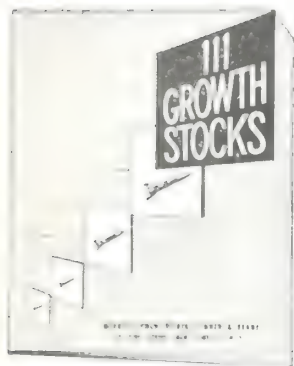
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## THE EASY CHAIR

The welcome was premature. I doubt if anyone was ever a 100 per cent New Dealer—obviously Mr. Roosevelt wasn't—but though many New Deal intellectuals had a much higher proof than mine, on the whole I had to go along. I got to that position by studying history, and the study of history has held me to the working principles of American liberalism.

**H**ERE, I believe, is where the accusation that I have betrayed literary thinking comes in, for fashions and events have required me, every so often, to show that literary liberalism is something else. I was at odds with the dominant fashions of literary thinking during the 1920s. Most of those who followed them seemed to me naïve and ignorant, ignorant especially of our history and of politics. During the 1930s I felt no impulse to seek comfort in Marx and Lenin, and it was again my job to point out that the literary thinkers who did were naïve and ignorant, ignorant especially of American history and of the politics which they told us they had mastered.

And today I feel no impulse to regress to Burke, Hobbes, Mandeville, or personal revelation. It is now high literary fashion to represent the fashionables of the earlier decades as naïve and ignorant, and this fact has a rich flavor, but the empirical grounds from which the representation is made seem worse than dubious. The thinkers are still practicing book reviewing. They have mastered politics just as their predecessors did, by making it up while gazing earnestly at their navels.

Nothing could astonish a journalist more than the fantasies regularly published in the literary quarterlies about the government of the United States, what its mechanism and energies are, how they are controlled. The practice of journalism has led me not only to work constantly with the reports of committees, commissions, and bureaus, but constantly to study Congress and the federal bureaus in action. I have had to know intimately many Senators, Congressmen, and bureau officials, and I have shared or assisted the work of a good many.

I have seen nothing to justify the

literary critic's belief that he is more intelligent than the politician. And when I read what the quarterlies say about actions I know empirically—and say with a condescension that would be unbecoming in an archangel—I seldom find any realization at all of what the real energies at work are, or the real issues. I conclude that there is an infrangible virginity: literary criticism is not an approach to politics.

The *Chicago Tribune* put me on its list long ago and invented the word "DeVotoism" to classify on entire order of its phobias. The heaviest mail I have ever received was evoked not by the FBI piece that McCarthy lied about but by an *Easy Chair* a year before we entered the war which said that we ought to enter it and predicted that we would. Orders had gone out from the G.H.C. of America First to work me over. The organization charged its heir to keep after me and they have been faithful to the trust. A lot of them are too pure in heart to sign their names.

**I**F I HAVE written as readily about disc jockeys as about *The Federalist*, that willingness too can be ascribed to the study of history. Library stacks as well as the town square taught me that no manifestation of American life is trivial to the critic of culture. Such a column as this could not easily avoid politics, but no doubt I have felt an additional incentive to write about it because I was practicing history. Also, unlike much writing, political comment is a form of action. Sometimes it runs to prophecy too, and here I am entitled to brag. All but one of my prophecies have been borne out by the event, and if that one was a national-championship flop it originated in a mistake we are all prone to make. I underestimated the stupidity of Republican grand strategy.

My commonest political theme has been the erosion of the Bill of Rights. Before the war, and this is revealing, the *Easy Chair* was disturbed by such peripheral matters as literary censorship and our home-grown Catos. During the war it was usually suppression of the news, and I was uncomfortable for I had to take potshots at my friend Elmer





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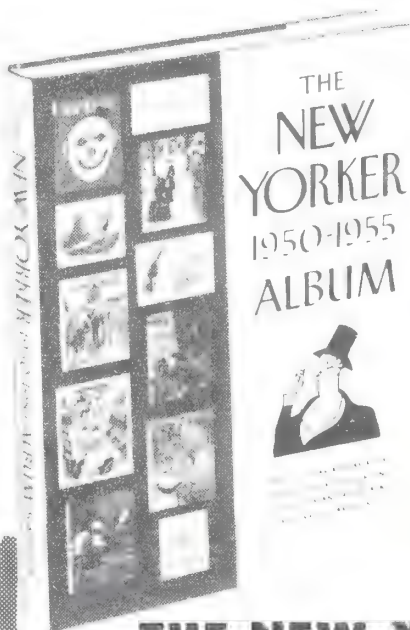


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## THE EASY CHAIR

Davis in order to get at the authorities who were muzzling him. Since he was the attack on our freedom as come closer to the jugular, and so have been suspect in the indicated quarters. If I can judge by the quotations adduced by other committees, the file which the Un-American Activities Committee has on me contains little more than the *Daily Worker's* praise of the Easy Chair on the FBI. But most of the beagles have bayed at me (as their newly arrived imitators in Congress have begun to do) and I have been named on various private and commercial lists of subversives. Nomination to them is the diagnostic test of decency for everyone who has a public forum. We have fought at Arques: where were you?

In twenty years I have published eight books and two collections of occasional pieces, I have edited a basic document of American history, and I have supported my family by writing for magazines more affluent than *Harper's*. And I have written the Easy Chair. Always I have written it under pressure of haste and with the morose knowledge that I was not writing it well enough. But in my private assignments it has always come first.

I HOPE that what I have said has been said gracefully and that sometimes it has been amusing, or informative, or useful. No one has got me to say anything I did not want to say and no one has prevented me from saying anything I wanted to. The Easy Chair has given me a place in the journalism of my time. No one knows better than a journalist that his work is ephemeral. As I have said elsewhere, it is not important, it is only indispensable. The life or the half-life of an issue of *Harper's* has never been calculated; the magazine has durable covers but even the copies kept in doctors' waiting rooms wear out and are dumped in the bay or ground up for pulp. But a historian knows that a lot of writing which has no castmark on its forehead gets dumped in the bay too, and that he can count on finding bound files of *Harper's* in library stacks. He has to use them; he cannot write history without them.



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## Misunderstood Men

A TALL man of almost unearthly elegance flagged down a taxi one recent evening near Dupont Circle in Washington. As he climbed in, the driver looked at him hard and long.

"Aren't you Dean Acheson?" the cabbie asked.

"Yes," his passenger admitted, "I am. Do you want me to get out?"

The chances are that Mr. Acheson was only half-joking. He has reason to suspect that a considerable number of people still look upon him as a kind of political leper, and the wonder is that he can joke about it at all. For no public servant since Edmund G. Ross\* has deserved more gratitude from his fellow citizens, and has got less of it.

There seem to be three main reasons for this ironic case of injustice. In some degree, they threaten every Secretary of State: and any rash young man who dreams of becoming a diplomat had better note them, and then consider shifting his ambitions to a quieter field, such as testing jet planes or milking rattlesnakes. They are:

#### (1) *The nature of the job.*

It offers the most naked and inviting target in Washington. Alone among cabinet officers, the Secretary of State has no constituents. His colleague in Agriculture passes out checks to millions of farmers. The Secretary of Interior commands the gratitude (or fears) of utility corporations, sportsmen, stock raisers, miners, and electricity consumers. The Secretaries of Commerce and Treasury touch the pocketbook of every businessman. But the lonely statesman in Foggy Bottom has no political friends. He can summon no

\*The strange story of the Kansan who performed "the most heroic act in American history" and was literally hounded to his grave because of it will be told in the December issue of *Harper's* by Senator John F. Kennedy of Massachusetts—whose own war record qualifies him as a judge of heroism.

lobby or pressure group which has a vested interest in backing up him or his policies. His only visible beneficiaries are foreigners.

Sadder still, he usually has nothing to offer to the folks at home except bad news. Ruritania needs another billion dollars . . . somebody must have to be drafted to police a smelly jungle five thousand miles away . . . trouble in Upper Slobbovia again and naturally both sides blame everything on America. . . .

All this confirms the suspicion of many a voter that it was a mistake to have any foreign relations in the first place. The Secretary, moreover, finds it almost impossible to brush away these dark thoughts by explaining what he is really up to. His work is so complex, subtle, and veiled in secrecy that the ordinary citizen finds it about as hard to grasp as the Theory of Vector Analysis.

Consequently, the State Department is a sitting duck for all political sharpshooters—who can, moreover, find a venerable precedent for the pot-hunting. The ancient Greeks used to kill envoys who brought bad news: in our more civilized fashion we merely disgrace them and drive them out of public life.

#### (2) *The nature of our political parties.*

This subject Mr. Acheson himself deals with on page 29. In view of the savagery with which the Republicans handled him while he was in office, some of them may be surprised at his restraint and good humor. (It is noteworthy that since he left office he has never once said or done anything which might embarrass his successor, or make the Administration's foreign-policy operations more difficult.)

Many Republicans, however, will certainly disagree with Mr. Acheson's assessment. As a matter of fairness, therefore, we hope to publish a reply by a recognized Republican spokesman on foreign affairs in an early issue.

#### (3) *The personality of the victim.*

The typical Secretary of State is



ves political persecution, just as the  
contest boy in the third grade in-  
ves bullying.

He is trained to cope with prob-  
lems and peoples which are—by def-  
inition—foreign to most of the voters.  
Qually he attended an Ivy League  
university, has a private income, and  
lives in fashionable society—a back-  
ground which does not endear him  
either to politicians or to the com-  
mon man. His professional uniform—  
the black homburg, ostentatiously  
small suit, and velvet-collared top-  
coat—looks vaguely un-American: it  
arouses that latent instinct which  
makes small boys throw snowballs  
at a passing silk hat.

Often, too, he is a lawyer, unused  
to working in large organizations,  
and therefore an indifferent adminis-  
trator. Barring a few short intervals,  
the State Department has been no-  
torious for decades as the most slop-  
py run agency in Washington: this  
leads to a minor, but constant, fric-  
tion with Congress. He has the law-  
yer's habit of speaking in carefully  
ambiguous phrases. This has its uses,  
since one of the Secretary's main jobs  
is to mediate between the demands  
of American pressure groups and for-  
eigners. Because these are often ir-  
reconcilable, about all he can do is  
to run to and fro uttering vaguely  
sounding noises. For a while, each  
side may feel that he understands  
its point of view perfectly: later both  
are likely to feel that they have been  
double-crossed.

The Secretary's unpopularity with  
the homefolks will spread like crab  
grass if he succeeds in another part  
of his job: that is, to make himself  
respected, understood, and trusted in  
foreign countries. Mr. Acheson had  
the hard luck of succeeding bril-  
liantly on this score; the London  
*Economist* once remarked that he  
is "regarded in the outside world  
not merely as a good Secretary of  
State, but as one of the best the  
United States has had in modern  
times." Not unnaturally, this en-  
couragement made a lot of Americans  
wonder whether he was working for  
them or for "the outside world."  
In contrast, Mr. Dulles' widespread  
unpopularity abroad is probably one  
of his chief assets within his own  
party.)

Mr. Acheson also had a remark-  
able talent for irritating Congress-



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**HOFTLEIDIR**

men. He had learned to endure patiently; but sometimes the patience showed. When testifying before a Congressional committee he often looked—in the words of a Senatorial enemy—"as if a bit of fish had got stuck in his mustache." (Another crumpled Congressman habitually referred to him as "that goddam flood-walker.") Now the one thing which Congress will not abide from a member of the executive branch is the slightest hint of condescension, and it made of Mr. Acheson a mangled example which presumably will inhibit intellectual arrogance in the State Department for a long time. Of course it may also inhibit intelligence.

**PORTRAIT OF THE ARTIST  
AS AN OLD BEAR**

ANOTHER misunderstood man is Bernard DeVoto, who celebrates this month his twentieth anniversary as conductor of the Easy Chair. Like Mr. Acheson, he himself is innocent responsible for a good piece of this misunderstanding.

"I suppose," a reader commented recently, "that DeVoto is so interested in conservation because he feels that the more he sees of people, the more he wants to preserve the grizzly bear."

This lady—along with a lot of other people who know Mr. DeVoto only from his writings—thinks of him as a professional curmudgeon, who wakes up with a growl every morning, and promptly looks around somebody's leg to chew off. The image is a carefully-nurtured literary illusion.

In fact, Mr. DeVoto is a sentimentalist, with a coronary melt-point 14 degrees lower than man's sugar. He is incapable of saying to anybody who sounds either needy or put-upon: so he collects under the way a blue serge suit collects lint. As a consequence he spends a large chunk of his time helping people find a job, a publisher, a source of whisky, an elusive fact, a comfortable motel, a sense of prose style, just or a reliable psychiatrist—all while emitting roars of exasperation. He is also shy.

Now any creature that suffers from both shyness and a soft interior is to grow some kind of protective



armor: witness the armadillo and the porcupine. The bristly DeVoto manner is a precisely similar biological mechanism. (It is true, however, that when something he believes in is threatened, he does resemble a mother grizzly protecting a cub.)

He has developed certain other transparent devices which are supposed to baffle harassers and predators, but don't. For example, he insists with profane conviction that he has abandoned forever two professions in which he was notably successful: teacher and literary man. He formally renounced teaching in 1936, after memorable careers at Northwestern and Harvard. As a literary man, he won both the Pulitzer and Bancroft prizes; served as literary executor of the Mark Twain estate; edited the *Saturday Review of Literature*; founded a theory and technique of fiction writing that is now used (though not so often acknowledged) by innumerable authors; and produced a formidable list of novels, histories, and critical works. All this he now refers to as "the most shameful episode in my life."

THE TRUTH is that Mr. DeVoto can no more stop either teaching or the practice of literature than he could stop breathing. Nearly always he is steeping some young writer in the principles of the craft, while pretending that he is dispensing nothing stronger than martinis. The roster of his trainees is astonishing; and Teacher would shoot anybody who made it public.

As for literature, Mr. DeVoto has merely moved on to the unfenced growing edge of the frontier. He realizes that each age develops its own characteristic literary form. The Elizabethans worked best in the poetic drama; various eras have expressed themselves in lyrics and ballads, rewarding such versifiers as Byron and Tennyson with princely fees; the nineteenth century was the Golden Age of the novel. In similar fashion, our own period has produced its characteristic literary medium: the magazine article.

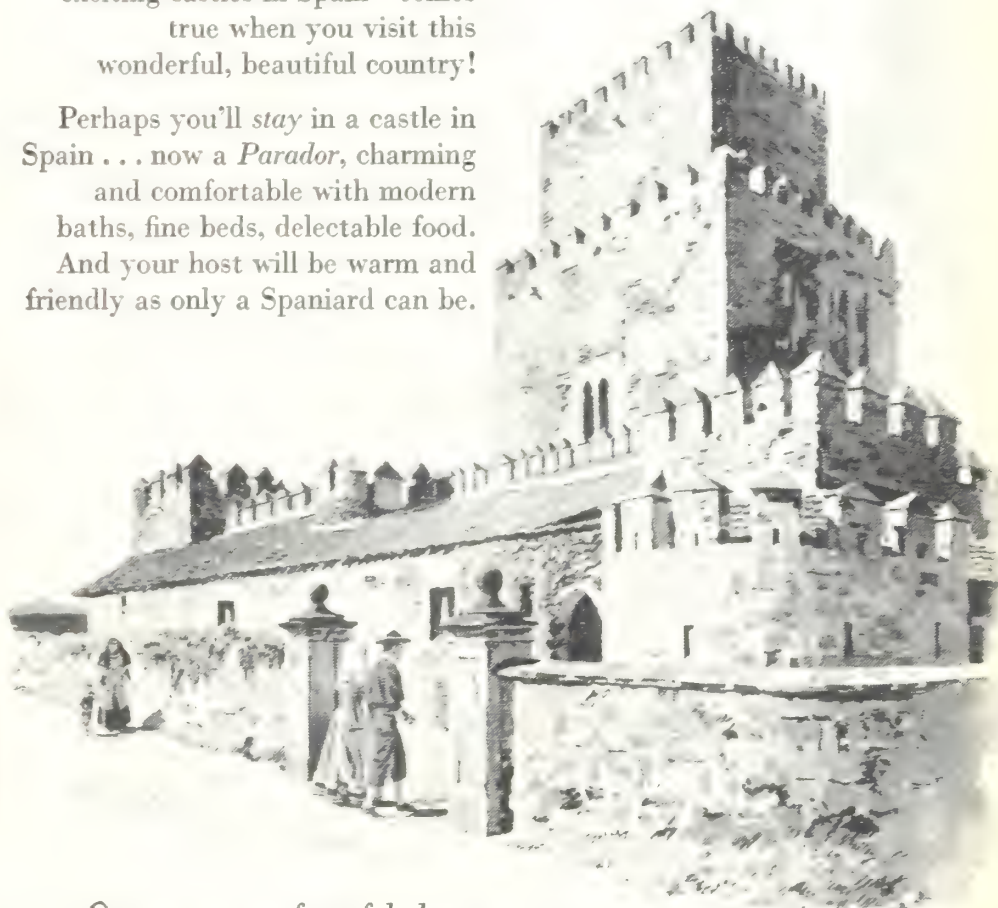
To be sure, the cultivated literary world ignores this fact; the academic critics have never even acknowledged that the magazine article exists. Which is all to the good. It is a truism that no artform develops a

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# This is Giuseppe... can you forget him?

At 7½, his face is marked with pain and hopelessness. His home is a shack tied together with rushes and wires through which the cold winds blow. The roof of bamboo rods is like a sieve and when it rains, muddy puddles form on the earthen floor. This is where he sleeps at night. He waits for school each day, because it's warm and dry. He has never known the comfort of a full meal . . . or the fun and play of childhood. He never owned a toy . . . just a few pebbles with which to pass the time away. His father is dead as a result of the war in Italy . . . his mother too ill to work. His is the perpetual, unappeased hunger and misery of untold numbers of distressed children who live in the wreckage of a war that still goes on for daily survival.

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### P & O

body of criticism until it is well beyond its peak; no Elizabethan critic, for example, ever deigned to analyze the scribblings of that popular hack, Will Shakespeare.

Meanwhile, the magazine article attracts more readers than any other kind of writing; it pays better money; and it is served by a large corps of skilled, serious, professionals—John Hersey, Joe Mitchell, E. B. White, John Bartlow Martin, James Thurber, Mary McCarthy, Harold Martin, Rachel Carson, to name only a few. Moreover, the critic has not been separated from the consumer. The man who pays for the commodity also sets the critical standards; and when the buyer is a great editor, like the late Harold Ross or Frederick Lewis Allen, the standards are very high indeed.

These are the earmarks of a healthy art: a big audience, good money for a good product, and critical standards enforceable with cold cash.

Note how well they worked during the great period of Renaissance painting. Pictures then were the chief medium of religious instruction; as portraits, they were also the favorite means of personal advertising and civic aggrandizement. The main buyers were prelates of the church, and families such as the Medicis and Sforzas—who not only knew what they liked, but knew art, and insisted on getting it. The result was Michelangelo, Bellini, Raphael, Piero della Francesca, Giotto, Leonardo, Titian, and a whole regiment of other hard-bitten professionals. Very few of them found time to act Bohemian or arty; they were too busy trying to turn a fast florin by the honest practice of their trade.

Probably the craft of magazine writing has not yet produced its giants—although one Old Master in the field, Winston Churchill, looks like a good candidate. It has, however, produced a respectable army of seasoned campaigners; and it is only from ranks such as these that the giants can someday arise.

After marching with the Old Pros for twenty years, Mr. DeVoto has earned the right to a proud anniversary.

• • • Dutch sailor, playwright, and novelist, Jan de Hartog, sketches the



characters he has known best in his seagoing life in "Ship's Company" (p. 35). He ran away to sea at ten, was later a cabin boy on a two-masted schooner, a messboy, a crew member of an ocean-going tugboat, and sub-inspector of the Amsterdam Harbor Police. Before the war, Mr. de Hartog began to write for the stage and became a successful novelist in 1940, with *Holland's Glory*.

Two of Mr. de Hartog's recent plays have been Broadway hits: "Skipper Next to God" and "The Fourposter." His novels, *The Lost Sea* and *The Distant Shore*, have won him many American readers who will watch eagerly for his next book, *A Sailor's Life*, to be published in January.

... Working last year on a biography of the poet and storyteller Stephen Vincent Benét, **Charles A. Fenton** took a trip to West Point, where Benét used to lecture to the cadets annually on the Civil War. What he saw there made him curious about service-academy education in general and about plans for the new Air Force Academy in particular. An outgrowth of this trip is "The Ivy-Covered Wild Blue Yonder" (p. 40).

Mr. Fenton was in the Royal Canadian Air Force from 1940 to 1944. He is now assistant professor of English at Yale University, and the author of *The Apprenticeship of Ernest Hemingway*.

... For seven of the twenty-four years of the development of the famous and bustling Catholic Youth Organization under the leadership of Bishop Sheil of Chicago, **Mary Elizabeth Carroll** (whose portrait of Sheil appears on page 45) was associate director of the Sheil School of Social Studies and director of its extension program, New Trier Sheil School. She was also during that period (1946-53) teaching English at Barat College of the Sacred Heart in Lake Forest. Miss Carroll, who was later a fellow of the Ford Foundation for the Advancement of Education, and visiting lecturer at Wheaton College, is now dean of women at Rockford College in Illinois.

... The unorthodox political advice in **Robert E. Coulson's** "Let's Not Get Out the Vote" (p. 52) comes

# But Do You Understand WHAT God Told Us?

Almost everybody believes there is a God. But there is a big difference of opinion as to what God is like... what we should believe about Him... and what we must do to attain everlasting life with Him.

The idea of some people seems to be that knowledge of God is vague and uncertain... and that each individual can therefore establish his own creed. This ignores entirely the fact that there are certain revealed truths about our Creator which are not subject to personal opinion, and from which we cannot pick and choose as true or untrue.

The Apostles' Creed, for instance, is not merely a pious prayer. It is not just an idealistic declaration, based on conjecture and guesswork. It is a summary of truths revealed to us by God Himself. It is not something which we are free to believe only in part, for to do so is to set our own opinion and will against the specific command and will of God.

This, obviously, is not the intention of people who believe in God and wish to please and serve Him. It is due usually to the fact that many sincere people... while familiar with the words of the Apostles' Creed... do not understand its full meaning and tremendous significance.

As far as Catholics are concerned, the Apostles' Creed sums up our attitude toward God and our religion. We believe, as the Creed says, not only in God, the Father Almighty, but "in Jesus Christ, His only Son, our Lord, who was conceived by the Holy Spirit, born of the Virgin Mary..." We believe that Christ died for our redemption... that He arose from the dead... that "He shall come to judge the living and the dead." We believe in the Holy Spirit, the Holy



Catholic Church, the communion of Saints, the forgiveness of sins, the resurrection of the body, and life everlasting.

We believe these things because God has told us so. And because we believe them, our faith... and our hope for everlasting life with God... are founded not merely upon a vague and general belief, but upon absolute certainty. As we see it, the words "I believe" in the Apostles' Creed might just as well be "I know!"

If you want a clearer and better understanding of the revealed truths contained in the Apostles' Creed... and their importance to your own spiritual life... write today for our interesting pamphlet which we will send without cost or obligation. It will be sent in a plain wrapper and nobody will call on you. Just ask for Pamphlet No. D-30.



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from the Mayor of Waukegan, Illinois, who has had his name on a ballot five times in recent years, with four election victories and one defeat. He has been a Republican party official, and an active party worker for fifteen years.

Mr. Coulson appeared in *Harper's* in May 1948 with a discussion of juvenile delinquency—also unorthodox—"Little Donald Took an Axe." He was then an Assistant State's Attorney of Lake County, Illinois, after service in World War II with the OSS in China.

... In October 1953 *Harper's* published James Baldwin's "Stranger in the Village," the moving account of his life in a little Swiss town where the inhabitants had never before seen a Negro. "Me and My House. . ." (p. 54) presents an earlier chapter of his autobiography. Both it and "Stranger in the Village" form part of his *Notes of a Native Son* which the Beacon Press will publish later this month.

Since his novel, *Go Tell it on the Mountain*, appeared in 1953, Mr. Baldwin has been writing for a number of magazines. Last year he won a Guggenheim fellowship which he used to work on a second novel. Mr. Baldwin is currently putting the finishing touches on it in Paris.

... Morris Freedman, whose story, "Madame Vishnak" (p. 62) reports high jinks of middle-class life in the Bronx of the 1930s, grew up in New York, studied and taught at City College, and received his Ph.D. at Columbia. During the war he was in the Air Force. Until recently he was associate editor of *Commentary* but has just moved West to teach at the University of New Mexico.

... Since his last appearance in *Harper's* in October 1953, Professor Loren C. Eiseley of the University of Pennsylvania's Department of Anthropology, has been working on a unique scientific service that he helped to set up in 1951. At that time he flew to England to negotiate the sale of a series of privately owned molds of rare human fossils to the American Institute of Human Paleontology, which subsequently organized a non-profit business at the University of Pennsylvania Museum to

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Foreword by Paul B. Magnuson, M.D.  
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Dr. Eiseley is also making preparations for the American Philosophical Society's Centenary celebration of the publication of Darwin's *Origin of Species* in 1859, an enterprise which perhaps led him to "Was Darwin Wrong About the Human Brain?" (p. 66).

• • • Calling on his remembrance of things past—but not long past—Thomas Hornsby Ferril has created a morality poem for our times, "The Train Butcher" (p. 71). Mr. Ferril has written four volumes of verse, though he is a Denver businessman, who has a full-time industrial job, makes technical movies, and writes regularly for the *Rocky Mountain Herald*, the Denver weekly newspaper edited by Mrs. Ferril.

"November in Windham" (p. 44) was written by Katherine Anne Porter in 1926, before any of her books had been published, in a little country house in Connecticut, with a fireplace for heat and a kitchen pump that went dry in winter. She did not send the poem out that winter, not expecting to be taken as a poet, and so now it appears for the first time in print. "Martinmas"—mentioned in the first line—comes November 11.

#### COMING NEXT MONTH

In December 1943 a young CIO economist named Harold J. Ruttenberg formulated the idea of a guaranteed annual wage. Today he is president of the Stardrill-Keystone Company whose employees are currently demanding pay-by-the-year. From his unique vantage point, Mr. Ruttenberg discusses the growth of his own brain child, and the way it can be housebroken.

The editor of the St. Louis *Post-Dispatch's* editorial page, Irving Dillard, makes an up-to-the-minute survey of the new Supreme Court and discusses the significance of Eisenhower's recent appointments.

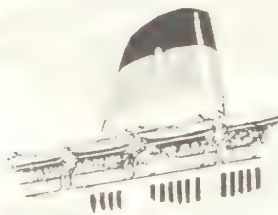
For some years before his death last spring, correspondent and novelist Charles Wertenbaker and his family lived in a French fishing village in the Basque country. The last article he wrote is a charming account of the village children's orchestra, in which his son was a guitarist.

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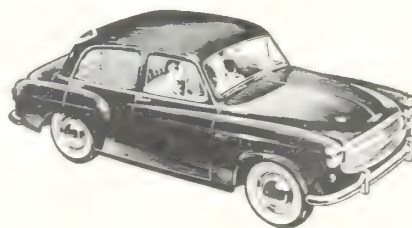
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These two youngsters represent America's enormous postwar generation—the generation that is caught in the most serious educational crisis in our history. For never before have our schools been so overcrowded and understaffed.

Because this is a nation-wide problem, President Eisenhower has called for educational conferences in every state. These meetings will report their findings to The White House Conference on Education, to be held in Washington November 28 to December 1, 1955.

A 33-member Presidential Committee, representing all areas of American life, is already at work, planning for the November White House Conference.

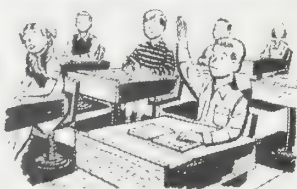
It is hoped that through this conference, bold and effective solutions will be found to meet the problem of maintaining the kind of public school America needs—for its strength, its prosperity and perhaps for its survival.

## Here are six problems The White House Conference on Education will discuss

You can help plan a conference for your community to study and discuss your local school problems. For free folder and information, write Better Schools, 2 West 45th Street, New York 36, N. Y.



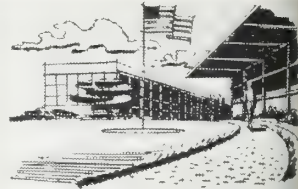
If you are interested in further information on State Conferences or The White House Conference, write:



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# SCHOOLS — CAMPS



## WHY WANASHEE FOR JOHNNY?

last summer we watched a group of 50 boys do an Indian dance — a Wanashee or Happiness dance. And they were happy! Too bad their parents couldn't have seen them, perhaps through a one-way glass. Oblivious to anyone and everything, the boys were yowling and jumping in fine Indian style. But the beauty was in the precision and unity; it was an accomplishment through practice and teamwork. *There* is the significance of the Wanashee for Johnny.

When there was the nine-year-old having his first fling at aqua-planing. The last in his group to have passed the required swimming tests, was finally getting at the board. He sat in the back of the motor-boat

and have never wanted a camera in our lives. The expression on his face! Unquestionably this boy will bring the same determination, courage, and self-reliance to each challenge he faces. He had had instruction, had watched other boys, and he slithered right up to a standing position. We were off! Around the bend he went taking the turns, giving new "speed-up" signals — but never a bill. He was King when he got back to the dock. That kid was thrilled!

We could cite hundreds of little ones like this. They are still fresh in our minds. Of course, every parent can talk on and on about the "happy

child" — so why mention summer camp as if it had a monopoly on happiness? It hasn't. But next Saturday when your child is asking you what he can do with his time, you might think about last summer — and about next summer, too.

How are you helping your child to be happy? True, you have your own aims, goals, and approaches to his happiness. You can probably teach him many of the skills he'll learn at camp, or you can have him coached. But you can't provide the companions and the environment — a community of children living outdoors. You *can* find a camp director whose ideas and ideals match yours closely.

To do this you must begin investigating early in the school year, when the camp finally chosen will have room. Start now, and you'll find a camp where your child will learn to be self-reliant, will have the thrill of accomplishing something by himself. You'll locate the camp to which he will want to return, where lifelong friendships will take root, where "next to home", a child's happiness begins.

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# THE PARTIES AND FOREIGN POLICY

DEAN ACHESON

Both may be "bipartisan," but Democrats still differ from Republicans—according to the former Secretary of State—in their approach to international affairs.

IT IS always dangerous to attribute principles, behavior, or attitudes to men or institutions on the basis of supposed fundamental characteristics. When I am told that Americans are idealistic and naïve, or that Frenchmen are logical, or Germans emotionally unstable, or Asians devious and inscrutable, I always listen to the ensuing observation with skepticism. Not that such generalizations may not have some basis in fact, but they can rarely carry the superstructure erected on them. So I shall both bridle myself and warn the reader that it is most unsafe to find reasons for the attitudes of either Republicans or Democrats in the composition and basis of the parties themselves.

In considering the attitude of our two major political groups toward foreign affairs, however,

one fact seems to me pre-eminent. In both of the two great fluid periods of the twentieth century—the periods just before, during, and after the two world wars—the Democrats were in a position of responsibility for the conduct of foreign affairs, while the Republicans were in opposition. This, I think, had more to do with the hardening of their present attitudes than any innate party characteristics.

The Democratic attitude was formed by a government in power, responsible for its acts, and with that intimate knowledge of the new pressures and necessities which comes only from the conduct of affairs. The Republicans, quite naturally, were seeking political leverage with which to obtain power. Their interest turned inward to the domestic political scene, where the forces which could be exploited were the reaction from the burdens and discipline of war and the reluctance to assume heavy and novel commitments far beyond our shores and our experience. The outside world was grim with the heavy burdens and responsibilities attached to power. Contrasting with this was the memory of the world as it had been and as one wished that it might be. Between must lie error and fault. Someone must be to blame for this discrepancy between what was and what ought to be after such vast effort.

In both 1919-20 and 1950-52 the consequent

work by the Republicans on the Democrats knew no limits. It went beyond the policies involved and the competence of leaders. It went to the character and patriotism of those who devised and executed policies. In the later years the essential institutions of government and, as in the Bricker Amendment, even government itself. It is hardly too much to say that the whole confidence and trust and confidence, including the confidence of the people in their own judgment, was brought into doubt.



The house of government was gutted. The new tenants found themselves the inheritors of suspicion. For, it has well been put, "When the ignorant are taught to doubt they do not know what they safely may believe."

From these historical experiences come, I think, the major influences in the formation of political attitudes toward foreign affairs — the Democrats acutely conscious that we live in a world that has

cut deeply into our lives and fortunes and can do so again; the Republicans acutely conscious of the domestic forces which they have twice used to overthrow their opponents. Let us observe how these essential differences have revealed themselves in the years since World War II.

#### THE POSTWAR TASK

A YEAR after hostilities had ceased we might all have agreed with a *mot* of Sir Wilmot Lewis—"We have chaos," he said, "but not enough to make a world." Perhaps there was enough, and what was lacking was omnipotence. The destruction of the military power of Germany and Japan removed the counterweights which had for many years balanced and restrained the expansiveness of Russia. The powers which had accomplished this destruction underwent division and disintegration. The Soviet Union, following Stalin's speech of February 1946, adopted a policy independent of and hostile to the interests of its former allies. We and our Western allies demobilized our military forces. Perhaps it is more accurate to say that the people demobilized themselves. As a result, the task of creating a balancing power

system had to begin at the very bottom. In fact, so great had been the disruption of the war that before one could create an alliance it was necessary to create allies.

Upon these tasks the United States has been engaged since the end of the war. It is still engaged on them. They must remain a major purpose for years to come; for this purpose fits into and supplements another major purpose that must underlie any foreign policy undertaken by Americans—the avoidance and prevention of nuclear war. In short, the objective of our policy is to avoid and prevent a situation in which we have to make a choice between a nuclear war and surrender.

For eight of the ten years this work was carried on under Democratic leadership and responsibility. As we examine and analyze what was done and what was necessary to get it done, we shall, I believe, see some of the qualifications of the party to do this work and, in the main, to do it successfully.

The familiar list of actions and programs pretty well shows the pattern of what was done and not done in the re-creation of a balancing power to the power of the Soviet system. The British loan of 1946; the checking of Soviet penetration of Iran, 1945-46; the support of Turkey against Soviet attempts to gain a foothold in the Straits, 1946; the assumption of the burdens which the British could no longer carry in helping Greece and Turkey maintain their independence, 1947; the joint action with the nations of Europe through the Marshall Plan to restore them to health and vitality, 1947-50; the assurance in two hemispheres that "an attack against one is an attack against all," 1947-49; the defeat of the blockade of Berlin, 1948-49; the restoration of economic life and the return to the company of free nations of Germany and Japan, 1949-51; the steps to make NATO an effective instrument of military defense, 1950-52; the effort by the Point Four program to bring help to the underdeveloped areas and the new nations in their struggle for improvement for their people and stability for their national life, 1949-52; the expansion of our own military strength and defense and that of our allies, 1950-52; the military opposition to aggression in Korea through the United Nations, 1950-52.

The sweep, coherence, and energy of all that was done is hard to grasp from a mere catalogue of measures, or even to convey at all. The financial effort was immense. So were the production and military efforts. But these do not go to the heart of the real achievement. It lies, I think, in



the boldness, the imaginativeness, the creativeness of the thinking, and perhaps most of all in the sustained will which those in charge maintained and communicated to the country. This stemmed straight from President Truman himself. The leadership and effort put forth by the government and people of the United States in these years represented a revolution in American foreign policy and the assumption of burdens and responsibilities wholly new to us.

#### LEADERSHIP EARNED

**T**HERE is a tendency on the part of some to assume the fact of United States leadership of the free world. We did not seek it, they say, we would be relieved if it could pass from us, but it has been thrust upon us. In other words, it comes from what we are and not from what we do. This, I think, is likely to lead us into error. Leadership is accorded where trust has been first given. And trust is dependent on conduct. It is cautiously given and quickly taken back. I think it wiser to believe that, as we inspire trust, consent will be given to policies which we advocate or support. But what do we mean by trust? We mean that we inspire confidence that the interests we are safeguarding embrace the interests of the people who trust us.

Take as an illustration of successful leadership in this sense the conduct of the British, French, and United States governments in response to the blockade of Berlin. The blockade developed out of the reform of the currency in Western Germany and Russian determination to keep this currency out of East Berlin and Eastern Germany. I doubt that at the beginning the Russians intended a major challenge to the Western Powers. Nevertheless a challenge resulted. When it did, rash action might have landed us and our friends in war. So all of us had the strongest interest in cool judgment, consultation, and action which was adequate and restrained. A course which satisfied these requirements would produce trust. Such a course was followed.

The issues—both over the currency and over the illegality of the Soviet restraints on land and water communication with Berlin—were put into the United Nations and discussed there. In the meantime the air lift to Berlin was instituted by United States, British, and French agreement. Also by agreement, countermeasures to interrupt traffic between East and West Germany were undertaken. The United States inevitably had to carry the largest burden but it did so with

the full understanding and support of its friends. All agreed that Western rights in Berlin must be maintained and the West Berliners supported; all were satisfied that their lives and interests were not being unnecessarily risked by provocative or rash action; and—and not least important—the course followed was successful.

On the other hand, consider as an act of leadership the announcement by the Secretary of State in January 1954 of the policy of instant retaliation. Without consultation or warning, our allies were informed publicly that a new military policy had been decided upon and was in effect.

"So long," Mr. Dulles said, "as our basic policy concepts were unclear, our military leaders could not be selective in building our military power. If an enemy could pick his time and place and method of warfare—and if our policy was to remain the traditional one of meeting aggression by direct and local opposition—then we needed to be ready to fight in the Arctics and in the Tropics; in Asia, the Near East, and in Europe; by sea, by land, and by air; with old weapons and with new weapons."

It was pointed out that to be equipped in this all-around military manner cost a great deal. But it was not pointed out that this "traditional" policy of meeting aggression where it occurred had something to be said for it, particularly as a policy for a coalition, or several coalitions, including many nations. To expect defense where the attack occurred gave hope, confidence, and enhanced sense of protection to nations in danger of aggression. Then again, it gave all the nations, including our own, the comforting assurance that those in charge in Washington were not thinking of blasting away with nuclear weapons at some place of their own exclusive choosing if aggression took place anywhere. The contrary impression would make them believe that, whatever Washington might think of its own interests, it was not giving much consideration to theirs.

Then the announcement of the new policy went on: "But before military planning could be changed, the President and his advisers, as represented by the National Security Council, had to take some basic policy decisions. This has been done. The basic decision was to depend primarily on a great capacity to retaliate, instantly, by means and at places of our choosing. Now the Department of Defense and the Joint Chiefs of Staff can shape our military establishment to fit what is *our* policy, instead of having to try to be ready to meet the enemy's many choices. . . ."

This was something of a stunner to our friends. Apparently some pretty basic policy decisions had been made, and made unilaterally in Washington. "This," the speaker said, "has been done." It seemed that these decisions scrapped the "traditional" policy of defense where the attack occurred. Apparently, also, the decisions had favored "new weapons" over "old" ones. We were going to depend "primarily" upon a great capacity to retaliate and to do it "instantly," with no time wasted at all. Finally, this retaliation was to occur "by means and at places of our choosing." The word "our" was used twice in this paragraph and italicized the second time.

Mr. Pearson, the Minister of External Affairs of Canada, was quick to ask what was meant by "our" choosing. Whose choosing was "ours"? It seemed that the word "instantly" answered the question. All in all the announcement produced in our friends and our allies agitation, doubts, fears, and loss of confidence in our leadership. In a short time it was diluted by a series of interpretations from Washington, mostly contradictory or qualifying. Confusion grew.

THIS IS almost a classic illustration of the way a leader among free nations should not proceed. For it disregarded the most elementary precepts. First it threatened, or appeared to threaten, nuclear warfare. If one of the basic goals of our policy is to avoid and prevent nuclear warfare, no subsidiary policy can be based on threatening to engage in it. If we mean to carry out the threat, we are false to a basic purpose; if we do not, we may cause dangerous miscalculation elsewhere.

Another precept disregarded is this: not to proclaim policies which do not comprehend the interests of our friends, especially when they have not been consulted. These interests, so they believed, were not served by a policy which seemed to suggest that our primary dependence in meeting any aggression was instantly to precipitate something which seemed very like general war.

A third is that policies formulated must be calculated to bring success in objectives which impress themselves as being important to our associates. The failure of this one was soon to be demonstrated.

"Let us now see," Mr. Dulles said, "how this concept has been applied, taking first the Far East. . . . I have said in relation to Indochina that, if there were open Red Chinese army aggression there, that would have 'grave consequences which might not be confined to Indochina.'"

It was a fair inference from this statement that

the new policy was applicable to Indochina and that favorable results were contemplated from its application. Unhappily Dien Bien Phu fell in four months' time and nothing was heard of the new policy. In addition to its other faults, it was a failure.

#### DEMOCRATIC ASSETS

WHAT has been said so far amounts to this: one of the chief purposes of American foreign policy—which supplements and is necessary to that other high purpose of avoiding nuclear war—is to develop the unity and strength of coalitions of free nations as a balance to the power of the Sino-Soviet system. At present this is our best reliance for living through troubled times without war while maintaining our own and our associates' vital interests. To play our part in these coalitions requires strong domestic leadership.

I believe that the Democratic party in our lifetime has shown the superior capacity to produce and support this leadership and that the Republican party is handicapped by its experience in this century and the tradition and division to which this experience has given rise. My hope is that the Democratic party in opposition and in power will continue to provide leadership which in the future, as in the past, holds firmly to the accomplishment of the central purposes without which all may be lost.

In doing this the party has a great asset in its hospitality to intelligence. In the conduct of our foreign relations in the years following the war, ideas were welcomed and respected. Men capable of having them were welcomed, respected, and both stimulated and supported. The result was a renaissance of thought and inventiveness which was unexcelled—and, it is not too much to say, unequaled—in any chancellery in the world. This was not the work of any one man, or of the several men who directed it from time to time. It was the work of the whole group, supported by the permanent services, inspired and permitted to do the best that was in them. The policies and programs developed and put into effect from 1946 to 1952 show the scope, the depth, and the power of the inventive thought brought to bear.

The effect of this environment of generative energy went beyond the Executive branch. It is seen, for instance, in the figure of Senator Arthur Vandenberg, which looms large in the postwar years. He had ability of the highest order. He was a master of advocacy and maneuver. He had



the full respect and admiration of the Senate and the added strength of having been a severe critic of "foreign entanglements." But he did not have a particularly original or creative mind. His instincts were toward caution—to hold back, to examine the difficulties of the course proposed, and to restrain the enthusiasts.

These were good qualities. They were ideal qualities for a leader of an opposition which had for a part of the time control of the Congress. For he was dealing with an administration which overflowed with ideas. He did not have to be creative or original. He did not have to furnish motive power. He was free to do what he could do best—criticize, question, examine—until he became convinced of the necessity for a proposed program. He would then put his unmistakable mark on it, and finally give it the essential help of his incomparable advocacy and fervor, the shrewd guidance of his knowledge of the Congress. One may ask whether his deserved reputation would have been so great had his years of influence and power on the Foreign Relations Committee been spent during an administration of his own party.

The years since 1952 in American foreign policy are not notable for the quality of the ideas generated. Policy has coasted on the momentum of past initiative. New situations have arisen by reason of the very success of past policies. They should not have been unexpected. Even before the death of Stalin, new Soviet tactics and strategy were forecast at the Communist Party Congress to meet the growing strength and unity of the Atlantic Community. When the aggression in Korea was defeated, it was to be expected that pressure would be increased at a softer and more profitable spot. But it is one thing to speak of having "seized the initiative" and quite another to know what to do with it. The stream of ideas, of imaginative thinking had dried up. The power of energetic action seemed to have been lost.

One reason why this is so lies in the recurrent attempt of Republican legislators to whittle down the Executive and to subordinate its will to the Congressional will in foreign as well as domestic matters. There is enough mischief that follows an attempt in domestic matters to reduce the Presidency from a concurrent, co-equal, and co-ordinate branch of the government to one that is subordinate to the Congress. But the mischief is compounded many times over when this is done in foreign affairs.

The Congress is not structurally organized to exert leadership in that field. Information neces-

sarily comes to it episodically and predigested. It is not in continuous contact with foreign leaders. It is not in a position to assess on a day-to-day basis the opportunities and dangers which spring up in remote places, and then to relate them to a happening ten thousand miles away. The Congress, in short, is not, was not intended to be, and cannot be an Executive.

Nevertheless, under Republican party doctrine, it persists in trying to be one, with results that hobble the Executive impulse. What further splits the energy of the Executive—what contributes to a confusion of policy—what fosters dissensions—what slackens the force of public opinion in censuring misdeeds, is the Republican theory under which the Constitutional Executive permits, and even encourages, the Legislature to encroach on powers that are not its own.

#### DEAD. BUT POWERFUL. IDEAS

CERTAINLY the power of energetic action has been lost in foreign economic policy—and lost for a very interesting reason. Here one can see that, while in human biology acquired characteristics are not inherited, in the biology of political parties the opposite may be the case. Without pressing the generalization, it does seem to be true that the Republican belief in the efficiency of high tariff protection has been inherited from earlier days and continues, like the appendix, a menace to health after its function has ceased to exist.

With the South for some years after the Civil War no longer a political factor, the Republican North and West surrounded the United States with tariff walls. These grew ever higher as one administration succeeded another. Their necessity and efficacy became an article of faith. Meanwhile our mass-production industry became firmly established, efficient, and in nearly all lines competitive with foreign producers. The Underwood Tariff of 1913 reversed the upward tariff trend, but its lower duties were largely inoperative, as the first world war turned foreign production to military channels and military operations interrupted trade.

That war also changed the American position from one of a debtor nation, needing a balance of exports, to one of a creditor nation, requiring the opposite. Nevertheless, when the Republicans came to power in 1921, the Fordney-McCumber Act imposed duties at new peaks. The leaders of the business community and the business point of view were still in accord with traditional Republican doctrine. In 1929-30 Presi-

dent Hoover would have liked a downward revision and hoped for a time to get one. But the tide in his own party was too strong for him and the revision was upward.

The new Republican Administration in 1953, faced with the facts of international economic life, also saw the necessity of reversing the historic doctrine of protection. "Trade not aid," became the slogan, and the Randall Commission—on the membership and staff of which the highest echelons of business and finance were strongly represented—went to work on the methods of increasing imports and foreign investment.

But it was one thing for the high command of business and party to decide that it was time for a change. It was quite another to convince the rank and file of the party, the general run of businessmen, and—most of all—the politicians who are experts on the beliefs of their constituents and usually a little behind them in changing direction. All Mr. Randall's skill, persuasiveness, and compromises did not suffice to lure the Republican Congressional leadership into the corral. The Trade Agreements Act's very lease on life was kept a tenancy from year to year. Action under the Act came to a virtual stop. Relief from this situation came only from a Democratic Congress.

The traditions of three-quarters of a century and more are deep and resistant. Here the Republican party is divided within itself just as business is divided within itself. A few in the highest positions see the new situation and the need for new policies to meet it. But the many cling to the doctrines in which they have been reared, doctrines for which the supporting arguments of self-interest can be made so speciously simple with the aid of selected statistics. Here the Democrats have the advantage of greater unity, though not complete unity. The growing industrialization of the South exacted a high price as the Reciprocal Trade Agreement Act was amended in the Senate. But the unity is great enough so that under strong leadership, which was possible in the House in 1955, and which can be exercised by a Democratic President, liberal trade policies can be maintained and extended.

Not that liberal trade policies can solve all economic problems or that increased trade is a panacea. It is not. Peoples must have something to trade with before the process can go very far. And this, in turn, brings up the prob-

lem of foreign investment to increase the productivity of other parts of the world. We have a deep interest in the stability and independence of many young governments, brought into existence by the newly won independence of their people and acutely aware of their own need for economic improvement, increased production, higher standards of life. Private advice and investment can be of great help. But it cannot bring the minimum assistance which, in our own interest, is required.

So theory must yield to the conception of our government as the whole people organized to do what has to be done. This was the conception behind the Point Four Program and the foreign-aid programs. Our government carried on these programs, not because it was theoretically desirable for government to do so rather than private business or private philanthropy, but because they would not be carried on at all unless government did so—and it was, and still is, essential that this help be given. And it should be given, not grudgingly, or with conditions attached, or as charity, but as a part of broad and sensible foreign policy to achieve essential results, not to evoke gratitude.

On the whole matter of foreign economic policy these generalizations are not unfair: First, that it makes a lot of difference in what direction policy is pointing and how energetically it is pressed. Second, that Democratic policy, on the whole, makes for the economic health and vigor of the free coalitions, while Republican policy, which is stronger even than its own Administration, is a policy of foot-dragging.

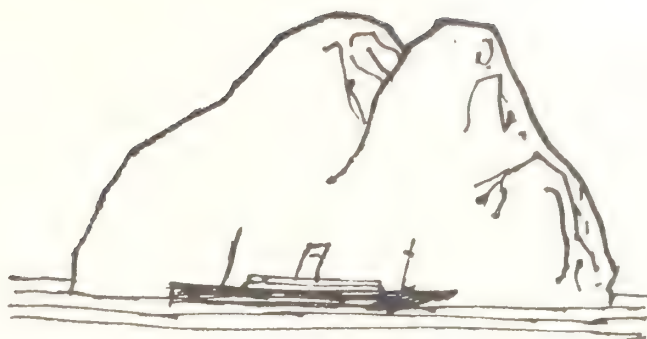
THE difference in party attitudes, deeply rooted in their composition and history, may determine success or disaster in dealing with the perils among which we live. Sir Oliver Franks has suggested that the time we have in which to work out our problems is "the working lifetime of my generation. It will not be longer; it may well be shorter. . . . After it there will be no second chance. . . ."

How long is that? Fifteen years? A decade? Perhaps less time than it will take a child beginning school to finish high school? Whatever the time may be it is pitifully short; it is fleeting; it must not be wasted. Years of doing the wrong thing, of putting second things first, cannot be brought back.

What we do in the time given us is decisive. "After it there will be no second chance."



*Captains to cabin boys—  
the truth about a sailor's life*



## SHIP'S COMPANY

By JAN DE HARTOG

*Drawings by Joseph Low*

THE first man sailing the first hollowed-out tree trunk alone was a sailor. The first man who had a boy with him was a captain. Captains have not changed since; their vessel is still as flimsy, the sea as perilous, and the boy as hopeless.

Only if the young sailor keeps this elementary state of affairs in mind will he be able to see his captain clearly. This is important, for living as he does among officers who are not yet captains but feel that they should have been long ago, the apprentice may easily be influenced by their talk at the messroom table. It may not even be talk, just raised eyebrows, upcast looks, and shrugs of the shoulders. The young sailor will be led to believe that the ship is sailed virtually by the mate, for that is the way the mate sees it.

It is difficult on a long, long ladder that reaches into the sky to see further than the next rung; it is impossible for the apprentice to identify himself with the captain. The only comfort I can offer is that the captain, despite appearances, can identify himself to an astonishing degree with the apprentice if he should be called upon to do so. It is advisable, however, to postpone this call as long as possible, for captains don't like it. They seem to be quite content with their hermit's existence, remote and godlike in their double cabin, and there will be many days when only a chesty cough or a sneeze from below reminds the apprentice on the bridge of his captain's existence.

In practice, every captain looks like an old

fool and never is. His very presence determines the nature of the community that sails the ship. He is the best argument against atheism I can think of, for every quarrel, every tension, even the grimmest conflict among the members of his crew is entered into with the underlying knowledge that, if the worst comes to the worst, there always is somebody to give the final verdict. In the case of a conflict, the mate will say, "Take care the captain doesn't notice," and the chief engineer, "You'd better watch out or I'll take it up with the captain." Chief engineers refer to the captain the way self-confident clergymen refer to their private deity.

Should the apprentice be driven to the point of suicide about some personal problem (and apprentices' problems always are personal), he may go and ask the captain for advice, as it is less final. He must realize, however, that by doing so he is inviting mortification. The captain will be quite kind, but the apprentice's problem will take on a puny stature in his own eyes on crossing the threshold. The sight of the Old Man writing at his desk with the calm concentration of a silversmith engraving a spoon will so impress the young sailor that the captain hardly need open his mouth. It may be a humane thing to tell the apprentice that the captain is usually writing nonsense at those moments.

Probably, occasions will be rare on which the apprentice will see his captain in his true light. It may be a gale, but then it takes a fairly long time before captains are convinced that there is a gale on. Usually they only show their heads at bridge level, scowling at the officer of the watch as if they suspected him of rocking the boat. Before turning round and vanishing back into their cozy den, they will mutter, "I presume you have looked after hatch number three, Mr. Er," which strikes the junior officer like lightning

~~From Olympus~~ Captains are rarely noticed at work checking up on hatch number three beforehand.

There is little else I can tell the young sailor about captains, until he is about to be promoted to one himself. For the time being, two basic rules will do: bad captains do not exist, and even the youngest masters are old. On board ship, it is one's sea-days that count, not the years of one's life.



## MATES

MATES are basically the unhappiest people at sea, because they are busy becoming captains. As everyone who has been an adolescent knows, not to be something yet is a depressing situation. What's more, every mate is convinced that he is

better than his captain, for his captain only tells him what to do, rarely does it himself. The happy mate, quite satisfied with his situation, is for some reason unsatisfactory. A man who wants to remain a mate is a bad mate and a man who is a mate and wants to become a captain is frustrated, so one can easily see that a mate's lot is a hard one.

It is indeed like adolescence. Many secretly long for the happy, simple world of childhood; no man in his senses has any nostalgia for the horrible years in which he was neither child nor man but an awkward, clumsy creature between the two. This is why a mate's philosophy resembles that of the adolescent: nobody understands him, other people are always happier, girls are either too bad or too pure, and he can never do anything right, from shutting a door to packing a bag. The adolescent is supposed to wash up cheerfully, to hum a happy song while mowing the lawn or washing the car, to hop up and down clapping his hands, crying, "Goody goody," when he is ordered to take Junior to the zoo.

All these situations, like nightmares from the past, repeat themselves hauntingly once the junior officer becomes a mate. To be an ordinary seaman becomes the lost land of childhood; to become a captain feels like climbing a glacier in gumboots.

Soon give up hope of ever becoming captains because their own superiors lose no opportunity of assuring them that, if they carry

on in this fashion, they will be a hundred before promotion comes their way. To hear a father talk about his sixteen-year-old son is to hear a captain about his mate: lazy, stupid, unclean, sulky, without interest or sense of duty, as deaf as a mole and as blind as a bat.

Yet I should like to see the ship that sails itself, without a mate shivering and grumbling on the bridge. There is only one hope for heavenly justice as far as the mate is concerned: that the second mate may break a leg and the captain be forced to take over his watch. It is as good as an adolescent's night at the opera when the prima donna loses her bloomers in the high C. I don't know why captains are so often unlucky when taking over a watch in an emergency; perhaps it is a proof of the power of prayer.

But this situation is as rare as a white whale. In the ordinary run of things, the mate does everything. He is the ship's housewife, psychoanalyst, handyman, house painter, plumber, vermin expert, and removal man. If rust shows its bubbles underneath the paint, it is the mate's fault. If the cargo starts to work after a fortnight of gales in the Atlantic, the mate has done it. If the crew is rebellious, the cook sulking, the bridge slippery, and the captain's grog cold, the mate is told he will be a pensioner before he is promoted. On board bigger ships, the mate eats with the second-class passengers and it is hard to describe what this does to a man who has five thousand other things to look after. For whoever is unable to evince a fascinated interest in Mr. Proudfoot's operation during the sweet-breads, and at the same time work out in his mind what error Snark the apprentice can have made in his calculations to put the ship back eighty miles on the chart, will provoke a sour little mouth in the owner's drawing-room when the captain is asked what he thinks of his assistant over a glass of sherry.

There is a poem running into sixteen couplets that describes the fate of a mate, but it is unprintable. The young sailor will soon come to know it by heart, and cherish it until the day he lays his hand on the engine-room telegraph for the first time, three centuries from now.

## ENGINEERS

THEY are the happiest addition to the ship's staff since the advent of steam. The officers of the glorious age of sail may never have felt there was something lacking; who sails on a windjammer now, after having traveled on



steam, misses not the engine, but the engineers.

Engineers have one idiosyncrasy: they think about everything in terms of engines. They know the ship is sailed by the deck-officers and that sailors and a captain are necessary, but they consider them as people who profit by the engines. The ship's fate is in their hands.

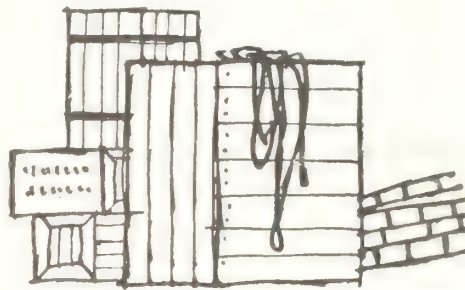
Engineers are calm in times of gale, soothing in times of stress, and irksome only when the sea is dead calm and a tropical sun turns their dungeon into purgatory. The young sailor will soon be struck by the circumstance that whatever engineers are doing or talking about, they always listen to their engine. In the messroom the Chief, while regaling himself with untidy forkfuls of spaghetti, will hold forth about the advantage of having cabins painted in psychological colors. In the middle of the conversation, with his fork halfway to his mouth, the Chief will freeze. Should anyone ask what is the matter, he will reply, "Sh!" The others will strain their ears, and hear nothing. Motionless silence will reign for seconds, during which the spaghetti dangling from the Chief's fork swings slightly with the swell.

Then the Chief will say, "Damn it! That young ass hasn't tightened the nut on the bilge-pump yet." After that he will continue eating, but the subject of his monologue will have changed from psychological colors to modern apprentices.

Engineers have one supreme quality: patience. It is caused by their secret preoccupation with engines, which makes all other problems seem secondary; also by the professional perseverance of the man who is often called upon to lie on his back in an oil-bath, fiddling with a spanner the size of a toothpick, while a piston strong enough to crush a rock hisses up and down, a quarter of an inch away from his nose. The inner peace they radiate, which goes with a well-oiled and smoothly-running soul, reflects the perfection of their engines. I know of no better cure for inner turmoil, worry, and general nervousness than a visit to the engine-room. There they are, in their greasy overalls, their caps on the backs of their heads, wads of cotton waste protruding from their pockets. On the wall are their tools, neatly lined up according to size: on the workbench some object is clamped in a vise, and with it they are quietly pottering. The colossal racket of their engine makes conversation impossible, so each man thinks, while his eyes rove around his, to him, completely comprehensible universe. To sit down on a three-legged stool, to look at this vast complicated mystery

of whizzing, ticking, spinning, and sliding parts, all of them polished like watches, is soothing. For here you are, facing the riddle of your existence and, next to you, stands another man with his back to it, filing away at the workbench, secure in the knowledge that he understands everything.

What a boon it was that with the mechanical monster that mauled the Flying Cloud came so charming and patient a kornak. To those who don't speak whatever language it is, the word means: the boy who rides the elephant.



#### COOKS

IT IS impossible to talk about ships, crews, cargoes, foreign parts, or the mystery of the weather without bringing in cooks.

This being a personal record, I am aware of the fact that I have come across many cooks who were almost identical. It is possible that another sailor will have come across quite a different type of cook, but if he gives the subject some thought, he will come to the conclusion that almost all the cooks he has known were practically identical too. This has led me to believe that cooks are like sunsets. Every man has a mood associated with him that changes little during his lifetime.

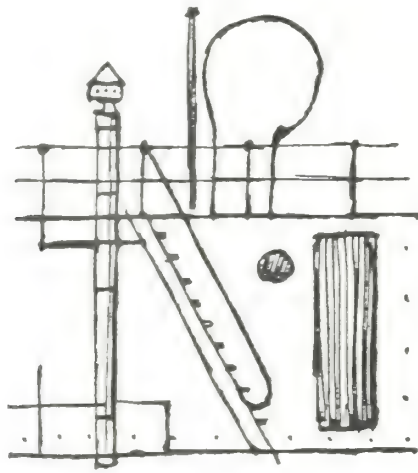
As in the case of sunsets, I know people who are depressed by cooks and judge them to be the most unpleasant members of the crew. Other people have the same kind of allergy toward wireless operators. Personally, I find cooks delightful, fascinating, and very tricky to get on with.

One could call them the mothers of the ship or the housewives; whatever allegory one hits upon, the feminine element will be dominant. It isn't only the messing around with pots and pans, the talking about menus while tossing back imaginary curls, it is the gossip and the superstition that give every sea cook this touch of femininity. After some time, the young sailor may even come to the conclusion that his cook is a pansy. This is rarely the case. It is just that the job has left its indelible imprint on the man.

No cook can identify himself wholeheartedly with his function without turning at least partially into a squaw. The complaint, familiar to every captain, of the cook the day before leaving, "What on earth am I going to give them to eat this trip?" was heard frequently in our nomad past when whole villages were forever on the move and womankind was harassed by menus that only varied with the seasons. In the North, pea soup and cottage pie are the staple diet on board ship; in the tropics it is nassigoreng, a rice dish with a fried egg on top. By the time the eggs go bad, they are replaced by fancies like stewed onions or canned peaches which the cook has hit upon because of their resemblance to fried eggs. As sea cooks' cooking is visual, each complaint will be met with the question, "What's the matter with it? It looks all right, doesn't it?"

To celebrate the captain's birthday, cooks beat an egg white and crown the day's dish with a wisp of white meringue, suitable or not. The same thing happens when any of the officers becomes a father.

Until he is a captain, the young sailor need not worry about the cook. All he need worry about is to be on good terms with him. To achieve this, there is only one advice I can give: treat him as if he were a beautiful rich young widow.



BOSUNS

THE bosun is the petty officer in charge of the foc'sle and his personality determines the mood of the seamen. If the bosun is happy in his job, there is a fair chance that the seamen will be too. If he is not, there is sure to be trouble during the trip. Life in the foc'sle is like life anywhere: either enjoyed or borne like a cross. A narrow bunk on board an old-fashioned ship can be either wonderfully snug or a coffin with one side missing—it depends on the mood of

the man who lies in it. And that man's mood depends on the bosun's.

Bosuns who are aiming for the bridge are fairly rare. Their job needs such experience, weight of authority, and knowledge of human nature that to become a bosun is enough for one man's life. Whenever a bosun is out to make the grade and studies in his free hours for his examination as a deck officer, the foc'sle will be unhappy, for it upsets his superiority, not toward them but toward the bridge. A bosun who is eager to learn from his captain, instead of thinking that it should be the other way round, is no good at his job. The best bosuns are firmly and sincerely convinced that the ship would sink like a stone but for their benevolent vigilance over the fox-hunters on the bridge. In moments of stress or on entering a harbor, the bosun holds the wheel and he holds it like an old mechanic trying out a fussy customer's car. The bosun is the one man who really knows how to handle the ship, and if he comes across a captain who will handle her as well as he does, he will not be impressed but saddened. He'll mutter, "A body can want to know too much," and ask for transfer at the end of the trip.

The young sailor, if he comes across the right kind of bosun, should watch him carefully and listen to what he has to say. All the solid, relaxed craftsmanship of sailing a ship is there under his very eyes, unassuming and given to big hairy yawns. A bosun who yawns a lot is all right; one who, while holding the wheel, breaks wind, shakes his head, and says, "God, I'm overweight," is even better. The bosun a captain needs always knows where everything is, buys penny notebooks to write the captain's orders in but never has a pencil, smiles when the foc'sle roars with laughter, is feared but loved unreasonably by the ship's dog, and writes a letter to his wife or his mother every week consisting of "Dear Ma," followed by an extract from the log and the meteorological bulletin, signed, "Your affectionate son, Herbert" or "Dad." There is usually, after long scratching of the scalp with the pen, futile cleaning of nails and chewing of matches, a P.S. that runs, "Don't worry" or "Chin up."

A good bosun is as important to a ship as a good captain, if not more so. For the captain is the mind of the ship, and it is commonly known that the mind is a feeble thing of fairly recent date. Bosuns will give advice on anything, if asked or forced by circumstances. Their advice, which comes out after an impressive prelude of chin-rubbing and nose-pulling, usually runs,

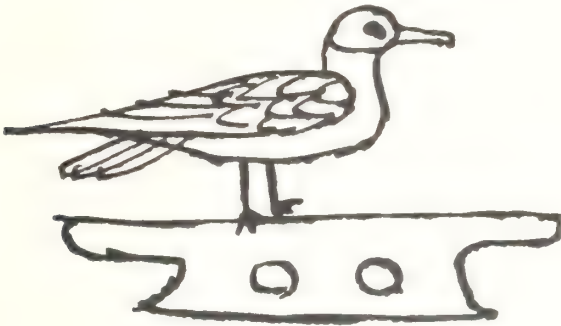


"Sleep on it," if the problem is personal, and, "I'll show you," if it is practical.

If a captain asks a bosun for advice, the answer will start with the phrase: "It's not my place to tell you." The captain can ask for advice without prejudicing his authority as skipper next to God, for the bosun has known all the time that he is a bungler, whatever God may think of him. He will respect the Old Man for making a clean breast of it.

Bosuns traditionally leave sinking ships together with the captains but, in contrast with the latter, they rarely drown. Owing to their intimate knowledge of the order in the chaos of the ship's insides they always get hold of something suitable that will float. The young sailor will probably come across the story of the bosun who, while treading water after a shipwreck, was invited to climb into an already overcrowded lifeboat and answered, "No thank you. I'll wait for the doghouse to come up." He was the only one washed ashore alive.

If there is a life hereafter remotely like ship life, be it heaven or hell, I hope I'll be met at the gangway by a bosun.



#### CABIN BOYS

THE smaller the ship, the smaller the urchin. Cargoes that run into thousands of tons have messroom boys, coasters have boys, and everything from a trawler down has a little child who picks his nose, touches his lips with the result, wipes it on the seat of his pants, puts his dirty thumb in the soup tureen, washes up by wiping, sings lurid songs in a choirboy's voice, and occasionally has his scalp inspected by the Captain, after which a liquid called Macnamara's Hunting Water, for sale in harbor drug stores, is applied.

The young sailor will not come across a cabin boy unless he starts as the mate of a fishing smack or a pint-sized coaster owned by its captain. Once cleaned, combed, and taught to leave their noses alone, cabin boys are fascinating. Their one worry is to seem grown-up. They will smoke,

smell of gin, whistle from the foredeck at the sight of a woman, swear until smacked, and do anything for a pair of long trousers. They give it all away, however, when they are asleep, for then they look about three years old.

Cabin boys, contrary to what anxious mothers and scoutmasters might assume, run no risk of being perverted in the foc'sle. The presence of a child turns any crew into a Fathers' Union. Men who can hardly write themselves insist on dictating clumsy nonsense to the child to keep up on his education, and quarrels break out among the tutors over a matter of spelling, which make the pupil flee to his bunk. Every week they are stood, stark-naked, in a bucket on the foc'sle table, where they look much thinner than one had assumed, and are scrubbed until they wince.

They are taken to see the sights in foreign harbors, and when their elders go to a bordello, they take the cabin boy with them, to wait for their return in the downstairs parlor, under the care of the fattest of the ladies, dressed like a circus horse, who feeds him pralines and encourages him to talk about his travels. They are taken to bazaars where they are told to pick a present for their mothers, and if they have no mother, for their aunt, and if they have no aunt, for the person that surely must exist somewhere worthy of a filial token of fondness and esteem. Difference of opinion about the suitability of the present may cause the crew to go and look elsewhere under pressure from the manager. Somehow, the quest for the cabin boy's present always ends up with a red glass vase.

The luckiest cabin boys are those who have run away to sea and stowed away on board a small freighter. The captain will telephone the owners at his next port of call; the owners will telephone the parents; the father, angry with relief, will say to the captain, "Keep him on board, sir, I'll pay anything you ask if you can see to it that he will never want to see the sea again when he comes home."

The owner instructs the captain to lead the boy the hard life; the captain will pass the order on to his officers and wash his hands of the matter; the officers will look stern; the foc'sle will rise as one man behind the persecuted infant, and the fortunate cabin boy will find himself surrounded and protected by eleven uncles. Whether he later goes back to sea or not, one thing he will never doubt as long as he lives, and that is the essential goodness of man.

I know what I am talking about, for it happened to me.

# THE IVY-COVERED WILD BLUE YONDER

The new Air Force Academy in Colorado hopes  
to "train generals, not second lieutenants" . . .

but so far its educational plan is a  
lot less impressive than its publicity.

LAST SUMMER the United States Air Force launched what the Secretary of Air had earlier described as "the most important project we have." In mid-July the first class of three hundred cadets began their studies in the temporary quarters of the Air Force Academy at Lowry Field, Colorado. Within the next few years, if agreement can be reached on what the buildings ought to look like, a permanent installation will be completed at nearby Colorado Springs, on a tract of land covering fifteen thousand acres. That is larger than either West Point or Annapolis and, to hear the Air Force tell it, size will not be the only quality in which the new Air Academy will outdo its sister institutions.

Like most Air Force activities, this one was attended by sleek and—until the proposed designs were published—well-received publicity. Confronted with architectural plans that were no more than normally "modern," a hitherto amiable Congress turned sour. One Representative thought that the Academy was going to look like "a modernistic cigarette factory," and a Senator described it as "an assembly of wigwams." Since there is no possible defense against a determined politician's desire to have fun at the expense of architecture, the Air Force quickly announced that it was considering blueprints "considerably different" from the model originally exhibited. The furor then subsided, but not before it had achieved one adverse effect—it had largely distracted attention from any

other question about what the Air Academy would be like.

For example, what about the academic program? According to the Secretary of Air, this Academy will "train generals, not second lieutenants." Since this statement cannot be intended literally, I interpret it to mean that the Air Force will specifically attempt to prepare its career officers for the broad responsibilities of high command. We live in a period which often calls upon generals and admirals to be statesmen, in which the exercise of military judgment requires more than merely professional knowledge. The Air Force, building from the ground up, has the first opportunity to create for itself an institution of military learning in tune with modern times. How it proposes to go about this should therefore be particularly instructive, but unfortunately neither the Secretary nor Air Academy officials have been very definite—nor has anyone crudely pressed them. Hence, the best indications are to be found in service education as it now exists in the United States, and on which the Air Academy proposes to improve.

"It'll be just like West Point and Annapolis," one Air Force colonel told me, "only better."

SEVERAL years ago, however, when the Air Force campaign to get an independent academy really got under way, it became apparent that the end result would be modeled far more closely on West Point than on Annapolis. To be sure, the Air Force intends by its own declaration to duplicate the family tradition which has given Annapolis some of the coloration of the English Sandhurst or Dartmouth. But during the period of gestation the main dependence, inevitably, was on the Military Academy. Nor could this very well be otherwise, since all of the officials and much of the staff of the new installation will be West Point-trained. The Superintendent, Dean



of Faculty, Commandant of Cadets, Director of Intercollegiate Athletics, Director of Physical Education, several of the academic chairmen, and most of the faculty are graduates of the Point.

Air Academy committees have visited West Point almost every month during the past year or two, making notes and recalling old memories. Although England's Royal Air Force has operated its College at Cranwell since 1926—with conspicuous success both technically and intangibly, in terms of career motivation—the Air Academy officials have largely ignored it for their own planning purposes; they express some incredulity when a parallel is suggested. The Air Academy is definitely to emerge as the West Point of the Air, which in the past Randolph Field grandiloquently aspired to be. And like West Point, the Academy is already torn by the basic pulls between public relations, trade school, and undergraduate college. Nowhere is this struggle more evident than in the matter of its football teams.

"Football players," according to Lieutenant General Hubert R. Harmon (who came out of retirement at President Eisenhower's request to be the Air Academy's first superintendent) "will be required to complete their academic requirements—and on schedule—just as all other cadets. There will be no special allowances made for athletes."

Simultaneously, however, a list was announced of General Harmon's principal assistants at the Air Academy. A familiar common denominator can be found in their biographies. Brigadier General Robert M. Stillman, the Commandant of Cadets, used to be relieved each fall of his duties with a reconnaissance squadron in Hawaii to go to West Point to join the football coaching staff. Lieutenant Colonel Robert V. Whitlow, the Air Academy's Athletic Director, was a notable three-letter athlete at the Point in the early days of the war. "While at the Academy," in the words of an Air Force press release, "he played tackle on one of Army's greatest teams." As an exchange officer at the Colegio Militar in Mexico City, after World War II, Colonel Whitlow's principal duties were to coach the Institute's football squad. There, according to Department of Defense literature, "he helped to achieve a victory over a strong Randolph Field team, which included five former West Point players." Later, while attached to Hamilton Field, Whitlow coached the base team to the 1952 Pacific Coast interservice football championship.

Shortly after he was appointed to the Air Academy's hierarchy, Colonel Whitlow set some

kind of record for athletic solemnity. Questioned as to the kind of intercollegiate football schedule to be played by the Air Academy, Whitlow replied sorrowfully that he was afraid it might take as long as six years before they could play West Point and Annapolis even on underdog terms.

Loyal Air Force personnel can comfort themselves with the knowledge that Whitlow has screened some four hundred applicants for coaching positions at the Air Academy—it seems likely that the successful candidates, in the fashion of the guild, will bring one or two promising plebes along with them—and has toured the nation's secondary schools in search of flight-minded aspirants.

While General Harmon's dedication to the cultural responsibilities of the Air Academy has been emphatic and solemn—he is regarded by his ingenuous young colonels, in their phrase, as "a scholar"—he is expected to resign as superintendent very early, perhaps even during the Air Academy's first year. But the burly administrators will remain. Colonel Whitlow's doleful prediction of a long building program in football was a masterful understatement—look for the Air Academy to give both West Point and Annapolis a hard time by 1959.

#### CULTURAL POKER

THE academic curriculum at the Air Academy promises this same fly-boy enthusiasm, blended with an emulation and extension of West Point patterns. The Point, for example, has always been legitimately proud of its insistence on the exceptionally high ratio of instructors to cadets, permitting the enviable luxury of the famous fourteen-man section. Academic experience and practice certainly indicate that seminars of fourteen to sixteen students are an ideal teaching instrument. No privately endowed institution, and few state-supported ones, can afford to duplicate West Point's extensive section system, and none of them would be anything but delighted to scrounge a handful of additional fourteen-man sections from the trustees. The Air Force, however, is jet-propelled these days.

"At the Air Academy," said one of General Harmon's aides triumphantly, "we'll only have *twelve* cadets in each section!"

The motto to which the Air Academy is to conform is crisp and loud—anything you can do, we can do better. Mindful of persistent civilian criticism of its one-sided curriculum, West Point has on several occasions made well-intentioned

concessions to the liberal arts. Cadets now take English during three of their four years, study a foreign language, and are exposed to integrated courses in the social sciences which offer elementary surveys of international relations and of economic and industrial geography. At the present time, by a rather generous official interpretation, the humanities comprise about 40 per cent of the curriculum. The Air Academy, once again, will go West Point one better. The proportion of liberal arts to sciences will be even closer. There will be an equally distributed emphasis, according to General Harmon, on the humanities, the social sciences, and the physical sciences.

There are several wild cards, however, in this academic poker game. Language study, in which West Point has made remarkable strides since World War II—and in which its instruction and results, at the elementary level beyond which they don't aspire, are certainly comparable to most college language departments—is included under "humanities" in the Air Academy statistics. Instruction in this field, however, "will be offered to only those cadets who demonstrate aptitude or a strong personal desire for such study." For the remainder of the class—and one would be astonished if this doesn't prove to be the vast majority—a course in aircraft design will be substituted. The bulk of the young regular officers of our Air Force will be able neither to read nor to speak any language but English.

LIKE WEST POINT, the Air Academy is proud of its concessions to the study of English. West Point officials point out with considerable complacency that theirs is the only undergraduate curriculum in the United States which has a required English course in senior year. This is another wild card that the Air Force will also hold in its hand; the course is one which would be more appropriately offered in the freshman or sophomore year. It duplicates, in fact, the kind of English course which is required of every engineering or pre-medical student, very early in his career, in any reputable civilian institution.

This is symptomatic of the process by which West Point, through watered-down courses in the humanities, has achieved the celebrated 40-60 ratio of liberal arts to sciences. It also points up the predominant characteristics of a service-academy program in the humanities. A visitor to West Point liberal-arts sections can't help being impressed by the patience and clarity with which the material is presented by the instructors. He has to be equally impressed by the

poise and articulateness of the cadets—particularly the first-classmen, who have been the beneficiaries of three years' intensive training in these qualities.

But the over-all complexion of the West Point sections—and this complexion will be transferred intact to the Air Academy by its West Point-trained faculty—is that of an excellent high school. The ideal secondary school, which the American public school system has visualized but never achieved, in which adolescents are grounded in the elementary academic disciplines and prepared for responsible citizenship, has unquestionably been achieved at West Point. If it were to be asserted that the West Point curriculum and methods of instruction are superior to any other secondary school in America, no observer could dissent. It would be a boast worth making; one that many accredited undergraduate institutions could not make.

#### EDUCATION BY CONTRACT

**B**UT neither the instructional techniques nor the cadet discussions are in any way appropriate to acceptable undergraduate attainment. The daily written tests for upperclassmen are set at a low level. The questions rarely require more from the cadet than a ready memory for dates and names. Occasional brief essays and a short outside paper cannot alter the essentially elementary standards which the faculty establish for their students. There is a minimum of non-classroom contact between academic instructors and cadets, and there is virtually no opportunity for individual conferences. Reserve officers on the West Point faculty, who are familiar with civilian undergraduate habits, remark that one of their problems is the thoroughly military attitude of the cadets toward their working schedules.

"The average cadet," according to one such West Point instructor, who foresees this same dilemma at the Air Academy, "soon takes the customary military position that he has a contract with the Army, and no more. You can't really get them to use their holidays and half-holidays for academic work. That time belongs to them, not to the Army." He had recently visited the campus of his alma mater, and he had been struck by the half-forgotten sight of a library full of undergraduates on a Sunday afternoon. "Cadets won't spend their Saturday afternoons and Sundays catching up on their work or getting ahead of it."

This same "drill" aspect of academy instruc-



on is reflected in the relatively unsophisticated level of a cadet discussion. There is an unhealthy reliance upon the instructor for discussion leadership. The movement of an Academy section is frequently more reminiscent of a well-handled military class on the parts of the M-1 than of the usual lofty concept of a fruitful college seminar. There is rarely much attempt by the instructor to stimulate or irritate the cadet to the end of discussion that will tax his responses. The basic function of the seminar appears to be to persuade each cadet to say something—anything—during each meeting. The instructor's questions are firmly rooted in the factual material of the day's assignment; rarely does he try to lead his students into speculation, analysis, or critical assessment of the ideas which the facts suggest.

If there is such a thing as a difference, in the secretary of Air's phrase, between training generals and lieutenants, here is where you might expect to find it. But there is as yet no indication from the Air Force that you will be rewarded.

THE PRIMARY objective of an Academy English Department is to train the cadet "to speak clearly and with poise." This phrase, or wordings of it, occurs in the official description of each of the three English courses that will be required of all Air Academy cadets. It represents further evidence of the naïve conviction that West Point can be improved upon merely by putting additional emphasis on those techniques that have proved successful. The emphasis is primarily on speech and composition rather than on literary and critical study. This grounding may be basic and essential for a literate officer or civilian but, to repeat, it is properly the province of secondary education. That it is not dealt with responsibly by the high schools and preparatory schools is not the fault of the service academies. It's to their credit that, unlike many civilian institutions, they recognize and seek to repair the deficiency. To achieve this, meritorious though it may be, is not the same as offering even the elements of a genuine undergraduate experience in historical or literary study.

No amount of sleight-of-hand in describing the liberal-arts curriculum can alter this secondary-school coloration. There appears even to be a crude philosophical basis for some of it. Pressed by critics of their syllabus, the Academy faculty argues that an officer must always be correct and that this enviable characteristic can be instilled by requiring him to do the same thing over and over, in an area where there is a known correct

answer, during the days of his youth. It is on this basis that even the instructors in the humanities defend the top-heavy role of mathematics in the cadet curriculum. It's plainly desirable that an officer be right in the many judgments he must make during his career, but there's no real evidence that this is best assured by never taking him beyond the elementary drill level during his training.

English instructors at the Point are frank to confess their inability to communicate any genuine cultural excitement to the majority of the cadets. "It's not that they're indifferent or hostile to the arts," one of them said recently. "They're not really aware that the arts exist."

#### DEAD SPOTS

THIS is a situation, once again, that is painfully familiar to any American college teacher. It is not overcome by additional training in elocution or composition. Nor is it solved by the Air Force's apparent conception of the prospective role of the English department at the Air Academy.

"Their job," according to one of General Harmon's aides, "is to turn out young officers who can tell the Air Force story." If such a mission is a legitimate one, it is certainly the province of a public-relations officer rather than a career air commander. An English department's responsibility, in addition to teaching the elementary necessities, is to help its students discover and extend their critical and aesthetic resources. Experienced Army officers are painfully aware of these dead spots in a West Point education.

"Whenever I talk to cadets," said a literate, thoughtful staff officer who speaks regularly at West Point forums, "I always try to emphasize the necessity for their developing sound reading habits. I try to impress on them that their careers are going to be full of decisions that they won't be able to make on the basis of their own experience alone. They need books in a way that few civilians do."

Like all World War II observers of American junior officers—career and reserve—he had been shocked by their indifference and ignorance in these areas as compared to the junior officers of our allies. This is plainly a national problem as much as a service academy one. There is little evidence that the Air Academy is in any way sensitive to it. On the basis of the published curriculum and the important role in it of West Point graduates and former West Point instruc-

tors, there is considerable evidence that their courses and instruction will represent a further inflation of the already watered stock of the West Point liberal arts.

The Air Academy even hopefully visualizes certain revisions in its adaptation of West Point's Department of Tactics, which is responsible for the military indoctrination and motivation of the cadets. Although West Point's Tac officers do a remarkable job in the relatively brief time that is allowed them, the Air Academy is disturbed by the harsh intensity of cadet training and by the isolation from civilian life which West Point logically insists upon. Air Academy cadets will be permitted far more liberty of movement from the reservation. They will be encouraged to establish a relationship with the civilian community. General Harmon wants no thick gray walls, figuratively or physically, around his cadets.

Experienced West Point officers are frankly

skeptical of this approach. "I'll be damn surprised," said a member of the Department of Tactics emphatically, "if they don't soon find themselves losing a high percentage of their cadets to marriage."

Perhaps, on the other hand, the Air Academy does have some magic by which it will miraculously transform its syllabus and aspirations into the perfect teaching instrument. Perhaps, too, it has the alchemy for turning leaden recruits into some other metal than brass. West Point and Annapolis and the career officers whom they graduate have never commanded the absolute devotion of the American public, which believes that it has always been imaginative civilians who have pulled the professional soldier's chestnuts out of the fire. It hardly seems likely that a slightly hopped-up version of the old service-school education is going to make new kind of men for a new kind of military job.

#### KATHERINE ANNE PORTER

### NOVEMBER IN WINDHAM

THESE winds of Martinmas have stripped the trees  
To cover the seeds of summer, and the limbs  
Are rough as roots, and roots are cold as stone:  
I catch my breath and shiver to the bone,  
Blood-kinfolk to the crickets and the bees.

The deer have cut their trails in bedded leaves  
Worm-bitter apples rot beside the wall,  
The scanty crop is stored in loft and bin:  
All day I feel the winter hurrying in,  
All night the hunting owls cry at my eaves.

This is a country aching at the core,  
Dead-tired of the year's labors, weary beyond sleep:  
Seeded once more in stones against the yield  
Of a forgotten scarecrow in a field  
Set there to frighten birds that come no more.



# BISHOP SHEIL:

## *prophet without honor*

The eclipse of Chicago's fiery and controversial priest may be a tragedy—but the story behind it is very different from the versions of his partisans and his critics.

A LITTLE over a year ago, on September 2, 1951, Bishop Bernard Sheil resigned as head of Chicago's Catholic Youth Organization, after twenty-seven years as one of America's most outstanding—and outspoken—prelates. Admirers and critics alike looked for a reason to a speech he had made a few months earlier, which was the first public anti-McCarthy statement of a prominent Catholic churchman. Many believed that Sheil was at last the victim of his own courage. They were wrong. The real story is not that simple, and has nothing to do with McCarthy.

In 1953 Bernard James Sheil had celebrated his twenty-fifth anniversary as a bishop, the senior auxiliary bishop of Chicago. His silver jubilee had been a civic event, with officials of the city, state, and nation joining with community organizations of every creed in paying tribute to his career. From His Holiness, Pope Pius XII, Sheil received the honorary title of "Assistant at the Pontifical Throne"—a minor recognition.

Several months later, William David O'Brien, junior auxiliary bishop of Chicago, celebrated his fiftieth anniversary as a priest, his nineteenth as a bishop. For many years he has been the active head of the Catholic Extension Society, a group composed of members of the hierarchy and laity dedicated to the expansion of Catholicism in the United States. For his anniversary celebration the ballroom of one of Chicago's leading hotels was jammed with high-ranking members of the hierarchy and clergy from all over the

country. From the Pope, O'Brien received the honorary title of archbishop—a highly unusual honor for an auxiliary bishop.

The difference in the two celebrations suggested strongly that Bishop Sheil is a prophet without honor in his own Church.

There is an old picture of Bishop Sheil riding down Michigan Avenue with the late President Roosevelt. In men who are fiercely loved and fiercely hated there is a quality which transcends charm: it hints of ruthlessness as well as of sympathy, of a vitality which a smile may soften but can not diminish. Like Roosevelt, the Bishop has the power to draw people to him through the combination of personal magnetism and a program which promises a new world in the making. The promise is one which both of them found the most effective rallying point for men with diverse needs, psychological and spiritual, as well as social and economic. Like Roosevelt, Sheil has an active, retentive mind and the ability to feed on the minds of those around him—an essential trait in a man of action rather than of reflection.

The Bishop's similarity to the President, which extends very far into his character, is not the result of any conscious imitation. If it occurred to Sheil to imitate anyone, it would probably be the man who gave him his title and his opportunity for action, the late Cardinal Archbishop of Chicago, George Mundelein. Cardinal Mundelein was a strong-minded prelate of German ancestry, a man who did not hesitate to give Samuel Insull a character reference nor to call Hitler "an Austrian paper hanger and not a very good one at that." It was Mundelein who ordered Chicago priests to refuse burial from the Church to known gangsters.

Although Bishop Sheil's career is sometimes pictured as if he followed innate conviction in the various steps of his public life, it is closer to

the truth to say that he stumbled into liberalism through Cardinal Mundelein. Mundelein, who came to Chicago from Brooklyn, was an old friend of Roosevelt. As a young priest, Father Sheil had caught the Cardinal's eye. From youth, Sheil—the only child of Irish parents, the son of a small coal dealer—had found it easy to win the limelight. High-school orator and college baseball star, he turned down the opportunity to become a professional ball player after graduation from St. Viator's College and became instead a priest. After serving as a curate in a west side parish in Chicago, he became a chaplain at the Great Lakes Naval Training Station during the first world war. Afterwards, while assistant at Holy Name Cathedral in Chicago, he served as chaplain of the Cook County Jail and became first a confidant of the Cardinal and then his official spokesman. The Cardinal made him assistant, then chancellor, and finally vicar-general of the archdiocese. Mundelein reported to Rome in 1924; Sheil was made a monsignor. Mundelein reported to Rome in 1928; Sheil became a bishop.

#### THE BISHOP AS CAMPAIGNER

**I**N 1930, as the last step in a series of projects for young people, Mundelein delegated to his auxiliary the execution of a recreational youth program for the archdiocese. The Catholic Youth Organization developed rapidly under Sheil; the idea spread to other dioceses and the name of Sheil became synonymous with the Chicago CYO. However, it was not until 1939 that the Bishop won a national reputation as a fighting Christian liberal in three episodes unrelated to the CYO.

The first was his appearance with John L. Lewis on July 16, 1939, when he stood on the platform of Chicago's Coliseum to back the right of the CIO to organize the packing-house workers of the "Jungle." He had previously identified himself with the workers' cause by assisting in the formation of the Back of the Yards Council, a neighborhood organization including all social, civic, and religious groups in the community.

This speech with Lewis might be called Sheil's first plunge into the pool of applied Catholic sociological thinking. Actually, the Bishop merely tested the water with his toes. His speech was a carefully worded enunciation of his right, as a Catholic bishop, to appear on such a platform and to state the principles concerning labor to be found in the encyclicals of Popes Leo XIII and Pius XI. There can be no question that the

Bishop's appearance at the Lewis-sponsored rally had received the approval of Cardinal Mundelein, who was not one to permit his priests or bishops to appear at controversial meetings and make statements which they had not cleared with him in advance.

Sheil's position as the Cardinal's spokesman is well seen in the succeeding episodes of 1939, which precipitated the Bishop into liberalism with its attendant rewards and risks. These were his rebukes to Father Coughlin.

It is difficult today to recall the political impact of the Reverend Charles E. Coughlin, with his mixture of quotations from papal encyclicals, amateur economics, political punditry, and harangues against the "international bankers," whom he managed to identify through sleight-of-tongue as mostly Jewish. Once a Roosevelt supporter, Coughlin had turned on the President and his program. Cardinal Mundelein struck back at the Voice of Royal Oak through two broadcasts by Bishop Sheil.

In the first Sheil stated simply that Father Coughlin spoke only as an individual and not as a representative of the Catholic Church. The second Sheil speech had more political implications. Roosevelt was trying to get legislation to lift the Embargo Act in order to furnish war material to the nations fighting Hitler. Since Father Coughlin was thundering out his opposition every Sunday afternoon, Mundelein decided to have Sheil defend the President's course of action on Sunday evening, October 2, 1939.

That morning Cardinal Mundelein was found dead in bed, and Sheil, in delivering the speech, referred to it as "his [Mundelein's] last message of loyalty to the political processes of representative democracy—his last message of loyalty to the spirit of God's tolerance in this troubled world."

In the years following Mundelein's death Bishop Sheil became a speaker in demand at forums, conventions, and congresses. He talked to the AFL and to the CIO, to garment workers, retail grocers, bartenders, foremen, building-service employees, stagehands, and motion picture operators. A news magazine called him "Labor's Bishop." He addressed conferences on welfare needs, recreation, industrial problems, juvenile delinquency. He testified before Congressional committees on banking and currency, education and labor, jobs and security, housing and slums. He issued statements on minimum wages, FEPC, the Taft-Hartley Act, and universal military training. Always his words gave heart to liberals and angered the complacent.

Bishop Sheil's effectiveness as a speaker does



not depend entirely upon what he has to say, nor even upon the fact that it is a bishop who is saying it. His timing, his manner of delivery, but above all, the sense of restrained violence he infuses into his attacks—and generally he is on the attack—carry his listeners to great emotional heights. He is no less dynamic when speaking extemporaneously, though it sometimes amazes purists to discover that the Bishop can convey idea and emotion through a mass of dangling phrases, unfinished sentences, and a loosely connected sequence of themes.

It is easier to understand the power of Sheil's public appearances if one is familiar with the master gesture of his private personality. Every bishop wears a ring as one of the signs of his office, a ring which Catholics kneel to kiss as a mark of respect on meeting a bishop in any formal way. For Sheil the ring is as good as a gavel. With a flick of his wrist he turns up his palm and raps with the stone on the glass top of his desk to make an emphatic point. "I tell you"—rap, rap, rap—"this type and kind of thing cannot be tolerated!" RAP, RAP! The matter he cannot tolerate may be the gossiping of an employee or an instance of racial prejudice; the emphasis is the same.

This aggressiveness is heralded in the press by the headlines which read: "Sheil Attacks . . ." "Sheil Assails . . ." "Sheil Condemns . . ." In his favorite speech pattern the Bishop points to the "anomalies" in our democratic society, in our Christian living, and somehow involves each of his auditors in the guilt of failure. To him it is tragic that Christianity, "the most radical and uncompromising revolution men ever experienced, has been allowed to become synonymous with conservatism because of fear and human respect." He cannot tolerate "too much respect for the local banker, industrialist, realty operator, or politician," when this respect condones a silent disregard of justice and charity.

In the nation, as in the neighborhood community, he has persisted in raising specific issues at the right time. Immediately after the end of the last war, he asked questions which time has proved were not rhetorical: "What does freedom mean to the Indonesians, under the benevolent rule of the Dutch? What does freedom mean to the Indochinese, under the paternal eye of the French? What does freedom mean to the population of India under the careful tutelage of the English? . . . Slavery, even when you exchange masters, is still slavery."

If Bishop Sheil is able to speak boldly, it is in part because he is almost devoid of a certain

kind of taste. In his speech and manners he adheres without a moment's thought to the middle-class conventions of his family and education. Salty speech—no one dares more in his presence—offends him. Yet the vulgarity of his "phooey" in the McCarthy speech apparently did not occur to him. He sees nothing indecorous in turning an invocation into an angry harangue. He sees no incongruity in driving up to a lecture hall on Chicago's wealthy North Shore in a chauffeur-driven Cadillac and emerging to talk about the "privileged classes." If he ever stopped to consider these things, he might be as silent and ineffectual as those who take seriously the dictum that one should not discuss religion or politics.

Although the Bishop is at his best in attack, he is always trying to point to some hope beyond the present. Perhaps the whole of his justification as a churchman is to be found in a quotation he has often used. It is a statement by Cardinal Saliège, Archbishop of Toulouse, and a great wartime leader of the French: "The kingdom of God is not of this world, but it is in this world that it is won; it is in this world that it begins, though it is in heaven only that it has its plenitude." Sheil is not a "pie in the sky" man—but there are those who contend that there is something naïve in the moral earnestness of his belief that we *can* have a better world *soon*.

Yet even a bishop may not find the promise of a better world enough refuge from the one we have. In escape literature Bishop Sheil's taste is for westerns of the Zane Grey type. One suspects that his public career can be interpreted by the fact that he himself is a cowboy at heart: a Lone Ranger, shooting it out with a gang of cattle rustlers or riding to the rescue of those in distress.

Sheil is not a lecturer; he does not need to be a phrase-maker. He is a campaigner, hitting always the same basic issues, repeating the substance of his speeches over and over for new audiences. He denounced "emotional charlatans" in his Coughlin speech in 1939; he denounced them again in the same phrase in 1954.

#### EPISCOPAL ENTREPRENEUR

**I**N CHICAGO even those who deplored the "dangerous" views of Bishop Sheil have had to admire much in his work as founder and director of the Catholic Youth Organization. His resignation of September 2, 1954, severed his effective control over what was, perhaps, the most publicly appealing of the Bishop's public works.

Chicagoans and Abyssinians, students and busi-

nessmen, politicians and poets, most of them with an appointment for 2:30 p.m., regularly sat out the afternoon in the anteroom to the Bishop's office at the south end of Chicago's Loop. Outside, the El rattled by in the days before the Congress Superhighway. Inside on the second floor the thunder of a bowling alley began to reverberate overhead early in the day. In the honeycomb of offices beyond that of the Bishop, the offices of the Catholic Youth Organization buzzed above an office in way. In the corridors a young man waiting for psychiatric counseling, collided with well-adjusted Boy Scouts. Japanese and Japanese wrestlers and boxing teams from Ireland drew an audience of students of Tony Zale, secretaries, social workers, remedial reading teachers, and public-relations men. Beyond the gym, the staff of an adult-education center ignored the children, the boxers, and the therapists, waiting for the union men, the housewives, and the salesgirls.

Through it all moved the Bishop, whenever he could shake himself free of the appointments with people with problems, ideas, and promises of money. With pride he surveyed a little empire he was forever trying to staff with "the best people" doing "the best work" possible. He saw the piles of mimeographed copies of his latest speech; he distributed praise and blame with the same largesse with which he tipped Sam, the ancient newsboy, and George, the doorman.

Today it is all gone; the Congress Bank Building has returned to a decorous life of business and recreation. The offices of the CYO are gone and so is the Bishop. In his place as Director of the CYO is Monsignor Edward J. Kelly, head of the archdiocesan Holy Name Society and of the Mission of Our Lady of Mercy, a boys' home once part of the CYO. According to a policy of "decentralization," which Kelly has certainly not undertaken upon his own responsibility, the CYO of Bishop Sheil has been reorganized as a sports and recreational program on the parish level. Declining to retain even the nominal title of adviser, the Bishop has effected the resignation of the Board of Directors—who had not been consulted about the change of policy.

In another office, at his rectory in St. Andrew's Parish on the northwest side of Chicago, the Bishop busies himself with plans for the Bishop Sheil Youth Foundation, a project still hazy in concept, but suggesting that he sees himself as free to act in spite of the ambiguity of his present position. In addition, he attends to the odds and ends left behind by his fabulous experiment in charitable free enterprise.

The CYO was a corporation with a budget in excess of \$100,000 annually. Other entities in the Sheil cartel must have pushed the total annual expenditure close to a million dollars. It is difficult to separate the Bishop from his works, which by 1954 included the Chicago CYO, with its athletic, recreation, social service, and education programs . . . community centers on the south and west sides of Chicago . . . an adult education center, Sheil School of Social Studies . . . a business school, Sheil Institute . . . an FM radio station, WFJL . . . a foundation to provide guide dogs for the blind . . . Lewis College in Lockport, Illinois . . . a summer camp for boys . . . and a polo farm.

Publicly the CYO often seemed to be only a planning board for boxing shows, Christmas parties for needy children, candy caravans for the children of Germany, sportsmen's dinners, benefit balls—all the things which give newspapermen a good picture or a human-interest story. At its best, however, the CYO was a well co-ordinated agency meeting capably the problems of youth through child guidance, psychiatric counseling, remedial speech and reading programs, recreational activities, and group work. All of its services were available to persons of every race and creed, usually without fees of any kind. Typical in its policy was Sheil School of Social Studies, which more than any other project of the Bishop embodied and developed his public statements.

Sheil School offered more than thirty courses a term for a single registration fee of three dollars to an average of six hundred students in each of its three terms a year. It was staffed by volunteers: teachers from nearby colleges and universities, lawyers, doctors, labor men, businessmen, priests, nuns; Catholics and non-Catholics; Americans, Europeans, and Asians. It operated without the advice of a Board of Directors, without anything more than an occasional suggestion from the Bishop. Sheil School dealt on principle with controversial issues and tried to relate the dynamics of Christianity to current social and political problems. It faced the problems of differing levels of Catholic opinion and taste as problems analogous to those of general education in a democratic society. It made it clear that the intelligent man's choice was not between Paul Blanshard and William Buckley, Jr.

Sheil School was a unique achievement in the American Church and the model for many Catholic programs in adult education—all of them stopping short of the original in breadth and daring. Its fate outside Chicago was that of most of the Bishop's projects, which were often



imitated, but only to the point where they failed to challenge existing ideas.

The CYO had begun as an athletic program based on boxing, which grew to encompass other sports: basketball, track, softball, ice skating. It was as an athletic and recreational program that it found national acceptance and became the foundation of the CYO as it exists in most parishes in the country. But the Bishop, once the basic program was in operation, began adding departments and personnel. His restless drive for novelty made him sometimes appear to be only another American with a taste for gadgets; for him the gadgets were bigger and the parts were human. Over the years he no sooner established a new department than he was ready to listen to the next comer with an idea. Often the idea was only the statement of a need to be met: the problem of the Nisei flooding Chicago after their release from West Coast "re-location centers"; or the problem of the Puerto Ricans—the "modern indenture servants," as Sheil termed them.

Almost overnight the Bishop bought a three-story building as a headquarters for Japanese-American citizens and maintained it until the need had passed. With equal speed he instituted a program designed to aid the Puerto Ricans, and denounced the inequities of the contract most of them had signed in order to get passage to Chicago. In typical Sheil fashion, he assigned to them his own clerical secretary and master of ceremonies, Father (later Monsignor) Meegan, a priest with a genius for charity, who became moneylender, druggist, referee, job-broker, and protector, as well as priest, to the Puerto Ricans.

Projects such as these more than justified Sheil's susceptibility to new ideas. One cannot say as much for all of his activities. It is difficult to follow the reasoning by which Holy Name Technical School, founded by Cardinal Mundelein "solely for the benefit of poor boys whose families could not educate them," became, under Sheil, Lewis School of Aeronautics; then Lewis College of Science and Technology, with flight instruction courses divorced from the curriculum; and then a co-educational liberal-arts college. It is undoubtedly the only college in the country supported, in part, by a junk business—another Sheil operation, the Catholic Salvage Bureau.

Only recently Sheil returned to the FCC a permit to erect a TV station. It was hard to regret his failure to go through with the plan when one listened for a while to his FM station, WFJL. The few Chicagoans who heard it are not likely to forget "Pitfall," a program based on incidents

in the lives of two parish priests, presented in the style of "Dragnet." The only controversial subject the station has handled in recent years was a re-broadcast of Sheil's attack on McCarthy.

The last addition to the Sheil cartel was a polo farm in Libertyville, a small town northwest of Chicago. Just where it fitted into the over-all picture of the CYO was never explained. One critic of the Bishop, when he heard of it, made the obvious jibe:

"Polo for the underprivileged, naturally."

#### THE NECESSARY GOLD

WHEN the Bishop looked at his own works, he found all of them good. Only lack of money limited the endless multiplication of projects as it handicapped those he was already supporting. The whole structure was maintained by donations, promotions, benefits, and an allotment from the Chicago Community Fund. For eighteen years the CYO was close to solvency—only several months behind in payment of accounts—under the stern eye of a Scotch Presbyterian comptroller, William Haston. He alone could shake his head as he listened to the Bishop's outline of plans entailing the expenditure of unknown sums and say with a burr which was almost a bite: "We don't have the necessary gold, Bishop." But when Haston quit in 1948, Sheil never allowed other comptrollers any such tight control of the purse strings.

As Director General of the CYO, the Bishop was the head of an autonomous organization within the Church. In theory, he was answerable to the Cardinal for his activities as a pastor of St. Andrew's Church, as an auxiliary bishop of Chicago, and as head of the CYO. In fact, he had far more freedom of operation than any university president, business executive, or most auxiliary bishops. At a dinner for the Sheil School faculty late in 1949, Cardinal Stritch remarked, with pointed humor, that the Bishop was so prolific in activities that even the Cardinal-Archbishop of Chicago found it difficult to keep informed on all his projects or to be sure what was coming next.

Unmindful of the warning, if it was one, the Bishop went on adding to his financial commitments. His erratic handling of finances—the primary weakness in his administrative ability—is merely the other side of an almost compulsive personal generosity. (He is a priest who actually did leave his cloak to cover the victim of a hit-and-run driver.) But although his penchant for giving awards, medals, and scholarships, may be

the gesture of a man who affirms his own value by doing more and more for more and more people, the recipients (with the possible exception of Cardinal Stritch, who received from his subordinate the Leo XIII Medal for "distinguished contribution to Christian social education") have not questioned his motives.

The same ambiguity of gesture and motive appears in the Bishop's handling of his own employees. He has always hired without regard to race, creed, nationality, physical disability, or criminal record. He has given women as much responsibility as men. He has given young laymen opportunities to work within the Church with a freedom impossible to imagine in any other organization run by an ecclesiastic. On the other hand he has grown as restive with people as with ideas and projects. The episcopal warmth, which enchanted the newcomer, sooner or later grew chill.

In effecting the periodic "reorganizations" which the Bishop, with his taste for artificial crises, found necessary, he resorted to every method of dismissing employees from a peremptory firing with salary in lieu of notice, to the "freeze-out" and the Rooseveltian technique of "a kick upstairs." Yet, on the whole, generosity dominated in most of these separations; it could not be said that his resignation gratified any secret wishes of his co-workers. Nor could the policies of his successor win their approval.

An ecclesiastical administrator—like any good businessman—might well decide that the projects of Bishop Sheil were too heavy a burden even for the wealthy archdiocese of Chicago. Those who know the solid work done behind the façade of Sheil's follies may well wonder if the Church can afford to let all of them go.

#### ALWAYS A BISHOP . . .

**S**PECULATION about Bishop Sheil's resignation has focused upon the liberal rather than the administrator. Out of the mixed reaction to the Bishop's understanding of his right to take part in politics—that is, to make public statements on controversial issues involving moral principles—has grown one of the essential elements of the Sheil legend: namely, the apparent relationship between his liberal views and his lack of episcopal advancement, not to mention what has been interpreted as his out-

world manner.

It is true that Sheil has been an auxiliary bishop longer than almost any other bishop in the country. It is also probable that he has been

offered, and refused, small dioceses during the past ten or fifteen years. His position in Chicago with its commitments and its prestige would make it impossible for him to accept anything less than an appointment as an archbishop in a major city. In addition, it must be noted that he is one of the most orthodox prelates in the country. Every one of his public statements has been buttressed with quotations from the social encyclicals of the modern Popes. He has expressed no opinions which have not been held by such respected American churchmen as Monsignor John A. Ryan, Bishop Haas, Archbishop Lucey, and Archbishop Ritter. It is not impossible that, in the view of some of his superiors, Sheil was simply too good a sergeant to be made a lieutenant.

However, in the opinion of his warmest admirers including F. D. R.—the comments in Ickes' diary merely confirm a story long known to the Bishop's intimates—he ought to have succeeded Mundelein. When Archbishop Stritch of Milwaukee received the appointment to Chicago, rumors about the possible elevation of Sheil did not cease. Periodically the question was reopened with the clerical phrases, "St. Louis is open," "Boston is open," "Indianapolis is open." Inevitably rumor gave the vacancy to Sheil. A Chicago columnist had the Bishop appointed to a diocese in which the incumbent was hale and hearty; in 1946 *Newsweek* devoted its entire religious section to the story that Sheil, then on his way to Rome, was to receive directly from the hands of Pius XII his appointment as Archbishop of St. Louis. This gossip was hard upon the Bishop; blind adulation and blind abuse had made him more and more sensitive to the apparent frustration in his career. Although he may not have wanted the responsibilities of an archdiocese, he may have needed some form of personal vindication more public than his occasional friendly audiences with the Pope.

Who could suggest to him that, not his audacity, but his difficulties with finance and administration, made it impossible? What stood in his way was not the anger of the old Coughlinites and America Firsters, who called him "Rabbi Sheil," nor the stupid charge of "putting out a red rug for Communists" of an Upton Close. More than anything else it was the smug reiteration, "Everybody knows that the Bishop doesn't pay his bills"—a statement not wholly true, but not wholly false.

In spite of this, the position of Bishop Sheil could never have become completely untenable if the relationship between him and his immedi-



ate superior, Cardinal Stritch, had been different. The position of Stritch when he came to Chicago must have been difficult. He was succeeding a prelate of great character and achievement. He inherited as an auxiliary a Chicago-born bishop whose popularity would always be greater than his own. Cardinal Stritch is a prudent man, sometimes vacillating, sometimes firm. Although he has not been an initiator of new movements, he has given quiet approval to many and without it Chicago could not have become one of the most vital centers of Catholicism in the U. S.

One always thinks of Stritch—who studied in Rome and was ordained there thirty-five years ago—in the red robes of a cardinal. One thinks of Sheil in the black suit which is somehow both priestly and debonair, the gold chain of his office emphasizing just a little the build of a successful businessman, the soft black hat ever so slightly unclerical in its tilt. One sees Stritch in an endless cocoon of ceremonies. One sees Sheil everywhere, at prize fights, at all-star games, at labor meetings. One can imagine him on horseback, playing ping-pong, mixing a martini. Between these two men there could be only a cold peace.

Bishop Sheil is not a man who takes advice easily, except when he can listen to four or five advisers on the same subject, giving each the feeling he alone will be heeded. Indirection could not work. Yet if Stritch had come to Chicago sure of his position, he might have been strong enough to give Sheil the guidance he so badly needed. Although the Bishop is as non-intellectual in his piety as in his politics, he is a religious man. As he has said himself, "Above all things, I am an obedient priest." He would have taken orders, though he might not have taken them graciously.

The Cardinal was fully aware of the problems the Bishop was piling up for himself year after year, but he preferred, as usual, to let things work themselves out. There seems to be no doubt that Sheil had been trying to resign for more than a year. He was not in bad health, but a long struggle with pneumonia two years before had left him finally weary of his burdens. The Cardinal had delayed indefinitely his acceptance of the resignation. Against this background one must place the Bishop's denunciation of McCarthy in the spring of '54, surely a magnificent gesture of public concern in a time of private trial. There is strong evidence that Stritch not only did not rebuke Sheil for the talk, but refused even to consider such an act.

On September 2, five months later, Sheil in a characteristically impulsive gesture sent notice of

his resignation to the newspapers, then called the Cardinal and invited him to attend the press conference. It was too late for the Cardinal to try diplomacy. In a matter of hours he named a successor and faced the newspaper men with Sheil. Both refused to discuss the McCarthy speech, and reporters drew their own conclusions.

THERE was no strong public reaction to the event. If the Bishop was in trouble, no one wanted to make his problem worse. Privately, the highest officials of the archdiocese and the Bishop's own Board of Directors shared, for once, the same reaction to a situation involving both the Cardinal and the Bishop: neither group had anticipated the act; both were in a state of shock. Both saw the resignation for what it was: the voluntary abdication of a king in his own country. Non-Catholics were bewildered and averted their eyes in the presence of something they could not understand; even the most conservative Catholics felt an odd sympathy for this fighting bishop who had so often angered them.

Those who have been close to Bishop Sheil know that he is neither a hero nor a villain; nor is he a martyr to the liberal cause. In him a hundred weaknesses—his irascibility, his way of playing favorites, his sensitivity to "reactions," his inability to handle money, his lack of perception in judging men—balance a few great strengths: his courage, his imagination, his intuitive grasp of basic issues in modern society, his inexplicable and unwavering sympathy for the underdog, his simple faith.

Bishop Sheil is not a saint, not a genius, probably not even a wise man in the ways of the world or of his Church. But he is a man wholly in the American tradition of democracy and the Christian tradition of hope. His resignation may have been a surrender to an insoluble dilemma of his own making, but his name cannot be linked with those who have allowed Christianity, "because of fear and human respect, to become synonymous with conservatism."

There is a tragedy of the man of action at least as poignant as that of the idealistic dreamer. And there are elements of tragedy in the story of Bishop Sheil. Both his critics and his friends might remember with Paul Claudel that "God writes straight with crooked lines." It is sometimes difficult to recognize that good may come out of mixed characters and mixed situations. What a man is, and what a man does, may serve a cause higher than himself, one that he may not wholly or constantly understand. This is true of the Bishop Sheils of our time—or of any time.

Robert E. Coulson

# LET'S NOT GET OUT THE VOTE

THREE years ago anyone who failed to vote had to face the combined scorn of both political parties, the schoolteachers, boy scouts, war veterans, chambers of commerce, and leagues of women voters. Last year bar associations, girl scouts, tavern keepers, President Eisenhower, radio and TV stations, and junior chambers of commerce joined the crusade. There is every prospect that in future elections, non-voters will face jail sentences or fines, or be called to testify before investigating committees.

Before this happens, someone should come to their defense. Non-voters are often more intelligent, more fair-minded, and just as loyal as voters. The right not to vote is as basic as the right to. If voting is made a duty, it ceases to be a privilege.

Let's look at the voting behavior of Mr. and Mrs. Whipcord and Mrs. Whipcord's brother Harold, on the day of the local school-board election. Mrs. Whipcord says, "I have studied the candidates and have made up my mind. I will vote for Jones." Mr. Whipcord says, "I know nothing about the candidates or the issues. I will stay home, and allow the election to be decided by the votes of those who have made a study and formed an opinion." Harold says, "I don't know anything about the candidates or the problems, but by golly, I'm going to vote. It's my duty. I'll pick the fellows with the shortest names."

If there is a bad citizen among these three, which one is it? Whose procedure is least likely to bring good government to the school district?

Non-voting, multiplied by the thousands, is said to mean voter apathy, and this is supposed to be a sin. Have we lost our sacred American right to be apathetic? Suppose Mr. Whipcord studied the candidates carefully and concluded that Candidate Jones was a boob and Candidate Smith was a thief. Is it un-American to refuse to choose between them? Or suppose he is satisfied that Jones and Smith are equally qualified, equally able, and that the school's problems are in good hands no matter which man wins. He is not apathetic; he is satisfied. Why should he be forced to choose between candidates on some esoteric basis?

The notion that "getting out the vote" makes for better election results is neither non-partisan, patriotic, nor logical. It is a device to favor the machines of both parties. It handicaps independent candidates, unfairly burdens the party in power, makes elections more expensive to conduct, greatly slows the tallying, and—worst of all—places the emphasis on the ritual of voting rather than the thought behind the vote.

If you fill in all the blank spaces on the ballot, the political machines will steal three-fourths of your vote. Let's see how this works, in a typical primary election.

Here are seven offices to be filled by nomination, with two or three candidates for each office. Citizen Stringfellow is interested in seeing Jones win for Auditor. He has no information about the candidates for Attorney General, Treasurer, Superintendent of Schools, or the others. He votes for Jones and then looks on down the list. He has been persuaded that it is his duty to vote for *somebody* for each office. So for six of the seven offices, he marks an X opposite the name best known to him, or the name on top, or the name suggested by his committeeman. These are machine candidates, and Citizen Stringfellow has given away six-sevenths of his vote.

After him, comes Citizen Stalwart, who knows the candidates for two of the seven offices. He also fills in all the blanks, letting the machine steal five-sevenths of his vote. One of his blind votes cancels out the intelligent vote cast by Citizen Stringfellow. At this rate, during a day's balloting, the candidates backed by the strongest machines with the biggest publicity budgets will win, even though not a single voter had an intelligent preference for them.

Is this what Thomas Jefferson had in mind?

"Getting out the vote" is always partisan. A calm and dignified effort benefits the party in



power. An excited or hysterical effort benefits the party out of power. The Republicans were very happy to use the pressure of "neutral" groups in the 1952 elections. But they had better learn that this is a two-edged sword. Next time, the girl scouts, veterans' groups, radio stations, newspapers, and community funds may be out needling the Republicans with propaganda.

"Vote this time or your vote may be gone forever." "This may be your last chance." "Vote now or never." Anyone who is led to the polls by such arguments is going to vote against whoever brought us to the edge of this crevasse. As the pressure on the public increases, the party out of power is most likely to benefit in direct proportion to it.

— All public-opinion surveys show that a certain proportion of the electorate has no opinion about many vital issues, does not know who is running for office, and does not care. A gentle campaign to bring a submissive one-third of the apathetic sheep to the polls gets out a voting majority for the candidates who have had the greatest amount of publicity—who usually belong to the party in power. A rip-snorting effort to get out all the ignoramuses tends to turn them into the rebel column, and thus benefits the outs.

— In either event, the girl scouts should wash their hands of it. The job of getting out the vote is a partisan effort which belongs to the professionals.

**T**HE SILLIEST idea of all is the notion that it is un-American or unpatriotic not to vote. "A plague on both your houses" is a fair American attitude—all too often a logical one. Stupidity does not become wisdom by being multiplied.

In every election not more than one-third of the people care very much how it comes out. A certain percentage may have some sort of belief or opinion without feeling very strongly about it; another percentage may have studied the matter a little without forming an opinion; another percentage may not even have studied it; and so on, until we come to the people who are not even aware that an election is being held. The more we urge these people to clutter up the polling place, the more delay there is in voting, the more the cost of ballots and clerks, and the slower the returns.

If Candidate Jones would normally have won

by 3,000 votes to 1,000, and we corral 10,000 more people into the polling places, won't Candidate Jones still win, by 8,000 to 6,000? Mathematically the last-minute coin flippers may make the election look close, but what patriotic purpose is accomplished?

And if the coin-flippers should happen to defeat the will of the informed majority, the cause of good government would emphatically not have been served.

Our city had a referendum recently in which the people voted for a tax increase to build an incinerator and against a tax increase to operate it. Every one of your communities has probably known referendums where the voters approved the bonds for a school but disapproved the sites, or voted for the site and against

the bonds. All those voters who marked in opposite directions on the same afternoon were unwisely pressured into voting.

You have also seen primary elections where the boob with the catchy name ran away from the able man whose publicity was colorless. You have seen final elections where the straight party voters and the blank fillers smothered any discriminating choices which the thoughtful voters had made. You may have noticed with distress some of the undignified didos, cruel epithets, pompous verbiages, and Shakespearean gestures with which even good men become burdened early in their campaigns. All of these are caused in large measure by "get out the vote" efforts which emphasize putting a cross in half the squares.

— Instead of urging people to vote, we ought to be urging them to study and form opinions. If thought and inspection of the candidates do not create a real desire to vote, then the citizen should be encouraged to stay at home on election day. A low vote is part of the public record and itself a significant voter reaction which ought to be preserved. Maybe neither of the candidates was worth voting for.

Certainly the right to vote is important and should not be curtailed. A fool who is willing to walk all the way to the polling place should be given every freedom to record every stupid impulse he feels, for these will tend to cancel each other out. But no one should pretend that marking X in a square is any proof of patriotism or even intelligence. It is not your duty to vote, but, if you choose to, then it should be your duty to be intelligent about it.



James Baldwin

# ME AND MY HOUSE...

In this searching portrait of his father  
and himself—the author of *Go Tell It on the  
Mountain* and of the forthcoming *Notes  
of a Native Son*, explores  
some depths of the human condition.

ON THE twenty-ninth of July, in 1943, my father died. On the same day, a few hours later, his last child was born. Over a month before this, there had been, in Detroit, one of the bloodiest race riots of the century. A few hours after my father's funeral, a race riot broke out in Harlem. On the morning of August third we drove him to the graveyard through a wilderness of smashed plate glass.

The day of my father's funeral had also been my nineteenth birthday. It seemed to me that God Himself had devised, to mark my father's end, the most sustained and brutally dissonant of codas. And it seemed to me, too, that the violence which rose all about us as my father left the world had been devised as a corrective for the pride of his eldest son. I had inclined to be contemptuous of my father for the conditions of his life, for the conditions of our lives. When his life had ended I began to wonder about that life and also, in a new way, to be apprehensive about my own.

I had not known my father very well. We had got on badly, partly because we shared, in our different fashions, the vice of stubborn pride. When he was dead I realized that I had hardly ever spoken to him. It seems to be typical of life in America, where nothing, as yet, is stratified, and where opportunities, real and fancied, are thicker than anywhere else on the globe, that

the second generation has no time to talk to the first. No one, including my father, seems to have known exactly how old he was, but his mother had been born during slavery. He was of the first generation of free men. He, along with thousands of other Negroes, came North after 1919 and I was part of that generation which had never seen the landscape of what Negroes sometimes call the Old Country.

He had been born in New Orleans and had been a young man there during the time that Louis Armstrong, a boy, was running errands for the dives and honky-tonks of what was always presented to me as one of the most wicked of cities. He was, I think, very handsome. Handsome, proud, and ingrown, "like a toenail," somebody said. But he looked to me, as I grew older, like pictures I had seen of African tribal chieftains: he really should have been naked, with warpaint on and barbaric mementos, standing among spears. He could be chilling in the pulpit and indescribably cruel in his personal life and he was certainly the most bitter man I have ever met; yet it must be said that there was something else buried in him, which lent him his tremendous power and, even, a rather crushing charm. It had something to do with his blackness, I think—he was very black—and his beauty, and the fact that he knew that he was black but did not know he was beautiful.

He claimed to be proud of his blackness but it had also been the cause of much humiliation. He was not a young man when we were growing up and he had already suffered many kinds of ruin; in his outrageously demanding and protective way he loved his children, who were black like him and menaced like him; and all these things sometimes showed in his face when he tried, never to my knowledge with any success, to establish contact with any of us.

When he took one of his children on his knee to play with them, they always became fretful and began to cry; when he tried to help one of us with our homework, the absolutely unabating tension which emanated from him caused our minds and our tongues to become paralyzed, so that he, scarcely knowing why, flew into a rage and the child, not knowing why, was punished. If it ever entered his head to bring a surprise home for his children, it was, almost unfailingly, the wrong surprise, and even the big watermelons he often brought home on his back in the summer led to the most appalling scenes.

I do not remember, in all those years, that a single one of his children was ever glad to see him come home. From what I was able to gather



of his early life, it seemed that this inability to establish contact with other people had always marked him. There was something in him, therefore, groping and tentative, which was never expressed. One saw it most clearly when he was facing new people and hoping to impress them. But he never did, not for long. We went from church to smaller and more improbable church, he found himself in less and less demand as a minister, and by the time he died none of his friends had come to see him for a long time. He had lived and died in an intolerable bitterness of spirit and it frightened me, as we drove him to the graveyard through those unquiet, ruined streets, to see how powerful and overflowing this bitterness could be and to realize that it now was mine.

WHEN HE died I had been away from home for a little over a year. In that year I had had time to become aware of the meaning of all my father's warnings, had discovered the secret of his proudly pursed lips and rigid carriage: I had discovered the weight of white people in the world.

He had been ill a long time—in the mind, as we now realized, reliving instances of his fantastic intransigence in the new light of his affliction and endeavoring to feel a sorrow for him which never, quite, came true. We had not known that he was being eaten up by paranoia, and the discovery that his cruelty, to our bodies and our minds, had been one of the symptoms of his illness was not, then, enough to enable us to forgive him. The younger children felt, quite simply, relief that he would not be coming home any more. My mother's observation that it was he, after all, who had kept them alive all these years meant nothing because the problems of keeping children alive are not real for children. The older children felt, with my father gone, that they could invite their friends to the house without fear of insult.

His illness was beyond all hope of healing before anyone realized that he was ill. He had always been so strange and had lived, like a prophet, in such unimaginably close communion with the Lord that his long silences, punctuated by moans and hallelujahs and snatches of old songs while he sat at the living-room window, never seemed odd to us. It was not until he refused to eat because, he said, his family was trying to poison him that my mother was forced to accept as a fact what had, until then, been only an unwilling suspicion. When he was committed, it was discovered that he had tuberculosis,

and the disease of his mind allowed the disease of his body to destroy him. For the doctors could not force him to eat, either, and, though he was fed intravenously, it was clear from the beginning that there was no hope for him.

In my mind's eye I could see him sitting at the window, locked up in his terrors; hating and fearing every living soul, including his children who had betrayed him too, by reaching toward the world which had despised him. There were nine of us. I began to wonder what it could have felt like for such a man to have had nine children whom he could barely feed. He spent great energy keeping us away from the people who surrounded us, people who had all-night rent parties to which we listened when we should have been sleeping, people who cursed and drank and flashed razor blades on Lenox Avenue. He could not understand why, if they had so much energy to spare, they could not use it to make their lives better. He treated almost everybody on our block with a most uncharitable asperity and neither they, nor, of course, their children were slow to reciprocate.

The only white people who came to our house were welfare workers and bill collectors. It was clear that my father felt their very presence in his home to be a violation: this was conveyed by his carriage, almost ludicrously stiff, and by his voice, harsh and vindictively polite. When I was around nine or ten I wrote a play which was directed by a young, white schoolteacher named Orilla Miller, who then took an interest in me, gave me books to read, and decided to take me to see what she somewhat tactlessly referred to as "real" plays. Theater-going was forbidden in our house, but, with the really cruel intuitiveness of a child, I suspected that the color of this woman's skin would carry the day for me. When, at school, she suggested taking me out, I agreed that she should pick me up at my house one evening. I then, very cleverly, left all the rest to my mother, who suggested to my father, as I knew she would, that it would not be very nice to let such a kind woman make the trip for nothing. Also, since it was a schoolteacher, I imagine that my mother countered the idea of sin with the idea of "education," which word, even with my father, carried a kind of bitter weight.

Before the teacher came, my father took me aside to ask *why* she was coming, what *interest* she could possibly have in a boy like me. And I understood that my father was waiting for me to say something—I didn't quite know what; perhaps that I wanted his protection against this teacher and her "education."

I said none of these things and the teacher came and we went out. It was clear, during the ~~and~~ ~~interview~~ ~~in~~ ~~our~~ ~~living~~ ~~room~~, that my father would have refused permission if he had dared. The fact that he did not dare caused me to despise him; I had no way of knowing that he was facing in that living-room a wholly unprecedented and frightening situation.

Later, when my father had been laid off from his job, this woman went to a great deal of trouble to be of help to us. My mother called her by the highest name she knew: she said she was a "Christian." My father could scarcely disagree but during the four or five years of our relatively close association he never trusted her. In later years, particularly when it began to be clear that this "education" of mine was going to lead me to perdition, he became more explicit and warned me that my white friends in high school were not really my friends and that I would see, when I was older, how white people would do anything to keep a Negro down. Some of them could be nice, he admitted, but none of them were to be trusted. I did not feel this way and I was certain, in my innocence, that I never would.

**B**UT THE year which preceded my father's death had made a great change in my life. I had been living in New Jersey, working in defense plants, working and living among Southerners, white and black. I knew about the South, of course, and how Southerners treated Negroes and expected them to behave; but it had never entered my mind that anyone would look at me and expect *me* to behave that way. I learned in New Jersey that to be a Negro meant, precisely, that one was never looked at but was simply at the mercy of the reflexes the color of one's skin caused in other people. I acted in New Jersey as I had always acted, that is as though I thought a great deal of myself—I had to *act* that way—with results that were, simply, unbelievable. I had scarcely arrived before I had earned the enmity of all my superiors and nearly all my co-workers. In the beginning, to make matters worse, I simply did not know what was happening. I did not know what I had done, and I shortly began to wonder what *anyone* could possibly do, to bring about such unanimous, active, and unbearably vocal hostility.

I knew about Jim Crow but I had never experienced it. I went to the same self-service restaurant three times and stood with all the Princeton boys before the counter; it was always an extraordinarily long time before anything was set before me; but it was not until the fourth visit

that I learned that, in fact, nothing had ever been set before me: I had simply picked something up. Negroes were not served there, I was told, and they had been waiting for me to realize that I was always the only Negro present.

It was the same story all over New Jersey, in bars, bowling alleys, diners, places to live. I very shortly became notorious and children giggled behind me when I passed and their elders whispered or shouted—they really believed that I was mad. And it did begin to work on my mind, of course; I began to be afraid to go anywhere and to compensate for this I went places to which I really should not have gone and where, God knows, I had no desire to be.

My reputation in town naturally enhanced my reputation at work, and my working day became one long series of acrobatics designed to keep me out of trouble. I was fired once and contrived, with the aid of a friend from New York, to get back on the payroll; was fired again, and bounced back again. It took a while to fire me for the third time, but the third time took.

That year in New Jersey lives in my mind as though it were the year during which my veins were, daily, pumped full of poison. Or as though it were the year in which, having an unsuspected predilection for it, I first contracted some dread, chronic disease, the unfailing symptoms of which are a kind of blind fever, a pounding in the skull, and fire in the bowels. Once this disease is contracted, it can, without an instant's warning, recur at any moment. There is not a Negro alive who does not have this rage in his blood—one has the choice, merely, of living with it consciously or surrendering to it. As for me, this fever has recurred in me, and does, and will until the day I die.

**M**Y LAST night in New Jersey, a white friend took me to the nearest big town, Trenton. Almost every detail of that night stands out very clearly in my memory. I even remember the name of the movie we saw because its title impressed me as being so aptly ironical. It was about the German occupation of France, and it was called "This Land Is Mine." I remember the name of the diner we walked into when the movie ended: the *American Diner*. The counter-man asked what we wanted and I remember answering with the casual sharpness which had become my habit: "We want a hamburger and a cup of coffee, what do you think we want?"

I do not know why, after a year of such rebuffs, I completely failed to anticipate his answer, which was, of course, "We don't serve Negroes



here." I made some sardonic comment about the name of his diner, and we walked out into the streets.

This was the time of the "brown-out," when the lights in all American cities were very dim. When we re-entered the streets something happened to me which had the force of an optical illusion, or a nightmare. People were moving in every direction but it seemed to me, in that instant, that all of the people I could see, and many more, were moving toward me, against me, and that everyone was white. I remember how their faces gleamed. And I felt, like a physical sensation, a *click* at the nape of my neck as though some interior string connecting my head to my body had been cut. I began to walk. I heard my friend call after me, but I ignored him. Heaven only knows what was going on in his mind, but he had the good sense not to touch me—I don't know what would have happened if he had—and to keep me in sight.

I don't know what was going on in my mind, either—I certainly had no conscious plan. I wanted to do something to crush these white faces, which were crushing me. I walked until I came to an enormous, glittering restaurant in which I knew not even the intercession of the Virgin would cause me to be served. I pushed through the doors and took the first vacant seat I saw, at a table for two, and waited.

I rather wonder what I could possibly have looked like. Whatever I looked like, I frightened the waitress who shortly appeared, and the moment she appeared all of my fury flowed toward her. I felt that if she found a black man so frightening I would make her fright worthwhile.

She did not ask me what I wanted, but repeated, as though she had learned it somewhere, "We don't serve Negroes here." She did not say it with the blunt, derisive hostility to which I had grown so accustomed, but rather with a note of apology in her voice and fear. This made me colder and more murderous than ever. I felt I had to do something with my hands. I wanted her to come close enough for me to get her neck between my hands.

So I pretended not to have understood her, hoping to draw her closer. And she did step a very short step closer, with her pencil poised incongruously over her pad, and repeated the formula: ". . . don't serve Negroes here."

Somehow, with the repetition of that phrase, I realized that she would never come any closer. There was nothing on the table but an ordinary mug, half full of water, and I picked this up

and hurled it at her. She ducked and it shattered against the mirror behind the bar. With that sound, my frozen blood abruptly thawed, I returned from wherever I had been, I *saw*, for the first time, the restaurant, the people, with their mouths open, already, as it seemed to me, rising as one man, and I realized what I had done, and I was frightened. I rose and began running for the door. A round, potbellied man grabbed me by the nape of the neck and began to beat me about the face. I kicked him and got loose and ran into the streets. My friend whispered "*Run!*" and I ran.

My friend stayed outside the restaurant long enough to misdirect my pursuers. I do not know what I said to him when he came to my room that night. I felt, in the oddest, most awful way, that I had somehow betrayed him. I lived it over and over and over again. I could not get over two facts, both equally difficult for the imagination to grasp, and one was that I could have been murdered. But the other was that I had been ready to commit murder. My life, my real life, was in danger, and not from anything other people might do but from the hatred I carried in my own heart.

## II

I RETURNED home around the second week in June—in great haste because it seemed that my father's death and my mother's confinement were both but a matter of hours. In the case of my mother, it soon became clear that she had simply made a miscalculation. I don't believe that a single one of us arrived in the world, or has since arrived anywhere else, on time. But none of us dawdled so intolerably about the business of being born as did my baby sister. We sometimes amused ourselves, during those endless stifling weeks, by picturing the baby sitting in the safe, warm dark, bitterly regretting the necessity of becoming a part of our chaos and stubbornly putting it off as long as possible.

Death, however, sat as purposefully at my father's bedside as life stirred within my mother's womb, and it was harder to understand why he so lingered in that long shadow. It seemed that he had bent, and for a long time, too, all of his energies toward dying. Now death was ready for him but my father held back.

All of Harlem, indeed, seemed to be infected by waiting. I had never before known it to be so violently still. Racial tensions throughout this country were exacerbated during the early years

of the war, partly because the labor market brought together hundreds of thousands of ill-prepared people and partly because Negro soldiers, regardless of where they were born, craved that military training in the South. What happened in defense plants and Army camps had repercussions, naturally, in every Negro ghetto. The Harlem police force had been augmented in March, and the unrest grew. Perhaps the most revealing news item, out of the steady parade of reports of muggings, stabbings, shootings, assaults, gang wars, and accusations of police brutality, was the item about six Negro girls who set upon a white girl in the subway because, as they all too accurately put it, she was stepping on their toes. Indeed she was, all over the nation.

I had never before been so aware of policemen, on foot, on horseback, on corners, everywhere, always two by two. Nor had I ever been so aware of small knots of people. Never, when I passed these groups, did the usual sound of a curse or a laugh ring out. Neither did there seem to be any hum of gossip. There was certainly, on the other hand, occurring between them communication extraordinarily intense.

Another thing that was striking was the unexpected diversity of the people who made up these groups. Usually one would see a group of sharpies standing on the street corner, or a group of older men, usually, for some reason, in the vicinity of a barber shop, discussing baseball scores, or the numbers, or the women they had known. Women, in a general way, tended to be seen less often together—unless they were church women, or very young girls, or prostitutes. But that summer I saw the strangest combinations: large, respectable, churchly matrons standing on the stoops or the corners with their hair tied up, together with a girl in sleazy satin whose face bore the marks of gin and the razor, or heavy-set, abrupt, no-nonsense older men in company with the most disreputable and fanatical "race" men, or these same "race" men with the sharpies, or these sharpies with the churchly women. And on each face there seemed to be the same strange, bitter shadow.

The churchly women and the matter-of-fact no-nonsense men had children in the Army. The sleazy girls they talked to had lovers there; the sharpies and the "race" men had friends and brothers there. It would have demanded an unquestioning patriotism, happily as uncommon in this country as it is undesirable, for these people not to have been disturbed by the letters they received, by the newspaper stories they read.

It was only the "race" men, to be sure, who spoke ceaselessly of being revenged—how this vengeance was to be exacted was not clear—for the indignities and dangers suffered by Negro boys in uniform; but everybody felt a directionless, hopeless bitterness, as well as that panic which can scarcely be suppressed when one knows that a human being one loves is beyond one's reach, and in danger. Perhaps the best way to sum all this up is to say that the people I knew felt, mainly, a peculiar kind of relief when they knew that their boys were being shipped out of the South, to do battle overseas. Now, even if death should come, it would come with honor and without the complicity of their countrymen. Such a death would be, in short, a fact with which one could hope to live.

IT WAS on the twenty-eighth of July that I visited my father for the first time during his illness and for the last time in his life. The moment I saw him I knew why I had put off this visit so long. I had told my mother that I did not want to see him because I hated him. But this was not true. It was only that I *had* hated him and I wanted to hold on to this hatred. I did not want to look on him as a ruin; it was not a ruin I had hated. I imagine that one of the reasons people cling to their hates so stubbornly is that they sense, once hate is gone, that they will be forced to deal with pain.

We traveled out to him, his older sister and myself, to what seemed to be the very end of Long Island. It was hot and dusty and we wrangled all the way out over the fact that I had recently begun to smoke and, as my aunt said, to give myself airs. But I knew that she wrangled with me because she could not bear to face the fact of her brother's dying. Neither could I endure the reality of her despair, her unstated bafflement as to what had happened to her brother's life, and her own. From time to time she fell into a heavy reverie. Covertly, I watched her face, which was the face of an old woman; soon she would be dying, too.

In my childhood—it had not been so long ago—I had thought her beautiful. At one time one of my brothers and myself had thought of running away to live with her. Now she made me feel pity and revulsion and fear; it was awful to realize that she no longer caused me to feel affection.

She began to cry the moment we entered the hospital room and she saw him lying there, all shriveled and still, like a little black monkey. The great, gleaming apparatus which fed him



and would have compelled him to be still even if he had been able to move brought to mind, not beneficence, but torture; the tubes entering his arm made me think of colored pictures I had seen when a child of Gulliver tied down by the pygmies. My aunt wept and wept, there was a whistling sound in my father's throat; nothing was said; he could not speak.

I wanted to take his hand, to say something. But I do not know what I could have said, even if he could have heard me. He was not really in that room with us, he had at last really embarked on his journey; and though my aunt told me that he said he was going to meet Jesus, I did not hear anything except that whistling in his throat.

In the morning came the telegram saying that he was dead. Then the house became absolutely hideous with relatives, friends, hysteria, and confusion, and I left my mother and the children to the care of those impressive women who, in Negro communities at least, automatically appear at times of bereavement armed with lotions, proverbs, and patience, and an ability to cook. I went downtown. By the time I returned, later the same day, my mother had been carried to the hospital and the baby had been born.

### III

FOR MY father's funeral I had nothing black to wear and this posed a nagging problem all day long. It was one of those problems to which the mind insanely clings in order to avoid the mind's real trouble. I spent most of that day at the downtown apartment of a girl I knew, celebrating my birthday with whisky and wondering what to wear that night. This girl had anticipated taking me out for a big dinner and a night club afterward. Sometime during the course of that long day we decided that we would go out anyway, when my father's funeral service was over. I imagine I decided it, since, as the funeral hour approached, it became clearer and clearer to me that I would not know what to do with myself when it was over. The girl found a black shirt for me somewhere and ironed it, and, dressed in the darkest pants and jacket I owned, and slightly drunk, I got to my father's funeral.

The chapel was full, but not packed, and very quiet. There were, mainly, my father's relatives, and his children, and here and there I saw faces I had not seen since childhood, the faces of my father's friends. Chief among the mourners was my aunt, who had quarreled with my father all his life. I suppose that she was one of the few

people in the world who had loved him, and their incessant quarreling proved, precisely, the strength of the tie that bound them. The only other person in the world, as far as I knew, whose relationship to my father rivaled my aunt's in depth was my mother, who was not there.

It seemed to me that it was a very long funeral. But it was, if anything, a rather shorter funeral than most, nor, since there were no overwhelming, uncontrollable expressions of grief, could it be called—if I dare use the word—successful. The minister who preached my father's funeral sermon was one of the few my father had still been seeing as he neared his end. He presented to us in his sermon a man whom none of us had ever seen—a man thoughtful, patient, and forbearing, a Christian inspiration to all who knew him, and a model for his children. And no doubt the children, in their disturbed and guilty state, were almost ready to believe this; he had been remote enough to be anything.

His sister moaned and this was taken as corroboration. The other faces held a dark, non-committal thoughtfulness. This was not the man they had known, but they had scarcely expected to be confronted with *him*; this was, in a sense deeper than questions of fact, the man they had not known, and the man they had not known may have been the real one. The real man, whoever he had been, had suffered and now he was dead: this was all that was sure and all that mattered now.

WHILE the preacher talked and I watched the children—years of changing their diapers, scrubbing them, slapping them, taking them to school, and scolding them had had the perhaps inevitable result of making me love them, though I am not sure I knew this then—my mind was busily breaking out with a rash of disconnected impressions. Snatches of popular songs, indecent jokes, bits of books I had read, movie sequences, faces, voices, political issues—I thought I was going mad; all these impressions suspended, as it were, in the solution of the faint nausea produced in me by the heat and liquor. For a moment I had the impression that my alcoholic breath, inefficiently disguised with chewing gum, filled the entire chapel. Then someone began singing one of my father's favorite songs and, abruptly, I was with him, sitting on his knee, in the hot, enormous, crowded church which was the first church we attended. It was the Abyssinia Baptist Church on 138th Street. We had not gone there long.

With this image, a host of others came. I

that moment, to the fact of my growing up, how proud my father had been of me when I was little. Apparently, I had a voice and my father had liked to show me off before the members of the church. I had forgotten what he had looked like when he was pleased but now I remembered that he had always been grinning with pleasure when my solos ended. I even remembered certain expressions on his face when he teased my mother—had he loved her? I would never know. And when had it all begun to change? For now it seemed that he had not always been cruel. I remembered being taken for a haircut and scraping my knee on the foot-rest of the barber's chair and I remembered my father's face as he soothed my crying and applied the stinging iodine. Then I remembered our fights, fights which had been of the worst possible kind because my own technique had been silence.

I remembered the one time in all our life together when we had ever really spoken to each other.

It was on a Sunday and it must have been shortly before I left home. We were walking, just the two of us, in our usual silence, to or from church. I was in high school and had been doing a lot of writing. But I had also been a Young Minister and had been preaching from the pulpit. Lately, I had been taking fewer engagements and preached as rarely as possible.

My father asked me abruptly, "You'd rather write than preach, wouldn't you?"

I was astonished at his question—because it was a real question. I answered, "Yes."

That was all we said. It was awful to remember that that was all we had ever said.

THE CASKET now was opened and the mourners were being led up the aisle to look for the last time on the deceased. The assumption was that the family was too overcome with grief to make this journey alone. I disapproved of forcing the children to look on their dead father, considering that the shock of his death, or, more truthfully, the shock of death as a reality, was already a little more than a child could bear, but my judgment in this matter had been overruled and there they were, bewildered and frightened and very small, being led, one by one, to the casket. But there is also something very gallant about children at such moments. It has something to do with their silence and gravity and with the fact that one cannot help them. Their legs, somehow, seem *exposed*, so that it is at once incredible and terribly clear

that their legs are all they have to hold them up.

I had not wanted to go to the casket myself and I certainly had not wished to be led there, but there was no way of avoiding either of these forms. One of the deacons led me up and I looked on my father's face. I cannot say that it looked like him at all. His blackness had been equivocated by powder and there was no suggestion in that casket of what his power had, or could have been. He was simply a corpse, and it was hard to believe that he had ever given anyone either joy or pain. Yet his life filled that room. Further up the avenue his wife was holding his new-born child. Life and death so close together, and love and hatred, and right and wrong, said something to me which I did not want to hear concerning man, concerning the life of man.

After the funeral, while I was downtown, desperately celebrating my birthday, a Negro soldier in the lobby of the Hotel Braddock got into a fight with a white policeman over a Negro girl. This was certainly not the first time such an incident had occurred. It was destined, however, to receive an unprecedented publicity, for it ended with the shooting of the soldier. Rumor, flowing immediately to the streets outside, stated that the soldier had been shot in the back, and that he had died protecting a Negro woman. The facts were somewhat different—the soldier had not been shot in the back, and was not dead—but no one was interested in the facts. They preferred the invention because it expressed and corroborated their hates and fears so perfectly. It is just as well to remember that people are always doing this. Perhaps many of those legends, including Christianity, to which the world clings, began their conquest of the world with just some such concerted surrender to distortion. The effect, in Harlem, of this particular legend was like the effect of a lit match in a tin of gasoline. The mob gathered before the doors of the Hotel Braddock simply began to swell and to spread in every direction, and Harlem exploded.

The mob did not cross the ghetto lines. It seems to have been mainly interested in something more potent and real than the white face, that is, in white power, and the principal damage was to white business establishments in Harlem. It might have been a far bloodier story, of course, if, at the hour the riot began, these establishments had still been open. Bars, stores, pawnshops, restaurants, even little luncheonettes were smashed open and looted—looted, it might be added, with more haste than efficiency. Cans of



beans and soup and dog food, along with toilet paper, corn flakes, sardines, and milk, tumbled every which way, and abandoned cash registers and cases of beer leaned crazily out of the splintered windows and were strewn along the avenues. Sheets, blankets, and clothing of every description formed a kind of path, as though people had dropped them while running. I truly had not realized that Harlem *had* so many stores until I saw them all smashed open; the first time the word *wealth* ever entered my mind in relation to Harlem was when I saw it scattered in the streets. But one's first, incongruous impression of plenty was countered immediately by an impression of waste. It would have been better to have left the plate glass as it had been and the goods lying in the stores.

**I**T WOULD have been better, but it would also have been intolerable, for Harlem had needed something to smash. To smash something is the ghetto's chronic need—most of the time it is the members of the ghetto who smash each other, and themselves. But as long as the ghetto walls are standing there will always come a moment when these outlets do not work. If ever, indeed, the violence which fills Harlem's churches, pool-halls, and bars erupts outward in a more direct fashion, Harlem and its citizens are likely to vanish in an apocalyptic flood.

That this is not likely to happen is due to a great many reasons, most hidden and powerful among them the Negro's real relation to the white American. This relation prohibits, simply, anything as uncomplicated and satisfactory as pure hatred. In order really to hate white people, one has to blot so much out of the mind—and the heart—that this hatred itself becomes an exhausting and self-destructive pose. But this does not mean that love comes easily: the white world is too powerful, too complacent, too ready with gratuitous humiliation, and, above all, too ignorant and too innocent for that. One is absolutely forced to make perpetual qualifications and one's own reactions are always canceling each other out. It is this, really, which has driven so many people mad, both white and black. One is always in the position of having to decide between amputation and gangrene. Amputation is swift but time may prove that the amputation was not necessary—or one may delay the amputation too long. Gangrene is slow, but it is impossible to be sure that one is reading one's symptoms right. The idea of going through life as a cripple is more than one can bear, and

equally unbearable is the risk of swelling up slowly, in agony, with poison. And the trouble, finally, is that the risks are real even if the choices do not exist.

But "As for me and my house," my father had said, "we will serve the Lord." I wondered, as we drove him to his resting place, what this line had meant for him. I had heard him preach it many times. I had preached it once myself, proudly giving it an interpretation different from my father's. Now the whole thing came back to me, as though my father and I were on our way to Sunday school and I were memorizing the golden text: *And if it seem evil unto you to serve the Lord, choose you this day whom you will serve: whether the gods which your fathers served that were on the other side of the flood, or the gods of the Amorites, in whose land ye dwell: but as for me and my house, we will serve the Lord.*

I suspected in these familiar lines a meaning which had never been there for me before. All of his texts and songs, which I had decided were meaningless, were arranged before me at his death like empty bottles, waiting to hold the meaning which life would give them for me. This was his legacy: nothing is ever escaped. That bleakly memorable morning I hated the unbelievable streets and the Negroes and whites who had, equally, made them that way. But I knew that it was folly, as my father would have said, this bitterness was folly. It was necessary to hold on to the things that mattered. The dead man mattered, the new life mattered; blackness and whiteness did not matter; to believe that they did was to acquiesce in one's own destruction.

It began to seem that one would have to hold in the mind forever two ideas which seemed to be in opposition. The first idea was acceptance, the acceptance of life as it is, and men as they are: in the light of this idea, it goes without saying that injustice is a commonplace. But this did not mean that one could be complacent, for the second idea was of equal power: that one must never, in one's own life, accept these injustices as commonplace but must fight them with all one's strength. This fight begins, however, in the heart, and it now had been laid to my charge to keep my own heart free of hatred and despair. This intimation made my heart heavy and, now that he was irrecoverable, I wished that my father had been beside me so that I could have searched his face for the answers which only the future would give me now.



A Story by Morris Freedman

*Drawings by Tom Knoth*

ON ALMOST every occasion that our family had anything to do with Madame Vishnak something catastrophic happened, so I came, very pleasantly, to associate her with disaster. And though the wildest time during our acquaintance developed one night while she was a relatively innocent bystander, I like to think that the events of that night would not have arranged themselves just the way they did without her presence. Madame Vishnak, whose first name was Shulamith, was a European actress my mother had met and become friendly with in Crotona Park, near where we lived in the Bronx during the thirties.

When Madame Vishnak moved away to Central Park West, my mother invited her without reservation to drop in on us any time she happened to be in our neighborhood. One day, several months later, a postcard in Russian script was delivered, and my mother with a broad smile announced that Madame Vishnak, who had to rehearse a play that afternoon for a charity bazaar in the west Bronx, would be having supper with us.

My father was startled when he came home.

"Tonight she has to come for supper?" he said.

My brother, four years younger than I, was in the midst of a mysterious respiratory affliction which caused him no fever but which required that he be shut in a room with a vaporizer going. My mother insisted that Madame Vishnak would in no way interfere with my brother's treatment,

## Madame Vishnak

and, becoming dramatic, declaimed that her dismal life needed a breath of air from the world of song and music. We waited for Madame Vishnak rather sullenly, and when she hadn't come by eight o'clock, we sat down to supper.

We had no telephone, and there was no way Madame Vishnak could have got in touch with us to explain her lateness. When we had an emergency, we used the telephone of the lady who lived upstairs, an old Italian woman named Mrs. Mangone, whom my mother always referred to as "the upstairs-ikke." Mrs. Mangone, who had no children, had taken a great liking to my brother, and was quite concerned about his condition. She told my mother that if it was necessary to call the doctor suddenly we should rush up to her at once. She took down the doctor's number and kept it near her phone so that if there weren't time even to run up the stairs, we could bang on the ceiling with a broomstick and yell, "The doctor, the doctor."

It was a Friday night that we were waiting for Madame Vishnak, and soon "the nextdoor-ikke," a little old Orthodox lady, Mrs. Levy, knocked on our door, opened it, and called for me to come close the jets on her stove. In several hours, she would call for me again to turn out the ceiling lights so that she could go to sleep. When I came back, munching the cookie I always got for my chore, the garbage bell rang, and I placed the can in the dumb-waiter. I was careful to push it back from the edge, for once it had toppled into the face of Mrs. Cohen, "the downstairs-ikke," when she opened her door. Mrs. Cohen had carried on a feud with my mother ever since, convinced that my mother had put the can in its precarious spot deliberately. She sent my mother envelopes every so often filled with dust curlicues, which she claimed had come



into her windows from my mother's mop shaking. Once she waved her finger under my mother's nose, and shouted, "Wait till Mrs. Mangone moves out, and I become your upstairs-ikke. You'll be sorry."

It had got dark outside. My father was reading the *Forward*, and my mother was moving around, putting things in place against the possibility that Madame Vishnak might really drop in so late. She stopped to dust the brass samovar she had recently got from a woman around the corner who had thrown it out saying it was an old-fashioned way of making tea. My mother shook her head a little sadly, and I realized that she had wanted very much to show off her new possession to Madame Vishnak.

I joined my brother, who didn't seem to mind being cooped up. Propped on an elbow, he was reading a Rover Boys book. Next to his bed was a small table on which were a lamp and a vaporizer. I passed in front of the lamp and noticed that a huge shadow was cast on the dirty white window shade. We amused ourselves a while making shadows on the shade, and then, finding the heat uncomfortable, I went out.

MADAME Vishnak came around half-past nine. She was furious. She swept past me when I opened the door for her, and down our long bowling alley of a hall.

"New York police," she announced to my mother after they had touched cheeks, "are wild barbarians. I ask directions here, and a red-faced man makes fun of my speech. What's the joke to talk funny? Every time I ask him the address, he answers me so I can't understand a word. It took me almost two hours to get here."

I wondered vaguely whether it hadn't been the policeman who had trouble making out Madame Vishnak's rich European accent. My mother calmed her and happily asked my father to light the samovar. Madame Vishnak paused to admire it, and then we sat down at the round dining-room table.

My father didn't take to his task happily, and if he hadn't begun the evening by offending my mother I am sure he would have told her to make tea on the kitchen stove. Mechanical things baffled him. We once moved into an apartment that had a swinging door. The absence of a doorknob puzzled him, but rather than try to put one on, he resignedly placed a screwdriver on a table near the door which we used to pry it open. Only after my brother pushed the door several times from both directions, delighted with his discovery, did my father



get the idea of the knobless door. He was now distastefully tinkering with the little key attached to the fuel barrel of the samovar, and standing off at a good distance while thrusting lighted matches at it.

The house we lived in at the time fronted on Tremont Avenue, a busy main thoroughfare with streetcars and lines of stores. Next to it was a furrier's on one side, and a dairy market on the other. Our apartment was in the back of the house, one flight up, and we missed a good deal of the steady noise in front. But as we sat at the table, listening to Madame Vishnak describe, with good-humored and easy mimicry, the people she had met that day, I became aware of shouts and scurrying in the back yard, and then I heard what sounded like a shot. My mother was too absorbed in Madame Vishnak, and my father in getting the samovar to work, to respond to these sounds. I went to the window of my parents' bedroom, which had no doors and was off the dining-room where we were talking, raised the shade, looked into the yard, and saw nothing. I lowered the shade and returned to the table.

In a few minutes, there was a furious pounding on our door. I hurried through the hall, opened it, and two burly men, one in a policeman's uniform, shoved past me. Each had a flashlight in one hand and a revolver in the other.

"Don't anybody move," the one in uniform shouted. "Where are they?" He was red-faced and spoke with an Irish brogue. "Lady downstairs says signals been coming from here."

They lunged into my parents' bedroom and flopped on the floor to look under the beds, muttering that we had better not be hiding anyone. Finding no one under the beds, they stood up to look around for other likely hiding places. My brother's room opened off the dining-room, and though the door was shut, you could hear him moving around inside. He had obviously got out of bed to see what was going on. The two policemen looked at each other, then approached the door cautiously.

"Cossacks!" Madame Vishnak screamed at them, pounding the table, and rising. Up to then, she had been sitting there, like all of us, stupefied. "Cossacks," she screamed again. "All of you alike. Why do you speak so no human can understand you?" It was the brogue, I realized, that was bothering her, and that had undoubtedly caused her earlier difficulty with a policeman. "What do you want with people? There's a sick child in that room. Don't go near it."

My father, who had paused only momentarily in his absorbed fumbling with the samovar, must have brought a match close enough to the fuel, and a foot-high flame suddenly shot up.

"Fire!" my mother shouted, "Fire!" and dashed for the kitchen.

AT THIS point, the shade I had raised and lowered a few minutes earlier shot up to the ceiling with a violent clatter. Both policemen fell to the floor, their guns aimed at the blank window. Simultaneously, my brother opened his door, looked out with a guilty smile, since he had been warned not to leave his bed for any reason, and announced,

"I have to go to the bathroom very badly."

He looked first at us around the table, and then into the faces of the two kneeling policemen. He kept his face screwed into his false, ingratiating smile as he walked through the room and into the hall. My mother ran into the room with a bowl of water which sloshed over the sides. Luckily, she hesitated as she aimed it, for my father had managed to turn the flame down, and she just remained there, poised, waiting for another surge of the fire.

About this time, the upstairs-ikke, hearing the commotion, must have decided that we were in a crisis with my brother and telephoned the doctor.

As my brother disappeared into the hall, the nextdoor-ikke padded into the dining-room wearing a bathrobe over her nightgown, and a nightcap. She nodded pleasantly to the policemen,

who by this time had got to their feet, and turned to me.

"Time to turn out my lights, Moishele," she said.

I stood up, and Mrs. Cohen, the downstairs-ikke, a squat barrel of a woman, hurtled into the room. She skidded violently on the wet floor, but recovered at once.

"Well," she shouted, glancing at the floor, "did you find them? I always knew they were thieves and wretches up here. Did you find them? Giving signals in the windows, hiding thieves. Arrest them all." She swept her arm around the room, but paused when she saw Mrs. Levy, whom she respected for her Orthodoxy. "Hello, Mrs. Levy, what are you doing here?" she asked slowly, her arm arrested in mid air. "I mean," she stumbled, realizing that after all Mrs. Levy didn't have to answer to her, "I mean before the Sabbath?"

"Lights," Mrs. Levy said. "Come, Moishele."

I followed the tiny figure down the long hall. At the door, I met our physician, a Dr. Seweletski, who lived only a block away. He was a recent resident in the neighborhood, a refugee from Europe, and was a dedicated and accommodating man. He was panting and must have run the entire distance. I moved aside to let him hurry by. In a moment, I was done with my work in Mrs. Levy's apartment. Near our door was Mrs. Mangone.

"How is the little boy?" she asked in the hushed tone one uses for the dead.

"Fine," I said and nibbled at Mrs. Levy's second cookie, "won't you come in?"

"No thanks, I'll wait here," she said, and sat down on the steps in the hall. Mrs. Cohen came prancing out, head down, and elbowed me as she passed.

Inside, Dr. Seweletski was in a frenzy. He had rushed for my brother's room without pausing. Discovering the empty bed, he emerged into the dining-room and looked around to see it filled with strangers, including a policeman. He assumed at once, surely as the result of Mrs. Mangone's frantic call, that my brother had been taken away in an ambulance.

"Where did he go? What hospital? That boy needs special care, no oxygen, injections, it's only an attack," he spluttered, turning first to the two strange men, then to the gathering at the table. He stopped and gave Madame Vishnak a close look, leaning forward and peering intently through his thick-lensed glasses. Whatever he wanted to say to her just then, he was diverted by the return of my brother from the bathroom. "Hello, Doc," he called cheerily, walked into his



room, and closed the door. In a second the door opened, and his face appeared.

"Did you want to see me, Doc?" he asked.

The plain-clothes-man, whose head had been swinging hypnotically from side to side as he took in the procession, remembered suddenly why he was there.

"What I want to know is about those signals," he announced belligerently. "We've just about got the guy who broke into the fur place, when he runs into the yard and disappears. And there's this window, somewhere around here, showing all different shapes, one after another. Lady downstairs says signals. Where'd she go anyhow?"

I remembered the shapes my brother and I were throwing on the shade and asked the policemen whether that was what might have been seen. We went into my brother's room, my brother jumping away from the door and into bed. For the first time, there was no smile on his face. He pulled the covers up to his neck.

"I really had to go to the bathroom," he told us.

"That's all right, son," one of the men said. I showed them how my brother and I had made shadow figures. Then they looked under his bed and poked into a closet.

"I guess that's it," one finally said.

WHEN they walked through the dining-room, they called out "Sorry, folks" and managed weak smiles. Madame Vishnak, who was talking graciously with the doctor, changed her expression fiercely, and raised her fist and shook it at the two policemen.

"Cossacks," she announced. They grinned sheepishly, said nothing, and trekked through the hallway. I followed them and went outside for a moment to assure Mrs. Mangone, who was standing now with a look of fright as she saw the two men leave, that my brother was really all right. She looked dubious, but when I asked her to come in and see for herself, she merely sighed and started upstairs.

"Call me any time," she said. "Remember. Or bang on the floor."

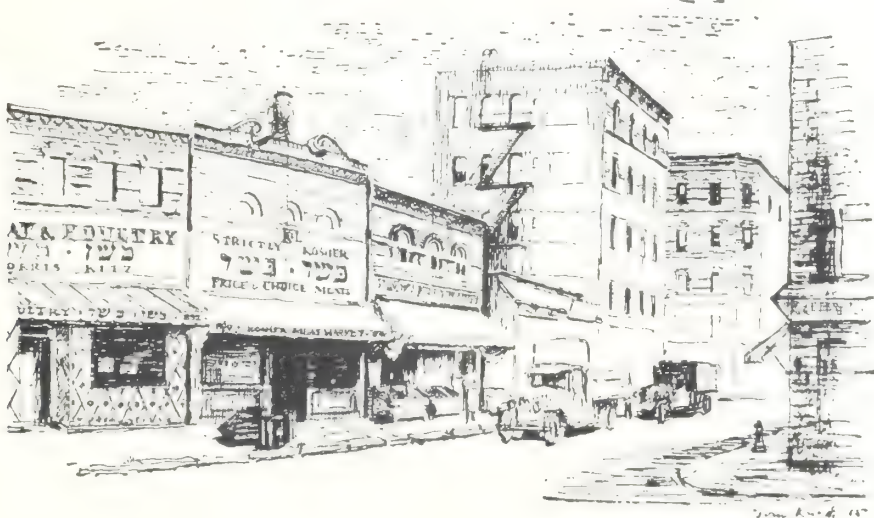
Back in the dining-room again, I found Dr. Seweletski and Madame Vishnak in a spirited conversation about the Viennese theater. Madame Vishnak explained to me that the doctor had seen her once on the stage in Vienna.

"One of the great actresses in Europe," Dr. Seweletski said gallantly, and I expected him to lift Madame Vishnak's hand and bow to kiss it. But he didn't; he just stood there with a silly look.

"To tell the truth," Madame Vishnak said to me, "he saw me in only a very minor part, a servant girl, but he remembered me and recognized me."

The tea was finally ready, and the doctor joined us. After checking my brother by laying his hand on the boy's forehead and exchanging grins, the doctor offered to accompany Madame Vishnak to the subway.

"You know," she said to me at the door, "such excitement you never find in the theater or anywhere like it, only where lots of people live together, like here in small apartment houses. I hope your brother is better soon."



# Was Darwin Wrong

## *about the Human Brain?*

Drawing on recent scientific evidence,  
a leading anthropologist reopens the debate  
on the theory of evolution . . . which  
fails to explain nature's highest achievement.

HOW DID MAN get his brain? Many years ago Charles Darwin's great contemporary and co-discoverer with him of the Principle of Natural Selection, Alfred Russel Wallace, propounded that simple question. It is a question which has bothered evolutionists ever since, and when Darwin received his copy of an article Wallace had written on this subject he was obviously shaken. It is recorded that he wrote in anguish across the paper, "No!" and underlined the "No" three times heavily in a rising fervor of objection.

Today the question asked by Wallace and never satisfactorily answered by Darwin has returned to haunt us. A skull, a supposedly very ancient skull, long used as one of the most powerful pieces of evidence documenting the Darwinian position upon human evolution, has been proven to be a forgery, a hoax perpetrated by an unscrupulous but learned amateur. In the fall of 1953, the famous Piltdown cranium, known in scientific circles all over the world since its discovery in a gravel pit on the Sussex Downs in 1911, was jocularly dismissed by the world's press as the skull that had "made monkeys out of the anthropologists." Nobody remembered in 1953 that Wallace, the great evolutionist, had protested to a friend in 1913, "The Piltdown skull does not prove much, if anything."

Why had Wallace made that remark? Why almost alone among the English scientists of his time had he chosen to regard with a dubious eye

a fossil specimen that seemed to substantiate the theory to which he and Darwin had devoted their lives? He did so for one reason: he did not believe what the Piltdown skull appeared to reveal as to the nature of the process by which the human brain had been evolved. He did not believe in a skull which had a modern brain-box attached to an apparently primitive face and given, in the original estimates, an antiquity of something over a million years.

Today we know that the elimination of the Piltdown skull from the growing list of valid human fossils in no way affects the scientific acceptance of the theory of evolution. In fact, only the circumstance that Piltdown had been discovered early and before we had a clear knowledge of the nature of human fossils and the techniques of dating them, made the long survival of this extraordinary hoax possible. Yet in the end it has been the press, absorbed in a piece of clever scientific detection, which has missed the real secret of Piltdown. Darwin saw in the rise of man with his unique, time-spanning brain, only the undirected play of such natural forces as had created the rest of the living world of plants and animals. Wallace, by contrast, in the case of man, totally abandoned this point of view and turned instead toward a theory of a divinely directed control of the evolutionary process. The issue can be made clear only by a rapid comparison of the views of both men.

As everyone who has studied evolution knows, Darwin propounded the theory that since the reproductive powers of plants and animals potentially far outpace the available food supply, there is in nature a constant struggle for existence on the part of every living thing. Since animals vary individually, the most cleverly adapted will survive and leave offspring which will inherit, and in their turn enhance, the genetic endowment they have received from their



ancestors. Because the struggle for life is incessant, this unceasing process promotes endless slow changes in bodily form, as living creatures are subjected to different natural environments, different enemies, and all the vicissitudes against which life has struggled down the ages.

Darwin, however, laid just one stricture on his theory: it could, he maintained, "render each organized being only as perfect or a little more perfect than other inhabitants of the same country." It could allow any animal only a relative superiority, never an absolute perfection—otherwise selection and the struggle for existence would cease to operate. To explain the rise of man through the slow, incremental gains of natural selection, Darwin had to assume a long struggle of man with man and tribe with tribe.

He had to make this assumption because man had far outpaced his animal associates. Since Darwin's theory of the evolutionary process is based upon the practical value of all physical and mental characters in the life struggle, to ignore the human struggle of man with man would have left no explanation as to how humanity by natural selection alone managed to attain an intellectual status so far beyond that of any of the animals with which it had begun its competition for survival.

To most of the thinkers of Darwin's day this seemed a reasonable explanation. It was a time of colonial expansion and ruthless business competition. Peoples of primitive cultures, small societies lost on the world's margins, seemed destined to be destroyed. It was thought that Victorian civilization was the apex of human achievement and that other races with different customs and ways of life must be biologically inferior to Western man. Some of them were even described as only slightly superior to apes. The Darwinians, in a time when there were no satisfactory fossils by which to demonstrate human evolution, were unconsciously minimizing the abyss which yawned between man and ape. In their anxiety to demonstrate our lowly origins they were throwing modern natives into the gap as representing living "missing links" in the chain of human ascent.

#### THE LONELY PROTEST

IT WAS just at this time that Wallace lifted a voice of lonely protest. The episode is a strange one in the history of science, for Wallace had, independently of Darwin, originally arrived at the same general conclusion as to the nature of the evolutionary process. Nevertheless, only

a few years after the publication of Darwin's work, *The Origin of Species*, Wallace had come to entertain a point of view which astounded and troubled Darwin. Wallace, who had had years of experience with natives of the tropical archipelagoes, abandoned the idea that they were of mentally inferior cast. He did more. He committed the Darwinian heresy of maintaining that their mental powers were far in excess of what they really needed to carry on the simple food-gathering techniques by which they survived.

"How, then," Wallace insisted, "was an organ developed so far beyond the needs of its possessor? Natural selection could only have endowed the savage with a brain a little superior to that of an ape, whereas he actually possesses one but little inferior to that of the average member of our learned societies."

At a time when many primitive peoples were erroneously assumed to speak only in grunts or to chatter like monkeys, Wallace maintained his view of the high intellectual powers of natives by insisting that "the capacity of uttering a variety of distinct articulate sounds and of applying to them an almost infinite amount of modulation . . . is not in any way inferior to that of the higher races. An instrument has been developed in advance of the needs of its possessor."

Finally, Wallace challenged the whole Darwinian position upon man by insisting that artistic, mathematical, and musical abilities could not be explained on the basis of natural selection and the struggle for existence. Something else, he contended, some unknown spiritual element must have been at work in the elaboration of the human brain. Why else should men of simple cultures possess the same basic intellectual powers which the Darwinists maintained could only be elaborated by competitive struggle?

"If you had not told me you had made these remarks," Darwin said, "I should have thought they had been added by someone else. I differ grievously from you and am very sorry for it." He did not, however, supply a valid answer to Wallace's queries. Outside of murmuring about the inherited effects of habit—a contention without scientific validity today, Darwin clung to his original position. Slowly Wallace's challenge was forgotten and a great complacency settled down upon the scientific world.

For seventy years after the publication of *The Origin of Species* in 1859 there were only two finds of fossil human skulls which seemed to throw any light upon the Darwin-Wallace controversy. One was the discovery of the small-brained Java Ape Man, the other was the

hominid skeleton of a *clayton man*. Both were originally dated as lying at the very beginning of the Ice Age, and, though these dates were later to be modified, the skulls, for a very long time, were regarded as roughly contemporaneous *—one each older and younger.*

Two more unlike "missing links" could hardly *be imagined. Though* they were supposed to share a million-year antiquity, the one was indeed quite primitive and small-brained; the other, Piltdown, in spite of what seemed a primitive lower face, was surprisingly modern in brain. Which of these forms told the true story of human development? Was a large brain old? Had ages upon ages of slow, incremental, Darwinian increase produced it? The Piltdown skull seemed to suggest such a development.

Many were flattered to find their anthropoid ancestry seemingly removed to an increasingly remote past. If one looked at the Java Ape Man one was forced to contemplate an ancestor, not terribly remote in time, who already had a face and a brain which hinted strongly of the ape. Yet when by geological evidence this "erect walking ape-man" was finally assigned to a middle Ice Age antiquity, there arose the immediate possibility that Wallace could be right in his suspicion that the human brain might have had a surprisingly rapid development. By contrast, the Piltdown remains seemed to suggest a far more ancient and slow-paced evolution of man. The Piltdown hoaxer, in attaching an ape jaw to a human skull fragment, had, perhaps unwittingly, created a creature which supported the Darwinian idea of man, not too unlike the man of today, extending far back into pre-Ice Age times.

Which story was the right one? Until the exposé of Piltdown in 1953, both theories had to be considered possible and the two hopelessly unlike fossils had to be solemnly weighed in the same balance. Today Piltdown is gone. In its place we are confronted by the blunt statement of two modern scientists.

"No adequate explanation," they confess over eighty years after Darwin scrawled his vigorous "No!" upon Wallace's paper, "has been put forward to account for so large a cerebrum as that found in man."

We have been so busy tracing the tangible aspects of evolution in the *forms of animals* *in front of our heads*, the little globes which hold the *eyes* *in front of* the shining invisible universes of thought, have been taken about as much for *6000 years* as the growth of a yellow pumpkin in the fall.

## MAN, THE NEWEST ANIMAL

NOW a part of this mystery as it is seen by the anthropologists of today lies in the relation of the brain to time. "If," Wallace had said, "researches in all parts of Europe and Asia fail to bring to light any proofs of man's presence far back in the Age of Mammals, *it will be at least a presumption that he came into existence at a much later date and by a more rapid process of development.*" If human evolution should prove to be comparatively rapid, "explosive" in other words, Wallace felt that his position would be vindicated, because such a rapid development of the brain would, he thought, imply a divinely directed force at work in man. At the time he wrote, however, in the 1870s, human prehistory was largely an unknown blank. Today we can make a partial answer to Wallace's question. Since the exposure of the Piltdown hoax all of the evidence at our command—and it is considerable—points to man, in his present form, as being one of the youngest and newest of all earth's swarming inhabitants.

The Ice Age extends behind us in time for, at most, a million years. Though this may seem long to one who confines his studies to the written history of man, it is, in reality, a very short period as the student of evolution measures time. It is a period marked more by the extinction of some of the last huge land animals like the hairy mammoth and the saber-tooth tiger than it is by the appearance of new forms of life. To this there is only one apparent exception: the rise and spread of man over the old world land mass.

Most of our knowledge of him—even in his massive-faced, beetle-browed stage—is now confined, since the loss of Piltdown, to the last half of the Ice Age. If we pass backward beyond this point we can find traces of crude tools—stone implements which hint that some earlier form of man was present here and there in Europe, Asia, and particularly Africa in the earlier half of Ice Age time, but to the scientist it is like peering into the mists floating over an unknown landscape. Here and there through the swirling vapor one catches a glimpse of a shambling figure, or a half-wild primordial face stares back at one from some momentary opening in the fog. Then, just as one grasps at a clue, the long gray twilight settles in and the wraiths and the half-heard voices pass away.

Nevertheless, particularly in Africa, a remarkable group of human-like apes have been discovered: creatures with small brains and teeth



of a remarkably human cast. Prominent scientists are still debating whether they are on the direct line of ascent to man or are merely near relatives of ours. Some, it is now obvious, existed too late in time to be our true ancestors, though this does not mean that their bodily characters may not tell us what the earliest anthropoids who took the human turn of the road were like.

These apes are not all similar in type or appearance. They are men and yet not men. Some are frailer-bodied, some have great, bone-cracking jaws and massive gorilloid crests atop their skulls. This fact leads us to another of Wallace's remarkable perceptions of long ago. With the rise of the truly human brain, Wallace saw that man had transferred to his machines and tools many of the alterations of parts that in animals take place through evolution of the body. Unwittingly, man had assigned to his machines the selective evolution which in the animal changes the nature of its bodily structure through the ages. Man of today, the atomic manipulator, the aeronaut who flies faster than sound, has precisely the same brain and body as his ancestors of twenty thousand years ago who painted the last Ice Age mammoths on the walls of caves in France.

#### THE TRUE MYSTERY

**T**O PUT it another way, it is man's ideas that have evolved and changed the world about him. Now, confronted by the lethal radiations of open space and the fantastic speeds of his machines, he has to invent new electronic controls that operate faster than his nerves, and he must shield his naked body against atomic radiation by the use of protective metals. Already he is physically antique in this robot world he has created. All that sustains him is that small globe of gray matter through which spin his ever-changing conceptions of the universe.

Yet, as Wallace, almost a hundred years ago, glimpsed this timeless element in man, he uttered one more prophecy. When we come to trace our history into the past, he contended, sooner or later we will come to a time when the body of man begins to differ and diverge more extravagantly in its appearance. Then, he wrote, we shall know that we stand close to the starting point of the human family. In the twilight before the dawn of the human mind, man will not have been able to protect his body from change and his remains will bear the marks of all the forces that play upon the rest of life. He will be different in his form. He will be,

in other words, as variable in body as we know the South African man-apes to be.

Today, with the solution of the Piltdown enigma, we must settle the question of the time involved in human evolution in favor of Wallace, not Darwin. The rapid fading out of archaeological evidence of tools in lower Ice Age times, along with the discovery of man-apes of human aspect yet possessing a diverse array of bodily characters with brains as small as modern apes, suggests that the evolution of the human brain was far more rapid than that conceived of in early Darwinian circles. At that time it was not unusual to hear the Eskimos spoken of as possible survivals of Miocene men of 15 million years ago. By contrast to this point of view, man and his rise now appear short in time—explosively short. There is every reason to believe that whatever the nature of the forces involved in the production of the human brain, a long slow competition of human group with human group or race with race would not have resulted in such similar mental potentialities among all peoples everywhere. Something—some other factor—has escaped our scientific attention.

There are certain strange bodily characters which mark man as being more than the product of a dog-eat-dog competition with his fellows. He possesses a peculiar larval nakedness, difficult to explain on survival principles; his period of helpless infancy and childhood are prolonged; he has aesthetic impulses which, though they vary in intensity from individual to individual, appear in varying manifestations among all peoples. He is totally dependent, in the achievement of human status, upon the careful training he receives in human society.

Unlike a solitary species of animal, he cannot develop alone. He has suffered a major loss of precise instinctive controls of behavior. In place of this biological lack, society and parents condition the infant, supply his motivations, and promote his long-drawn training at the difficult task of becoming a normal human being. Even today some individuals fail to make this adjustment and have to be excluded from society.

We are now in a position to see the wonder and terror of the human predicament: man is totally dependent on society. Creature of dream, he has created an invisible world of ideas, beliefs, habits, and customs which buttress him about and replace for him the precise instincts of the lower creatures. In this invisible universe he takes refuge, but just as instinct may fail an animal under some shift of environmental conditions, so man's cultural beliefs may prove in-

adequate to meet a new situation, or, on an individual level, the confused mind may subsist by some mystical alchemy, chiefly for love.

The primordial shock of the leap from animal to human status is echoing still in the depths of our subconscious minds. It is a transition which would seem to have demanded considerable quality of adjustment in order for human beings to have survived, and it also involved the growth of powerful bonds of affection in the sub-human family, because otherwise its naked, helpless offspring would have perished.

It is not beyond the range of possibility that this strange reduction of instincts in man in some manner forced a precipitous brain growth as a compensation—something that had to be hurried for survival purposes. Man's competition, it would thus appear, may have been much less with his own kind than with the dire necessity of building about him a world of ideas to replace his lost animal environment.

Modern science would go on to add that many of the characters of man, such as his lack of fur, thin skull, and globular head, suggest mysterious changes in growth rates which preserve far into human maturity foetal or infantile characters which hint that the forces creating man drew him fantastically out of the very childhood of his brutal forerunners. Once more the words of Wallace come back to haunt us: "We may safely infer that the savage possesses a brain capable,

if cultivated and developed, of performing work of a kind and degree far beyond what he ever requires it to do."

As a modern man, I have sat in concert halls and watched huge audiences floating dazed on the voice of a great singer. Alone in the dark box I have heard far off as if ascending out of some black stairwell the guttural whisperings and bestial coughings out of which that voice arose. Again, I have sat under the slit dome of a mountain observatory and marveled, as the great wheel of the galaxy turned in all its midnight splendor, that the mind in the course of three centuries has been capable of drawing into its strange, non-spatial interior that world of infinite distance and multitudinous dimensions.

Ironically enough, science, which can show us the flints and the broken skulls of our dead fathers, has yet to explain how we have come so far so fast, nor has it any completely satisfactory answer to the question asked by Wallace long ago. Those who would revile us by pointing to an ape at the foot of our family tree grasp little of the awe with which the modern scientist now puzzles over man's lonely and supreme ascent. The true secret of Piltdown, though thought by the public to be merely the revelation of an unscrupulous forgery, lies in the fact that it has forced science to re-examine the history of the most miraculous creation in the world—the human brain.

## COME SIGN THE PLEDGE! or, A World Well Lost

**W**HY SHOULD we not have Anti-Novel Societies with Anti-Novel pledges? There would be nothing exceptional in such organizations—nothing new in principle or in practice. We have Temperance societies whose members give promises to their associates and to themselves that they will abstain from strong drink. They are useful and noble institutions. They prove the propriety and wisdom of the system. Novel-reading is another form of dissipation. It is a dissipation of a most serious character. Why not combine against it? Why not bring the strength of association to bear against one form of intemperance as well as another? . . . If the novel were absolutely banished—dropped out of existence—the world would probably be astonished to find how little it had lost, and the most hardened fiction-consumers would soon discover how easily they could get along without their accustomed dietary. The evil is great, but public sentiment is greater. Let it be properly aroused and consolidated, and the day would not be distant when the man or woman having respect to his or her reputation, would no more be seen carrying a novel than a flask of liquid intoxicant.

John F. Hume, "Literary Dissipation," in the *Baptist Quarterly Review*, July 1890.



THOMAS HORNSBY FERRIL

## THE TRAIN BUTCHER

*Drawing by Bernard Perlin*

I sit on the back platform of the train  
 Dragging my patent-leather buttoned shoes  
 Through embers of fireweed growing along the  
 ties.

How slowly I go by! How long I use  
 The wonder of the mountains in my eyes  
 As if I were that very boy again.

There is a beautiful train butcher who comes  
 Still as a cat to the platform where I sit,  
 He props his basket on the hand-brake wheel,  
 He gives me grapes, he gives me chocolate,  
 He does not make me buy, he does not sell,  
 He gives me cornucopias of plums.

He's older than the hills and I am young,  
 He gives me colored eye-glasses through which  
 To see the whole wide world and all that's in it,  
 But I am rich with train whistles, I'm rich  
 With cinders falling half a dream a minute  
 On the sag of the rails the weight of the train  
 has sprung.

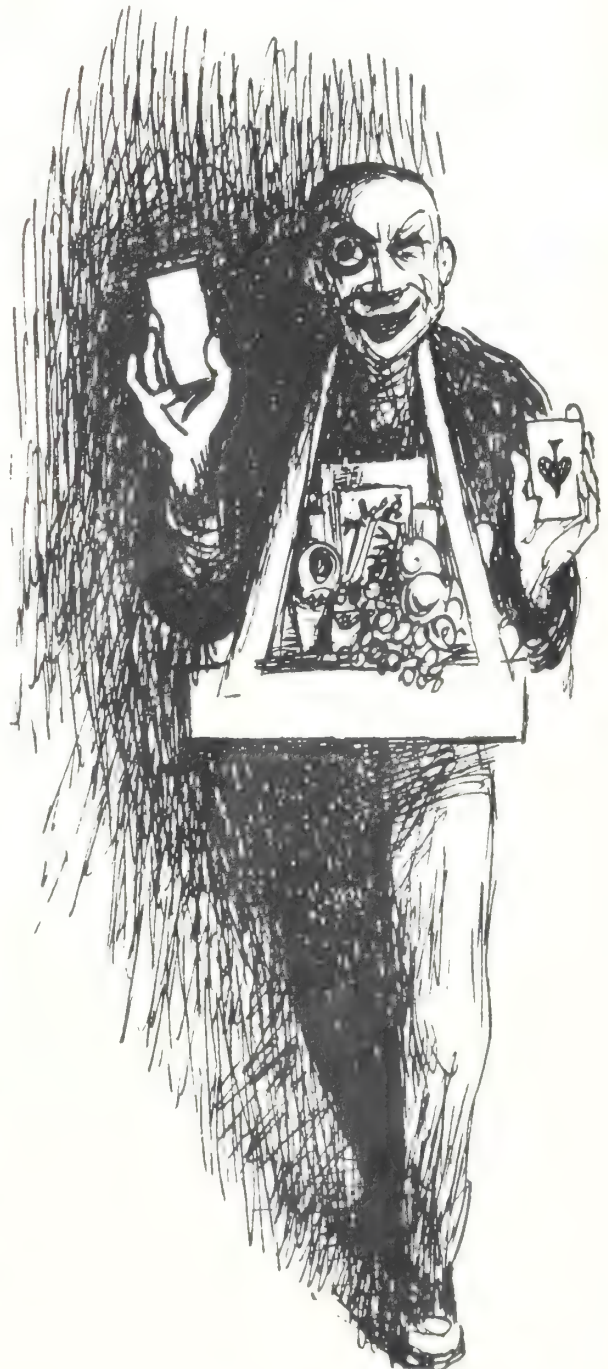
The train butcher whispers under his cavernous coat:  
*Stop staring at the hills, no one will know!*  
*Here are pictures of men and girls with no clothes on!*  
*All yours! All yours! See what they're doing now!*  
*All yours! These childish mountains now be gone!*  
*All yours! No foolish woodlands in your throat!*

All mine! And every cross-tie nudging yes!  
 All secret interlockings, all my own!  
 I finger the tongue of steel that snubs the brake  
 In the ratchet-wheel . . . but a strange new train  
 moves on,  
 Slides into satin valleys that awake  
 To naked music wilder than wilderness.

Far as tomorrow, this, and far ago,  
 The platform of the car, the hills, the smoke,  
 The smell of windrowed hay, the terrible shadow  
 Of the great train butcher's blue serge cowl and cloak,  
 Good and evil, Eden's ageless meadow,  
 A boy's new shoes the weeds go snatching through.

Gone is your train, my ancient, whistle and bell,  
 Gone are the rails, and I am come and gone  
 And gone and come through centuries I gauge  
 By crags the wings of butterflies grind down  
 A flick a season, so I say how sage  
 You were! How sage for teaching me so well!

Fine fellow, did you die in church or bed?  
 I miss you as I walk these rotted ties  
 Among the canyons of lost valley floors,  
 No tempter but the sunrise in my eyes;  
 Such grapes were yours, such sweets, such pretty  
 whores,  
 And all love's wisdom that you left unsaid.



## LOSER TAKES ALL

*Just before his second marriage—to beautiful young Cary, fifteen years his junior—Bertram, the assistant accountant of a large London firm, inadvertently makes a hit with Herbert Dreuther, the elderly, eccentric co-head of the company, known familiarly as the Gom (Grand Old Man). The Gom insists that the couple be married in Monte Carlo, with himself as witness, and then honeymoon on his yacht. His secretary, Miss Bullen, makes the arrangements. Bertram and Cary duly arrive in Monte Carlo the day before the wedding is to take place, only to find that the Gom, who is off cruising, has not yet arrived. They visit the game room and notice a hungry-looking young man playing desperately. They quarrel about him and spend an edgy night.*

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AFTER breakfast we took a taxi to the Mairie—I wanted to be quite certain Miss Bullen had not slipped up, but everything was fixed, the marriage was to be at four sharp. They asked us not to be late as there was another wedding at 4:30.

"Like to go to the Casino?" I asked Cary. "We could spend say 1,000 francs now that everything's arranged."

"Let's take a look at the port first and see if he's come." We walked down the steps which reminded me of Montmartre except that everything was so creamy and clean and glittering and new, instead of gray and old and historic. Everywhere you were reminded of the Casino—the bookshops sold systems in envelopes, "2,500 francs a week guaranteed," the toy shops sold small roulette boards, the tobacconists sold ash trays in the form of a wheel, and even in the women's shops there were scarves patterned with figures and *manqué* and *pair* and *impair* and *rouge* and *noir*.

There were a dozen yachts in the harbor, and three carried British flags, but not one of them was Dreuther's *Seagull*. "Wouldn't it be terrible if he'd forgotten?" Cary said.

"Miss Bullen would never let him forget. I expect he's unloading passengers at Nice. Anyway last night you wanted him to be late."

"Yes, but this morning it feels scary. Perhaps we oughtn't to play in the Casino—just in case."

"We'll compromise," I said. "Three hundred francs. We can't leave Monaco without playing once."

We hung around the *cuisine* for quite a while before we played. This was the serious time of day—there were no tourists and the *Salle Privée* was closed and only the veterans sat there. You had a feeling with all of them that their lunch depended on victory. It was long, hard, dull employment for them—a cup of coffee and then to work till lunchtime—if their system was successful and they could afford the lunch. Once Cary laughed—I forget what at, and an old man and an old woman raised their heads from opposite sides of the table and stonily stared. They were offended by our frivolity: this was no game to them. Even if the system worked, what a toil went into earning the 2,500 francs a week. With their pads and their charts they left nothing to chance, and yet over and over again chance nipped in and shoveled away their tokens.

"Darling, let's bet." She put all her three hundred francs on the number of her age, and crossed her fingers for luck. I was more cautious: I put one *carré* on the same figure, and backed *noir* and *impair* with my other two. We both lost on her age, but I won on my others.

"Have you won a fortune, darling? How terribly clever."

"I've won two hundred and lost one hundred."

"Well, buy a cup of coffee. They always say you ought to leave when you win."

"We haven't really won. We are down four bob."

"You've won."



Over the coffee I said, "Do you know I think I'll buy a system just for fun? I'd like to see just how they persuade themselves. . . ."

"If anybody could think up a system, it should be you."

"I can see the possibility if there were no limit to the stakes, but then you'd have to be a millionaire."

"Darling, you won't really think one up, will you? It's fun pretending to be rich for two days, but it wouldn't be fun if it were true. Look at the guests in the hotel, they are rich. Those women with lifted faces and dyed hair and awful little dogs." She said again with one of her flashes of disquieting wisdom, "You seem to get afraid of being old when you're rich."

"There may be worse fears when you are poor."

"They are ones we are used to. Darling, let's go and look at the harbor again. It's nearly lunchtime. Perhaps Mr. Dreuther's in sight. This place—I don't like it terribly."

We leaned over a belvedere and looked down at the harbor—there wasn't any change there. The sea was very blue and very still and we could hear the voice of a cox out with an eight—it came clearly over the water and up to us. Very far away, beyond the next headland, there was a white boat, smaller than a celluloid toy in a child's bath.

"Do you think that's Mr. Dreuther?" Cary asked.

"It might be. I expect it is."

But it wasn't. When we came back after lunch there was no *Seagull* in the harbor and the boat we had seen was no longer in sight: it was somewhere on the way to Italy. Of course there was no need for anxiety: even if he failed to turn up before night, we could still get married. I said, "If he's been held up, he'd have telegraphed."

"Perhaps he's simply forgotten," Cary said.

"That's impossible," I said, but my mind told me that nothing was impossible with the Gom.

I said, "I think I'll tell the hotel we'll keep on one room—just in case."

"The small room," Cary said.

The receptionist was a little crass. "One room, sir?"

"Yes, one room. The small one."

"The small one? For you and Madame, sir?"

"Yes." I had to explain. "We are being married this afternoon."

"Congratulations, sir."

"Mr. Dreuther was to have been here."

"We've had no word from Mr. Dreuther, sir. He usually lets us know. . . . We were not expecting him."

Nor was I now, but I did not tell Cary that. This, after all, Gom or no Gom, was our wedding day. I tried to make her return to the Casino

and lose a few hundred, but she said she wanted to walk on the terrace and look at the sea. It was an excuse to keep a watch for the *Seagull*. And of course the *Seagull* never came. That interview had meant nothing, Dreuther's kindness had meant nothing, a whim had flown like a wild bird over the snowy waste of his mind, leaving no track at all. We were forgotten. I said, "It's time to go to the Mairie."

"We haven't even a witness," Cary said.

"They'll find a couple," I said with a confidence I did not feel.

I thought it would be gay to arrive in a horse-cab and we climbed romantically into a ramshackle vehicle outside the Casino and sat down under the off-white awning. But we'd chosen badly. The horse was all skin and bone and I had forgotten that the road was uphill. An old gentleman with an ear appliance was being pushed down to the Casino by a middle-aged woman, and she made far better progress down than we made up. As they passed us I could hear her precise English voice. She must have been finishing a story. She said, "And so they lived unhappily ever after"; the old man chuckled and said, "Tell me that one again." I looked at Cary and hoped she hadn't heard but she had. "Darling," I said, "don't be superstitious, not today."

"There's a lot of sense in superstition. How do you know fate doesn't send us messages—so that we can be prepared. Like a kind of code. I'm always inventing new ones. For instance"—she thought a moment—"it will be lucky if a confectioner's comes before a flower shop. Watch your side."

I did, and of course a flower shop came first. I hoped she hadn't noticed, but, "You can't cheat fate," she said mournfully.

The cab went slower and slower: it would have been quicker to walk. I looked at my watch: we had only ten minutes to go. I said, "You ought to have sacrificed a chicken this morning and found what omens there were in the entrails."

"It's all very well to laugh," she said. "Perhaps our horoscopes don't match."

"You wouldn't like to call the whole thing off, would you? Who knows? We'll be seeing a squinting man next."

"Is that bad?"

"It's awful." I said to the caddy, "Please. A little faster. *Plus vite*."

Cary clutched my arm. "Oh," she said.

"What's the matter?"

"Didn't you see him when he looked round? He's got a squint."

"But, Cary, I was only joking."

"That doesn't make any difference. Don't you see? It's what I said, you invent a code and fate uses it."

I said angrily, "Well, it doesn't make any difference. We are going to be too late anyway."

"Too late?" She grabbed my wrist and looked at my watch. She said, "Darling, we can't be late. *Supp. 11:00. Pay him off.*"

"We can't run uphill," I said, but she was already out of the cab and signaling wildly to every car that passed. No one took any notice. Fathers of families drove smugly by. Children pressed their noses on the glass and made faces at her. She said, "It's no use. We've got to run."

"Why bother? Our marriage was going to be unlucky—you've read the omens, haven't you?"

"I don't care," she said, "I'd rather be unlucky with you than lucky with anyone else." That was the sudden way she had—of dissolving a quarrel, an evil mood, with one clear statement. I took her hand and we began to run. But we would never have made it in time if a furniture van had not stopped and given us a lift all the way. Has anyone else arrived at their wedding sitting on an old-fashioned brass bedstead? I said, "From now on brass bedsteads will always be lucky."

She said, "There's a brass bedstead in the little room at the hotel."

WE HAD two minutes to spare when the furniture man helped us out onto the little square at the top of the world. To the south there was nothing higher, I suppose, before the Atlas mountains. The tall houses stuck up like cacti toward the heavy blue sky, and a narrow terra-cotta street came abruptly to an end at the edge of the great rock of Monaco. A Virgin in pale blue with angels blowing round her like a scarf looked across from the church opposite, and it was warm and windy and very quiet and all the roads of our life had led us to this square.

I think for a moment we were both afraid to go in. Nothing inside could be as good as this, and nothing was. We sat on a wooden bench, and another couple soon sat down beside us, the girl in white, the man in black: I became painfully conscious that I wasn't dressed up. Then a man in a high stiff collar made a great deal of fuss about papers and for a while we thought the marriage wouldn't take place at all: then there was a to-do because we had turned up without witnesses, before they consented to produce a couple of sad clerks.

We were led into a large empty room with a chandelier, and a desk—a notice on the door said *Salle des Mariages*, and the mayor, a very old man who looked like Clemenceau, wearing a blue and red ribbon of office, stood impatiently by while the man in the collar read out our names and our birth dates. Then the mayor repeated what sounded like a whole code of laws in rapid French and we had to agree to them—apparently

they were clauses from the Code Napoléon. After that the mayor made a little speech in very bad English about our duty to society and our responsibility to the State, and at last he shook hands with me and kissed Cary on the cheek, and we went out again past the waiting couple onto the little windy square.

It wasn't an impressive ceremony, there was no organ like at St. Luke's and no wedding guests. "I don't feel I've been married," Cary said, but then she added, "It's fun not feeling married."

## 8

HERE are so many faces in streets and bars and busses and stores that remind one of Original Sin, so few that carry permanently the sign of Original Innocence. Cary's face was like that—she would always until old age look at the world with the eyes of a child. She was never bored: every day was a new day: even grief was eternal and every joy would last forever. "Terrible" was her favorite adjective—it wasn't in her mouth a cliché—there *was* terror in her pleasures, her fears, her anxieties, her laughter—the terror of surprise, of seeing something for the first time. Most of us only see resemblances, every situation has been met before, but Cary saw only differences, like a wine-taster who can detect the most elusive flavor.

We went back to the hotel and the *Seagull* hadn't come and Cary met this anxiety quite unprepared as though it were the first time we had felt it. Then we went to the bar and had a drink, and it might have been the first drink we had ever had together. She had an insatiable liking for gin and Dubonnet which I didn't share. I said, "He won't be in now till tomorrow."

"Darling, shall we have enough for the bill?"

"Oh, we can manage tonight."

"We might win enough at the Casino."

"We'll stick to the cheap room. We can't afford to risk much."

I think we lost about two thousand francs that night and in the morning and in the afternoon we looked down at the harbor and the *Seagull* wasn't there. "He *has* forgotten," Cary said. "He'd have telegraphed otherwise." I knew she was right, and I didn't know what to do, and when the next day came I knew even less.

"Darling," Cary said, "we'd better go while we can still pay," but I had secretly asked for the bill (on the excuse that we didn't want to play beyond our resources), and I knew that already we had insufficient. There was nothing to do but wait. I telegraphed to Miss Bullen and she replied that Mr. Dreuther was at sea and out of touch. I was reading the telegram out to Cary



as the old man with the ear appliance sat on a chair at the top of the steps, watching the people go by in the late afternoon sun.

He asked suddenly, "Do you know Dreuther?"

I said, "Well, Mr. Dreuther is my employer."

"You think he is," he said sharply. "You are in Sitra, are you?"

"Yes."

"Then I'm your employer, young man. Don't you put your faith in Dreuther."

"You are Mr. Bowles?"

"Of course I'm Mr. Bowles. Go and find my nurse. It's time we went to the tables."

When we were alone again, Cary said, "Who was that horrible old man? Is he really your employer?"

"In a way. In the firm we call him A. N. Other. He owns a few shares in Sitra—only a few, but they hold the balance between Dreuther and Blixon. As long as he supports Dreuther, Blixon can do nothing, but if Blixon ever managed to buy the shares, I'd be sorry for the Gom. A way of speaking," I added. "Nothing could make me sorry for him now."

"He's only forgetful, darling."

Forgetfulness like that only comes when you don't care a damn about other people. None of us has a right to forget anyone. Except ourselves. The Gom never forgets himself. Oh hell, let's go to the Casino."

"We can't afford to."

"We are so in debt we may as well."

That night we didn't bet much: we stood there and watched the veterans. The young man was back in the *cuisine*. I saw him change a thousand francs into tokens of a hundred, and presently when he'd lost those, he went out—no coffee or rolls for him that evening. Cary said, "Do you think he'll go hungry to bed?"

"We all will," I said, "if the *Seagull* doesn't come."

I watched them playing their systems, losing a little, gaining a little, and I thought it was strange how the belief persisted—that somehow you could beat the bank. They were like theologians, patiently trying to rationalize a mystery. I suppose in all lives a moment comes when we wonder—suppose after all there is a God, suppose the theologians are right. Pascal was a gambler—who staked his money on a divine system. I thought, I am a far better mathematician than any of these—is that why I don't believe in their mystery, and yet if this mystery exists, isn't it possible that I might solve it where they have failed? It was almost like a prayer when I thought: it's not for the sake of money—I don't want a fortune—just a few days with Cary free from anxiety.

Of all the systems around the table there was only one that really worked, and that did not

depend on the so-called law of chance. A middle-aged woman with a big bird's nest of false blonde hair and two gold teeth lingered around the most crowded table. If anybody made a *coup* she went up to him and touching his elbow appealed quite brazenly—so long as the croupier was looking elsewhere—for one of his 200 franc chips. Perhaps charity, like a hunched back, is considered lucky. When she received a chip she would change it for two one hundred franc tokens, put one in her pocket and stake the other *en plein*. She couldn't lose her hundreds and one day she stood to gain 3,500 francs. Most nights she must have left the table a thousand francs to the good from what she had in her pocket.

"Did you see her?" Cary asked as we walked to the bar for a cup of coffee—we had given up the gins and Dubonnets. "Why shouldn't I do that too?"

"We haven't come to that."

"I've made a decision," Cary said. "No more meals at the hotel."

"Do we starve?"

"We have coffee and rolls at a café instead—or perhaps milk—it's more nourishing."

I said sadly, "It's not the honeymoon I'd intended. Bournemouth would have been better."

"Don't fret, darling. Everything will be all right when the *Seagull* comes."

"I don't believe in the *Seagull* any more."

"Then what do we do when the fortnight's over?"

"Go to jail, I should think. Perhaps the prison is run by the Casino and we shall have recreation hours round a roulette wheel."

"Couldn't you borrow from the Other?"

"Bowles? He's never lent without security in his life. He's sharper than Dreuther and Blixon put together—otherwise they'd have had his shares years ago."

"But there must be something we can do, darling?"

"Madam, there is." I looked up from my cooling coffee and saw a small man in frayed and dapper clothes with co-respondent shoes. His nose seemed bigger than the rest of his face: the experience of a lifetime had swollen the veins and bleared the eyes. He carried jauntily under his arm a walking stick that had lost its ferrule, with a duck's head for a handle. He said with blurred courtesy, "I think I am unpardonably intruding, but you have had ill-success at the tables and I carry with me good tidings, sir and madam."

"Well," said Cary, "we were just going. . . ." She told me later that his use of a Biblical phrase gave her a touch of shivers, of *diablelerie*—the devil at his old game of quoting scripture.

"It is better for you to stay, for I have shut in

my mind here a perfect system. That system I am prepared to let you have for a mere ten thousand francs."

"You are asking the earth," I said. "We haven't got that much."

But you are staying at the Hôtel de Paris. I have seen you."

"It's a matter of currency," Cary said quickly. "You know how it is with the English."

"One thousand francs."

"No," Cary said, "I'm sorry."

"I tell you what I'll do," I said, "I'll stand you a drink for it."

"Whisky," the little man replied sharply. I realized too late that whisky cost 500 francs. He sat down at the table with his stick between his knees so that the duck seemed to be sharing his drink. I said, "Go on."

"It is a very small whisky."

"You won't get another."

"It is very simple," the little man said, "like all great mathematical discoveries. You bet first on one number and when your number wins you stake your gains on the correct transversal of six numbers. The correct transversal on one is 31 to 36; on two 13 to 18; on three..."

"Why?"

"You can take it that I am right. I have studied very carefully here for many years. For five hundred francs I will sell you a list of all the winning numbers which came up last June."

"But suppose the number doesn't come up?"

"You wait to start the system until it does."

"It might take years."

The little man got up, bowed and said, "That is why one must have capital. I had too little capital. If instead of five million I had possessed ten million I would not be selling you my system for a glass of whisky."

He retired with dignity, the ferruleless stick padding on the polished floor, the duck staring back at us as though it wanted to stay.

"I think my system's better," Cary said. "If that woman can get away with it, I can. . . ."

"It's begging. I don't like my wife to beg."

"I'm only a new wife. And I don't count it begging—it's not money, only tokens."

"You know there was something that man said which made me think. It's a pure matter of reducing what one loses and increasing what one gains."

"Yes, darling. But in my system I don't lose anything."

SHE WAS away for nearly half an hour and then she came back almost at a run. "Darling, put away your doodles. I want to go home."

"They aren't doodles. I'm working out an idea."

"Darling, please come at once or I'm going to cry."

When we were outside she dragged me up through the gardens, between the floodlit palm trees and the flower beds like sugar sweets. She said, "Darling, it was a terrible failure."

"What happened?"

"I did exactly what that woman did. I waited till someone won a lot of money and then I sort of nudged his elbow and said, 'Give.' But he didn't give, he said quite sharply, 'Go home to your mother,' and the croupier looked up. So I went to another table. And the man there just said, 'Later. Later. On the terrace.' Darling, he thought I was a tart. And when I tried a third time—oh, it was terrible. One of those attendants who light people's cigarettes touched me on my arm and said, 'I think Mademoiselle has played enough for tonight.' Calling me Mademoiselle made it worse. I wanted to fling my marriage lines in his face, but I'd left them in the bathroom at the hotel."

"In the bathroom?"

"Yes, in my sponge bag, darling, because for some reason I never lose my sponge bag—I've had it for years and years. But that's not why I want to cry. Darling, please let's sit down on this seat. I can't cry walking about—it's like eating chocolate in the open air. You get so out of breath you can't taste the chocolate."

"For goodness' sake," I said, "if that's not the worst let me know the worst. Do you realize we shall never be able to go into the Casino again—just when I've started on a system, a real system."

"Oh, it's not as bad as that, darling. The attendant gave me such a nice wink at the door. I know *he* won't mind my going back—but I never want to go back, never."

"I wish you'd tell me."

"That nice young man saw it all."

"What young man?"

"The hungry young man. And when I went out into the hall he followed me and said very very sweetly, 'Madam, I can only spare a token of one hundred francs, but it is yours.'"

"You didn't take it?"

"Yes—I couldn't refuse it. He was so polite, and he was gone before I had time to thank him for it. And I changed it and used the francs in the slot machines at the entrance and I'm sorry I'm howling like this, but I simply can't help it, he was so terribly courteous, and he must be so terribly hungry and he's got a mind above money or he wouldn't have lent me a hundred francs, and when I'd won five hundred I looked for him to give him half and he'd gone."

"You won five hundred? It'll pay for our coffee and rolls tomorrow."

"Darling, you are so sordid. Don't you see that forever after he'll think that I was one of



those old haupies like Bird's Nest in there?"

"I expect he was only making a pass."

"You are so sexual. He was doing nothing of the kind. He's much too hungry to make a pass."

"They say starvation sharpens the passions."

9

WE STILL had breakfast at the hotel in order to keep up appearances, but we found ourselves wilting even before the liftman. I have never liked uniforms—they remind me that there are those who command and those who are commanded—and now I was convinced that everybody in uniform knew that we couldn't pay the bill. We always kept our key with us, so that we might never have to go to the desk, and as we had changed all our travelers' checks on our arrival, we didn't have to approach even the accountant. Cary had found a small bar called the Taxi Bar at the foot of one of the great staircases, and there we invariably ate our invariable lunch and our dinner. It was years before I wanted to eat rolls again and even now I always drink tea instead of coffee. Then, on our third lunchtime, coming out of the bar we ran into the assistant receptionist from the hotel who was passing along the street. He bowed and went by, but I knew that our hour had struck.

We sat in the gardens afterwards in the early evening sun and I worked hard on my system, for I felt as though I were working against time. I said to Cary, "Give me a thousand francs. I've got to check up."

"But, darling," she said, "do you realize we've only got five thousand left. Soon we shan't have anything even for rolls."

"Thank God for that. I can't bear the sight of a roll."

"Then let's change to ices instead. They don't cost any more. And, think, we can change our diet, darling. Coffee ices for lunch, strawberry ices for dinner. Darling, I'm longing for dinner."

"If my system is finished in time, we'll have steaks. . . ."

I took the thousand and went into the *cuisine*. Paper in hand I watched the table carefully for a quarter of an hour before betting and then quite quietly and steadily I lost, but when I had no more tokens to play my numbers came up in just the right order. I went out again to Cary. I said, "The devil was right. It's a question of capital."

She said sadly, "You are getting like all the others."

"What do you mean?"

"You think numbers, you dream numbers. You wake up in the night and say '*Zéro deux*.' You write on bits of paper at meals."

"Do you call them meals?"

"There are four thousand francs in my bag

and they've got to last us till the *Seagull* comes. We aren't going to gamble any more. I don't believe in your system. A week ago you said you couldn't beat the bank."

"I hadn't studied. . . ."

"That's what the devil said—he'd studied. You'll be selling your system soon for a glass of whisky."

She got up and walked back to the hotel and I didn't follow. I thought, a wife ought to believe in her husband to the bitter end and we hadn't been married a week; and then after a while I began to see her point of view. For the last few days I hadn't been much company, and what a life it had been—afraid to meet the porter's eye, and that was exactly what I met as I came into the hotel. He blocked my way and said, "The manager's compliments, sir, and could you spare him a few moments. In his room."

I thought: they can't send her to prison too, only me, and I thought: the Gom, that egotistical bastard on the eighth floor who has let us in for all of this because he's too great to remember his promises. He makes the world and then he goes and rests on the seventh day and his creation can go to pot that day for all he cares. If only for one moment I could have had him in my power—if he could have depended on my remembering *him*, but it was as if I was doomed to be an idea of his, he would never be an idea of mine.

"Sit down, Mr. Bertram," the manager said. He pushed a cigarette box across to me. "Smoke?" He had the politeness of a man who has executed many people in his time.

"Thanks," I said.

"The weather has not been quite so warm as one would expect at this time of year."

"Oh, better than England, you know."

"I do hope you are enjoying your stay." This, I supposed, was the routine—just to show there was no ill feeling—one has to do one's duty. I wished he would come to an end.

"Very much, thank you."

"And your wife too?"

"Oh yes. Yes."

He paused, and I thought: now it comes. He said, "By the way, Mr. Bertram, I think this is your first visit?"

"Yes."

"We rather pride ourselves here on our cooking. I don't think you will find better food in Europe."

"I'm sure you're right."

"I don't want to be intrusive, Mr. Bertram, please forgive me if I am, but we have noticed that you don't seem to care for our restaurant, and we are very anxious that you and your wife should be happy here in Monte Carlo. Any complaint you might have—the service, the wine . . .?"

"Oh, I've no complaint. No complaint at all."

"I didn't think you would have, Mr. Bertram. I have great confidence in our service here. I came to the conclusion—you will forgive me if I do—

"Yes, oh yes."

I know that our English clients often have trouble over currency. A little bad luck at the tables can so easily upset their arrangements in these days."

"Yes, I suppose so."

"So it occurred to me, Mr. Bertram, that perhaps—how shall I put it—you might be, as it were, a little—you will forgive me, won't you—well, short of funds?"

My mouth felt very dry now that the moment had come. I couldn't find the bold frank words I wanted to use. I said, "Well," and goggled across the desk. There was a portrait of the Prince of Monaco on the wall and a huge ornate inkstand on the desk and I could hear the train going by to Italy. It was like a last look at freedom.

The manager said, "You realize that the administration of the Casino and of this hotel are most anxious—really most anxious—you realize we are in a very special position here, Mr. Bertram, we are not perhaps—" he smiled at his fingernails "quite ordinary *hôteliers*. We have had clients here whom we have looked after for—well, thirty years"—he was incredibly slow at delivering his sentence. "We like to think of them as friends rather than clients. You know here in the Principality we have a great tradition—well, of discretion, Mr. Bertram. We don't publish names of our guests. We are the repository of many confidences."

I COULDN'T bear the man's rigmarole any more. It had become less like an execution than like the Chinese water torture. I said, "We are quite broke—there's a confidence for you."

He smiled again at his nails. "That was what I suspected, Mr. Bertram, and so I hope you will accept a small loan. For a friend of Mr. Dreuther. Mr. Dreuther is a very old client of ours and we should be most distressed if any friend of his failed to enjoy his stay with us." He stood up, bowed, and presented me with an envelope—I felt like a child receiving a good-conduct prize from a bishop. Then he led me to the door and said in a low confidential voice, "Try our *Château Gruaud Larose 1934*: you will not be disappointed."

I opened the envelope on the bed and counted the notes. I said, "He's lent us 250,000 francs."

"I don't believe it."

"What it is to be a friend of the Gom. I wish I liked the bastard."

"How will we ever repay it?"

"The Gom will have to help. He kept us here."

"We'll spend as little as we can, won't we, darling?"

"But no more coffee and rolls. Tonight we'll have a party—the wedding party." I didn't care a damn about the *Gruaud Larose 1934*: I hired a car and we drove to a little village in the mountains called Peille. Everything was rocky gray and gorse yellow in the late sun which flowed out between the cold shoulders of the hills where the shadows waited. Mules stood in the street and the car was too large to reach the inn, and in the inn there was only one long table to seat fifty people. We sat alone at it and watched the darkness come, and they gave us their own red wine which wasn't very good and fat pigeons roasted and fruit and cheese. The villagers laughed in the next room over their drinks, and soon we could hardly see the enormous hump of hills.

"Happy?"

"Yes."

She said after awhile, "I wish we weren't going back to Monte Carlo. Couldn't we send the car home and stay? We wouldn't mind about toothbrushes tonight, and tomorrow we could go—shopping." She said the last word with an upward inflection as though we were at the Ritz and the Rue de la Paix was round the corner.

"A toothbrush at Cartier's," I said.

"Lanvin for two pajama tops."

"Soap at Guerlain."

"A few cheap handkerchiefs in the Rue de Rivoli." She said, "I can't think of anything else we'd want, can you? Did you ever come to a place like this with Dirty?" Dirty was the name she always used for my first wife who had been dark and plump and sexy with Pekinese eyes.

"Never."

"I like being somewhere without footprints."

I LOOKED at my watch. It was nearly ten and there was half an hour's drive back. I said, "I suppose we'd better go."

"It's not late."

"Well, tonight I want to give my system a real chance. If I use 200 franc tokens I've got just enough capital."

"You aren't going to the Casino?"

"Of course I am."

"But that's stealing."

"No it isn't. He gave us the money to enjoy ourselves with."

"Then half of it's mine. You shan't gamble with my half."

"Dear, be reasonable. I need the capital. The system needs the capital. When I've won you shall have the whole lot back with interest. We'll pay our bills, we'll come back here if you like for all the rest of our stay."

"You'll never win. Look at the others."

"They aren't mathematicians. I am."



An old man with a beard guided us to our car through the dark arched streets: she wouldn't speak, she wouldn't even take my arm. I said, "This is our celebration night, darling. Don't be mean."

"What have I said that's mean?" How they defeat us with their silences: one can't repeat a silence or throw it back as one can a word. In the same silence we drove home. As we came out over Monaco the city was floodlit, the Museum, the Casino, the Cathedral, the Palace—the fireworks went up from the rock. It was the last day of a week of illuminations: I remembered the first day and our quarrel and the three balconies.

I said, "We've never seen the *Salle Privée*. We must go there tonight."

"What's special about tonight?" she said.

"*Le mari doit protection à sa femme, la femme obéissance à son mari.*"

"What on earth are you talking about?"

"You told the mayor you agreed to that. There's another article you agreed to—'The wife is obliged to live with her husband and to follow him wherever he judges it right to reside.' Well, tonight we are damned well going to reside in the *Salle Privée*."

"I didn't understand what he was saying." The worst was always over when she consented to argue.

"Please, dear, come and see my system win."

"I shall only see it lose," she said and she spoke with strict accuracy.

At 10:30 exactly I began to play and to lose and I lost steadily. I couldn't change tables because this was the only table in the *Salle Privée* at which one could play with a 200-franc mini-

mum. Cay wanted me to stop when I had lost half of the manager's loan, but I still believed that the moment would come, the tide turn, my figures prove correct.

"How much is left?" she said.

"This." I indicated the five 200-franc tokens. She got up and left me: I think she was crying, but I couldn't follow her without losing my place at the table.

And when I came back to our room in the hotel I was crying too—there are occasions when a man can cry without shame. She was awake: I could tell by the way she had dressed herself for bed how coldly she was awaiting me. She never wore the bottoms of her pajamas except to show anger or indifference, but when she saw me sitting there on the end of the bed, shaking with the effort to control my tears, her anger went. She said, "Darling, don't take on so. We'll manage somehow." She scrambled out of bed and put her arms round me. "Darling," she said, "I've been mean to you. It might happen to anybody. Look, we'll try the ices. Not the coffee and rolls, and the *Seagull's* sure to come. Sooner or later."

"I don't mind now if it never comes," I said.

"Don't be bitter, darling. It happens to everybody, losing."

"But I haven't lost," I said, "I've won."

She took her arms away. "Won?"

"I've won five million francs."

"Then why are you crying?"

"I'm laughing. We are rich."

"Oh, you beast," she said, "and I was sorry for you," and she scrambled back under the bedclothes.

[To be continued in the December issue]

## GIT ALONG, LITTLE FRACTIONS

RECENTLY a ten-year-old boy showed me one of his school books. It had the title *Range Riders* and showed on the cover a cowboy on a galloping horse. The subtitle was *Adventures in Numbers*; it was an arithmetic book. The problems involved cowboys, horses, and so on. The traditional image of the American schoolboy has been that he sits with a large textbook propped up in front of him, a book representing the hard and tedious lessons which he wants to evade. And inside the textbook he conceals a book of wild west stories, detective stories, or the like, which he is avidly reading. These two books have now been fused into one. I do not know whether this succeeds in making the arithmetic more interesting. But I have a suspicion that it makes the cowboys less exciting.

—Martha Wolfenstein, in "The Emergence of Fun Morality," *Journal of Social Issues*, Vol. VII, No. 4, 1951.

# After Hours



## SONGBIRD

IF I were going to fall in love with a contralto, I think I would prefer to fall for Miss Cynthia Gooding, a long-legged redhead who sings in night clubs and makes records (for Elektra) of Italian, Spanish, Turkish, and English folk songs. Normally I run in the opposite direction from the term "folk-singer," and so does she—which may be one source of the affection I bear for her accomplishments in this much-abused category. If you have to be a folk-singer, it is a good idea to sing about more than one folk, as Miss Gooding does, and to enjoy your work, as I would assume she does from the fire and ferocity she puts into it. The most friendly observer would have to agree that her voice—among other admirable qualities—is capable of being quite loud. She herself uses a less restrained terminology. "What I do," she says, "is shout."

Miss Gooding was born—and not all *that* long ago, considering that she has two daughters—in Minnesota, but she was early transplanted to Cleveland, Ohio, more or less successfully. She was gently reared, which was really not very successful at all. Miss Gooding has some of the manner of a Midwestern girl who was raised to gentility, but she has far more of the manner of the unconvinced and hopeful spirit on whom gentility never took. If she had gone to college, she would have liked to go to the University of Chicago, which was not to be allowed; and so she only "came out," which even now strikes her as ridiculous, and went "abroad"—which turned out (it was wartime, and she'd *been* to Canada) to be Mexico, which turned out to be an education.

For some reason, Miss Gooding still reproaches

herself for being unable, as a tourist does, to soak up a strange country by simply perambulating through it and being superficially saturated. Her first impulse is to hole up and hide. Her second impulse is to find some logical reason for being where she is and doing what she wants to do. Her solution in Mexico City was to get a job at the American Embassy, which eventually lasted two years, and to fall among a group of other American girls who had begun—for fairly irrelevant reasons—to take lessons on the guitar. Before long it became apparent to her that there were other ways of singing besides the "tiny soprano" she had supposed to be the only way that nice girls sang. Before much longer she was "shouting" and playing the guitar, and she seems never to have been quite the same girl since.

PART OF Miss Gooding's talent as a folk-singer is a talent for languages, which she tries to disparage as "being a good mimic." As the craft goes, she is unique in being uncertain whether or not her accents and treatments are "authentic"—something no ordinarily pretentious folk-singer should ever doubt. In the scholarship of folk song she is willing to compete—and able to write her own learned jacket copy with the best of them—but she never loses sight of the fact that she is singing a song, and not performing an act of reverence before a tradition to be admired but not shared. She not only shares it, she takes it over. She has at command a number of distinctly non-Anglo-Saxon gutturals, and one surmises a number of equally non-Anglo-Saxon attitudes that accompany them. Minnesota may be very proud of having produced the Brothers Mayo, but if I were Minnesota I would be equally proud of producing the first-rate cosmopolitan personality that is Miss Gooding's.



Of course there are a minimal number of opportunities for such a talent to flower, let alone survive. She enjoys music much too much for the concert stage, and has little of the extenuated self-consciousness that seems to make lady folk-singers popular among the people who will support lady folk-singers. Like the primordial creators of her songs, Miss Gooding makes the fewest possible distinctions between singing and living. When she first went to work in a night club, she was considerably carried away by the experience.

"I was trying to be Carmen not only onstage but off," she says. "I was going to be the most exciting thing that happened to every man I met, and I'm afraid after a while it got to be a bit wearing."

Later she married, and temporarily gave up cafés for making records, but now she is back with the public again—and I wish her the largest public a café can hold.

When I heard her last in New York, she was singing—against a noisy air-conditioner, and it was almost an even match—in an improbable cellar on Sixth Avenue called the Purple Onion. By the time you read this, she will probably be in St. Louis, at a place called the Crystal Palace, and with any luck she may even be there long enough for you to reach St. Louis—by plane, train, or crawling on your hands and knees—and catch her act. If not, there are always the records. Elektra makes four of them (EKL 6, 8, 11, and 17), none of which you need put off buying in the fear that they are just folk music, and you *know* about folk music. As I say, I yield to no one in being skeptical about folk-singers, but this songbird has the real mark of the *daimon* on her and is something else again.

#### LOWLY ORIGINS

**I**NCIDENT overheard, for whatever you choose to make of it, in front of the New York store for uniforms and woody supplies called the Boy Scout Trading Post. This is situated in mid-Garment District and its window—stuffed with axes, tents, mess kits, portable grills, and other paraphernalia—usually draws at least a passing glance from the passing crowds. Our informant, stationed nearby to await a lunch date, observed the middle-aged couple with whom our story now concerns itself.

They were looking at a gadget—a crinkled, silvery revolving drum, with a red light mounted underneath it—which puts on a passable imitation, if you aren't too fussy, of a campfire. They

were particularly interested to discover (as I was myself) that this object was for sale—though at a steep price. For a couple of score dollars you can play Mark Trail, Junior Woodsman, right in the middle of the living-room floor, without even charring the drapes. The male member of the couple thought this was an indication of the sorry pass the nation has come to, but his wife didn't think that was quite fair.

"You got to remember," she said, plain as day, "that most of these Boy Scouts come up from the middle class."

#### PEOPLE FOR POETS

**W**HEN I retire," said Dr. William Kolodney, "I want to build an ivory tower on Times Square. That will be in about twelve years."

Dr. Kolodney's ivory tower will be, if he can rally the millions he thinks it will cost, a logical conclusion to a career which has been devoted for the past twenty years to promoting culture at the Young Men's Hebrew Association in New York. Dr. Kolodney, who leads a cultural life on many fronts if not on many levels, is a short, gray, bespectacled man with a foxlike face. He has managed to make poetry, of all things, pay. He likes poetry, he believes in poetry, and his experience, which may well be unique, leads him to believe that a great many other people like poetry too.

"The fate of poetry in America," he said as though he had said it many times before, "depends on its being presented by first-rate actors. It needs, like the theater, to be well done." And then he added, "But there are a lot of people who just want to see the poet plain. If Shelley were alive I'd go to see him. I'd even go to see Byron."

Dr. Kolodney (the "doctor" is a Ph.D.) knows better than anyone just how many people want to see the poet plain. In the poetry series of twenty-four readings a winter at the YMHA auditorium he hires the services of men like T. S. Eliot, who keeps coming back whenever he's in America, the Sitwells (Edith and Osbert), Robert Frost, Archibald MacLeish, W. H. Auden, and a great many lesser known poets. Poets jam the auditorium, which holds 850 people, and on some evenings hundreds are turned away. "When Eliot was here the demand was so great that some people called up the treasurer of the YMHA and offered \$10 a seat," he said. "Some poets called up and said that only poets should be given the opportunity to hear him because they need it most."

The readings are officially part of the program

of the Y's "Poetry Center," of which John Malcolm Brinnin is the moving spirit and which Mr. Eliot says is "the most distinguished poetry center in the world." But it is Dr. Kolodney who keeps his eye on culture's balance sheet. "Big names draw big crowds," he says, and the Y's management, while it doesn't expect to make any money out of poetry, doesn't expect to lose any. The big names pay for the little ones, and the Poetry Center is continually on the lookout for new talents. Among this year's crop of big and little names are Elizabeth Bowen, Tennessee Williams, Truman Capote, Delmore Schwartz, Louise Bogan, May Sarton, Arthur Miller, and maybe the Sitwells and Joyce Cary.

I TALKED with Dr. Kolodney at his secondary office in the Metropolitan Museum of Art, where he is in charge of a series of recitals, poetry readings, and concerts that are given for museum members in the new Grace Rainey Rogers Auditorium. The programs for this season had just been published and the girls in the office were already inundated with subscriptions to them. Victoria de los Angeles will sing there in March and Myra Hess will play there in April. The Budapest String Quartet is signed up for three Mozart recitals. Mr. e. e. cummings will read his works and so will Ogden Nash and Auden and Frost and Edwin Muir. The Vienna Choir Boys will present a Christmas program: the Salzburg Marionette Theater will do "The Magic Flute," and the remarkable Pro Musica Antiqua singers and instrumentalists will give a concert of medieval and Renaissance music. There is more too, and the concerts, if last year's experience is a measure, will be jammed. Dr. Kolodney has the highbrow money touch which is compounded of one part idealism, one part enthusiasm, and one part hard-headed showmanship.

The YMHA is his real home and his first love. He wrote his doctor's dissertation on the history of the Y's cultural programs, and of all of them he seems to care most about the workings of the Poetry Center. His idealism, enthusiasm, and hard-headedness all were delighted when the Center imported Dylan Thomas, at Mr. Brinnin's suggestion. Dr. Kolodney thought he was relatively unknown here, but Thomas' success was

immediate and somewhat overwhelming. So many universities wanted him to read that Dr. Kolodney had to hire a special secretary to do nothing but keep track of Thomas' bookings. The Y pays big names \$500 for a reading, lesser names get lesser fees, and the minimum for a relatively unknown is \$50. Some of the men who have read there have turned their fees back to the Y to be used to promote the work of the Center. The late Wallace Stevens did this and so did Thornton Wilder.

The poetry readings are by no means the only programs with which Dr. Kolodney fills the auditorium at the Y. During the course of a winter there are about two hundred events with an average attendance of four hundred people. "That's eighty thousand people, isn't it?" he said. "Of course a great many of them are children. During the Christmas vacation last year ten thousand kids came. We had programs for them three times a day." There are dance recitals, concerts, and plays for adults as well as for children. I asked Dr. Kolodney about his audiences. "They're the same people who go to Town Hall and Carnegie," he said, and then he thought better of it. "Well, not quite the same people, maybe. The things we do have a minority appeal and a specialized interest."

I asked him if he thought a program as ambitious as his would work in other American cities. He was convinced it would. "There's too much preciousness," he said. "We try to avoid the cultist thing. We've got more good music and good musicians in America than we know what to do with. It's too easy to have, so people don't

take it seriously. They turn on the radio and then talk. Girls from Bryn Mawr and Bennington and Sarah Lawrence will talk to Brahms." He smiled; presumably they wouldn't talk to Bach or Bartók.

What about the ivory tower in Times Square? "I want to get money to build a house of poetry right in the entertainment district," he said, "where there would be poetry readings, and films of poets reading for TV, and poetic dramas. A poet in isolation isn't likely to write the kind of poetry that will be read. What do you think of the idea?"

I told him.

—Mr. Harper







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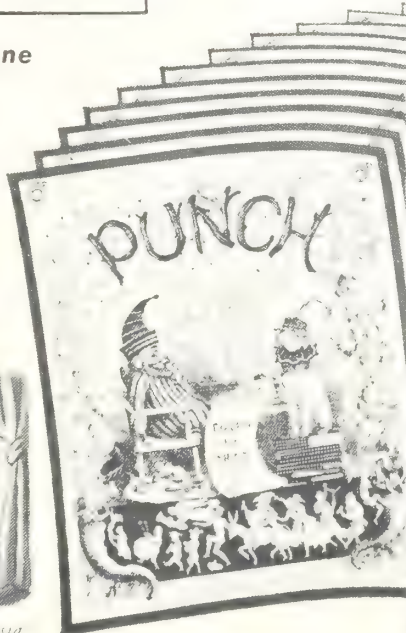
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## The Question of Style

**A**N UNEXPECTED characteristic of the eight lectures by J. Robert Oppenheimer collected in *The Open Mind* (Simon and Schuster, \$2.75) is their preoccupation with style. Oppenheimer does not use the word style in a primarily literary sense, though the care with which the lectures are written shows that he is by no means indifferent to style in language. But he gives the word a much broader meaning. He speaks, for instance, of the style of a science, and—more surprisingly, perhaps—he refers to Grant's permitting the Confederate troops at Appomattox to keep their horses as an example of style.

As the old saying has it, a man has to draw the line somewhere. The line he draws is his style. It is in this sense that the style is the man; it is his definition of himself. In a remarkable passage Oppenheimer describes the kind of style he admires. It consists of drawing the line in such a way that justice is done to "the implicit, the imponderable, and the unknown." It "complements affirmation with limitation and humility"; it makes action effective without being absolute; above all it is the way "power defers to reason." Presumably Grant's style at Appomattox, in Oppenheimer's eyes, lay not merely in permitting the troops to keep their horses but in adding that they would need them for the spring plowing. There Grant beautifully deferred partisan power to common humanity.

*The Open Mind* is primarily concerned with the relation between the style of science and society as a whole, though several of the lectures deal with the relation between society and specific results of scientific research, atomic weapons. The scientist's life, as Oppenheimer sees it, is a life of action; science is a form of action, "a search for order and regularity in those domains of experience that have proven accessible to it." Though the way of carrying on that search varies from one science to another, their styles have certain characteristics in common: they are not authoritarian; they rely on

persuasion, example, and verifiability. For Oppenheimer this style has great beauty, and he regrets that so few people participate in it. Science, he thinks, is no longer a part of the general culture as it was in the days of Jefferson and Franklin, with the result that many are deprived of its beauty and enlightenment.

Nor is Oppenheimer hopeful that the style of science *can* be shared more widely, either through popularization or formal education. He argues with great cogency against President Conant's position on the scientific education of nonscientists; he maintains that repetition of standard experiments in a school laboratory is simply going through the motions, and by going through the motions of science a student will never learn the style of science, will never share in the life of action that is the scientist's.

Can the style of science be of help to us in dealing with other problems—political problems, for example? Oppenheimer doubts it. In human affairs one condition essential to the style of science is lacking—the opportunity to verify results by repetition. Political decisions are made once for all, and once they are made things are different. And one important condition is added—the problem of right and wrong. Though science has extended the range of moral questions and altered the form in which they are posed, it cannot, Oppenheimer thinks, answer them, because it is always focused on a very small area of experience and takes the rest for granted; it is "profoundly unmetaphysical." The style of science must defer to only one imponderable, the unknown; but when we draw the line in human affairs we have to bear in mind not only what we do not know but also what we do not want or approve.

At bottom Oppenheimer is troubled that science must be amoral and a scientist dare not be. The style of science cannot be the man of science, because too little is taken into account by the line science draws. Since, as the stories of Adam and Prometheus remind us, this problem is as old as human consciousness, it is not surprising



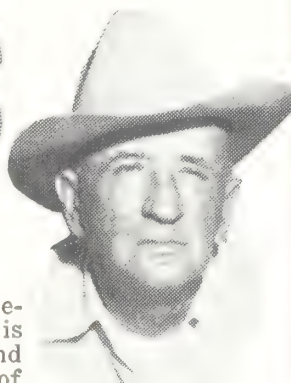
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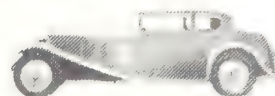
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#### THE POLITICAL STYLE

**H**ARRY S. TRUMAN calls his account of his first year as President *The Year of Decisions* (Doubleday, \$5), and a highly appropriate title it is. Surely few men have had to make so many decisions, or decisions of such magnitude, in so short a time. In three months the new President had to deal with the San Francisco Conference, the surrender of Germany, the Potsdam Conference, the beginnings of the atomic age, and the surrender of Japan—all while learning a job for which he had not been briefed and carrying on a heavy schedule of routine administrative work. To have come through that alive is something to be proud of, and Truman is proud of it.

Whatever else may be commonplace in Truman's make-up, his book shows that he has a most uncommon ability to make decisions and not let the consequences gnaw at him. He never gives the impression of improvisation or delay or shirking responsibility. He never whines. I believe that only twice in all these 596 pages does he say he did the wrong thing. Once, in the long autobiographical digression that recounts his life before the Presidency, he says he was wrong as Senator in voting for the Neutrality Act; again, toward the end of his first year as President he made a mistake, he says, in telling a press conference that he approved a speech Henry Wallace was about to deliver when he meant to say only that he knew Wallace was to speak.

Where did Truman get the stamina to make and survive so many decisions?

For one thing, Truman came to the Presidency perfectly familiar with what Oppenheimer would call the style of politics; he loved it and he respected it. For a generation taught in "civics" courses that the object of governmental organization is to make politics nonpolitical, Truman the politician has always been a little hard to accept; but for Truman it is as clearly self-evident that a man in politics ought to be a politician as that a man in dentistry ought to be a dentist. Almost as soon as he became President, for instance, he began to think about replacing Stettinius as Secretary of State, because Stettinius stood next in line for the Presidency and he had never held an elective office. He was not a politician and therefore unfit to be President. (Obviously there may well have been other considerations involved that Truman does not see fit to record, but it is significant that he *does* see fit to record that consideration, and that the order of Presidential succession *was* changed within his first year in

office.) And Truman's reasons for thinking of Byrnes for Stettinius' post were overwhelmingly political—Byrnes had hoped to be Roosevelt's running-mate in 1944 and had asked Truman to nominate him, and Byrnes' service to party and country (in that order) merited recognition. There is no mention of Byrnes' knowledge of foreign affairs.

Repeatedly in speaking of the qualifications of a man he appointed to office Truman emphasizes that the man had political experience. "I consider political experience absolutely necessary," Truman writes, "because a man who understands politics understands free government. Our government is by the consent of the people, and you have to convince a majority of the people that what you are trying to do is right and in their interest. If you are not a politician, you cannot do it." But a man who has mastered the style of politics has more than his powers of persuasion to fall back on in making decisions. He has learned to see the issues and he has acquired some sense of what Oppenheimer calls "the implicit, the imponderable, and the unknown" in them.

For another thing, Truman believes, like Oppenheimer, that political decisions are moral decisions; they concern what people want and approve. But Truman's is not a speculative mind. For him the fact that political decisions are moral rather than, say, scientific makes them easier, not more difficult, because morality is in the public domain—all men are moral beings but only a few are scientists. Not that Truman says this. He says that given the facts reasonable men will usually agree about what ought to be done.

Truman's praise for other men is almost always in moral terms. He says of Henry L. Stimson, whom he greatly admired, that he was honest and just and had a gift for plain language. The detractors of Stimson, who like to see him as a fox-hunting snob, will not be pleased by the reference to the gift for plain language, but it is characteristic of Truman that he would praise a gift for putting the issues in the public domain. The praise of George VI is typical: he was good and well-informed and had great common sense. Yet for all his emphasis on moral qualities, Truman does not care for moralizing. Repeatedly at Potsdam he became "very impatient" with Churchill's long-winded and lofty discourses. He says he liked Churchill at once, but it is clear that he liked him best when there was an ocean between them. On the other hand Stalin, though free from moralizing, was equally free from morality: "he quickly reduced all questions to problems of power."

On the rare occasions when Truman mentions intellectual attainment he shows little enthusiasm; his reference to "the famous and brilliant Dr. Albert Einstein" is somehow cold and distant



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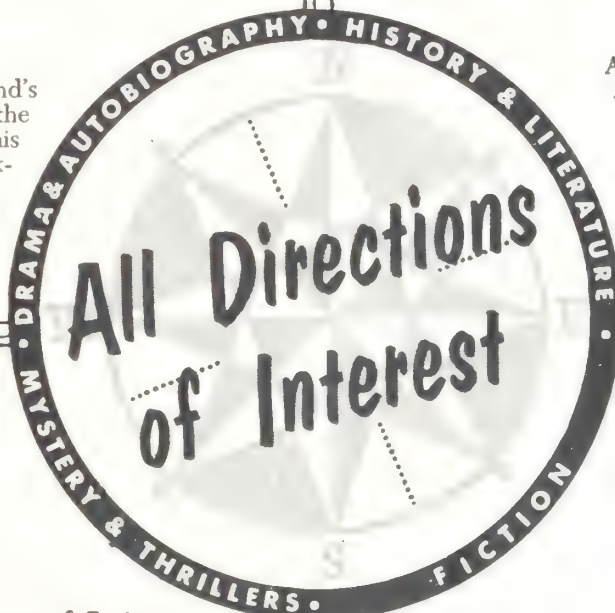
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and as if he thought the reader might not know who Einstein was. Yet Truman has great respect for information, and he is probably a better-educated man than has generally been supposed. He thinks of himself as a bookish man. When he was a little boy first fitted with glasses he was told that he would have to be careful not to break them; consequently, he says, he played less and read more than most boys. He was not overwhelmed when he saw the mass of documents he would have to get through every day as President, because he "had always been a reader." Mostly he has read history. He has read it not as a scholar but as a practical man and a politician and a moralist—to see what men in the past have done or failed to do in particular situations, and there is no doubt that he thinks of history as of great help to him in making his own decisions. His procedure in setting up what came to be known as the Truman Committee of the Senate during the second world war is typical: first he established the simple principles on which the committee was to operate, next he picked the men to help him, and then he sat down to read the records of a committee that had failed at a similar task during the Civil War.

ABOVE all one is struck by the extent to which Truman has taken his own measure. When he first saw the ravages of Hitler's Germany on the way to Potsdam he said to himself, "That is what happens when a man overreaches himself." Truman was free to make decisions because he knew who he was and had accepted that knowledge; all his tremendous energy was directed outward because it was not worn away in quarreling with himself. There is nothing messianic about the man; for all his concern for doing the right thing and for all his conviction that most of the time he has done it, he has little self-righteousness; he is a man who, in the old-fashioned slang phrase, doesn't expect to get anything on his looks. There is a clear distinction in his mind between a man named Harry S. Truman and the office of President of the United States.

Where Truman's self-acceptance came from it is impossible to say, but there is a curious gap in his life that

invites speculation. From shortly after his graduation from high school until the first world war, according to his own account, he simply stayed at home on the farm. He says very little about what he did or thought or expected of himself during that long stretch of time between youth and maturity. Apparently he accumulated some capital, which he lost in the haberdashery business after the war; apparently he continued to go with the girl he had loved since high school but did not marry until after the war; the rest is vague. Surely a man of Truman's energy and ability is not usually willing to work on his father's farm for more than a decade. Perhaps it was one of those fallow periods that often appear in the lives of men eminent in American politics. Possibly a late and slow growth to maturity and a sustained experience of the daily round of ordinary life often go into the formation of the political style in a democracy.

At any rate the first world war put an end to that. The war meant a lot to Truman and still does. On his Potsdam trip he was proud to see his old "outfit," and he found certain military developments "very interesting to an artillery man." His warm advocacy of universal military training comes from his sense of what military service meant to him. For the first time in his life he saw the world far from Missouri, and it changed him. He left home a farm bachelor and returned to become a married businessman in town.

In the long run the wartime policy of Woodrow Wilson had a decisive influence on Truman, but there is no evidence that it meant very much to him at the time. Nor is there evidence that Truman was greatly interested in foreign affairs even as late as his service in the Senate. His committee work there was concentrated on domestic issues. But in his account of the Presidency, Truman makes it clear that he regarded his foreign policy as an extension of Wilson's. Repeatedly he cites Wilson or employs his phrases. Only one criticism of Wilson appears: he failed to carry the Senate with him. But Truman adopted Wilson's policy without assuming Wilson's role; the political style he had mastered was completely unsuitable for that and he



# The Swivel Chair



No Broadway angel ever suffered more acutely with first night nerves than the book publisher on the eve of autumn publication. (Authors being unworldly do not suffer so.) This is the moment when one winged phrase in the critic's column is destined to echo, amplified in type size, through all the advertising lineage within the scope of a seasonal budget. For book buyers are as canny as box office queuers, and all of an adman's provocative eloquence is as nothing beside one solid little superlative in quotation marks.

We could have told you, for instance, that **The Years of the City** (\$4.50) by **George R. Stewart** is "Almost too good to be called an historical novel . . ." "... an impressive feat of imaginary history. Seldom is the remote past recreated with more loving care." . . . his tale of a city that never was can teach readers a lot about the cities that really were — and the cities that are." But it was better to let *Newsweek*, *New York Times*, and *Time* make these pronouncements.



The same is true of **The African Giant** (\$4.00) by **Stuart Cloete**. *The New York Times* says of it just what we wanted to hear, "... a fascinating book from beginning to end." And it seemed that everyone reviewing it liked **Captain Cook and the South Pacific**. (\$3.50) Scott O'Dell of *The Los Angeles Mirror-News* said, "A great man, this Captain James Cook, an inspired cartographer, a humane and resourceful officer, a cool-headed explorer, fearless among the most diverse dangers. And his biographer, **John Gwyther**, so presents him in a book that rivals the most adventurous fiction." And that was typical.

All the more frustrating, therefore, is the harsh

necessity of meeting an advertising deadline six weeks before the critics are allowed their say. These books, ones that will have made their bows in late September and October, are presented now in modest prepublication dress, still uncrowned by laurel.

**Roger Tory Peterson**, an Alexander among American naturalists invited a British colleague, **James Fisher**, to come west to explore the wilderness. **Wild America** (\$5), their adventure along 30,000 miles linking Newfoundland to the cloud forests of Mexico will have your astral body out of the armchair and off to the wilds. When you get back to the armchair, we commend to your attention the scores of drawings which are, by definition, a joy forever.



People who live or vacation along the coasts accept the ocean as a literary necessity, but for those inlanders who have never seen it, putting the sea into words is a chancy thing. **Rachel Carson** did it in one of the most enriching books of the decade, *The Sea Around Us*. She has made another gift of territory in her new book, **The Edge of the Sea**. (\$3.95) This is life along the shore — rocky, sandy and tropical shore in turn. There are drawings by Robert Hines of the Fish and Wildlife Service.



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## THE NEW BOOKS

had enough sense to know it. He appreciated Stalin's shrewdness and jokes and clear-headedness more than Wilson would have, and he probably sized up Stalin better.

IN HIS acknowledgements Truman pays tribute to the men who have helped him write the book, but a good deal of it bears the unmistakable stamp of his own hand. He is not much of a writer. He has no eloquence, and his prose has none of the tension that comes with introspection and self-doubt and brooding over things, but fortunately he does not try for literary effects. Many of the letters and speeches that form a large part of the book have only a documentary interest, though that interest is of course often very great. Truman's account of how his speeches were written makes one wonder that they are not worse. He wanted them to be thoroughly responsible public statements, and to make them that they went through a mill which would make the ordinary committee report look like the product of a flash of inspiration.

The best piece of writing in the book is an angry letter about John L. Lewis. When Truman lost his temper, as the world knows, he could write a racy, vividly idiomatic language which reminds us that he came from the same state as Mark Twain. But most of *The Year of Decisions* is recollected in tranquillity. He has not allowed his later differences to color his initial estimates of men he worked with (before his first meeting with Eisenhower he wrote to his mother and sister that Eisenhower was "a real man"), and accounts of his fights are usually good-tempered, though Truman regularly wins.

The career of Harry S. Truman will always be debated by students of democratic government, because it is in a sense a test case of that kind of government. It will be argued that Truman was simply the ward-heeler who held the lucky lottery ticket, and it will be argued that democracy has some kind of built-in mystique whereby those who are called to power are made worthy of it. On the evidence of this first volume of the Truman memoirs, both views are wrong and the truth does not lie somewhere in between. Truman came to the Presidency with no rec-

ondite gifts, to be sure; he had no power that ordinary men do not have in some measure. But he was extraordinarily endowed with ordinary powers, and he had combined those powers in a personality of uncommon effectiveness.

## THE FAILURE OF STYLE

ONCE I had a punch," remarks the narrator of Norman Mailer's new novel, *The Deer Park* (Putnam, \$4). ". . . But the way that sometimes a fighter is dangerous when all that's left is his instinct sort of, because he can't think his fight any more." That is a fair sample of Mailer's language, and after certain corrections have been made—a fair description of his book Mailer can't, or won't, think of a novel any more, but when a novel tries to get along by instinct sort of, he is not dangerous; he is only dull.

The book is incompetent in almost every way. Sometimes the words fail to make sense. Mailer writes of one character, for instance, that "could talk openly about his personal life while remaining a dream of espionage in his business operations." This is the failure of style at its most elementary level.

The novel's very plan (to tell words loosely) is absurd. It is written in the first person, but half the time the narrator isn't present at the scenes he describes and the nature of the scenes is such that (one hopes) they wouldn't have occurred if he had been there. In the earlier chapters Mailer clumsily explains how the narrator knows these things; later he just gives up. The whole concluding section of the novel takes place when the narrator is 3,000 miles away from the action and after he has taken leave of the characters for the last time.

This kind of botch is not new in American writing. Sherwood Anderson spoiled some otherwise good stories in the same way, though not so outrageously. It results from the failure of style at the highest level: a lack of confidence in what you are doing. Because a writer lacks confidence in the authority of the imagination (the only authority a novelist has), he attempts to give his work the authority of reporting, by using a first-person narrator who can tell



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## THE NEW BOOKS

he was there and saw it happen. But when, like Mailer's narrator, he wasn't even there and didn't even see it happen, there is no authority in the fiction whatever.

When a novelist banishes art from his work he usually admits artiness, and Mailer's novel is very arty in an old-fashioned way. One amusing example comes when a film-producer devotes months to writing a scenario that is supposed to be a revelation of what great, serious, original writing can be—and it turns out to be a debased rehash of Nathaniel West's 22-year-old novel *Miss Lonelyhearts*. Mailer needs to take himself a little less seriously before his readers can take him seriously at all.

A certain number of people will read *The Deer Park* in the expectation that it is dirty, and some of the more gullible will think that they have got what they paid for. But if sex were as big a bore as it is in Mailer's story the human race would never have survived to get out of the Neanderthal.

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\* Cantilever: a projecting beam . . . (Webster's).

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...gnified a job as steward, and he  
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...n not boy, sir. Am air hostess.")  
...l he even leaves—after 900 pages—  
...iosity unsatisfied. (He tells us that  
...people of the Gold Coast a few  
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...o generalize from this wealth is  
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...stone age to the present in a few  
...ades; for some countries — the  
...slem countries and Ethiopia—it  
...ns jumping from feudalism to  
...lern times. For the Gold Coast  
...means a delicate experiment in  
...edom; for Liberia it means mak-  
...a government out of a permanent  
...strel show.

...Gunther does not often go beyond  
...ription to prescribe for Africa,  
...when he does he is not always  
...vincing. The crying need of the  
...tinent as he sees it is education,  
...education in a society where  
...re is no place for the educated is  
...always salubrious. Jomo Ken-  
...ta, the leader of the Mau Maus in  
...ya, studied at the London School  
...Economics; there are more and  
...ter universities in South Africa  
...n in any other African country.  
...is is not to say that Africa does  
...need education, but a new social  
...cture and the people to make it  
...k have to be developed more or  
...simultaneously.

...But no one should or will read  
...ide Africa for its generalizations.  
...is a book that instructs at the  
...e time it restores the sense of  
...nder: the world is a stranger and

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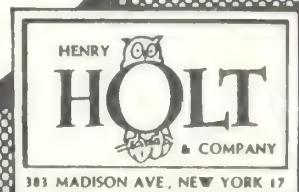
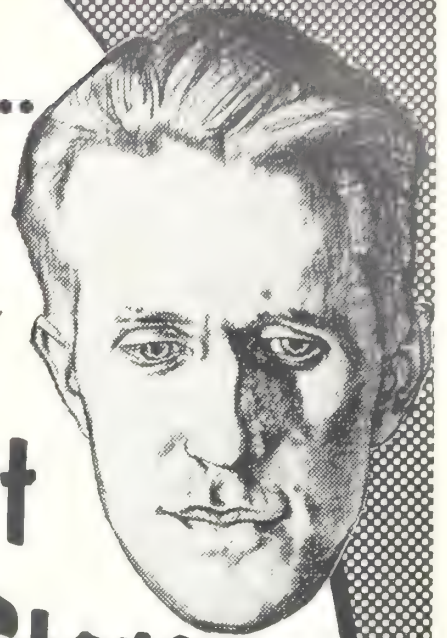
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## THE NEW BOOKS

more various place than we had remembered. (Incidentally, the prospective reader would be well advised to get himself a good map. The maps provided are handsome but inadequate.)

AN UNUSUAL opportunity to see what one kind of African education looks like is provided by Albert Memmi's novel *The Pillar of Salt* (Criterion, \$3.75). This is the story—"semi-autobiographical," the publishers call it—of a Jewish working-class boy growing up in Tunis in the years before the second world war. He is a bright youngster, and through a kind of scholarship system established by the Jewish community he is able to achieve an education far superior to that of the rest of his family. He comes to think of them as benighted Orientals and gives his allegiance to the great culture of France which provides the substance of his education. Then comes the fall of France and the promulgation from Vichy of the anti-Semitic laws. In a concentration camp the boy realizes that he is now thoroughly deracinated: his education has cut him off from his Jewish-North African heritage, and French culture has betrayed him. He cannot express more than the simplest ideas in the dialect of his birth, but he will never speak French without an accent. In the end he somewhat unconvincingly sets sail for a new life in Argentina.

This is of course a sub-species of the novel of social mobility whose generic title is *You Can't Go Home Again*. Such novels were particularly frequent in America in the 'thirties, when the Depression often seemed the betrayal of a culture's promise. But it increases rather than lessens the pleasure of an American reader to see in this book from half-way around the world so many of the same strains he has seen on a smaller scale in his own society, if not in his own life. *The Pillar of Salt* is in no way a hackneyed book. It tells a moving story, and the details of the setting and characterization are absorbing.

Memmi's novel appears with the endorsement of another and better-known and more gifted French writer of North African birth, Albert Camus. As it happens, the book of Camus recently published, *The Myth*



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## THE NEW BOOKS

of *Sisyphus* (Alfred A. Knopf, \$3.50), contains some extremely fine essays on North African cities. Most of the book, as the title indicates, is devoted to Camus' celebrated essay on the absurd, written fifteen years ago but now for the first time available here. Fortunately limitations of space spare us discussion of this work.

THE PROBLEM of race relations is the subject of Laurens van der Post's *Dark Eye in Africa* (Morrow, \$3). Van der Post comes from a Dutch family that has been settled in South Africa for three hundred years; but certain experiences, including imprisonment during the second world war, have led him to disagree with the attitude toward the Negro prevalent among his segment of the South African nation.

His book is made up of a lecture originally delivered before the C. J. Jung Institute of Zurich, and the ensuing discussion—which accounts for its rather peculiar form and perhaps for the way the argument is developed. Van der Post's central idea is that the European has projected his own unrest on the African. He borrows from Jung the notion that the part of a man's life he fails to live will be avenged on him, and applies it to race relations. In exalting reason and materialism, in extending his control over things, the light-skinned European, according to van der Post, has denied his instinctual and spiritual nature, with the result that when he sees that aspect of life personified in the dark-skinned African he feels it is a threat and turns upon it. A similar process operates in the dark man, only in reverse. The solution of race relations, then, is for people to change, to become whole by living all aspects of their lives.

The argument is developed in language that is slightly cosmic, and solutions that depend upon being born again and being born different do not usually seem very practical, though they may be the only solutions there are. As readers of his earlier books know, van der Post has an unusually varied and adventurous experience to call upon, and his mind is well stored and original. For some readers the many incidental insights of his book will be more valuable than the central argument.

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## THE NEW BOOKS

Another psychoanalytical approach to race relations is offered by Selma Hirsh's *The Fears Men Live By* (Harper, \$2.75), but here the orientation is more Freudian than Jungian. Actually Mrs. Hirsh's book is a summary and interpretation of the many-volumed *Studies in Prejudice*, which were an effort to combine all the social sciences in the study of prejudice, and relies especially on the best-known volume in the series, *The Authoritarian Personality*, by E. W. Adorno and others. Adorno's book has been subjected to extensive criticism, not all of it favorable by any means; but of books on social science published in this country since the war probably only David Riesman's *The Lonely Crowd* has attracted more attention or been more influential. Mrs. Hirsh provides a clear and straightforward introduction to a valuable body of research.

Anyone interested in the actual state of race relations in America will want to read Walter C. White's *How Far the Promised Land?* (Viking, \$3.50). Here the late Executive Secretary of the National Association for the Advancement of Colored People describes what has happened to the Negro in the United States in the last fifteen years. He tells the story judiciously, with a superb command of the facts and a fine awareness of the international context of American race relations. On the whole it is a hopeful story; White points out, among other things, that he has not had to include a chapter on lynching. For his last chapter, which turned out to be also the last chapter of a life devoted to Negro progress, White takes his title from Galileo, "Aye, But It Does Move."

EDMUND WILSON'S essay *The Scrolls from the Dead Sea* created something of a sensation when it appeared in the *New Yorker* some months ago, and those who missed it there, as well as many who want it in more permanent form, will be pleased to know that it is now available as a book (Oxford, \$3.25). Wilson has lengthened his essay by about nine paragraphs and a footnote, though the additions are not so inconsiderable as their enumeration may suggest, since Wilson is not parsimonious about what he will put in one paragraph.

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## THE NEW BOOKS

In the essay Wilson does three things: he recounts the discovery of the scrolls (in 1947) and their subsequent adventures; he describes their contents and assesses their importance; and he draws certain general conclusions from the narrative. The reader who wants to know what happened after a Bedouin boy first found the scrolls in a cave near the Dead Sea will have to read Wilson's account; it is a fascinating and complicated story. As for the contents and significance of the scrolls, they greatly expand our knowledge of a Jewish sect called the Essenes which flourished in the Near East in the era between the Old Testament and the New, and they go far toward building an historical bridge between Judaism and Christianity, though how sturdy a bridge remains—and, it may be safely predicted, will remain the subject of scholarly dispute.

Two main ideas arise from Wilson's essay. One is that the scholar uncommitted to religious belief is better able to deal with documents like the scrolls than the scholar with religious allegiance. Wilson is a little whimsical in adducing evidence on this point—he seems to hold it against one distinguished Christian scholar that he has brought out some of his work in a periodical published in Pittsburgh. But even if Wilson is in general right, he is left with a paradox something like the one Oppenheimer pointed out: the uncommitted scholar, like the scientist, commands a style that can probe the unknown, but it cannot deal with the value of what it investigates. The real reason we are interested in the scrolls is that Christianity and Judaism are great sources of value for many people. When *The Pyramid Texts* (forerunners of *The Book of the Dead*) first became available in English a few years ago they were not made the subject of an essay in the *New Yorker* by Edmund Wilson. They were left to the uncommitted scholar, because ancient Egyptian religion had ceased to be a source of value in the lives of men.

Wilson's second idea, which appears largely in the passages added to the original essay, concerns the possible effect on relations between Christians and Jews of the discovery of a closer historical relation between their faiths. Naturally Wilson is

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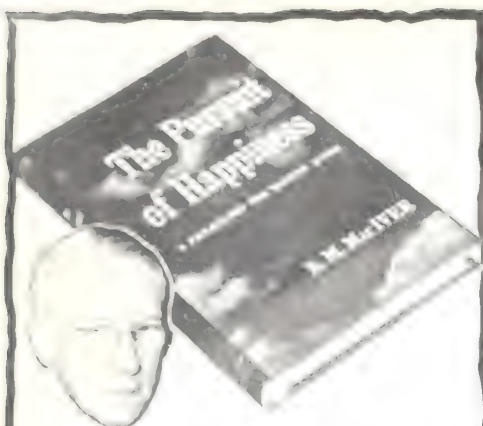
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## BOOKS IN BRIEF

hopeful of improvement, but studies of prejudice like those Mrs. Hirsh has drawn upon make his hope appear fragile.

Another account of the scrolls addressed to the general reader—*The Dead Sea Scrolls* (Viking, \$6.50)—has arrived too late for review. The author, Professor Millar Burrows of Yale, was Director of the American School of Oriental Research when the first manuscripts were discovered and since then has been closely identified with the investigation of their contents. Burrows' story is less dramatic than Wilson's and makes more circumscribed claims for the scrolls; his account of the scholarship is intricate but fascinating. The book is illustrated and contains extensive translations from the scrolls.

## BOOKS in brief

KATHERINE GAUSS JACKSON

### FICTION

*The Changelings*, by Jo Sinclair.

This novel, about a Jewish neighborhood in a large city which is slowly changing into a Negro neighborhood, is overwhelming both in passion and compassion. It is about a poor and sometimes sordid group of people but it differs utterly from the proletarian novel of the thirties dealing with "conditions." Neither the author nor her characters are concerned with a fight against the capitalist system; that kind of bitterness doesn't exist in the book at all. Here the fight is for and against prejudice in the minds and hearts of the Jews, prejudice against the *Schwartzes*, the "blacks" who have come to represent all they fear. The changelings are the children, both Negro and Jewish, who have somehow had the courage to cast off the prejudice of their parents. It is a wonderfully moving story, as tense and dramatic as anything I've read in a long while. McGraw-Hill, \$3.75

*The Partisans*, by Peter Matthiessen.

In *Race Rock* Mr. Matthiessen wrote of people that one cared about deeply, and so one felt that their be-

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## BOOKS IN BRIEF

liefs might shape a world. This is a novel so packed with the discussion of ideas that the people hardly exist at all and one loses interest in both. The main part of the narrative consists of a young American journalist's Communist-guided tour of the Paris slums and cemeteries (all the descriptions of places are marvelous) and the effect that this forced journey has on his thinking. This is postwar Paris and the American ex-soldier is the son of an American diplomat who is as uncompromising in his ideals as his new mentors, the Communist and his friends, are in theirs. Mr. Matthiessen is interested in showing that in the end the diplomat, like the Communists, is pilloried by his own people and forced into the "exile of uncompromising men." These are important ideas, but they have been important for a long time, and since the characters seem wooden and uninteresting (one never believes in the journalist's compulsion to make this dangerous tour) and since the narrative fails to hold interest through the interminable discussions, no new vitality seems to have been added. Viking, \$3

**The Farther Shore**, by Robert M. Coates.

The author of *Wisteria Cottage* has made of the New York love story of a middle-aged Hungarian piano tuner and a young American waitress the whole tragic story of the loneliness of the human spirit. It goes far beyond the mere loneliness of people in New York; it is the loneliness of the inarticulate, of the lover discovering that the beloved is utterly unaware of his most cherished aspirations—and all this is built up in a completely absorbing story, slowly, surely, through miraculously detailed and credible changes of mood, to its climax. It is a novel whose resolution grows as inevitably from the nature of its characters as that of any Greek tragedy, yet it is a wholly modern novel. Harcourt, \$3.50

**The Winds of Heaven**, by Monica Dickens.

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## BOOKS IN BRIEF

grown-up daughters and one kindly friend. Her efforts to adjust herself to this rootless living and to the unfamiliar lives of her children and grandchildren, and the children's well intentioned but impatient efforts to do right by Mother in the midst of their own busy affairs make a tragic and all too cogent commentary on our times. Everyone in the book means well; but time and busyness interfere and the pathos is very real. There is humor here, too, however, and in the end Grandmother's staunch determination wins out. Not a great novel, but a readable and satisfying story. Coward-McCann, \$3.50

ing and often controversial columns written during his twenty years as editor of *Harper's Easy Chair*, "the oldest editorial feature in American journalism." Houghton Mifflin, \$4

**Three Tickets to Adventure**, by Gerald M. Durrell.

More animal-collecting stories by the author of "Cholmondeley the Chimpanzee," "The King and His Beasts," "The Fon and the Golden Cat," and "Snakes and Shillings," this time in British Guiana. His previous books, from which these Harper stories were taken, were *The Overloaded Ark* and *The Bafut Beagles*. Viking, \$3.75

### NON-FICTION

**Mandarin Red**, by James Cameron.

Mr. Cameron writes of politics, and people behind the bamboo curtain as if he were writing home intimate gossip to intimate friends. All the facts are here, apprehended with such wisdom and humor that the reader cares about them in a personal way for the first time. The author, chief correspondent for the *London News Chronicle*, was the first Western journalist to be granted a passport to Red China and this is an account of his journey in the fall of 1954. Rinehart, \$3.50

**Paradoxes of Everyday Life, A Psychoanalyst's Interpretations**, by Milton R. Sapirstein, M.D., in collaboration with Alis De Sola.

Readers whose curiosity was piqued—either through amusement or anger—by "Decorating the Home: A Special Neurosis in Women," will want to see more by the same authors. Some other chapters are: "Outcasts from Eden, the Paradox of the Marriage Manual," "The Neurotic Child from the Happy Home," "The Screaming Mother," "Paradoxes of Male Infidelity."

Random House, \$3.95

**The Greer Case**, by David W. Peck.

A distinguished lawyer, Presiding Justice of the Appellate Division of the New York State Supreme Court, writes the fascinating story of the court battle in 1947 over the estate of Mrs. Louis Greer, wealthy New York society woman, who before her marriage in 1908 had given birth to an illegitimate son. Should the money go to Harvard as designated in her will or could her unacknowledged son prove his identity? Judge Peck's genius for making the difficult legal points clear for the layman, and his real sense of drama and of people, make this very interesting reading.

Simon & Schuster, \$3.75

### REMINDER

There are three fall books which will have a special flavor for Harper's readers.

**The Easy Chair**, a collection of the best of Bernard DeVoto's stimulat-

### FORECAST

#### Sometime in 1956

Even a quick look at tentative publishers' lists for 1956 strikes sparks of excitement. Farrar, Straus & Cudahy announce a novel, *Island in the Sun* by Alec Waugh (already a Literary Guild Selection for January); Harcourt, Brace will have *With Love from Gracie* by Grace Hegger Lewis (recollections of Sinclair Lewis); the Duchess of Windsor is writing her memoirs to be published by the David McKay Co.; Simon & Schuster announce that they will bring out a book (which he hopes will be funny) by Jack Benny, as told to Jack Benny, *The Way of Some Flesh*; a report on India by Lillian Smith, *Letter to Mr. Nehru*, will come from Harcourt, Brace early in the year, as will *The Sweeter the Meat* by A. B. Guthrie (*The Big Sky*); and a new novel, his first in nine years, *Boon Island* by Kenneth Roberts, from Doubleday.



## THE NEW RECORDINGS

old-fashioned symphonic approach but without the excesses—exaggerated tempi, slowing down, eccentric phrasing, to manicized swelling and dying-away—that were found in many pre-LP recordings. An excellent and musical accounting, though perhaps in another ten years it will sound just a trace archaic.

**Beethoven: String Quartets, Vol. II (Op. 59, #1, #2, #3; Op. 74; Op. 95).** Hungarian Quartet. Angel 3513C (3) with complete scores.

Another Angel enterprise with score included, in this case three specially printed miniature scores, plus leaflets of comment in German and English—printed in France. These are first-rate performances of great accuracy and careful phrasing with excellent rhythmic sweep and long line, though at first a rather pronounced vibrato together with a distant microphone pickup gives an impression of laxness and lack of force. It very quickly vanishes as one continues to listen.

Better microphone placing, especially in respect to the first violin, which is not heard clearly enough, would make the series almost perfect. Complete recording, in continuing volumes.

**Beethoven: Septet in E Flat, Op. 20.** Members of the Vienna Octet. London L.I. 1191.

The jolly early-Beethoven serenade for winds and strings, his most popular work in his own day, is given a lovely close-up recording and a somewhat heavy-laden Viennese performance, at least for the American taste. A bit more imagination and vigor would do no harm though this is anything but an unmusical playing.

**Beethoven: Piano Sonatas Op. 57 ("Appassionata"), Op. 53 ("Waldstein").** Gorodnitzki. Capitol P 8264.

Two strong, modern readings without eccentricity or self-consciousness, the inner details (as in the Bach Suites above) especially clear in the playing. The fast, pulsing background figures that in many performances are blurred together and subordinated here are shaped carefully and played precisely and not too fast. Gorodnitzki's sense for the Beethoven harmonies is unusually good; his bass line is strong and meaningful, adding a legitimate power to the dramatic whole that is often missing. Brilliant, somewhat hard piano recording, noisy surfaces on my copy.

**Debussy: Le Martyre de Saint Sebastien (complete).** Suzanne Danco, Nancy Wough, Lise de Gontmollin; Union

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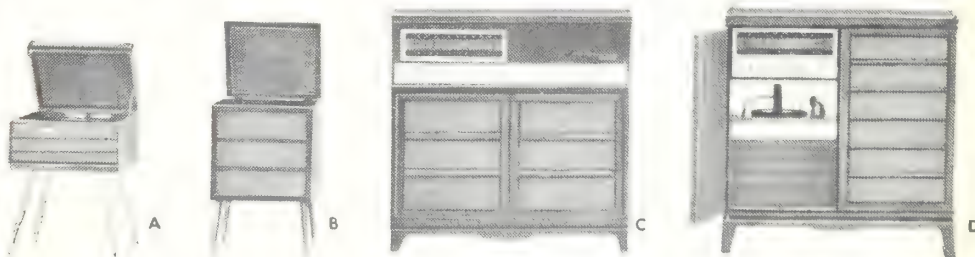


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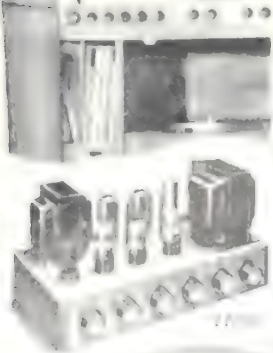
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The "Martyre," one of Debussy's last big works, and Franck's "Psyché," below, both are generally heard in emasculated form, the extensive vocal sections of each left out for concert convenience. In this case the loss is enormous. Debussy was a master of vocal line and of the setting to music of the French language (Pelléas! . . .). These things are the glory and the sense of the "Martyre." In this complete form it seems to me that "Martyre," less rich and voluptuous than "La Mer" of the full mature period, nevertheless ranks as a major work of the composer, rather than the tired product of his later years pictured by those who do not take into account the vocal beauty.

Try it yourself—and be convinced.

Franck: Psyché (Symphonic poem with chorus). Hague Philharmonic, Neth. Chamber Choir, Van Otterloo. Epic LC 3146.

A suite of the instrumental movements of this cyclic-form work is familiar to most of us, a sort of feminine counterpart of the Franck D Minor symphony and a lovely work it is. The choral movements are unknown to most people and will come as a surprise.

The piece is in three parts, six movements in all; three of them are with chorus and new to us except for the familiar themes, carried forward from the other movements. "The Gardens of Eros" is lovely and warm. "The Punishment" continues the same but builds to a somewhat Wagnerian climax of less persuasiveness. It's pretty long too, all things considered. The final "Apotheosis," with chorus, continues more of the same and by this time we have had about enough, lovely as it is. . . . Yes, the orchestral suite from "Psyché" has the best of the work, in (for our time) a reasonable length, and it avoids the heroics of the climax moments.

Nevertheless—interesting for all enterprising listeners. The Dutch performance is rather square and solid for the music, the singers are well versed in French but mumble the words mostly unintelligibly.

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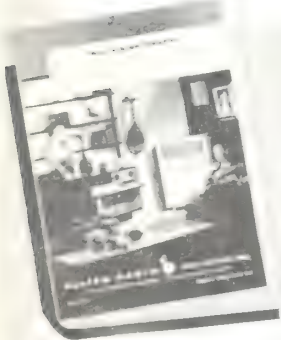
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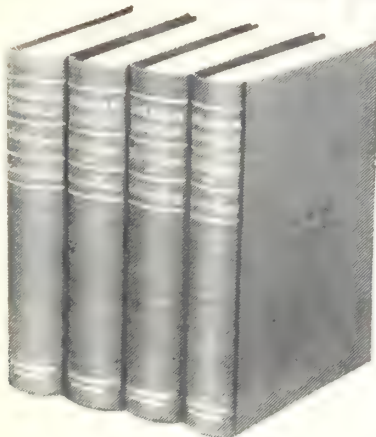
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## *Hell's Acres*

TO THE EDITORS:

As one who has just returned from the cross-hatched section of Maine, I should like to suggest that if Mr. DeVoto ["Outdoor Metropolis," October] thinks the area below Bucksport is a slum, he should drive from San Francisco to Los Angeles—or along the South Shore of Long Island. I gather that the only solution of the problem he sees is retro-active birth control, and that he would apply this also to the eternal combustion engine.

In Maine there is time to catch up on one's reading, which included Mr. DeVoto's "Hell's Half Acre" [September]. This seems to me one of the finest short pieces he has written, and I suspect that it will be reread for many years. . . .

WILLIAM VOGT, National Director  
Planned Parenthood Federation  
New York, N. Y.

## *Is War Absurd?*

TO THE EDITORS:

Re "How War Became Absurd" in your October issue:

Between World Wars I and II we were continually warned that the next one would be over in a few weeks with the losers quickly bombed into total subjection and ruin. It is true that air power can devastate cities and supply lines, but it seldom can destroy a satisfactory number of troops in the field.

I have a suspicion that despite atomic or germ warfare the next war will again finally have to be won along the ground. The enemy country must still be invaded. . . .

War has been absurd since 1918; now it has become downright insane. . . .

JOHN K. MACKENZIE  
Golden Valley, Minn.

I read with interest your short symposium "How War Became Absurd." I have no disposition to argue with its main thesis. Mr. Larrabee's discussion in P & O, however, draws some conclusions which deserve critical scrutiny. . . .

His thesis that Civil Defense is "a farce" could be the most insidious, dangerous doctrine for our country if it were widely accepted by our citizens. . . .

Our thinking in the Federal Defense Administration has undergone evolutionary changes since the Federal Civil De-

fense Act of 1950 was passed. . . . Today we regard the possibility of imminent atomic attack as more remote, but if we let that blind us to the nuclear attack capability that exists, we shall be derelict in one of the basic functions of government—protection of its citizens from attack.

In my view, what is called for is not an all-out program to scare our people, but an effort to acquaint them with the facts—facts about survival techniques as well as about the effects of the newer weapons. . . . Technological developments in nuclear weapons have brought about a new requirement of some technical training in how to survive their effects. There will be no time to learn after an attack—if an attack should come. . . .

VAL PETERSON, Administrator  
Federal Civil Defense Administration  
Washington, D. C.

I found the article in the October Personal & Otherwise "On Running for Cover" somewhat disturbing. . . . The argument, as I see it, is that since war is now "absurd," as Professor Brodie says, there will never be a nuclear attack on this country because general war would inevitably result in the mutual annihilation of attacker and attacked. Civil defense has as its primary mission the protection of the civilian population in case of such an attack. Civil defense is now useless and should be abandoned. So far so good, but can E. L. affirm positively that there is no possibility that some mentally warped dictator will not some day convince himself that he can blitz our counter-attacking force before it can rise to destroy his country? Has he not leaped to the conclusion that since war is absurd, it is therefore impossible? I wish it were so, but it is not, and as long as the possibility of war exists, so long will we need a defense organization, civil as well as military.

THEODORE BABBITT  
Washington, D. C.

*E. L. replies:* Several readers seem to have shared with Mr. Babbitt the wish to think that I said something I did not say. I expressed the opinion that our present Civil Defense program is neither "serious nor safe," but I expressed no opinion as to whether it should be strengthened or abandoned.

I think that abandoning it would be ridiculous in the absence of multilateral disarmament, but I think that it is even more ridiculous—in fact, posi-



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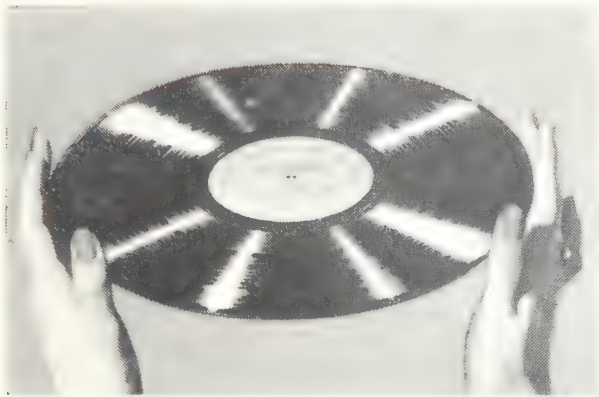
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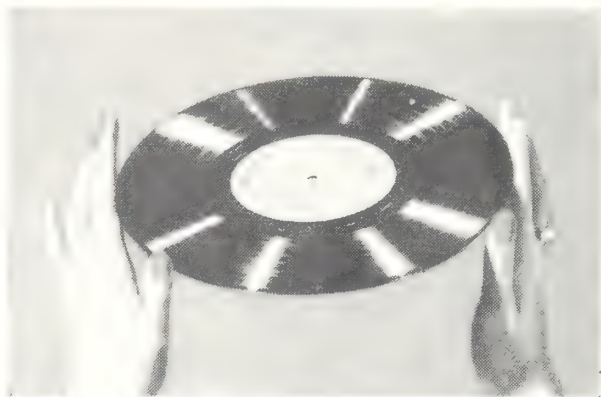
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## The Guardians

TO THE EDITORS:

In reading your October Article "The Guardians" I am so greatly reminded of previous descriptions of the tensions to which a person is subjected. I was not pressed on the "Guardians" through these pressures and those exerted on the person.

At the same time I am reminded of the fact that he is not heading for the inevitable meeting of the "Guardians" and the "Promotion, Debts, Taxation, Conspicuous Spending."

From a good man can ground our "Guardians" in such service-connected disabilities as ulcers, thrombosis, and the rest. Flying high and fast is an undertaking not confined to the Strategic Air Command.

E. H. GROSS  
White Plains, N. Y.

We are all familiar with the "beautiful cities of the future" envisioned for us by the "Utopians," and everyone readily concedes that they would be delightful places in which to live. . . . Give me one wing of men with as thorough training in creative design and the rudiments of urban planning as Richard S. Meryman, Jr.'s "Steve Anderson" is in the fundamentals of "city-busting" and destructive planning, and I'll produce as many "Utopias" as our present "defense" budget will finance. . . . "Steve's" training won't be of much help in five or ten years when Hans Furrer's "Nanless Weapon" is in general production anyhow. . . .

LANIER C. GRIER  
Cambridge, Mass.

## Penitent Churches

TO THE EDITORS:

I am so greatly reminded in "The Guardians" (October) that I am amazed and distressed that the really important issue in this subject which was taken by the Presbyterian Church U. S. is not even mentioned.

This action was originated and the dedication was completed before the Supreme Court decision. It was the first such action taken by any Southern church in such a way as to cause a widespread reaction at the grass roots. In view of the fact that a great deal of nationwide publicity attended this, I cannot see how the authors could have

overlooked it. They ought to get material from the Council on Christian Relations, 311-B Ponce de Leon Avenue, N. E., Atlanta, Georgia.

A. N. BROWN, Editor  
Presbyterian Outlook  
Richmond, Va.

I have been a reader of your magazine for many years and like it fine. On the day my October copy came containing the article "The Churches Repent." I also received a copy of the Richmond News-Leader, a daily published in Richmond, Virginia, with an editorial on the Supreme Court's mistake in attempting to desegregate Southern schools, ending with the words "The South has just begun to fight." So you see there are a number of us still in Virginia who want to preserve racial integrity.

WILLIAM GREGORY RENNOLDS  
Center Cross, Va.

## Classic Education

TO THE EDITORS:

In your October issue, page 81, you call attention to the value of a sound classical education in the matter of Barnard spelling.

I should like to refer you to page 44 of the same issue, where for Praseodymium 143, Praseodymium 144, and Neodymium 147, read Praseodymium 143, Praseodymium 144, and Neodymium 147. What price a sound scientific education?

MARIE K. HOLECEK  
Barnard '27  
St. Petersburg, Fla.

There is no substitute for it.—The Editors.

## Pro Decorating

TO THE EDITORS:

In the interests of fairness to American medicine as well as reassurance to those who respect the soundness of psychiatry, I register disagreement with "Decorating the Home: A Special Neurosis in Women" in the September issue. I believe there are many more psychiatrists who would join me.

In my experience, decorating a house is not a cause of nervousness in women. On the contrary it is a joy and ever-present interest which I often recommend to patients for its curative value. All artistic endeavor tends to divert attention from self, and decorating one's home is the only opportunity some women have for artistic experience.

In the course of treating over 20,000 nervous patients extending over a period of thirty-five years, I have seen only seven or eight women who were upset by

decorating a home. These were all older women in menopause depressions who were temporarily indecisive and unable to carry responsibility of any kind. . . . After they recovered . . . the joy of decorating actually hastened their convalescence. . . .

WILLIAM B. TERHUNE, M. D.  
Medical Director  
Silver Hill Foundation  
New Canaan, Conn.

We were greatly amused and entertained in our office by Dr. Sapirstein's article and inasmuch as we are designers of interiors as well as product designers, we could not see the reason exactly for the subsequent editorial in *House & Home* denouncing *Harper's* and Dr. Sapirstein for this dastardly attack on us. Any designer who is sure of his business integrity should certainly not be disturbed by this type of comment on his profession. If one article such as this one can stir up such a storm of protest, then it does indeed look as if many interior decorators consider themselves in a not-quite-unassailable position.

BETH T. GREENLEE  
Greenlee-Hes  
Cleveland, Ohio

## Poet's Complaint

TO THE EDITORS:

Mr. Randall Jarrell in "The Year in Poetry" [October] is guilty of substituting prejudice for fact when he asserts that I am "a faithful—n only there were any other kind!—disciple of Yvo Winters." What foolishness! Mr. Jarrell should be reminded that some people write metrical verse *because they like to*, not because others do. A number of poems in my *Selected Poems* . . . were written and widely published in literary magazines here and abroad before I had the pleasure of reading anything by Mr. Winters. . . .

LINCOLN FELTZ  
Berkeley, Cali

## Hail Jonah

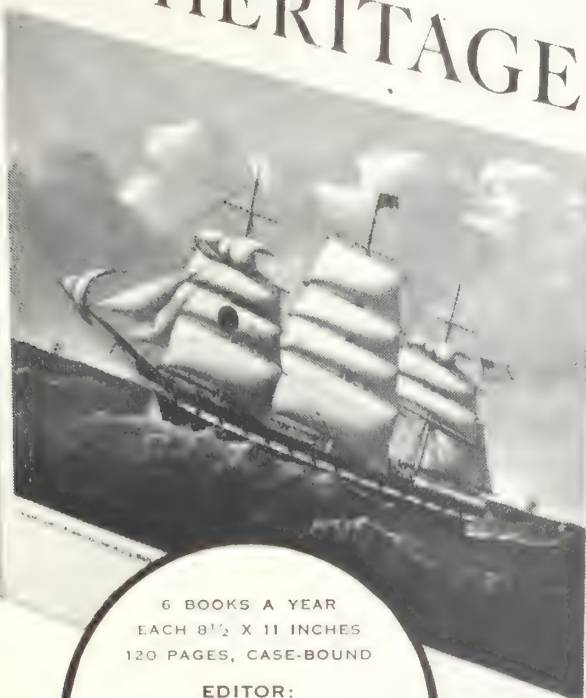
TO THE EDITORS:

Once he learns to live within himself means either by developing more muscle power or, more surely, by the physiology through which faith works miracles. . . . many a person can tell Irene Orgel's story of "Jonah" [October] to his psychiatrist. And having thus caught up with himself, let us hope his "super-duper-super" ego will bend the knee to true humility. The tale reads like classic.

MARGARET F. BENJAMIN, M. J.  
Kalamazoo, Mich



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BERNARD DAVOLO

## *the easy* Chair

### BIRTH OF AN ART

SOME TIME ago I pointed out here that the obligatory scene of horse opera, whether on the screen or the printed page, is what Hollywood calls the walkdown. A sun god in leather pants, The Hero, and his adversary, who represents Evil, approach each other across an open space. The guns speak and The Hero, who has or has not suffered a flesh wound, steps sideward into a girl's expectant arms. This outcome solves all technical problems of the art form and eliminates all problems of ethics, social sanction, and human motivation. It is the climax of the fantasy that has kept the cowboy story from becoming serious fiction. No doubt it is implicit in the myth of the Old West and somebody else would have invented it if Owen Wister hadn't. But he did invent it and the literary historian can trace it to a simple caste snobbery.

The Cattle Kingdom, the era of large-scale cattle ranching on the unfenced public range, ended in the late 1880s with the collapse of inflationary financing, the increase of homesteading, the ferocious winter called the Big Freeze, and the enforced adoption of sensible ranch practices. Out in Wyoming a lot of wealthy Eastern, English, and Scottish ranch owners who had been living on capital without realizing it went broke and a lot more were going broke. But an afterglow of the exuberant era lingered on so pleasantly that the survivors could not understand that the world had changed. A portion of Wyoming, Johnson County, had slipped out of their personal control. It was filling up with small ranch owners and even farmers, who were homesteading the public range and sometimes stealing the Gentlemen's cows. Whereas the Gentlemen regarded the public range as theirs and had always had their foremen do the rustling. No

convictions could be got in Johnson County, so it seemed a good idea to reverse a historical process with gunfire. A small army, composed of Gentlemen and hired Texas gunmen in about equal numbers, invaded Johnson County, to shoot it up. What got reversed was the army: Johnson County started shooting it up. It was saved in the last hundred feet of film by the U. S. Cavalry—just in time, the Gentlemen's Governor and their two Senators got the President of the United States and the Secretary of War out of bed to order the rescue. This small class conflict, whose surface is funnier than its roots and its sequel, is known in the texts as the Johnson County War. It occurred in 1892; almost every Hero of horse opera has had some connection with it.

Down to about 1880 the West in general and the cattle business in particular were realistically reported by the press. Fashions in journalism changed, however, and the roving correspondent began to find in cows and cowpokes a glamor which up to then had escaped his attention. He filled *Harper's*, *Scribner's*, and the *Century* with reports that gallantry was roaming the high plains and that the narrow code of the East would not hold in horizon land. There had arisen a person in a big hat whose grammar would seem deplorable in the drawing-room but who could see right through the drawing-room's shams. This type loved horses, respected good women, and when working at his trade performed heroisms that must evoke powerful admiration in the Eastern breast. He was muscular, he was brave, he told the truth, he stuck to his pardner, he scorned to shoot an unarmed enemy, and if Miss Mary Eleanor Wilkins' New England nun would consent to come West he would make her fruitful, lawfully.

FIVE years of ecstatic journalism prepared the soil for Owen Wister and he went West in 1885. He gratefully discovered that Wyoming had one's own kind in quantity, Philadelphians, Bostonians, New Yorkers of good clubs, younger sons, and titles. He visited their ranches—one of his earliest hosts was to be the Gentlemen's commanding general in 1892—and frequented their Cheyenne Club. He returned for other summers, shot big game, and got about widely. He met lots of the magazine correspondents' indigenous noblemen and watched them working at their glamorous trade. He met "desperadoes" too and other quaint, startling, and stock characters of the Cattle Kingdom. He listened to their talk. He also listened to the ideas of the Gentlemen.

Though he had a law degree Wister aspired to the arts and Wyoming crystallized his ambition. He wanted "to be the hand that once for all chronicled and laid bare the virtues and the vices



of this extraordinary phase of American social progress." He was not to achieve this ambition—instead he invented horse opera—but it was an ambition of admirable artistic seriousness. We must attribute much significance to the episode that seems to have been decisive in making him a novelist.

He saw a Gentleman rancher, in a fit of insane rage, beat a horse with revolting cruelty and gouge out one of its eyes. An intolerable cruelty had been inflicted on Owen Wister too. This was Wyoming, that is to say Cibola; it was the abode of heroism and gallantry; yet this frightful, symbolic thing could happen. The country demanded interpretation in art. "No one has touched anywhere near it. . . . Its rise, its hysterical and unreal prosperity, and its disenchanting downfall, all this and its influence on the various sorts of human character that have been subjected to it—have not been touched on by a single writer that I, at least, have heard of. The fact is, it is quite worthy of Tolstoi or George Eliot or Dickens. Thackeray wouldn't do."

The last two sentences show that Wister understood what was required. The West was proper material for serious fiction, and he proposed to do what he could. But the preceding sentences reveal the inhibition: the West was what he had seen and heard of the afterglow of the Cattle Kingdom.

"I begin to conclude from five seasons of observation that life in this negligible, irresponsible wilderness tends to turn people shiftless, incompetent, and cruel. I noticed in 1885 and I notice today [1891] a sloth in doing anything and everything that is born of the deceitful ease with which makeshifts answer here." In this statement about the most difficult and laborious of our frontiers there is an exact equipoise between sight and blindness, perception and absurdity. Perhaps to a man of Wister's lineage and upbringing the eventual triumph of blindness was inevitable. Just before the flogging of the horse opened the heavens to him he had written, "On the way here [he was at the geographical center of Cibola, the Powder River] yesterday, passed emigrants on their way from Black Hills to Oregon. A woman riding straddle, several other women, and any amount of children. Three slow crawling wagons ('prairie schooners') with their long teams. . . . A miserable population. These people, it seems, have been moving in this way pretty much all over the continent west of the Missouri, settling nowhere." And a sentence in a letter of 1894, after the war, "There's nothing makes this world seem so little evil as to meet good men in the humbler walks of life."

Well, he tried hard and he came nearer succeeding than, given the data, a critic could have predicted. And his good eye got no help from his

own kind or from the arbiters of literature. *Harper's* for August 1892 carried the first of his stories about "the virtues and vices of this extraordinary land"; it was to publish everything else that came from his illumination. In January 1894 it ran "Balaam and Pedro," in which he described the blinding of the horse. *Harper's* was then edited by Henry Mills Alden, who thought of Wister's stories as mere vehicles for the art of Frederic Remington, and who had the most delicate sensibilities in American criticism. Alden did not permit Pedro's eye to be gouged out and he inflicted on the story such further softening that Wister was in despair. But a heavier blow called his whole intent into question, the disapproval of the friend whom he all but deified. Bowdlerized as the story was, it nevertheless shocked Theodore Roosevelt, who rebuked him for brutality and told him that the office of literature was to exalt and improve, not to disgust.

WISTER did not restore the gouged eye, or apparently any other detail that Alden had excised, when he worked the story into *The Virginian*. But the book reveals that he could not use his good eye, either; its nature would not have been changed if he had embodied in it all the incidental brutalities he had heard about. He enclosed himself in the Old West; he was one of the artificers who made it up.

*The Virginian* is a novel published in 1902 but put together, with the joints left visible, from short stories he had published in *Harper's* during the 1890s. It was preceded in 1897 by a collection of short stories from the same period, but without the mythological Hero, called *Lin McLean*, which is important only as it shares the attributes of the later book. For in its earlier and its final form *The Virginian* created Western fiction—created the cowboy story, the horse-opera novel, the conventions, the clichés, the values, and the sun god. The cowboy story has seldom produced anything as good: apart from Gene Rhodes, it has not even tried to do anything different.

A fine comic sense informs much of the book. Also, I point out a surprising fact: the *Virginian* is permitted a casual and assured success in the seduction of women which the form has never since ventured to imitate. (The code holds that the cowboy reverences womanhood.) On the other hand, it is made clear that, though noble by virtue of his residence in Cibola, he has the humility to pattern his clothes, when not in costume, on the tailoring to be seen at the Cheyenne Club and to accept the literary taste of his schoolmarm, who is Miss Wilkins' New England nun. Finally, he has no name. Wister was unconsciously symbolizing the anonymity of the genre he was creating. [Continued on page 12]



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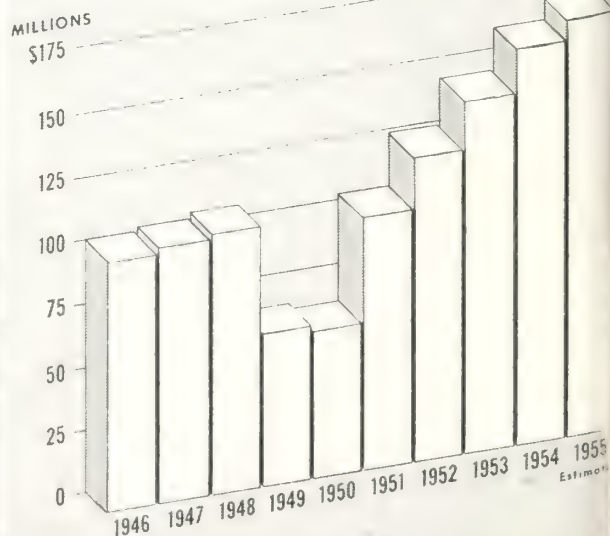
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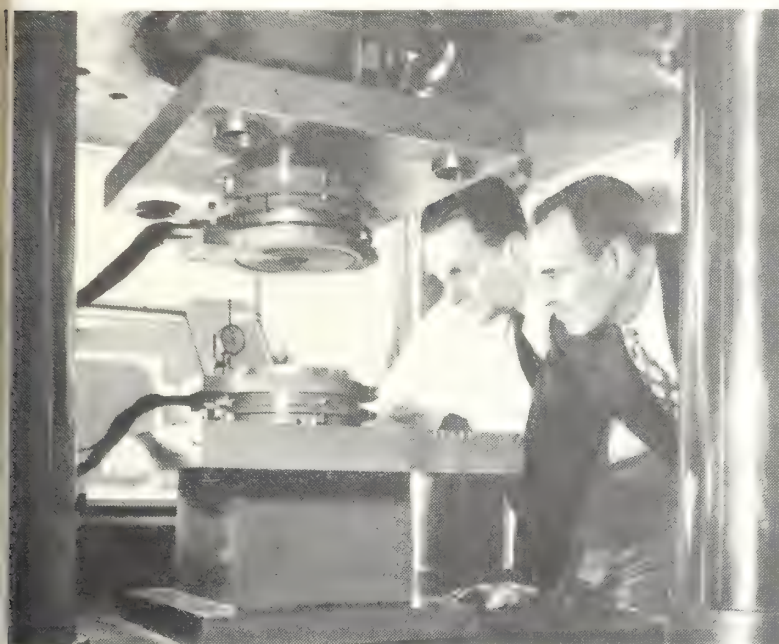
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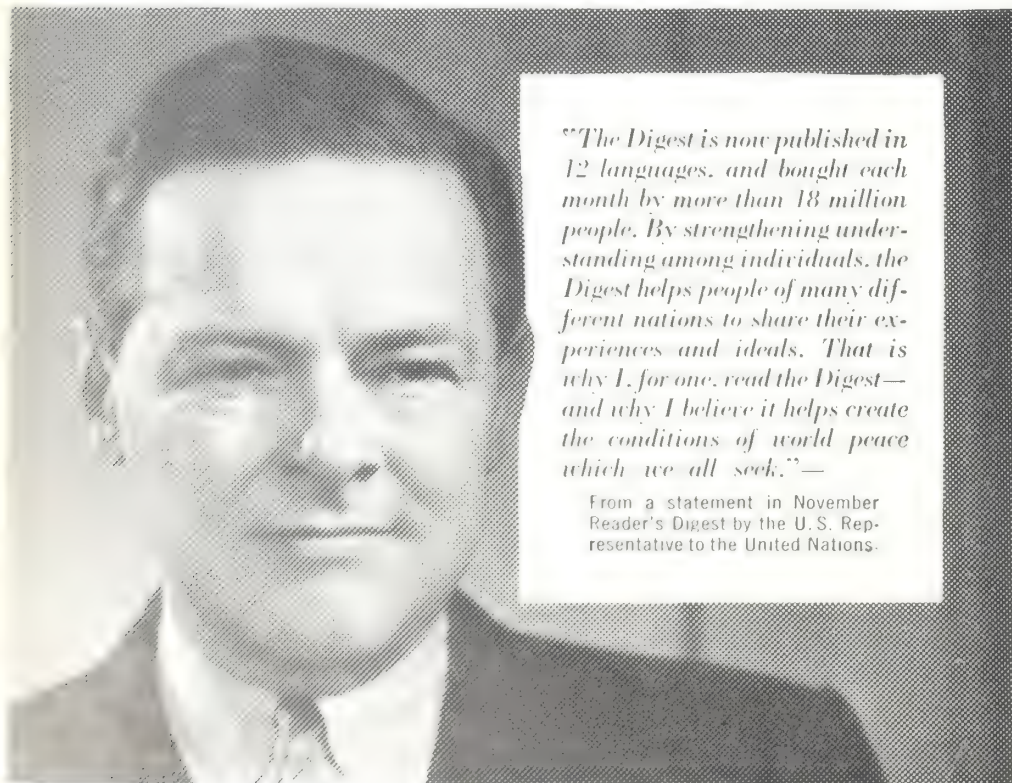
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From a statement in November  
Reader's Digest by the U. S. Rep-  
resentative to the United Nations.

The fact which must be understood is that the themes of the book are from the Johnson County War. Wister scrambles his time sequences and in the last few pages says flatly that the events of that tragic farce are still to come. But they have already occurred—and to the Virginian. The novel is the Gentlemen's apologia. Its artistic problems originate in their purposes and ethics. It is an abiding literary irony: Wister fastened on horse opera and the myth of the Old West a dilemma whose only relevance, apart from the Cheyenne Club, is to the Main Line.

The Virginian is The Hero: a cow-poke righting wrongs, doing justice, avenging injury, triumphing over perils, eradicating evil, and shooting people. Shooting bad people. Shooting Johnson County "rustlers"; that is, quite uncultivated persons who have small land-holdings and small herds. He is one of those "good men in the humbler walks of life" who "make this world seem so little evil." But the Old West is fervently democratic and he can rise to equal status with the Gentlemen. As an employee of one of them, he adopts the values of the well-born and cultivates their manners. Miss Mary Stark Wood, of one of those gracious houses on Monument Avenue in Bennington, encourages him to read elevating books and he improves his spelling by himself. It is to be said further that the Episcopal Bishop of Wyoming admires him—I believe that the see was then a mission and so the Bishop's acceptance of murder as a folkway may be regarded as a compromise necessary to the conversion of the heathen. Having patterned himself on the Gentlemen and executed their justice, the Virginian marries Miss Wood, becomes a ranch owner, acquires coal lands, makes a fortune, and so moves naturally among the Frewens, Gardiners, Careys, Teschemachers, and Warrens.

Till he went to work for Judge Henry the Virginian was a ramblin' cowboy and so, necessarily in the Old West, had shot an unspecified number of men. But he is able to tell Miss Wood's mother that he has "never killed for pleasure or profit" and is not "one of that kind, always preferring peace." Here is the bed-rock reason why *The Virginian* and



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## The Sick Lion

The lion let word get around that he lay at death's door in his cave and wanted everybody to come and listen to his last will and testament.

A skeptical fox decided somebody else could go first and kept his distance while a sheep, goat, and lamb dutifully disappeared through the door.

Staging what must have been a miraculous recovery, the lion suddenly appeared at the mouth of the cave

and, spying the fox, asked why he didn't come in and pay his respects, too.

"Sorry, your majesty," said the fox—"but so many tracks lead in—and none out—that I thought I'd wait until your cave was a little less crowded."

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the genre it created were prohibited from being serious fiction. The declaration was true as Wister understood it. Before and during the Johnson County War, and after it too, the Gentlemen both killed and hired killing for profit, but murder in the interest of a master class is not unethical. The declaration sets forth another necessity: The Hero must be a goodie, he must conquer Evil. He acquires his Adversary, and the genre acquires its type villain, in Trampas, to whom in the second chapter he speaks the line that has become immortal, "When you call me that, smile." (Spatial limitations make the stage unfit for horse opera or it might have had stern competition from a line in "The Great Divide," by William Vaughn Moody, which was being taught as the best American play when I was an undergraduate. Just before the final curtain the Eastern heroine compresses the Old West into a single sentence, spoken to The Hero, "Teach me to live as you do.")

Trampas is a rustler, so eventually The Hero must kill him; another necessity has been established. And the form acquires another device that is little less than universal when Miss Wood saves The Hero's life—after he has been shot by Indians, which is first-rate shooting for Wyoming in the 1890s.

Rustlers are preying on the Gentlemen's herds and must be killed. One of them is, or rather once was, The Hero's best friend, his partner. But The Hero has to help lynch him in protection of the Gentlemen's commercial hegemony. The failure of horse opera to become serious fiction pivots on this necessity and on Judge Henry's explanation of it to Miss Wood. I repeat that Wister tried hard, and he tried hardest here, confronting what is in artistic terms the problem of his novel. He tried honestly and conscientiously to solve it as an artist, but he could not make the grade.

It turns out that in one part of the Old West, or Cibola, small property owners have taken the mechanisms of government away from the Gentlemen. The Gentlemen have no choice but to replace them with murder. Judge Henry tells Miss Wood that murder is all right, it is in accordance with the

strictest principles of our republican forms and with the evolution of law in society, when it is done—or in this instance hired—by Gentlemen of a certain economic station. Miss Wood has little difficulty believing him, for she might have been the heroine of "The Great Divide," but The Hero must grapple with an inner conflict. For obeying a major provision of the code requires him to violate a provision that had not previously been understood to be a lesser one. There was no getting away from the fact that Steve, the hanged baddie, had been his partner; it is a bitter thing that property must transcend not only law but friendship too. Still there is an alleviation: Steve dies game.

THE basic dilemma of horse opera would not have existed if Wister had examined what had been happening when the courts of Laramie County, as distinguished from Johnson County, tried a sheepman or a small cattle rancher, that is a baddie, who was accused of committing a tort against a Gentleman. He discussed this commonplace every time he visited a friend or spent an hour at the Cheyenne Club. But these were persons of substance and breeding and it was inevitable for Wister, as it has remained necessary for his genre, to romanticize the use of murder as a business method.

It was the Old West that supplied the Virginian as Hero with his past, stage properties, mannerisms, and code. It was the art of fiction that set up as the central action of the book the pursuit and lynching of Steve. But it was the vanishing hegemony of the Gentlemen that provided the evasion and capitulation, Judge Henry's lecture on the place of law in society. That did it. Wister would not be the West's Tolstoi nor even its unsuitable Thackeray, and the literary form called horse opera had been invented. He went on to give the form its supreme effect.

Having saved The Hero's life and accepted his employer's position on murder as an economic instrument, Miss Mary Stark Wood of the patrician East plights him her troth. (The Old West will supply ennobling landscapes for the honeymoon; be-





*Looks like a "Black & White" Christmas*



## THE EASY CHAIR

sides tailoring, the Harvard Club of New York will supply an approved kind of ring.) The two set off for town, where the Bishop of Wyoming will marry them, but on the way they see Trampas. The Hero must kill the baddie or the baddie will kill him. (The code will not permit him to have the baddie jailed.) A problem remains: what explanation shall he give his bride? As these contrivances are worked out, somewhere along the way motive as a component of human behavior, occasionally present up to now, makes its final exit from horse opera. It has never yet returned.

Meeting the Bishop of Wyoming, The Hero listens to the Christian's advice to run away for at least his wedding night, rejects it, and says good-by, the Bishop murmuring as he leaves, "God bless him! God bless him!" Though Miss Wood has divined what is to come, he tells her and will not yield when she falls on her knees and begs him "For my sake. For my sake." So, "I have no right to kiss you any more," he said. And then before his desire could break him down from this he was gone and she was alone."

The Hero's friends make sure that no minor baddie will do the job for Trampas. "Then he walked out into the open, watching." His friends follow at a proper distance, "because it was known that Shorty [an earlier victim of Trampas] had been shot from behind." Presently, "A wind seemed to blow his sleeve off his arm and he replied to it, and saw Trampas pitch forward. He saw Trampas raise his arm from the ground and fall again and lie there, this time still. A little smoke was rising from the pistol on the ground, and he looked at his own and saw the smoke flowing upward out of it. 'I expect that's all,' he said aloud."

That is the first walkdown. In a moment The Hero steps into Miss Wood's arms. She thanks God that he has killed Trampas. And what you see disappearing over the horizon into the mirage of the Old West is an art form that might possibly have given us some true reports on and understanding of one segment of American experience but that is still looking for a serious novelist. And will never find one.

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*There is tumult in transportation circles today arising out of proposals by a Cabinet Advisory Committee recommending major changes in national transportation policy. Only the railroads, among all forms of transport, are actively campaigning for these recommendations, which are the outcome of a request made by them. Here is the viewpoint on competition in transport held by a leader in one of the newer forms of transportation.*

## Competition in Transportation

By NEIL J. CURRY

Chairman, American Trucking Associations Inc.

AS EARLY as 1904 railroads had established a speed record of 115.2 miles per hour. There it remained until 1934, thirty years later, when the Union Pacific achieved the current accepted record of 120 miles per hour, for passenger trains. Between 1928 and 1936 the speed of freight trains, not as a record but on the whole, increased 22 per cent terminal to terminal.

The significance of these figures is obvious. Not until the auto and airplane became factors in passenger transportation and motor trucks became significant in freight hauling, did the rails have the spur to compel improved performance.

One of the twin gods to which, figuratively, American business builds altars is competition. The other is maximum freedom of action, a notable national credo in all fields of activity, interpreted in business to mean dislike of all but the most essential governmental restraints.

The ideal climate in agriculture, industry, and commerce, from the standpoint of the entrepreneur, would be one in which ownership operating through management would have maximum power and discretion to solve any and all problems which arise. Such, at least, would be the impulsive reaction of the entrepreneur,

suddenly confronted with an opportunity to state the terms under which he would prefer to function.

Historically, the invasion of the field of management discretion by local, state, and federal agencies has seldom been achieved without resistance of varying intensity, whether in the areas of health, insurance, and welfare, marketing and trade practices, or labor relations. Each such overlay of ordinances, rules, regulations, or statutes has seemed to some segments of management a handicap which was unwarranted or costly or an impediment to full development of potential.

### TRANSPORTATION IS "PUBLIC BUSINESS"

WHAT I have been saying is particularly, but not exclusively, applicable to so-called "private" business. Economists recognize the essential difference between a private business, which is one whose activities reflect impact on a relatively limited number of people or a limited area of the economy and a "public" business, if I may use that term, whose operations cut across the whole economy.

An example of a "private" business might be a television manufacturer. However excellent his

product, its purchase by anyone is optional, both as to his particular brand of television and as to television as a whole. An example of a "public" business would be an electric light and power company since it would be difficult if not impossible to operate our economy without that facility.

Despite the "private" nature of the great bulk of American agricultural, industrial, and commercial activity, there has been a steady trend toward intervention in its operation by government, based on the theory that the public interest can be and is affected by the cumulative or total results of certain practices in business or agriculture, indulged in by otherwise "private" business or farming.

In spite of the vigorous devotion which our people as citizens and as entrepreneurs pay to the cult of independence, there is wide acceptance of the necessity and the value of such intervention on behalf of the public—even in private business.

For example, whatever may be said today about the cost impact of a federal minimum-wage law and whatever may be the various opinions as to what that minimum should be, few would disagree with the protective features of such a law both for the worker and for the businessman. The latter knows with certainty at least the minimum terms of the labor cost going into a competitive product or service anywhere in the country.

#### PUBLIC PROTECTED THROUGH REGULATION

ONE of the earliest and most favorably accepted regulatory concepts in American history is that of the regulated public utility. Public control and supervision of the rates and service of certain essential public services long ago passed out of the area of argument. Despite a deep-seated repugnance to monopoly in almost any form, the American people have welcomed and approved the legal creation of certain monopolies when it became evident that only by such device could required services be performed. Telephone service, light and power, and local transportation are obvious examples. Public supervision and control as well as the wisdom of management keep these actual or semi-monopolies benevolent.

Against this background of concept and tradition of regulation of private and public business, there is about to be fought before the

Congress a battle to change the terms under which one public business, interstate transportation of people and property, now operates. In this impending conflict of forces, the battle lines are drawn with railroads on one side and ranged against them all other forms of transportation. Small and large businessmen, farm groups, and some communities as a whole can also be expected to oppose the changes.

There should be the widest possible understanding of the issues at stake since transportation is the handmaiden of agriculture, industry, and commerce. The final result of this conflict will have a controlling effect upon our whole national economy—there is little disagreement on this point.

In summary, the railroads say this: our regulation was created when we were a monopoly and there was no significant alternative public transportation of freight or people. That regulation is obsolete today when competition is found on all sides. More than that, we are bound by terms of regulation—our competitors are not. Worse still, we are unable to exercise managerial discretion in fixing our rates in line with our true ability to serve the shipper because the Interstate Commerce Commission now has authority to supersede our judgment. Finally, some of our competitors are actually subsidized by the government while we pay the full cost of our operations.

I believe that the above is a fair and accurate statement of the railroad case for a change in terms of federal regulation.

It is difficult to see how anyone reading that statement, and assuming it to be an accurate reflection of prevailing circumstances, could quarrel with proposals to effect some remedy.

#### RAILROAD CLAIMS REQUIRE EXAMINATION

UNFORTUNATELY, the railroad claims will not stand even perfunctory scrutiny and what is even more unfortunate for the country, their proposals to cure the assumed situation would produce results even more damaging to our economy than their own alleged plight produces.

How accurate is their appraisal?

Convincing proof is afforded in the record of the Cullan Hearings in 1885 prior to enactment of the Act to Regulate Interstate Commerce, that



it was cutthroat competition *between* railroads rather than monopoly which resulted in regulation. Charles Francis Adams, then president of the Union Pacific was one of many who testified before the Senate committee. Speaking of the dreadful consequences of widespread rate wars *between railroads*, he said:

"Railroad competition, as necessarily practiced, causes for the time being the wildest discrimination and utmost individual hardship. That is, under its operation, you will always find certain points when there is a war of rates going on, which have enormous advantages conferred upon them, which advantages are not and cannot be extended to other points.

"The point, therefore, which is not influenced by the war of rates suffers terribly. Its business is destroyed. How the business community, under the full working of railroad competition, can carry on its affairs, I cannot understand. I had not been able to understand it before I became president of a railroad and I cannot understand it now. The businessman never knows what railroad rates are going to be at other places, or at different times. He cannot sit down and say, 'I can count upon such a transportation rate for such a period of time and make my arrangements accordingly.' He has to say, 'I cannot tell today what the transportation rate is going to be tomorrow, either for me or for my competitor.' This must be so just as long as uncontrolled competition exists. It cannot be avoided."

It was in response to precisely those disruptive conditions, and with the farmers joining the business community in its demand for regulation of transportation, that the Interstate Commerce Commission was created. As successively newer modes of transport came into being—air lines, truck lines, bus lines—they were brought under federal regulation.

Is present regulation obsolete as the railroads claim?

Speaking before the annual meeting of the Association of Interstate Commerce Practitioners in May 1955, the Honorable Kenneth H. Tuggle, member of the Interstate Commerce Commission, disposed completely of that contention in these words:

"More and more frequently it has been publicized that government restraint upon public carriers was initially imposed in 1887, and the impression is conveyed to the uninformed that such regulations have remained static and un-

changed for 68 years. Nothing is farther from the truth.

"The original law covered rail carriers, but Parts II, III, and IV have been added; and Part I (railroads) alone has been amended 144 times by Congress in order to keep regulation in step with the progress of transportation. In the last annual report of the Commission to Congress, it recommended 21 specific changes based upon experience with current problems."

#### WHERE IS TODAY'S RAILROAD COMPETITION?

**W**HEN the railroads say they are bound by regulation and their competitors are not, they give the impression of competitors running free. To understand what they mean—not what they imply—one must understand the whole picture of transport. Those public carriers by air line, truck, bus, waterway, and pipeline who are in the business of transportation as are the railroads, are regulated just as comprehensively as are the railroads—and in the case of trucks, more so.

But the railroads—and all other public carriers—actually *do* compete with unregulated carriers. Before you quickly say "let's bring them under regulation—these unregulated carriers" you should know who and what they are.

Your own private automobile is the most costly and troublesome competition facing the regulated railroads—and it competes, too, with regulated bus lines and air lines. So does every other one of the 46,000,000 automobiles in America. Furthermore, trucks which carry their owners' own goods—farmers, for example, hauling into market, or business houses hauling between plants, or stores hauling from warehouses downtown to retail outlets—these are all unregulated in the sense that railroads or for-hire truck lines are regulated.

No one has yet devised a means of regulating the travel of your automobile as railroad movement is regulated, and no one has yet discovered how to surround with transportation regulations a man carrying his own goods in his own vehicle. Such private carriage accounts for 85 per cent of all the trucks registered. Such automobile travel amounts to 500 billion or half-a-trillion miles a year.

That's what the railroads factually mean (but not inferentially) when they talk about unregulated competition. They would like to do some-

thing about it if they could get around the Constitutional right of every man to move his own goods and his own person as he sees fit—subject only to the requirements of public safety.

#### RAILROADS CAN SET RATES NOW

AS TO fixing rates. Railroads and all regulated carriers *now* have the right to set their own rates. A railroad wishing to post a new rate files it with the ICC. If there is no protest, ~~for 30 days~~ it goes into effect in 30 days. If protested it goes to public hearings and is subject to possible suspension by the Commission.

The regulatory body applies certain basic tests, as a result of the hearing. It takes into account such factors as whether or not the rate is fair and reasonably compensatory to the carrier; whether it has been put in below actual cost merely to harm a competitor; what its effect will be on the rest of the rate structure (rates charged by carriers for hauling other items); whether the proposed rate will prove harmful to business or agriculture in other areas; and similar considerations.

If the proposal meets these tests—all of them applied in the public interest by an impartial body—the rate goes into effect. If it fails to meet them, the rate is suspended indefinitely. That process the railroads consider an invasion of their managerial discretion. It is the same process, in principle, by which public-utility rates of all kinds are established.

As to competitors being subsidized, I shall speak only for trucks. This subject was the target of exhaustive study by the late Joseph B. Eastman, acting as Federal Co-ordinator of Transportation. There is a wide field of subjective opinion as to what is the truck's share of highway costs. Mr. Eastman believed that this fair share could be arrived at by first discovering what highways would cost if there were no trucks, then assigning to trucks their proportionate share of that basic cost *plus all additional costs of construction and maintenance made necessary by the specific weight or other requirements of trucks using highways*. Using this yardstick, he found that trucks actually pay more than their share, particularly the big trucks. In most states these big trucks now pay thirty to forty and more times

as much as a passenger car in annual taxes. Most people would agree that this is a substantial difference . . . enough to accommodate their highway use.

What are the railroads now asking Congress to do?

They want the National Transportation Policy law changed and present, court-tested language which protects the inherent advantage of each form of transport altered or removed. They want the rate-control power of the ICC limited to approval of minimum or maximum rates. If the proposed minimum rate met merely the actual cost of performing the specific service, hauling the weight the distance, with no overhead cost or profit involved, the ICC would have no option but to approve it. On the maximum side, the proposal would set no ceiling beyond fair and reasonable but it would specifically prevent the ICC from ever forcing or compelling a maximum rate any less than the full cost of performing the service, including all overhead and profit. In the vast area in between, the area of competition, no public power would exist to prevent a cutthroat rate war of the kind mentioned by Mr. Adams back in 1885.

I have referred throughout to the forthcoming proposals as "railroad proposals." That is what they are. But they have the prestige behind them of Cabinet Committee recommendations. They were actually developed by a group of non-government people, assigned the task by the Cabinet Committee. This group held no public hearings, did not consult with people or organizations in air, water, highway, or pipeline transport—held no conversations or consultations with staff or officials in any of the present federal or state bodies regulating transport.

Because transportation rates represent the power of economic life or death over communities, commodities, and business and agricultural enterprises, as graphically proven once before prior to regulation, the Congress will give intensive study to these "recommendations."

Such study will benefit immensely from public comment and it is sincerely to be hoped that citizens devoted to our national welfare will give this proposal the attention its importance deserves.



# PERSONAL *and otherwise*

## *The Country Slickers Take Us Again*

OUR pampered tyrant, the American farmer, is about to get his boots licked again by both political parties.

Before next November's elections, Democrats and Republicans alike will be groveling all over the barnyard as they court the country vote—but the Democratic antics will be the most embarrassing. Nearly all Democratic politicians are now convinced that the farmers offer the largest single block of detachable votes—and many seem willing to use almost any tool of demagoguery which promises to pry it loose from the Republican grasp.

So when Congress opens up for business next month, the Democrats will set up a pious, baritone moan about the wretched plight of American agriculture. They will pass a farm-relief bill, loaded till its axles creak with rigid price supports, loans, "conservation" payments, and other shabbily-disguised subsidies. Then they will pray for the President to veto it. Quite possibly he will have the courage and honesty to do just that—and Democratic Congressmen will then be sure that they have the farm vote in a gunny sack.

This cynicism is probably justified. The record of recent elections indicates that the farmer is generally eager to sell his vote to the highest bidder, and that city people are too indifferent (or benumbed) to resent this legalized corruption, even when the bribe is lifted right out of their own pockets. But don't blame the politicians for this record. They didn't make it. We did—all of us.

Our only excuse is that for twenty years—from 1920 until 1940—the farmers *were* in pretty bad shape. During these decades, city people got in the habit of giving them hand-outs, and haven't yet discovered that times have changed. The farmer not only got in the habit of accepting his dole; he came to believe that it belonged to him permanently, as

a matter of right. When any hog keeps his jowls in the trough long enough, he gets to thinking he owns the trough.

Just how rugged is the farmer's plight today?

You should have such a plight.

When Harrison Salisbury of the *New York Times* traveled through the Middle West last summer, he reported that "The ordinary Iowa farmer . . . has a minimum of two new cars and they are usually brand-new Buicks or Oldsmobiles or Cadillacs." These Iowa swine-growers and steer-fatteners are of course better off than many of their brethren in other states. Still, the average farm family, taken the country over, has assets totaling about \$22,000.

It is true that the slice of the national income which goes to agriculture has shrunk in the last four years—that is what the moaning is all about—but the farm population has dwindled too. As a result, the individual farmer isn't much worse off—only about 5 per cent—than he was at the peak of his scandalous wartime prosperity.

Everybody knows that it is the taxpayer who keeps the farmers (or rather, a favored group of them) living in clover and Cadillacs; but even the taxpayer seldom realizes how much it is costing him. The Treasury spent nearly \$3 billion during the last fiscal year to support farm prices—but that was just the beginning. The scheme is rigged to nick the taxpayer twice; once when he pays to take surplus crops off the market, thus propping up prices; and again when he has to pay these artificial prices at the grocery store.

IF YOU complain, the farmer—or rather the highly-skilled lobbyists who front for him in Washington—have a plausible answer:

"Why shouldn't I get a subsidy, when nearly everybody else does? Look at the air lines, the steamship companies, the manufacturers with their tariffs—all getting fat at the taxpayer's expense. That has be-



*the south seas  
and south africa  
too!..*

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come The American Way of Life."

But there is a catch to this argument. The other subsidized industries are producing something that we need, or at least can use. The farmers are being subsidized to produce millions of tons of things—cotton, wheat, rice, butter, and so on—which we don't need, can't possibly use, and can't even give away.

The government has "invested" \$7 billion to hide these useless crops away in dead storage. Wheat, for example, almost a billion bushels of it, is now overflowing from every grain elevator in the country . . . stored in old Liberty ships tied up as floating warehouses . . . heaped in long yellow mounds on the bare ground all through the Southwest. Nobody wants it, because wheat is in mountainous surplus the world over. Yet Washington is encouraging the farmers to plant still more, and promising to take it off their hands at a guaranteed high price.

Who gets the money?

Not the needy farmers. There are some of them—about one and a half million families whose acreage produces less than \$1,000 a year. If the federal bounty went to them, maybe it could be justified as sheer charity. In fact, relatively little of this river of greenbacks ever trickles in their direction. The big subsidies go to the big farmers.

Such as the Delta Pine & Land Co. of Scott, Mississippi. It has \$1,292,172 worth of cotton "under loan" to the government. ("Loan" is part of the elaborate semantics used by the farm lobbyists to conceal the real nature of these subsidies. "Pawn" would be more accurate, since the government is going to keep the cotton and the farmer the money. Nobody even pretends that these "loans" will ever be paid off.)

The Chandler Co. of Saragosa, Texas, is into the treasury for \$814,000 worth of cotton. Senator Homer E. Capehart, farmer, of Indiana is on the records for a \$21,742 wheat loan. Adams Brothers & Co. of Odebolt, Iowa, got \$179,127. The Louisiana Irrigation & Mill Co. of Crowley, Louisiana, turned its surplus rice over to the taxpayer for \$486,727.

The list runs on for page after alarming page. What it shows is that the big helpings of government gravy are going to about two mil-

lion farmers—many of them corporations—who grow 85 per cent of the total farm output. They operate a little more than a third of the farms. Yet they form the most powerful vested interest in the American economy. Since they dug into their positions of special privilege during Democratic Administrations, Mr. Truman does not sound entirely convincing when he describes the Eisenhower regime as "a special privilege government."

In fact, Secretary of Agriculture Ezra Taft Benson has made a few gingerly efforts to bring a little sense back into our farm economy. Whereupon Democratic Congressmen—and some Republicans—promptly denounced him as a callous-hearted ogre. They pounced with even more indecent glee on one of his understrappers, Assistant Secretary Earl L. Butz, who was indiscreet enough to blurt out the truth.

"Too many people are trying to stay in agriculture," Butz said.

**T**HAT is the nub of the whole story—and politicians of both parties have been avoiding it for years. At least 40 million of our 350 million acres of crop land ought to be taken out of production. At least one million out of our 5½ million farm families ought to be nudged gradually off the land, and helped to find some useful occupation.

One respected economist—Ross D. Robertson of the St. Louis Federal Reserve Bank—goes much further. He suggests that "it is not inconceivable that 5 per cent of the work force could produce all the farm products which the United States and a part of the rest of the world would take at profitable prices." If he is right, we could get along with less than half of the people we are now supporting in agriculture.

The explanation is that during the past twenty years farming has undergone a more sweeping technological revolution than anything industry has yet seen. New machinery, new fertilizers, new varieties of hybrid seed, new pest killers, new techniques have caused an astronomical rise in output, per man and per acre. Elementary common sense, then, would suggest that the unneeded people ought to be shifted





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**In most American businesses**, the benefits of greater efficiency can be passed on promptly to the public. In the transportation business, however, this is not always the case.

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In the last 30 years the speed of the average freight train has gone up more than 50 per cent; the load has nearly doubled and the hourly output of transportation has increased nearly three times.

To make possible these and other gains in efficiency, the railroads have spent, since the end of World War II, nearly \$11,000,000,000 — every dollar of which was financed by the railroads themselves.

But — as is shown in the report of a special Cabinet Committee appointed by the President — government regulation frequently denies to the public the benefit of the lower costs of the most economical form of transportation, so as to protect the traffic and revenues of carriers with higher costs. The result, as the Cabinet Committee says, is that shippers and, ultimately, the

consuming public must pay more for freight transportation than would otherwise be necessary.

## What can be done to correct this unhealthy situation?

The special Cabinet Committee recommended that railroads and other forms of regulated transportation be given greater freedom to base their prices on their own natural advantages. At the same time, government regulation would continue to prevent charges which are unreasonably high or unreasonably low, or are unduly discriminatory.

This would make it possible to pass on the benefits of the most efficient operations to shippers, producers and retailers, and to the consuming public which in the end pays all transportation costs.

Bills based on Cabinet Committee recommendations have been introduced in Congress. For full information about this vital subject, write for the booklet, "WHY NOT LET COMPETITION WORK?"

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into other jobs, and the unneeded acres into better uses—notably timber and grass.

Our present farm policy, of course, works in precisely the opposite direction. It tends to freeze both manpower and resources into their present obsolete and wasteful patterns. Moreover, the nostrum favored by most Democratic Congressmen—higher and even less flexible farm supports—would merely freeze these patterns higher still.

WHY IS IT that any word of common sense about farm problems is such political dynamite? Fundamentally, because our whole political structure, on every level, is stacked in favor of the farmer. North Dakota with its 680,000 people (mostly farmers) elects just as many Senators as New York with its 12 million (mostly city folks). Many a rural Congressman represents only one-half to one-fourth as many voters as his colleagues from city districts. In like fashion, nearly every state legislature is rigged to give an outrageously oversized representation to the country districts. (The political boundaries were drawn years ago, before the cities grew up; they can be changed only by legislative action; and the cornfed statesmen don't like to vote themselves out.)

A grand-scale reshuffling of districts, both for Congress and the legislatures, seems to be the only long-range remedy. That will require something akin to an insurrection by the long-swindled city voters—followed by years of patient log-rolling and political maneuver. We can make a start next November, however, by throwing eggs at every candidate who poses as *The Farmer's Friend*. That will help get rid of one surplus, and a lot of political hypocrisy at the same time.

By way of footnote, it might be well to add that the writer of these churlish lines is not merely an exasperated city taxpayer. He is that, all right. But he also comes from a farming family, grew up in farming communities, did a certain amount of farm work himself, owns an interest in farm property, and benefits from farm subsidies which he has done nothing to deserve. This is worth mentioning only because it suggests that there may

be other people with a financial stake in our present ridiculous farming system—perhaps more than anybody suspects—who are ready for a change in the direction of sanity.

—J.F.

#### CORFED BY HIS OWN BULL

SUCH changes come easier in industry. Ten years ago not even the wildest radical would have dared to predict that within his lifetime the Guaranteed Annual Wage for factory workers would become an accepted part of the American economy. Even the man who thought up the idea wasn't that optimistic.

He was an imaginative young economist, fresh out of the University of Pittsburgh, who directed research for the United Steel Workers. During the ten years he held that job—beginning in 1936—many businessmen regarded him as a long-haired, and possibly dangerous, visionary.

When the war came along, **Harold J. Ruttenberg** became assistant director of the Steel Division of the War Production Board. The businessmen he dealt with there soon learned to respect his brains and ability; and at the end of the war he turned up as vice president of Portsmouth Steel Corporation. In 1951 he became president of his own firm, the Stardrill-Keystone Co.

Like Frankenstein, Mr. Ruttenberg discovered that his own creature could turn against him. On page 29 he tells how he plans to handle the demands of his own employees for a Guaranteed Annual Wage.

Mr. Ruttenberg has written articles for *Harper's* about the steel industry, and is co-author (with Clinton S. Golden) of *The Dynamics of Industrial Democracy*.

... **Ignatius G. Mattingly** must have perused the comic strips ("Some Cultural Aspects. . ." p. 34) non-professionally; for he has been engaged since his graduation from Yale in 1947 either in teaching (at Groton and at Yale) or in working for the Defense Department, both as a soldier and now as a civilian.

... "Ross of Kansas" (p. 40) is an excerpt from an extraordinary book, *Profiles in Courage*, by **Senator John F. Kennedy**, which will be published

next month. It is the story of American politicians who displayed courage above and beyond the call of duty, by a politician who has special qualifications to write on that subject. He has only recently recovered from the aftereffects of an injury received in the naval action which won him two medals.

The third Democrat to represent Massachusetts in the Senate, Mr. Kennedy is the son of a former Ambassador to Great Britain. Before he entered politics, he was a reporter for the *Chicago Herald-American* and an INS correspondent. His first book, *Why England Slept*, was published in 1940.

... "Journey with Young Guitars" (p. 45) was the last article written by the correspondent and novelist **Charles Wertenbaker** before his death earlier this year. His novel *The Death of Kings*, was published by Random House in 1954. Mrs. Wertenbaker, who completed work on the article, wrote of him:

"There were more books than the nine he had published that he wanted to write and there were more than the dozen countries he had known and reported on that he wanted to see, but he wasted none of his final days on regrets. . . . **Chris Wertenbaker** taught his father to play the guitar and Pop learned 'Soy Sombra' the week before he died."

... For more than two years **John Carlova**, American newspaperman and former wartime representative on the staff of General Eisenhower has been an editor on the *Strait Times* of Singapore. There he knew **Gene Symonds** and there he learned from eye-witnesses, mainly Symonds taxi-driver, the story which he reports on page 52.

... The United States Supreme Court, which has been called the sheet-anchor of our governmental system, is up now for renewed scrutiny, with a new Chief Justice and a new Associate—both Eisenhower appointees. Assessing the strength and character of the New Court, on page 59, is **Irving Dilliard**, editor of the editorial page of the *St. Louis Post-Dispatch*. Mr. Dilliard began his career with that paper as a reporter in 1923 but has taken time



out for graduate study; for work with the U. S. military government in Europe during and after the war; and for writing books.

... "The Novelist" (p. 57) is the first of **Donald Hall's** poems to appear in *Harper's*. He is now a Junior Fellow in the Society of Fellows at Harvard. His first book of poems, *Exile and Marriages*, has just been published by the Viking Press.

... Albert Einstein's reputation as a genius in **no** way depends on what he was up to at the time of his death; yet his creativity had not stopped and his survivors in the new world which he partly made are curious to understand as much as they can of his latest thinking. **Leonard Engel**, whose guide appears on page 69, is a writer on science, medicine, and technology.

... **Priscilla D. Willis**, whose story "A Little Wine of the Country" (p. 65) takes some aged-in-the-wood horse people for a fictional ride, spends much of her life on a farm where her husband, a Chicagoan, breeds and raises cattle. She has served as a reporter on a weekly sporting paper devoted to country living, and has written short stories and two juvenile books.

#### COMING NEXT MONTH

Wall Street lawyers, the members of those giant firms that counsel billion-dollar corporations but seldom appear in court, are a peculiarly American phenomenon. **Martin Mayer**, the author of *Wall Street, Men and Money*, paints their composite portrait in the first of a two-part series.

As part of the celebration of the two hundred and fiftieth anniversary of Benjamin Franklin's birth, **Harold A. Larrabee** re-examines Franklin's philosophy in terms of an age of plenty.

St. Elizabeths, the federal government's huge mental hospital in the District of Columbia, has throughout its history been a pace-setter in the field of enlightened treatment for the mentally ill and has sponsored some of the most progressive American psychiatric thought. **Natalie Davis Spingarn** tells its story.

## "When will Daddy come?"



Sul Ja wants her daddy. Every day she looks for him. Every day she asks her mother, "When will Daddy come?" Sul Ja is only four years old. How can her mother explain why Daddy doesn't come—that he still is a prisoner of the Communists in North Korea, that he may even be dead?

Sul Ja's mother doesn't say these things. Like Sul Ja, she hopes that her husband *will* come back some day. In the meantime she struggles desperately to keep her little family together. In war-torn Seoul, where thousands of refugees strive to rebuild their lives, the young mother runs a roadside stand—and makes \$10 a month! This does little more than pay the rent, let alone meet the needs of a growing child like Sul Ja. With Korea's bitter winter here, her plight is still more precarious.

#### HOW YOU CAN HELP SUL JA

You can help Sul Ja or another needy child through the Child Sponsorship Plan of Save the Children Federation. By undertaking a sponsorship, you will provide funds to purchase food, warm clothing, bedding, school supplies—even candy for "your" child. The cost is only \$120. a year, just \$10 a month. Full information about the child you sponsor and a photograph will be sent to you. You may correspond with "your" child and his family, so that your generous material aid becomes part of a larger gift of friendship and understanding.

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To be sure, selecting a camp is no easy job for you or for your child. The choices are many; but after you've met a few directors and read a few catalogs, you'll begin to realize that each camp is a unique operation.

Programs are handled in different ways. There are camps where a child's schedule is made up before the summer, and he goes from arts and crafts to swimming, to riding, to something else. You are assured that he will be exposed to a number of activities and, in most cases, he will accomplish some degree of proficiency in each. There are also camps where the counselor for each skill is at his shop or field, and the camper can select what he wishes to do in each period.

If you are planning on sending your child to camp for the first time next year, or if you are anxious to find a new camp, you will be wise to begin looking early. There are many things to be considered: the director, the counselors, the location, the equipment, the kind of companions your child will have... and then the deeper elements of camping—the thinking to which your child will be exposed. Camping teaches a way of life. Your child will have roots in a camp if he goes back year after year to renew his friendships. A summer environment that complements your own home atmosphere will emphasize the guidance you are giving him. Select carefully—especially if this will be your child's first experience away from home.

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HAROLD J. RUTTENBERG

WHEN I formulated the idea that "workers who live by the year should be paid by the year," I was a twenty-nine-year-old economist for the CIO Steelworkers Union. That was December 1, 1943. Today I am president of a drilling machinery manufacturing company whose 243 wage-earners belong to the United Steelworkers of America (USW). They want me to pay them by the year. And their leaders, with whom I helped found the USW in 1936, are going to take them out on strike in 1956 to force me to pay them an annual wage.

It will be small comfort for my fellow employers to extract glee from my being roasted by one of my own ideas, as they will be roasting with me come wage-contract time in 1956.

Should we roast? Let the USW provoke a long,

bitter strike in the Presidential election year? Or should we start down the uncharted road of beginning to pay our employees by the year? Do we have any choice? Do we have the power to endure a strike that would terminate in the union's abandoning its guaranteed-annual-wage program? And if we should, what program for the future do we offer our employees whom we would rehire at the end of a costly strike on the basis that they abandon their idea of being paid for their labor by the year?

The annual wage truly presents management with the opportunity to reassume leadership in setting the pattern and pace of employee relations. While the labor leaders started the annual-wage idea, they have been side-stepping it. Because, as we shall see, the annual wage takes labor leaders into the area of assuming responsibilities from which they so far have backed away.

In my forty-first year I believe, as firmly as I did in my twenty-ninth, that employers cannot indefinitely expect the working folks who must feed, clothe, and shelter their families by the

...and will pay by the  
...And I listen  
...particular small  
manufacturing company to pay a guaranteed  
...pay scale which  
...to a company and others.  
...the surviving  
employers will be hiring their labor on an an-  
...in 1960.

Do not blame or credit the labor leaders with  
...of industry.  
...the attitude for much  
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a television set, an airplane, even a vacation on  
a pay-by-the-year contract is no longer able to  
work under a pay-by-the-hour contract. His home  
mortgage and his finance-company auto contract  
do not contain any provision for postponing his  
payments when, through no fault of his own, he  
is laid off from his hourly-paid job. He must  
pay, or lose his home and give up his car.

#### ON MY TERMS

**O**VER the next decade, the number of  
people in the United States who are paid  
an annual salary will grow and exceed the num-  
ber of wage-earners. And I predict that by  
1965 most wage-earners, who are now paid by the  
hour and buy by the year, will be working under  
pay-by-the-year collective-bargaining contracts.

Philip Murray, one of those rare labor leaders  
with a touch of greatness, shuddered at the  
thought that the union would some day gain an  
annual-wage contract. For he knew, as his suc-  
cessors are going to learn to their consternation,  
that with the inauguration of the pay-by-the-year  
collective-bargaining contract the union leaders  
will have to go back to work. No longer will they  
be able to force employers to increase pay checks,  
and then retire until the next contract time in  
discomfort, assured that only the employers  
are to worry to find the means to meet the  
pay checks. The men who lead labor  
are going to have to share the worry, and  
the unions to pay their constituents  
on a basis. It won't be fun. It won't

(1) **The Guarantee:** We will enter into a five-  
year contract. For the year of 1957 we will con-  
tract to hire all of our employees with five or  
more years of seniority for 2,080 hours, or 52  
weeks of 40 hours each; for the year 1958, all  
four-year-or-more employees; for 1959, all three-  
year-or-more employees; for 1960, all two-year-or-  
more employees; and for 1961, all employees with  
one or more years of continuous service. Com-  
mencing in 1957, each year the probationary  
period for new employees, which is now one  
month, shall be extended by one month until it  
reaches a six-month period.

(2) **Annual Pay:** Each five-year-plus employee  
will receive at least 2,080 hours of pay in 1957  
at his straight-time average hourly rate during  
the year preceding the effective date of the con-  
tract. The guarantee, for example, to a \$2-an-  
hour employee is for \$4,160 for the year. All  
income that he receives as a consequence of his  
employment shall be credited against his \$4,160  
annual pay. (By "credited against" I mean de-  
ducted from both the hours he owes the company  
per year and from the total sum owed him by  
the company.)

(3) **Holidays:** The 48 hours of pay received by  
employees for six paid holidays in 1957 shall be  
credited against the 2,080 hours of guaranteed  
pay.

(4) **Vacations:** The 40 to 120 hours of pay re-  
ceived by employees eligible for one to three  
weeks of paid vacations shall be credited against  
the 2,080 hours of guaranteed pay.

(5) **Overtime:** Overtime hours of pay shall be  
credited against the 2,080 hours of guaranteed  
pay. For example, an eligible employee works  
200 hours of overtime in 1957. For this he re-  
ceives one hundred hours of overtime pay (that  
is, at time and one-half pay rate), which are  
credited against the 2,080 hours.

(6) **Shift Differentials:** Shift-differential pay  
shall be credited against the 2,080 hours. For  
example, an eligible employee works 800 hours  
in 1957 on the second or third shift for which  
he receives 7½ cents an hour premium, or \$60.  
With an average hourly rate of \$2, this is 30  
hours of pay that is credited against the 2,080  
hours.

(7) **Absenteeism:** An eligible employee who is  
absent from work without just cause for one day,  
forfeits one week's guaranteed pay. For example,  
an employee takes a day off to go to the ball  
game, to get drunk, or to play the ponies, etc.  
For each such day of absenteeism without just  
cause, the offending employee forfeits forty hours  
of his 2,080 hours of guaranteed pay. The absent



employee is very costly to the employer, but as long as the employer enjoys the freedom to lay him off without pay when he has no work for him, the employee enjoys the right to stay away from work when the fancy suits him. But under a guaranteed annual wage, both the employer and employee lose such freedom. The employee must work each day that he is able, or lose that day's pay plus 40 hours from his 2,080-hour guarantee. This penalty applies, to be sure, for each day absent from work due to a strike.

(8) **Sick Leave:** An eligible employee shall be entitled to one day sick leave per annum for each two years of continuous service. Absence for sickness, duly certified by a physician, in excess of an eligible employee's length of paid sick leave, shall be credited against the 2,080 hours in the same way as paid sick leave is credited.

(9) **Other Sources of Income:** An employee has still other sources of income as a consequence of his employment, all of which shall be credited against his 2,080 hours or, for the \$2-an-hour man, his \$4,160 annual pay. These sources of income are reporting pay, time off with pay to attend union meetings, funerals, etc. Group-insurance payments to the employee (excluding any payments to members of his family) and workmen's-compensation payments shall be credited against the 2,080 hours.

(10) **Work Assignment:** Each eligible employee shall be required to do such other work as may be assigned him in case there is no work for him in his regular job or department. He shall receive the rate of the job to which he is assigned or his average straight-time hourly rate, whichever is higher. An employee who refuses such assignments shall forfeit one week or forty hours of his 2,080-hour guarantee for each day of such refusal.

(11) **Unemployment Compensation:** An eligible employee who is laid off shall report the sum of his compensation checks, which shall be credited against his 2,080 hours of guaranteed pay.

(12) **Method of Payment:** The sum total of each eligible employee's weekly pay check shall be 40 times his straight-time average hourly rate, less credits for all other sources of income itemized above that can be credited by the week—such as days of sick leave beyond the allowed days per year. Credits that cannot be calculated weekly shall be made monthly. The object is to see that each eligible employee receives a steady weekly income during the entire year.

I can already hear the childish, anguished bellyaching of the graying leaders of labor

that the pay-by-the-year program takes away some of "labor's cherished gains." To which I hasten to reply: "You're damn well right it does." And the reason why is inherent in the annual-wage concept. The idea of overtime, reporting pay, shift differentials, paid holidays, etc., is based on the fact that the method of pay is by the hour. The idea of the annual wage is pay-by-the-year, which negates the entire foundation of many of the specific provisions, most of which are essentially restrictive, of collective-bargaining contracts.

#### WHAT LABOR LOSES

**T**AKE overtime premium pay, designed to offset weeks when the employee gets less than 40 hours' work and pay. Under an annual-wage contract the eligible employee is guaranteed 2,080 hours of pay. In any day or week in which he receives overtime pay he is getting extra pay. Since he will not face any week of less than 40 hours' work and pay in the year under the yearly-pay contract, the basic reason for this premium overtime money vanishes. Hence, it shall be credited against his 2,080-hour yearly guarantee.

Of course, those labor leaders who have been spoiled by twenty years of collective bargaining, during which they have not had to assume responsibilities commensurate with their power and authority, will want to hold on to the overtime premium pay in addition to the 2,080-hour guarantee. But it is not in the cards. They will have to recognize the logic of the annual wage and forfeit those restrictive provisions that have their entire rationale in the hourly-pay concept.

The annual-wage employment contract makes business partners out of the employees. Their yearly pay is guaranteed only to the extent that their employer remains solvent and can compete profitably. The employees and their union leaders cannot retire to the ball park and golf course between collective-bargaining contracts. When they inaugurate an annual-wage contract they take on the responsibility for the continued success of the contracting employer. The entire program of union-management co-operation to increase efficiency, eliminate waste, lower production costs, and raise quality that I outlined in the *Dynamics of Industrial Democracy* with Clinton S. Golden, when we were both officials of the Steelworkers Union in 1942, will be dusted off and put to work under annual-wage contracts. The labor leaders have either to face up to the fact that they become business partners in each

drive that pays by the year, or abandon their summertime program.

For two decades the labor leaders have been little Lord Fauntleroy's who come around every year or two with a pistol in their hand and say,

"Mr. Employer, pay more or I shoot." Collective-bargaining history since 1936 shows that each time employers have paid more, sometimes with strikes and sometimes without. This game is nearing its end. There is no more blood to be squeezed out of the turnip. When the fanfare died down from Reuther's "semi-annual" contract with Ford this June, the labor leaders discovered that all the increase they negotiated for their constituents was a bare 3 per cent, or 7½ cents an hour. The Steelworkers' leaders moaned that they would not settle for "pennies and dimes" during their June negotiations, but they wound up with a bare 6 per cent raise, or 14½ cents an hour. Both in auto and steel, the wage raises were limited by the rise in productivity. Reality has caught up with the collective-bargaining table. Wages can only be raised in proportion to the increase in productivity.

#### THE EMPLOYER AS GOOSE

**I**NHERENT in the pay-by-the-year contract is the reality that the only way employees can up their annual income is to help raise the output of their employer. In our company, when we sign our first pay-by-the-year contract, we will inaugurate a union-management co-operation program. We will take our employees' earnings and the company's earnings prevailing at that time. This will be our base. As we jointly increase quality and output, we—the stockholders and management—will share the increased fruits of our joint endeavors with our co-operating employees. And their labor leaders too will have to roll up their sleeves and go back to work. They will have to go out and teach their union members that the employer is not a cow to be milked dry, but a humble goose who has to be fed with hard, steady, and better labor to be able to produce eatable eggs. And the better the goose is fed, the more eggs everyone will have to eat.

Many costly practices in our hourly-wage contract will be abandoned under the annual wage. The complete shutdown of our plants for vacations in July is an example. We need every hour of production that we can get in the summer.

Let us see, the best time of the year for us to shut down for vacations is from December 20 to January 2. The summertime is too nice to

miss, anyway in Western Pennsylvania, New Jersey, and West Virginia where our plants are located. We will acquaint our employees with the lovely motels north of Miami Beach and persuade them to take a vacation from the northern cold in December. When our employees become more company-minded under the pay-by-the-year contract, they will see that "their" business interests dictate the last half of December for vacation plant shutdown.

Another example of our hourly-pay concept that will be killed by the annual wage is seniority in layoffs. Since each eligible employee is guaranteed his annual income, management should be free to choose, on ability alone, those employees who will be retained during a slack period.

The big industries will have to make some basic changes to be able to pay by the year. Automakers will probably have to abandon yearly model changes, and come out with a new car every other year. Since each maker produces several models, this should not handicap sales. In addition to warehousing cars for dealers, the auto giants also will be having to store cars during the off seasons to keep their employees working steadily.

The steel firms will find it a bit tougher. They will have to finance steel inventories for many manufacturers for periods ranging from thirty to a hundred days. I have always felt that when forced to do this, they would discover the financing costs to be cheaper than the cost of fluctuating from 105 per cent to 65 per cent of capacity in a sixty- to ninety-day period. Of course, the steel producers have a genuine complaint in the fact that they already have to finance raw materials (iron ore, limestone, coal, fluorspar) into 1970 and 1980 to be able to produce in 1955. And financing finished inventories is a further burden. But they already do it in part for the can-makers, and the annual wage will force them to extend this practice to other industries. To do this, the steel-makers should get a penny a pound more for their finished steel, and they should get it, for example, from the auto companies. A penny more for steel is thirty dollars a car, and should come out of auto profits, not from the auto-buyers. The auto firms make three times as much money per ton fabricating steel as the basic producers do in producing it in the first place. This inter-industry inequity has cried out for solution for years.

There are other tremendous problems to be solved by auto, steel, and other industries as they start employing their workers on a yearly basis.



But, as an old mentor of mine used to say, for every problem that the Lord created, he also created a solution; all you have to do is find it; that is, before you go broke.

I am in the business of building a better mousetrap. Our particular mousetrap happens to be a drilling machine used to drill a well for water, oil, or gas, or a hole for minerals, and we sell it all over the world and in every state in the nation. Stardrill-Keystone, our company, made its first drilling machine in 1878 and we have been building a better one every year since.

Our business is somewhat seasonal, with December, January, and February being our off season. Traditionally, we have produced most of our yearly production in nine to ten months, and run slack the other two—like the auto industry that operates only eight to ten months a year. We find this inefficient, and a hardship on our employees. We propose, over the next several years, to stabilize our machine and tool production on a twelve-month basis.

In our plants we propose to tackle the annual-wage guarantee in the following manner. During the first half of the year we will work to the maximum extent, a forty-five hour week, as my experience shows that the five-day, nine-hour-day week is the most efficient. This will build up 195 hours of extra pay to be credited against the 2,080-hour guarantee. Since we will be closed down for vacations the last two weeks of December, we will provide all eligible employees 2,080 hours of pay by working only nineteen more weeks. We will bunch up our repair, maintenance, and plant rearrangement work in the last half to take up any slack. We shall be prepared to warehouse up to two months' production so as to keep our production schedule, and employees, on an even keel. And, lastly, we are developing new products to expand our output and sales, or at least offset any decline in our already established machines and tools.

#### HOW NOT TO GO BUST

**O**UR company believes in the future, as must all optimists. Being saddled with a fixed annual-wage obligation, we must pursue a progressive policy that will assure our future success. I am not afraid of the annual wage busting us. We are in more danger of being busted by our competitors who are out to build a better mousetrap. We propose to outbuild, outperform, and outdesign our competitors at home and abroad. The annual wage, and the change in

labor attitude that it will bring about, will insure our future success in this objective.

"That's all very fine," the oldsters tell me, "but what are you going to do when a depression overtakes you?"

We will pay all eligible employees 2,080 hours in such a depression year. I am not too much concerned about that "next" depression, but if it should appear you can be sure it will do so after a couple of pretty good profitable years. And Uncle Sam has already laid the foundation for the annual wage. For example, if in 1957 our company earns a million dollars before taxes, Uncle Sam will get \$520,000 of it. If, in 1958 the depression comes, and we lose \$500,000, Uncle Sam will refund to us \$260,000 of our 1957 taxes. And if we, and many others, pay our employees 2,080 hours pay in 1958, the dreaded depression will not be very severe. Since, as Henry Ford, Jr. observed, the government "uses its enormous tax and credit powers to counter-balance business cycles," the much dreaded depression is not likely to wipe out annual-wage companies that otherwise would not go by the board.

The economists trained in the statistics of the business cycle, I am afraid, are being technologically displaced by the Congressmen who are legislating the business cycle out of existence.

As I see it, depression fears are wrong. What American industry has to fear more in the next decade is whether it can produce enough. I hold that the next twenty years, up to 1975, will witness the greatest growth period in our national life. Two hundred million Americans will tax our productive capacity with their needs. They will convert the United States from an exporting to an importing nation. They will double our automobile population. They will cause another 25 million-ingot-ton expansion of the steel industry. My little company has doubled its sales in the last two years, and we expect to double output and sales again by 1958.

I predict that in 1961, when we negotiate our second five-year pay-by-the-year contract, the hourly wage rate will not even be part of the contract. Instead, each job will be evaluated and paid an annual salary. And our employees—and their labor leaders along with them—will be more "company-minded" than they would dare concede in 1955.

America needs a pay-by-the-year system of hiring industrial workers which will insure against the greatest single loss in national production: seasonal idleness. We are not afraid of the annual wage. We want it.

# Some Cultural Aspects of Serial CARTOONS

*or, Get a load of those  
funnies*

**I**T MAY almost be set down as a law of cultural history that the vulgar amusements of today are the highbrow art of tomorrow. The epic, the Italian opera, the Elizabethan drama—all were regarded at one time as entertainment of a rather low order, until at length the critics came to their rescue by proving that these things were Art and thenceforth to be taken seriously. In our own day, the process has been wildly accelerated: we have seen, one after the other, the rise to respectability of jazz, the movies, dime novels, hillbilly ballads, even television. In fact, the only medium a serious intellectual does not need to keep track of these days is the comic strip.

To be sure, the comic strip has had apologists. Gilbert Seldes included the comics among his *Six Moderns* in *Lively Arts* (1924) but ranked only George Herriman's *Krazy Kat* as true art. Coulton Waugh, in his historical survey, *The Comics* (1947), defends the strips primarily as harmless and satisfying popular entertainment, but looks to the future for "artistic and literary development."

And of course particular strips, like *Li'l Abner*, *Pogo*, *Barnaby* (while it lasted), and *Pea-socks*, as well as *Krazy Kat*, have a distinctly high-art following. Let us now go one short step further and consider comic strips, as a class, as

essential elements of the comic-strip form

are all very old. The insides of the pyramids, the walls of Pompeian dwellings, to say nothing of the Bayeux tapestry, are covered with pictorial narrative. Around a side door of Chartres Cathedral, the story of Creation is told in a series of miniature gargoyles. At the point in the story where God conceives of Man, God is shown with a sort of balloon above his head containing a small human figure—his "idea"—precisely the way a modern comic-strip artist would depict it. A similar analogy exists between the work of Peter Brueghel and Fisher's Sunday cartoon, *Right Around Home*: both artists allow a variety of adults, children, dogs, birds, fish—every link of the Great Chain of Being—to react characteristically to a central situation or theme.

The modern comic strip began about the turn of the century as a by-product of a circulation war between Joseph Pulitzer's *New York World* and William Randolph Hearst's *New York Journal*. The early strips of the artists whom Coulton Waugh considers the "three founding fathers" of comics—Richard Outcault's *Yellow Kid* (1896), Rudolph Dirks' *Katzenjammer Kids* (1897), and James Swinnerton's *Little Jimmy* (1905)—appeared in the then novel color sections of these newspapers. Waugh defines the contribution of each of these artists:

(1) The continuing character was contributed by Swinnerton and Outcault. (2) The sequence of pictures was tried out experimentally by Outcault, used regularly for the first time by Dirks, and refined in technical detail by Swinnerton. And (3) speech in the drawing started with Outcault and was developed into true comic form by both Dirks and Swinnerton, as well as by Outcault in his later work.

It remained only for Bud Fisher in *Mutt and Jeff* (1908) to combine all these elements into an actual strip of pictures running across the page, and so to establish the comic strip in its present form. The comics became big business when syndication of strips was introduced by the Chicago Tribune–New York News Syndicate in the early twenties. Many of the best known strips date from this period: for example, *The Gumps*, *Winnie Winkle*, *Moon Mullins*, *Gasoline Alley*, and *Orphan Annie*. Since then, the history of the strips has been chiefly one of increasing sophistication of narrative and draftsmanship. The major strips have consolidated their popularity, and relatively few strips have been introduced and few discontinued in the past ten years—even after the deaths of their creators.

When an artist dies, someone else generally





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*Steve Canyon*, by Milton Caniff, April 1, 1954

takes over; a comic strip is far too valuable a property to be lost through the accident of mortality. Arthur Folwell and Ellison Hoover took over *Mr. and Mrs.* after Clare Briggs' death in 1929, and Gus Edson carried on *The Gumps* after Sidney Smith died in 1935. Since George McManus' death, *Bringing Up Father* has been drawn by an anonymous artist who expertly imitates the style of his predecessor, except that he has delicately omitted the amusingly irrelevant, spindly animals which were McManus' trademark. Only George Herriman has been accorded the ultimate tribute: *Krazy Kat* was allowed to lapse after his death in 1944.

#### STRIP TIME AND REAL TIME

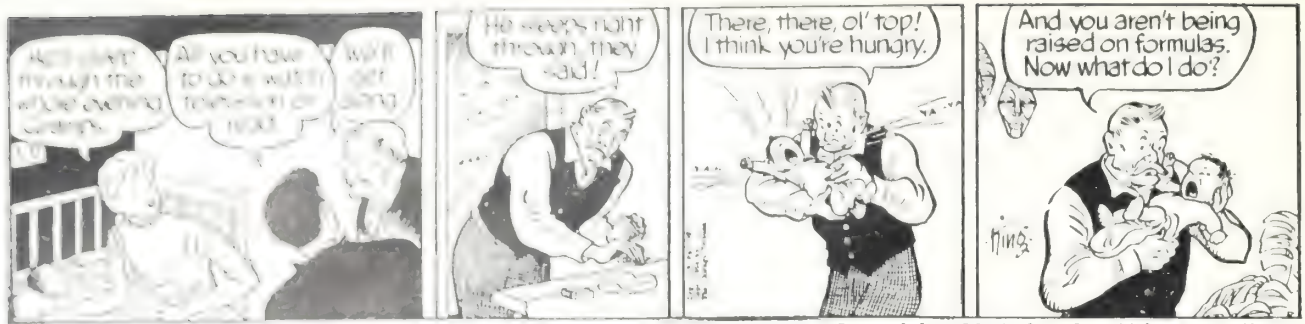
FOR purposes of analysis, the comics may be divided into serial strips and strips which offer a different anecdote each day. The serials are the more interesting, since they present all the problems of the anecdotal strips as well as a number of their own. In these serials, the next larger unit after the daily installment might be called the narrative sequence. Narrative sequences correspond roughly to the chapters of a picaresque novel: the plot of each is complete in itself but the leading characters are carried over into the next sequence. The usual length of sequences is from forty to sixty installments. They often seem much longer, however, because strip time is so much slower than actual time\*—a unique artistic situation, since in novels, plays, and movies, time usually moves faster for the characters than for the reader. Only one strip, Frank King's *Gasoline Alley*, keeps real time: each daily installment corresponds roughly to a day in the lives of the characters, who age at the same rate as their readers.

\* I have asked ten faithful readers of *Steve Canyon* how long, according to real time, Pipper and Murphy were marooned on the ice. Almost all the answers ranged between six weeks and three months, and only one reader gave the correct answer: about four weeks.

Like every other art form, the comic strip has certain limitations, at first sight discouraging, which become virtues in the right hands. Probably the most important is that each strip must compete with a good many others for the reader's favor, and at its own peril makes demands on his memory and attention. If an artist is to retain his audience, he must delineate his characters sharply and drive home his point quickly and clearly in strip after strip.

Paradoxically, however, the very best strips manage to demand a great deal and get it. Milton Caniff has boasted: "My plots are complicated. . . . You've got to read every day so that you'll know what happens—Make it so they can't stand it." And certainly a new reader of *Steve Canyon* (or of certain other strips) will not appreciate the full significance of the action until he has followed the strip faithfully for months. Old *Canyon* fans were well prepared for the arrest of "Mississippi Delta" Index; new ones had been given only an inkling of something untoward in the lady's past.

A second limitation is spatial: the day's action is necessarily confined to the graphic and narrative possibilities of a three- or four-picture strip. The reader does not see a whole narrative sequence at once unless he is curious and (perhaps) unfair enough to save strips in a scrapbook; but if he does, he will observe a distinct staccato rhythm, pleasant for a while, but eventually monotonous, comparable to that of the heroic couplet, but distinctly different from the rhythm of a comic book or of the longer Sunday sequences. Sunday, incidentally, poses another problem for the comic strip artist, since (owing to the accidents of syndication) his daily readers and his Sunday readers are not by any means identical. He usually solves the problem either by repetition and padding of the Sunday strips or by producing two independent narrative sequences at once. Only the intrepid Caniff presses mercilessly onward with his story through weekdays and Sundays alike.



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*Gasoline Alley, by Frank King, March 31, 1954*

Theoretically, one would suppose, almost all of the academic techniques employed in other media could be adapted to the comics, but in practice the serials rely either upon realism or upon a simplification of myth. In recent years the realistic strips have been the most numerous and most popular, but they vary greatly in the degree of artistic success. Part of the trouble is in the drawing. Some artists (for instance Dell Curtis in *Rex Morgan M.D.*) confuse realism with literalism and attempt to make their pictures as much like photographs as possible, so that the faces and figures lack the intensity of expression which the narrative demands. The result is especially distracting since most of these artists are much too sophisticated to make the same mistake in their plotting or dialogue. Other artists seem more interested in drawing than in telling a story, e.g., Frank Godwin (*Rusty Riley*).

And then there is a third group who simply don't draw very well. In this group I must place, I fear, the widely-admired George Wunder (*Terry and the Pirates*): Wunder's draftsmanship is extremely ambitious and at times very successful; but just as often something goes wrong with his perspective, and the faces of his women are distressingly equine. A far worse offender is Zack Mosley (*Smilin' Jack*). Coulton Waugh, granting that Mosley's drawing is poor, defends the strip because of the technical correctness of the drawings of aircraft. While I don't know enough to criticize Mosley's planes, my own feeling is that a man who can't be trusted with a woman's shoulder can't be trusted with a B-29 either.

But in the best of the realistic comics the drawing combines with the narrative to convey a "total meaning," to borrow from the jargon of the New Critics. For instance, *Dick Tracy*. Chester Gould does not set his sights as high as Caniff or Wunder—he is just telling simple cops-and-robbers stories—but he hits the mark every time. What makes the strip an artistic achievement is its very brilliant realization

of the basic thesis that physiognomy reflects personality. Gould's faces—for example, Hypo, B. O. Plenty, or Rughead—are not intended to show emotional responses to particular situations, and some readers, misapplying modern criteria, consider them mere grotesques—they were easy marks for the satire of Al Capp in his strip-within-a-strip, *Fearless Fosdick*. But the faces are in reality masks of character, like the masks of Greek drama, and Gould has much more in common with such classical realists as Hogarth and Chaucer than with his own contemporaries.

## SOCIAL CLIMBERS

THE broad purpose of a great many of the realistic strips is similar to that of the novel before it became an academic exercise: they serve as training aids in a period of social mobility. They furnish patterns, generally occupational, for movement from lower middle class to upper middle class. Consequently the extremes of the social scale are ignored: in comic strips we seldom see realistic portrayals of life on either assembly line or polo field; of corporation lawyers or tramps (Alex Raymond's *Rip Kirby*, an adventurer with social standing and a comfortable income, is a refreshing exception). Instead, we see respectable occupational types which can be invested with a certain degree of glamor, but which are well within the experience of most readers: athletes, newspapermen, career girls, police officers, military men, and doctors. Here, say the strips, are fields which lie open to you even though you lack money, family, breeding, or great talent.

Ham Fisher's *Joe Palooka* illustrates most clearly the theme of social mobility, as well as its artistic pitfalls. Joe's name is cleverly chosen, for in addition to the obvious irony (a palooka, according to H. L. Mencken, is a "third rater"), its Central European flavor suggests that he is a second-generation American like so many of his readers. Despite this handicap, Joe has



achieved success through athletics by dint of his muscles and his noble nature; has married a girl whose name betokens her social origins Ann Howe—and now leads a life of quiet good taste in a high-type neighborhood. He no longer says “youse” quite so often as he used to, being prone instead to such observations as “He has a deep-rooted bitterness.”

Here I feel that Fisher has made a great mistake. As a diamond in the rough Joe was attractive, but he has now become so obnoxiously genteel and preachy that only the antics of his unrefined friends, Knobby Walsh and Jerry Leemy, keep the strip alive. Fortunately, Fisher frequently lets them have the strip to themselves for weeks at a time. By the way, this device—the temporary displacement of the central figure by one or more subordinate characters—is very common in the strips. Corresponding to the tale-within-a-tale of the early novel, it provides the reader with a change of pace and the artist with a chance to work with different material.

The most realistic of all the realistic strips is unquestionably Milton Caniff's *Steve Canyon*. The incredible lengths to which Caniff carries correctness in such matters as *décor*, speech, dress, and military procedure make us painfully aware of the clichés of his competitors. But Caniff's realism is more than a dazzling *tour de force*. Consider the following dialogue:

*Colonel Index*: Five million dollars worth of equipment and 31 men aboard that radar airplane! Do Pipper and Murphy have enough brains to cut in between it and a guided missile?

*Canyon*: I don't know about their brains, Colonel—but their signed oaths to defend the United States—with their lives if necessary—are on file at the adjutant's office!

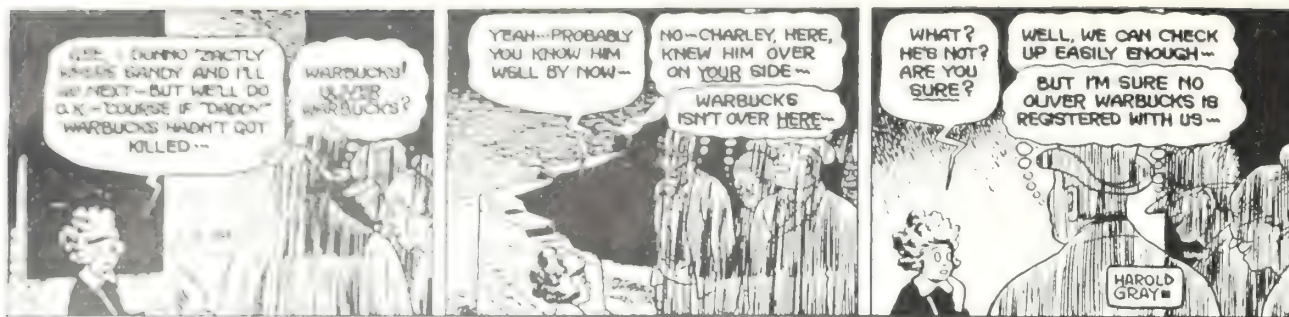
What is impressive is not merely the touches of factual detail themselves, but the way Caniff uses these details to epitomize the conflicting attitudes of the two men. Colonel Index, who has a good grasp of statistics but not of people, fears that Pipper and Murphy will prove unequal to the crisis. But these are Canyon's men; while he is far too sophisticated to make a sentimental defense of their courage, he accomplishes the same end by the intense understatement of his answer, with its wry reference to the adjutant's file. In both its authenticity and its poetic effectiveness such dialogue as this puts to shame a strip like *Smilin' Jack*, which is riddled with such tiresome phrases as “This may be the break the Bureau has been looking for.”

*Terry and the Pirates* (formerly Caniff's strip but now drawn by George Wunder) tries manfully to keep up with *Canyon*, but Wunder lacks Caniff's eye for realistic detail, and the badinage of his characters at times seems rather forced. A more serious weakness is his habit of setting up interesting conflicts only to allow them to lapse into melodrama, as if he were afraid they were growing *too* real. In one sequence, for instance, Terry was assigned to assist an American girl, Spruce Winter, in the delicate task of making contact with her brother, a prisoner of war presumed to be a Communist convert. The situation, reminiscent of Sophocles' “Antigone,” raises problems of acute significance, particularly in the light of contemporary events. What attitude is Spruce to take toward her brother? What are Terry and the reader to think of either? But hardly has Wunder begun to explore these moral cruxes, when it develops that Winter's communism is a mere ploy: he is just another CIA agent. The effect is as anticlimactic as if Polynices had turned out to be a Theban counter-spy.

#### SOME WHO STAY PUT

SINCE the bulk of the realistic strips are built around occupational types, home life—what David Riesman would call the consumption front—receives only passing notice in these strips. Of course, many of the anecdotal strips, like *Penny*, *Blondie*, and *Dotty* undercut the occupational strips by showing what a chump Daddy is at home: how he is victimized by rapacious wives, adolescents, and small fry, who pick his pockets, damage his automobile, and cap his witticisms.

There are at least two strips, however, which treat life away from the job seriously. The first of these, Ken Allen's *Mary Worth*, consists of a series of sequences dealing mostly with the affairs of young adults in middle-class urban life, the characters, save for Mary Worth herself, being different in each sequence. These sequences are well-plotted, sometimes with an original touch of irony: one of them concerned a young lady who wrote a daily column on affairs of the heart but had trouble managing her own love life. But the strip is chiefly remarkable for its accurate reporting of the externals of the middle-class milieu. In his depiction of clothes, cars, the interiors of houses and apartments, fads (“Scrabble” quickly made its appearance in an appropriate context), Allen is almost as perspicacious as Caniff. Only the talk is not quite right;



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*Orphan Annie*, by Harold Gray, December 4, 1954

young man to girl at dance: "Mind if we glide over to a corner where the management is saving on the light bill?"

Unlike Caniff, however, Allen seems content to stay on the surface of things, and indeed, this superficiality is almost forced upon him by the structure of his strip. Since it takes a long time to establish a really complex, rounded character, his temporary heroes and heroines do not lend themselves to any really profound treatment of the subject matter. Mary herself, whom the artist characterizes as "by turns producer, player, and appreciative spectator" of "the drama of daily life," is supposed to give the strip depth and unity, but in fact she is not up to the task. Her role is chiefly that of commentator, and the rest of the strip pretty well restricts her comments to matters of good manners and good taste.

Frank King's *Gasoline Alley*, however, delves more deeply. As I have mentioned, King's characters grow older according to real time, but he has adroitly staggered the generations so that there are always a few characters in every age group. This makes it possible for him to discuss relations between the generations. The questions which the strip deals with—e.g., what is the proper role of father at home? how should he deal with his daughter's suitors?—are the sort which fascinated Jane Austen; and King shares with her a talent for extracting much meaning out of low-key conflicts: who is to give the family Christmas dinner? should Judy sell to a collector the antique car presented to her by Grandfather Clock? Since, furthermore, the focus is not on social mobility but on family stability, there is little of the white-collar bias which cloyed in the other strips. Walt Wallet owns a small furniture factory and gets his hands dirty; Corky and Judy run a diner; and Pezix was a noncom during the war. Likewise, the natural, homely faces of the characters are free of so many goddesses and gargoyles. King's quiet, back-yard perception could counter Caniff's nervous,

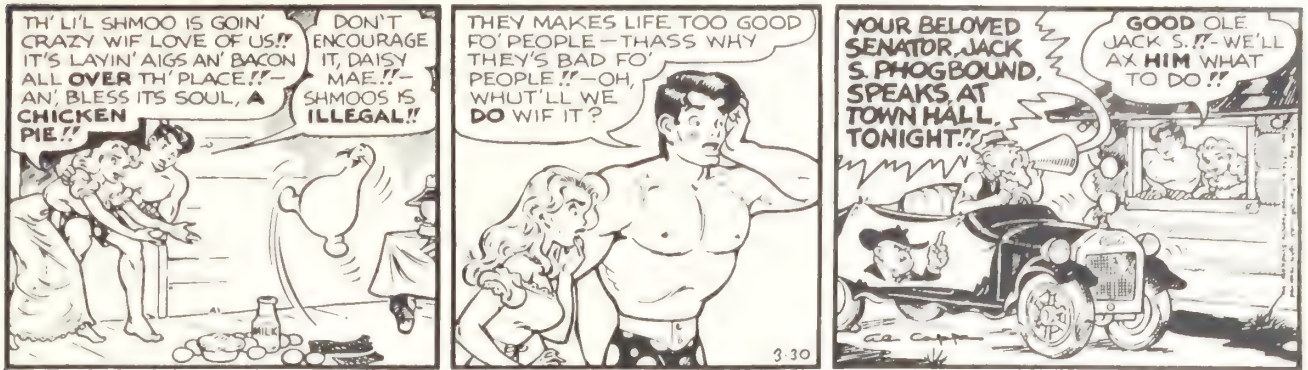
radar-like projection of it, we realize that while Caniff has spotted the most urgent problems, King has got hold of the universal ones.

#### BIRD DOGS AND KENNEL DOGS

NOTWITHSTANDING the brilliance of the best of the realistic strips, none of them finally escape from the fact that the medium is not really well suited to the realistic technique. Realism demands the accumulation of telling detail, and only so much telling detail can be accumulated in pictures two inches square. Again, realism cannot, by definition, take straightforward advantage of the possibilities for caricature which the medium offers. An artistic strategy which would seem better adapted to comic strips is the reinterpretation of myth. The simplest examples are such strips as *Phantom* or *Superman*, which are obvious transpositions to modern settings of the adventures of folk heroes like Hercules or Theseus. And of course there is more than a tincture of heroic myth in many of the basically realistic strips.

A more complicated use of myth can be observed in Harold Gray's *Orphan Annie*. Annie's continuing search for Daddy Warbucks and her adventures along the way are patterned after the many myths involving quests. One is reminded of Telemachus' search for Odysseus, with whom Daddy Warbucks has much in common. Hades, of course, is a standard stopover for questers, and Annie is no exception; in a recent strip she may be found inquiring of the Shades as to Daddy's whereabouts. This quest myth serves as the basis for an allegory. In this allegory, as acute readers have long since suspected, Daddy Warbucks is Capitalism; and more particularly, Capitalism of the old-fashioned type practiced by the Jew of Malta, Commodore Vanderbilt, and Al Capp's General Bullmoose: what might be called Bird-dog Capitalism. Warbucks has vast holdings, quasi-magical powers, a Nietzschean





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*Li'l Abner*, by Al Capp, March 30, 1954

contempt for regularly constituted authority, and apparent immortality, like a corporation, or indeed, Capital itself.

Orphan Annie, on the other hand, weak, persecuted, continually sorry for herself, is Capitalism in the modern manner, Kennel-dog Capitalism, in search of its former glories. Fittingly, Annie's only champion is Sandy, a kennel-dog without a kennel, who meets all challengers with his feeble "Arf!" Sandy, I take it, represents the National Association of Manufacturers. Like Daddy Warbucks, Annie is impatient of Community Regulation (symbolized by cops), yet she is always on the alert to chisel a handout (subsidy, tariff advantage). Annie herself sums up the spirit of Kennel-dog Capitalism in her line: "We've never yet been 'pendent on anybody . . . at least not very much, if we could help it."

THE real master of the use of myth is Al Capp. His *Li'l Abner* began as a simple, hillbilly version of pastoral myth, criticizing by implication and sometimes by direct contrast urban—that is, real—life. Gradually, however, Capp has worked up two elaborate and opposed categories of symbols. The first group, based on the immense body of fertility myth, consists of such conceits as "Shmoos," the round little animals which multiply like rabbits and could supply man with all his basic needs; "Druthers," the seeds which are so delicious that one would "druther" eat them than do anything else (recalling particularly the myth of the Lotus-eaters); and the hair of Li'l Abner's brother Tiny, with its remarkable chromatic and harmonic properties. Associated with these symbols is the simple, unambitious populace of Dogpatch.

Opposed to them are sterility symbols, like the frozen country of Lower Slobbovia, and a set of urban opportunists and villains ranging from General Bullmoose, the tycoon whose motto is, "What's good for General Bullmoose is good for the country," to Cedric Oddwicke, Tiny's

scheming valet. Capp manipulates this symbolic apparatus to expound in satirical form the basic doctrine of liberal Christianity. The Shmoos, for example, represent, like the loaves and fishes of the parable, the Edenesque abundance which is available to men, if they could but live in peace like the residents of Dogpatch—for the world, as one Dogpatcher has put it, "is one great big Shmoo." But the promise of Shmooland is deferred, unfortunately, because of the old Adam—or Cedric Oddwicke—which is in all of us. Instead we have Lower Slobbovia, whose inhabitants loathe their native land and are kept from revolt only by force and by the restraint placed upon them by their own sense of guilt—symbolized by the "bald iggles," whose glance a Slobbovian dares not meet lest it force him to tell the horrible truth about himself.

Unfortunately, it is impossible to do Capp justice in a general survey of the field like this one. His symbolism alone, with its parallels with T. S. Eliot, deserves a separate study. To find his peer in richness of invention combined with control over material, one must go back to Swift or Dante. One strip apparently does not provide a sufficient outlet for Capp's energies, for he has recently (with Bob Lubbers) launched a second, *Long Sam*, based on the "sleeping beauty" myth. *Long Sam* has not really gone into high gear yet, but it looks promising.

The work of King, Caniff, and Capp—to name only three of the best—is ample evidence that comic strips are a serious art demanding serious study. All the medium really needs now is a set of critics who will edit the classics, define the genres, catalogue the conceits, and elaborate the aesthetics. The time is not far hence when Professors of Comics will take their rightful place beside Professors of Literature, and our children will be given great gobbets of *Orphan Annie* or *Mutt and Jeff* as homework. How they will amuse themselves on Sunday morning then is their problem.

# ROSS OF KANSAS

## *The Man Who Saved a President*

*Commander Kennedy was reported killed after a Japanese destroyer rammed his PT boat during a battle in the South Pacific. Many days later he was discovered, badly wounded, by natives on the beach of one of the Solomon Islands. He was decorated twice for "his courage, endurance, and excellent leadership" in towing injured members of his crew to safety.*

*Last year Mr. Kennedy—now Senator from Massachusetts—was sent back to a hospital for an operation to correct a disability stemming from his wartime injuries. While convalescing he began to dig into the forgotten history of a special group of American heroes—those politicians who had followed their consciences at the risk of destruction and disgrace. Here is one of the most dramatic stories among those which he re-discovered. It will be published early next year in Senator Kennedy's book, Profiles in Courage.*

**I**N A lonely grave, forgotten and unknown, lies "the man who saved a President," and who, as a result, may well have preserved constitutional government in the United States. He performed what one historian has called "the most heroic act in American history, incomparably more difficult than any deed of valor upon the field of battle." This hero, whose name scarcely anyone now remembers, was Senator Edmund G. Ross.

The impeachment trial of Andrew Johnson—the event in which Ross was to play such a dramatic role—was the sensational climax to a bitter struggle between the President and Congress. President Johnson was determined to carry out Abraham Lincoln's policies of reconciliation with the defeated South, while the more radical Republican leaders in Congress sought to administer the downtrodden Southern states as con-

quered provinces which had forfeited their rights under the Constitution.

By 1866, when Edmund Ross first came to the Senate, the two branches of the government were already at each other's throats. Bill after bill was vetoed by the President on grounds that it was unconstitutional or too harsh in its treatment of the South. And for the first time in our history, important public measures were passed over a President's veto and became law.

But not all of Andrew Johnson's vetoes were overturned; and the "Radical" Republicans of the Congress realized that one final step was necessary before they could crush their despised foe (in the heat of political battle their vengeance turned upon their President far more than upon their former military enemies of the South). Under the Constitution, a two-thirds majority in the Senate was necessary to override a Presidential veto. If they could assure themselves of such a majority, they could also accomplish their major ambition, now an ill-kept secret—conviction of the President under an impeachment and his dismissal from office.

The temporary and unstable two-thirds majority which had enabled them on several occasions to enact legislation over the President's veto was, they knew, not reliable enough for an impeachment conviction. To solidify this bloc became the paramount goal of Congress, expressly or implicitly governing its decisions on other issues—particularly the admission of new states, the re-admission of Southern states, and the determination of Senatorial credentials. By extremely dubious methods a pro-Johnson Senator was denied his seat. Over the President's veto Nebraska was admitted to the Union, seating two more anti-Administration Senators. Although last minute maneuvers failed to admit Colorado over the President's veto, an unexpected tragedy brought fresh hopes for a new vote in Kansas.

Senator Jim Lane of Kansas had been a "con-



servative" Republican, sympathetic to Johnson's plans to carry out Lincoln's reconstruction policies. But his frontier state was one of the most "radical" in the Union. When Lane voted to uphold Johnson's veto of the Civil Rights Bill of 1866 and introduced the Administration's bill for recognition of the new state government of Arkansas, Kansas arose in outraged heat. A mass meeting at Lawrence vilified the Senator and speedily reported resolutions condemning his position. Humiliated, mentally ailing, broken in health, and laboring under charges of financial irregularities, Jim Lane took his own life.

With this thorn in their side removed, the Radical Republicans in Washington looked anxiously toward the selection of Lane's successor. Their fondest hopes were realized—the new Senator from Kansas was Edmund G. Ross, the very man who had introduced the resolutions attacking Lane at Lawrence.

There could be no doubt as to where Ross's sympathies lay; his entire career was one of determined opposition to the slave states of the South, their practices, and their friends. In 1854, when he was only twenty-eight, he had taken part in the mob rescue of a fugitive slave in Milwaukee. In 1856, he had joined the flood of anti-slavery immigrants to "bleeding" Kansas who intended to keep it a free territory. Disgusted with the Democratic party of his youth, he had left that party and volunteered in the Kansas Free State Army to drive back a force of pro-slavery men invading the territory. In 1862, he had given up his newspaper work to enlist in the Union Army, from which he emerged a Major. Radical Republican leaders were sure that in Ross they had a solid member of that vital two-thirds.

#### THE IMPEACHMENT TRIAL

THE stage was now set for the final scene. Early in 1867, Congress enacted, over the President's veto, the Tenure-of-Office Bill which prevented the President from removing new office-holders whose appointment required Senatorial confirmation without the consent of that body. At the time nothing more than the petty selfishness of patronage was involved, for Cabinet members originally were specifically exempt.

But on August 5, 1867, President Johnson—convinced that the Secretary of War he had inherited from Lincoln, Edwin M. Stanton, was the surreptitious tool of the Radical Republicans and was seeking to become the almighty dictator of the conquered South—asked for his immediate

resignation. Stanton arrogantly declined to resign before the next meeting of Congress. Refusing to cower before this kind of effrontery, the President suspended him and appointed in his place the one man whom Stanton did not dare resist—General Grant. On January 13, 1868, an angry Senate notified the President and Grant that it did not concur in the suspension of Stanton, and Grant vacated the office upon Stanton's return. But the situation was intolerable. The Secretary of War was unable to attend Cabinet meetings or associate with his colleagues in the Administration; and on February 21, President Johnson—anxious to obtain a court test of the act he believed obviously unconstitutional—again notified Stanton that he had been summarily removed.

Stanton, refusing to yield possession, barricaded himself in his office, and public opinion in the nation ran heavily against the President. Although previous resolutions of impeachment had been defeated in the House, a new resolution was swiftly adopted on February 24 by a tremendous vote. Every single Republican voted in the affirmative. Thaddeus Stevens of Pennsylvania—the crippled, fanatical personification of the extremes of the Radical Republican movement and master of the House of Representatives—warned both Houses of the Congress coldly:

"Let me see the recreant who would vote to let such a criminal escape. Point me to one who will dare do it and I will show you one who will dare the infamy of posterity."

With the President impeached—in effect, indicted—by the House, the trial under the Articles of Impeachment began on March 5 in the Senate, presided over by the Chief Justice. It was a trial to rank with the great trials of history. But two elements of drama were missing: the actual cause for which the President was being tried was not fundamental to the welfare of the nation; and the defendant himself was at all times absent. Every other element of the highest courtroom drama was present. The Chief Justice administered an oath "to do impartial justice," to each Senator, including even the hot-headed Radical from Ohio, Benjamin Wade, who as President Pro Tempore of the Senate was next in line for the Presidency. The chief prosecutor for the House was General Benjamin F. Butler, the "butcher of New Orleans," a talented demagogue from Massachusetts. Some thousand tickets were printed for admission to the Senate galleries during the trial—and every conceivable device was used by the public to obtain one of the four tickets allowed each Senator.

On the fifth of March (the sixteenth of May the drama continued) Of the eleven Articles of Impeachment adopted by the House, the first eight were based upon the removal of Stanton and the appointment of a new Secretary of War in violation of the Tenure-of-Office Act; the ninth related to Johnson's conduct ~~in office~~ ~~which~~ ~~was~~ ~~said~~ ~~to~~ ~~induce~~ ~~violations~~ ~~of~~ ~~the~~ ~~Army~~ ~~Appropriations~~ ~~Act~~; the tenth recited that Johnson had delivered "intemperate, inflammatory, and scandalous harangues as well against Congress as the laws of the United States"; and the eleventh was a deliberately obscure conglomeration of all the charges ~~the preceding articles~~, designed by Thaddeus Stevens to furnish a common ground for those who favored conviction but were unwilling to identify themselves on basic issues.

To Butler's inflammatory arguments in support of this hastily drawn indictment, Johnson's able and learned counsel replied with considerable effectiveness, insisting that the Tenure-of-Office Act was a clear violation of the Constitution; that even if it were valid, it would not apply to Stanton; and that the only way that a judicial test of the law could be obtained was for Stanton to be dismissed and sue for his rights in the courts.

But as the trial progressed, it became increasingly apparent that the impatient Republicans did not intend to give the President a fair trial on the formal issues, but rather to depose him from the White House on any grounds, real or imagined. Telling evidence in the President's favor was arbitrarily excluded. Prejudgment on the part of most Senators was brazenly announced. Attempted bribery and other forms of pressure were rampant. The chief interest was not in the evidence, but in the tallying of votes necessary for conviction.

Twenty-seven states (excluding the unrecognized Southern States in the Union) meant fifty-four members of the Senate, and thirty-six votes were required to constitute the necessary two-thirds majority. All twelve Democratic votes were obviously lost, so the forty-two Republicans could afford to lose only six of their own members. In this minority of a preliminary Republican caucus, six Confederate Republicans indicated that the evidence so far introduced was not, in their opinion, sufficient to convict.

If the remaining thirty-six Republicans held, there would still be no doubt as to the outcome. But one Republican Senator would not announce his verdict in the preliminary poll—Edmund G. Ross. The Radicals were outraged.

"It was a very clear case," Senator Sumner of Massachusetts fumed, "especially for a Kansas man. I did not think that a Kansas man could quibble against his country."

From the moment Ross had taken his seat, the Radical leaders had been confident of his vote. One of his first acts in the Senate had been to read a declaration of his adherence to Radical Republican policy, and he had silently voted for all of their measures. He had made it clear that he was not in sympathy with Andrew Johnson personally or politically; and after the removal of Stanton, he had voted with the majority in adopting a resolution declaring such removal unlawful.

But when the impeachment resolution had passed the House, Senator Ross calmly remarked to Senator Sprague of Rhode Island:

"Well, Sprague, the thing is here; and, so far as I am concerned, though a Republican and opposed to Mr. Johnson and his policy, he shall have as fair a trial as an accused man ever had on this earth."

Immediately the word spread "that Ross was shaky."

"From that hour," he later wrote, "not a day passed that did not bring me, by mail and telegraph and in personal intercourse, appeals to stand fast for impeachment, and not a few were the admonitions of condign visitations upon any indication even of lukewarmness. . . ."

#### PUTTING ON THE PRESSURE

FROM that day on Ross and his fellow doubtful Republicans were spied upon; their every move and companions secretly marked in special notebooks. Dire warnings threatened them with political ostracism and even assassination. Stanton himself, from his barricaded headquarters in the War Department, worked day and night to bring to bear all the weight of his impressive military associations. The *Philadelphia Press* reported "a fearful avalanche of telegrams from every section of the country."

According to the New York *Tribune*, Edmund Ross in particular was "mercilessly dragged this way and that by both sides." With no experience in political turmoil, no reputation in the Senate, no independent income, and the most radical state in the Union to deal with, Ross was judged to be the Republican most sensitive to criticism. His background and life were investigated from top to bottom, and his constituents and colleagues pursued him throughout Washington to gain some inkling of his opinion. He was the



target of every eye. His name was on every mouth, and his intentions were discussed in every newspaper. A member of the Kansas legislature called on him at the Capitol. A general urged on by Stanton remained at his lodge until four o'clock in the morning determined to see him. His brother received a letter offering \$20,000 for revelation of the Senator's intentions.

The night before the Senate was to take its first vote for the conviction or acquittal of Johnson, Ross received a telegram from home: "Kansas has heard the evidence and demands the conviction of the President." It was signed: "D. R. Anthony and 1,000 Others."

And on the fateful morning of May 16 Ross replied:

To D. R. Anthony and 1,000 Others: I do not recognize your right to demand that I vote either for or against conviction. I have taken an oath to do impartial justice according to the Constitution and laws, and trust that I shall have the courage to vote according to the dictates of my judgment and for the highest good of the country.

That morning spies traced Ross to his breakfast; and ten minutes before the vote was taken his Kansas colleague warned him in the presence of Thaddeus Stevens that a vote for acquittal would mean trumped-up charges and his political death.

#### "LOOKING INTO AN OPEN GRAVE"

THE fateful hour was at hand. As Ross himself later described it: "The galleries were packed. Tickets of admission were at an enormous premium. The House had adjourned and all of its members were in the Senate chamber. Every chair on the Senate floor was filled with a Senator, a Cabinet Officer, a member of the President's counsel, or a member of the House." Every Senator was in his seat, the desperately ill Grimes of Iowa being literally carried in.

It had been decided to take the first vote under the broad eleventh Article of Impeachment, which was believed to command the widest support. As the Chief Justice announced the voting would begin, he reminded the citizens and strangers in the galleries that absolute silence and perfect order are required." But already a death-like stillness enveloped the chamber. Ross noted that there was even "a subsidence of the shuffling of feet, the rustling of silks, the fluttering of fans, and of conversation."

The voting began. By the time Mr. Chief Justice reached Ross, twenty-four "guilties" had been pronounced. Ten more were certain and one other practically certain. Only Ross's vote was needed to obtain the thirty-six votes necessary to convict the President. Unable to conceal the suspense and emotion in his voice, the Chief Justice put the question to him:

"Mr. Senator Ross, how say you? Is the respondent Andrew Johnson guilty or not guilty of a high misdemeanor as charged in the Article?"

Every voice was still; every eye was upon the freshman Senator from Kansas. The hopes and fears, the hatred and bitterness of past decades were centered upon this one man.

Much later Ross wrote of this moment:

... It was a tremendous responsibility, and it was not strange that he upon whom it had been imposed by a fateful combination of conditions should have sought to avoid it. . . . I almost literally looked down into my open grave. Friendships, position, fortune, everything that makes life desirable to an ambitious man were about to be swept away by the breath of my mouth, perhaps forever. It is not strange that my answer was carried waveringly over the air and failed to reach the limits of the audience, or that repetition was called for by distant Senators on the opposite side of the Chamber.

Then came the answer again in a voice that could not be misunderstood: "Not guilty."

The deed was done, the President saved, the trial as good as over. The remainder of the roll call was unimportant.

A ten-day recess followed, ten turbulent days to change votes on the remaining Articles. An attempt was made to rush through bills to re-admit six Southern states whose twelve Senators were guaranteed to vote for conviction. But this could not be accomplished in time. Again Ross was for only one amendment on the latter Articles, the only one whose vote could not be predicted in advance. And again he was subjected to terrible pressure.

From "D. R. Anthony and Others," he received a wire informing him that "Kansas repudiates you as she does all perjurers and skunks." Professional witnesses were found by Senator Pomeroy to testify before a special House committee that Ross had indicated a willingness to change his vote for a consideration. (Unfortunately one witness was so delighted with his exciting role that he also swore that Senator Pomeroy had made an offer to produce three votes for acquittal for \$10,000.) When Ross, in his capacity as a

... took several bills to the President for signature. James G. Blaine reached...

"There goes the man to get his pay."

Again wild rumors spread that Ross had been removed from the committee. Articles of Impeachment. As the Senate re-assembled, he was the object of the "seven-tennyards" Republicans to... preliminary procedural matters. But when the second and third Articles of Impeachment were read, and the name of Ross was reached, again came the calm answer, "Not guilty."

#### THE VERDICT OF HISTORY

**W**HY did Ross, whose dislike for Johnson continued, vote "Not guilty"? He explained his motives clearly years later in articles contributed to *Scribner's* and *Forum* magazines:

In a large sense, the independence of the executive office as a co-ordinate branch of the government was on trial. . . . If . . . the President must step down . . . a disgraced man and a political outcast . . . upon insufficient proofs and from partisan considerations, the office of President would be degraded, cease to be a co-ordinate branch of the government, and ever after subordinated to the legislative will. It would practically have revolutionized our splendid political fabric into a partisan Congressional autocracy. . . . This government had never faced so insidious a danger . . . control by the worst element of American politics.

But the "open grave" which he had foreseen was hardly an exaggeration. A Justice of the Kansas Supreme Court telegraphed him that "the rope with which Judas Iscariot hanged himself is lost, but Jim Lane's pistol is at your service." An editorial in a Kansas newspaper screamed:

On Saturday last Edmund G. Ross, United States Senator from Kansas, sold himself, and betrayed his constituents; stultified his own record, basely lied to his friends, shamefully violated his solemn pledge . . . and to the utterance of his poor ability signed the death warrant of his country's liberty. This act was done deliberately, because the traitor, like Benedict Arnold, loved money better than he did principle, friends, honor, and his country, all combined. . . .

His political career was ended.

He relinquished his office and Johnson removed him from his term, later—unlike any Republican defenders—to return to Washington as Senator from

Tennessee. Ross clung unhappily to his seat in the Senate until the expiration of his term, frequently referred to as "the traitor Ross," and complaining that his fellow Congressmen as well as citizens on the street passed him by as if he were "a leper, with averted face and every indication of hatred and disgust." When he returned to Kansas in 1871, he and his family suffered social ostracism, physical attack, and near poverty. Eventually he moved to New Mexico where in his later years he was appointed Territorial Governor.

Who was Edmund G. Ross? Practically nobody. Not a single public law bore his name, not a single history book includes his picture, not a single list of Senate "greats" mentions his service. His one heroic deed has been all but forgotten. But who might Edmund G. Ross have been? A man with an excellent command of words, an excellent background for politics, he might well have outstripped his colleagues in prestige and power throughout a long Senate career. Instead he threw all this away for one act of conscience.

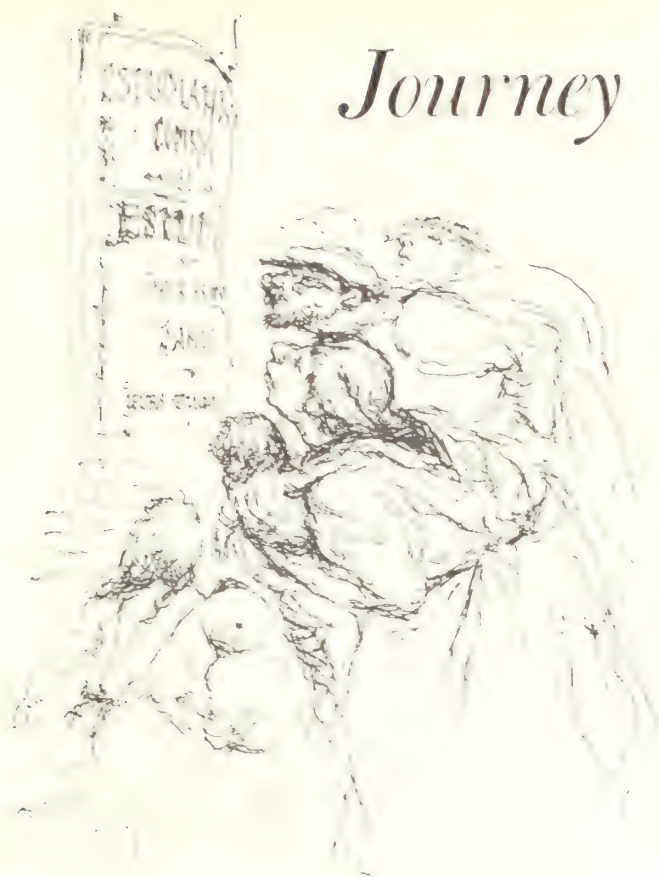
But the twisting course of human events eventually upheld the faith he expressed to his wife shortly after the trial: "Millions of men cursing me today will bless me tomorrow for having saved the country from the greatest peril through which it has ever passed, though none but God can ever know the struggle it has cost me."

Twenty years later Congress repealed the Tenure-of-Office Act, and still later the Supreme Court, referring to "the extremes of that episode in our government," held it to be unconstitutional. Just prior to Ross's death when he was awarded a special pension by Congress for his service in the Civil War, the press and the country took the opportunity to pay tribute to his courage and fidelity to principle in a trying hour.

Those Kansas newspapers and political leaders who had bitterly denounced him in earlier years now praised his stand against legislative mob rule: "By the firmness and courage of Senator Ross," it was said, "the country was saved from calamity greater than war, while it consigned him to a political martyrdom, the most cruel in our history. . . . Ross was the victim of a wild flame of intolerance which swept everything before it. He did his duty knowing that it meant his political death. . . . It was a brave thing for Ross to do, but Ross did it. He acted for his conscience and with a lofty patriotism, regardless of what he knew must be the ruinous consequences to himself. He acted right."



# Journey with young guitars



By CHARLES WERTENBAKER

*Drawings by Shirley Burke*

THE principal thoroughfare of Ciboure—the Basque coast fishing town in France where my family has spent five of the last seven years—is the *quai* Maurice Ravel. It is named for the composer who was born in No. 12, and Ciboure lives up to this distinction in a way that Ravel would probably have enjoyed. Its most notable civic undertaking is a students' guitar-and-mandolin orchestra, which travels about the countryside playing at fetes and other celebrations, and is good enough to have performed in Paris and over the national radio and television systems. During the short, intensive tourist season along this coast, the Estudiantina de Ciboure is a well advertised attraction when it plays in Biarritz or nearby inland Ascaïn, but when it plays at home it is for the pleasure of the townspeople. No member of the Estudiantina is over sixteen, a circumstance which accounts for some of the pride with which the town regards the group.

Unlike half a dozen other towns spotted along the twenty miles of scalloped coast between Biarritz and Hendaye, on the Spanish frontier,

Ciboure does not depend much on tourism. When Margot's kitchen-and-bar seafood restaurant began to get an extensive reputation for its *ttioro*, the local fish soup, the massive Margot solved the problem by insulting all non-local clients and by putting out the inspector for the all-important Michelin Guide to France. By 1952, when too many visitors came anyway, she added two rooms and a terrace to the kitchen, and with part of the profits fed hundreds of children through the hard winter of 1953.

Ciboure has a scattering of pink-tile-roofed summer villas, but most of the money the summer people spend goes to neighboring St. Jean-de-Luz. Even the bright blue and green fishing boats, so admired by tourists, that churn into the mouth of the Nivelle river toward sundown seem to belong to St. Jean-de-Luz because they unload their tuna and sardines on the St. Jean side of the bridge that spans the river. But Ciboure, which begins just across the bridge (its Basque name, Zubiburu, means "bridgehead"), is where most of the fishermen live, in narrow, pungent streets that soon begin to wind, or mount by steps, up the steep hillside toward the *quartier* of Bordagain, on the edge of which is the small house we occupy. Out of season, Ciboure has more life than the quiescent resort towns, and in any season it maintains its vigorous village individuality.

Even my American children are mistaken in St. Jean-de-Luz for *Ziburutarak*, or Cibourians, because of their Basque-accented French, sprinkled with words and usages adapted into French from the mysterious Basque language. Such a usage is the repetition of a word to give it emphasis rather than modifying it with a "more" or a "very." Ciboure's citizens boast that while other coastal towns may claim to be Basque, Ciboure is Basque Basque.

Cibourians—who live like gamblers since they are dependent on the whims of fish—like gamblers prefer to spend their money, when they have it, on enjoying life rather than on making it more secure. When the tuna are running and the canneries going full blast, as they were last summer, they pay off their debts, buy new clothes and furniture, start to build houses, and furnish their fete with fireworks. My friend and neighbor, Dominique Toyos, who owns a fishing

...with two other men, philosophi-  
cally named Joe, Babushka, and  
Boudin. When Mr. Caunille had bought his  
... (about 10,000 francs). Somehow the money  
... advice found to keep the boys and girls in  
... and castanets,  
and to take care of M. Caunille, their teacher and  
director.



#### ONE SERIOUS AMERICAN

UNTIL our return to Ciboure, after some-  
thing over two years in the United States,  
my acquaintance with the Estudiantina had been  
limited to hearing it play. I had admired its pro-  
ficiency, and, in an academic way, I had admired  
the principle of creating pleasure for everybody  
out of the superfluous energies of the young.  
That spring enough graduates had departed to  
make room for a new crop of musicians and  
when my son, Chris, who was nine years old and  
therefore eligible, proposed to join M. Caunille's  
class, I thought it an excellent use for his own  
superfluous energy.

M. Caunille, in what proved to be his chronic  
state of both real and simulated fury, promptly  
protested to Mayor Jean Poulou that he had no  
intention of taking on a foreigner, even if the  
boy did attend the local school. He had enough  
trouble, he said, with native sons and daughters  
who were more anxious to wear berets and sashes  
and attend fetes than they were to earn the  
privilege as musicians. I had no part in the  
... it, which was eventually settled between  
... and Chris on a tryout basis, but M.  
... an oblique apology a year later  
... to me that since music was  
... he supposed it was not too  
... young American had the

gravity, enthusiasm, and persistence necessary to  
learn to play the guitar.

Sixty boys and girls started the classes, which  
were held between six-thirty and eight on three  
evenings a week. I was still wondering how that  
much animate flesh could be contained in the  
one-room building that the town allotted to the  
Estudiantina, when Chris informed me that their  
number had been reduced to sixteen. The others  
had found the going too onerous.

For two months the indications of musical  
progress around the house consisted in a constant  
humming of scales with increasing accuracy and  
a number of pleasant, unfamiliar airs. This was  
followed by a soft, interminable wrangle with  
basic chords on a very old, varnishless guitar  
which was one of five M. Caunille loaned for  
student practice. Chris and Begnat Toyos, who  
are the same age and who had joined the class  
at the same time, often practiced together. Daily  
they compared the callouses on the ends of their  
fingers which they cultivated and tended as  
precious growths. They also checked each other  
severely for unconscious errors of position. "If  
your left thumb sneaks around the edge of the  
guitar," Chris explained to me, "Mister will cut  
it off."

Some weeks later, Dominique Toyos and I  
were sent word through our sons that both of  
them had been declared "serious" and that there-  
fore, as we should not be wasting our investment,  
we were expected to buy them guitars of their  
own. We could pay between 9,000 francs (about  
\$25) and 12,000 francs, depending on the quality  
of tone we wished to pay for. Decorated guitars  
were frowned upon. Concert guitars, which ran  
upward of one hundred dollars, were out of  
the question, of course, but there were arrange-  
ments which guaranteed the excellence of these  
cheaper guitars. They would be procured in  
San Sebastian, twenty miles south in Spain, and  
a professional smuggler whose son was a member  
of the Estudiantina would bring them into  
France without paying the legal duty which ran  
well over 50 per cent. There might be a slight  
delay in delivery due to the uncertainty at-  
tendant upon all smuggling operations.

Chris's guitar came through promptly without  
incident, and he kept the strings strictly in tune  
while he was learning to play Basque airs, French  
waltzes and gavottes, and especially the Spanish  
jotas, fandangos, malagueñas, sevillanas, etc.,  
which predominate as they should in the reper-  
toire of a guitarist.

It was almost exactly a year from their first  
lesson when twelve students, the oldest of them



now eleven, were pronounced ready to augment the depleted orchestra with four guitars, two mandolas, and six mandolins. The four new guitarists, Christian Wertenbaker, Begnat Toyos, Jean Martin Ortiz, and Paul-Paul Elissagarry, had special classes two evenings a week. The third evening they worked with the new mandolinists and mandolists and the fourth they rehearsed with the orchestra. M. Poulou finally announced the date and a rough itinerary for the trip which would be the first for the group with its fresh replacements. Chris and Begnat came home with demands for white trousers (short or long), white shirts, red berets, red kerchiefs, red *gerikoak* (Basque sashes), white socks, white *espadrilles* (rope-soled sandals) laced with red and green ribbons, slings woven of red, green, and white ribbons to carry their guitars over their shoulders while playing and walking, and a mid-morning snack.

Chris specified that his "*gouûter*" was not to include any thin sandwiches, but, like the others', should consist of a long loaf of French bread, split and spread one half with Roquefort cheese and the other half with pâté. The orchestra members were to be in the town square at 7:00 A.M. Anyone who was late would be left. Their first performance would be a dawn serenade before the Biarritz home of their "godparent," the well-known Basque singer, André Dassary, who had sponsored the orchestra's Paris appearance the year before. The climax of the day would be a matinee in the town of Aire-sur-l'Adour, one hundred miles away.

Chris and Begnat were surprised when Dominique and I decided to take the unusual step of following the Estudiantina and listening to our sons' debut. My habits do not include early rising, Dominique rarely stays off the sea on any day when the fish may be biting, and we share intolerant standards of entertainment.

#### EARLY BIRDS

THE final rehearsal lasted late. Chris got to bed at ten-thirty, was up at five-thirty, and he and Begnat had already disappeared down the hill to the square before Toyos and I were down to breakfast. At ten of seven I left in my small car with my wife and Dominique and Mme. Toyos. The day was emerging from a light mist and warming up into a premature summer day.

Around the square, the two cafés and the turreted newspaper kiosk were open for business and the *boulangère* was peddling her fresh baked

bread, but the grocery store and pharmacy were still shuttered.

The hired bus, its driver dozing over the wheel, was drawn up beside the white-washed wall and oval entrance gate to the town's government building where the Mayor, the Social Security Services, and the Fishermen's Syndicate have their mildewed but charmingly ornamented offices. A few younger children had gathered on the adjoining pelota court. No parents except us were in evidence. The fifty-three ten-to-sixteen-year-olds who made up the orchestra began to straggle from the ten-foot-by-twelve building where they rehearsed, quietly crossed the square, and climbed aboard the bus, stowed their instruments in the luggage racks, the tall ones aiding the short ones, and seated themselves, with no discernible argument as to place—boys in front, mixed in the middle, and girls in back.

M. Caunille, emerging last, strolled over to speak to Mayor Poulou who was standing, casually immobile, in the center of the square.

"They are saying now that they are very pleased with this group," Dominique Toyos told me. "Caunille says he has four male aces among the new guitars, a prize crop."

"Proud, very proud," said Madame Toyos. This was a general reference to the fact that both the old Gascogne and the middle-aged Basque had the fierce, wary pride of men who had come a long way by their own efforts. Both had been born into the lowest social strata in their southern French villages, of illiterate parents. M. Caunille, before his retirement at the age of sixty-five, had been a principal of boys' grammar schools, including the one in Ciboure which Chris attended. He had taught himself the music he now taught Ciboure's children and certain of his original guitar arrangements were currently used by professionals in France and Spain. M. Poulou ranked as a postmaster in the French civil service and held this position in St. Jean-de-Luz, besides being twice elected to a six-year term as Mayor of Ciboure—an office which brought him more social honors than riches, as the attendant salary was only the equivalent of \$30 a month for a great deal of hard work.

A woman in widow's black came up to the car and was introduced to my wife and me as Mme. Pontesta, who regularly accompanied the Estudiantina when they toured. "Just in case anything happens requiring a woman," she explained. "I have my medical supplies with me, too." My wife remarked that an excursion including fifty-three youngsters in the States would

presented the most heavily accented by adults, and Mme. Toyos said: "*Porro Salda!*"

The Poulou for whom we were waiting, drove into the square, parked her two-wheeled Citroën, and appeared a social air briefly to the crowd of pedestrians. A handsome, black-eyed woman, she waved vigorously at the crowd.

Then she got into her husband and M. Caunille, called to Mme. Pontesta that she should come and ride in the Citroën with her and the two Old Grads from the State Technical School in Aire-sur-l'Adour to whom she was giving a lift, and came over to greet

M. Caunille and M. Poulou lifted their black berets, revealing briefly Caunille's bushy gray pompadour and Poulou's neatly cropped black hair, then pulled the berets delicately back into position. Caunille's deeply angled and Poulou's jauntily peaked. Still behaving as if they had all day, the two men strolled over to the bus and climbed in front without glancing at the other passengers who betrayed their excitement in wiggles, giggles, and whisperings. It was 7:10 when we all shifted into gear and proceeded in the direction of Biarritz.

#### THE CROCODILE SERENADE

**F**OLLOWING the bus, we wound rapidly along the road that follows the sea from St. Jean-de-Luz through Guethary and Bidart to Biarritz, roared through the deserted main streets of Biarritz, and picked our way through a tangle of streets in a part of town unfamiliar to me. By the time Mmes. Poulou and Pontesta in the Citroën with the Old Grads caught up with us, the orchestra had taken its processional formation, a neat, though unmilitary, crocodile, four abreast, led by the four virtuosos on the castenets and tambourines, with mandolins, mandolas, and guitars following in order. Slung from their shoulders by green and red ribbons, in addition to their instruments, every second player carried a sheet music for the matinee within stiff bindings covered by replicas of the red, green, and white Basque flag.

M. Caunille said "*Porro Salda!*" (which I recognized as Basque for leek soup). Rolling himself a fresh cigarette, he stuck it under the

The irresistible ancient dancing tunes Caunille had woven into "*Porro Salda!*"

Sleepy people in their nightclothes began opening upper windows all along the street; housewives in dressing gowns or aprons and demi-clad men appeared in shaded or sunny doorways; two street cleaners pushing a cart came running around the corner; children materialized in the street. Caunille halted the orchestra in front of a mustard-colored villa where Mlle. Dassary, the singer's sister, and Papa Dassary were peering out from behind upstairs window curtains.

The orchestra cut off the last chord cleanly, hushing their strings with the palms of their hands, but the music seemed to hang in the air like festoons for a fete. Caunille nodded, frowning fiercely, and brought the players into a rough circle around him with a gesture of his arm. The Poulous went to the door and greeted the Dassarys who had come downstairs and were exclaiming that it was too bad André was absent, but that they would write him about this charming tribute to his godfatherhood. M. Caunille gave a toot on his tuning fork and signaled the orchestra. After the opening chords, a tall girl with a bony face and a silvery soprano, sang:

Haurrak ikasazue  
Eskuaraz mintzatzen  
Ongui pilota eta  
Oneski dantzatzen.

Madame Toyos translated the words for me:

Children, you-must-learn  
Basque to-speak  
Well (to play) pelota and  
Properly to-dance.

She added that this was no child's song, but a very old, very important song, sung and taught to children to emphasize the importance of remaining Basque. The difficult language in which they would receive no schooling, the vigorous game of pelota in all its forms, and the traditional, storytelling dances were unique possessions of the race whose origins were a mystery to historians, ethnologists, and philologists. Since the Basques had gradually lost, in both France and Spain, all legal concessions to their autonomy, these things must be kept.

A gay, brisk *paso doble*, "*Sol y Sombra*," came next, and then the orchestra walked back to the bus, playing a fandango.

We noticed, following the bus through Bayonne and north along the main highway, that the members of the ensemble had relaxed after their first performance. They were chattering together, now and then exchanging seats, and some of the boys in front leaned out the window to wave their berets, while the older girls in the





back seat took turns combing each other's hair.

It was nine o'clock when we stopped again, in the crossroads village of St. Geours-de-Marenne. Here M. Poulou had scheduled another serenade, for the Widow Dupreuilh, the owner of a tiny hotel-restaurant where the *Estudiantina* had stopped two years before for *café-au-lait*. Madame Dupreuilh had refused payment, and, although they had played their gratitude then, this was further thanks. The whole village gathered to applaud the performance, while Madame Dupreuilh tucked her hands beneath her apron and masked her pleasure, peasant fashion. M. Caunille warned his group, pitching his voice under the final chord: "Change the water for the canaries! It's far enough to Montfort!" The boys went over and lined up in front of the hedge at the edge of the town square and the girls used the accommodations provided behind the hotel-restaurant. As we set off east, fifty-three loaves of elongated bread were simultaneously unwrapped, flourished, and eaten in the bus ahead.

We were in the Landes, now, rather than the Basque country. The houses were primmer and less brightly painted, the farms bigger and more fertile, and through the plane trees bordering the road we could see stretches of the thick, neat pine forests which covered most of a huge triangle north of Bayonne.

We turned off N117 at St. Paul-les-Dax onto a meandering ribbon of a blacktop. The country closed in on either side of us, pine-scented, fluttering with birds and noisy with tree-toads and packed with hot sunshine in every space between the trees. In the bus, some of the passengers were singing, some exuberantly playing their guitars and mandolins, or hanging out the windows in the dappled air that smelled of pines in sun. The older girls were coifing each other with redundant enthusiasm, pausing every time we overtook a bicyclist to call and wave.

In accordance with the French and Spanish theory that traveling is, per se, a strenuous busi-

ness requiring an almost constant intake of sustenance, Poulou had arranged our next stop in Montfort, a small town on a rolling height halfway between Bayonne and Aire, where the

Mayor was a friend of his. At 10:15 we parked in Montfort's dusty square and made our way down six blocks of the main street to the café belonging to the Montfort Mayor's cousin-in-law, where tables were set up with fifty-three bowls of *café-au-lait*. In a back room, there were wines, apéritifs, a selection of delectable Landes pâtés, and cheeses for the grownups. After their snack, the children played once in the café and once outside and then were turned loose in Montfort for "twenty minutes exactly." When they were free, they noisily and promptly scattered through the town.

The rest of us, including all the ladies, M. Caunille, and the Old Grads, were taken to see the village sight, which was a grand view, over the town's retaining wall, of the "Mer de Pins." I asked M. Poulou about the *Estudiantina* de Ciboure and how long it had been a distinction of Ciboure's, which, of course, I said, had also many others.

"Where Caunille is, there is an *Estudiantina*," said Poulou. "I played mandolin under him in 1912 in Ciboure. The war of '14 stopped us. Later he was in Hendaye, and Hendaye had an *Estudiantina*. Then Guethary. When I became Mayor of Ciboure, I had two ambitions—to begin with. Public baths for the fishermen and the *Estudiantina*. We are not a rich village, but we are much prouder of ourselves than St. Jean-de-Luz. I persuaded M. Caunille to pass his retirement in Ciboure—so in 1947 we had again our *Estudiantina*. He is very contented because little Ciboure gives him enough money to buy all the music he needs and he no longer must copy his own or have the children copy it.

"And now St. Jean-de-Luz has got an *Estudiantina* under Caunille's best old pupil, who is a splendid musician, but St. Jean is very stingy and he has no music and they only play two times a year, *les pauvres*. When Caunille is too old, I shall propose an amalgamation with one teacher for all, and they will be happy to accept. They are jealous of Ciboure. It does not cost us much," he went on hastily. I remembered an occasional muttering that this admirable, indefatigable, and incorruptible public servant was, nonetheless, a bit lavish with tax money.

"We take in as much as 45,000 francs a year when we pass the beret at fetes"—I translated this into \$130—"and Caunille has no salary.

Money, transport and sometimes a shark, but music is a play for them. The biggest expense is to buy guitars and mandolins for the serious musicians whose families are too poor to buy them. Otherwise I would say just. Sometimes the fishermen are a little mean. Ah but fishermen are generous when there are fish! Next year I hope we shall get uniforms, blouses and skirts and trousers all alike, because some of the members look a little better than the others, which is not just. But it all costs very little.

The Mayor of Montfort came up to us and asked Poulou, "Did you, after all, get a subsidy from Paris for your Centre d'Apprentissage?"

"I did," said Poulou. The Mayor of Montfort sighed.

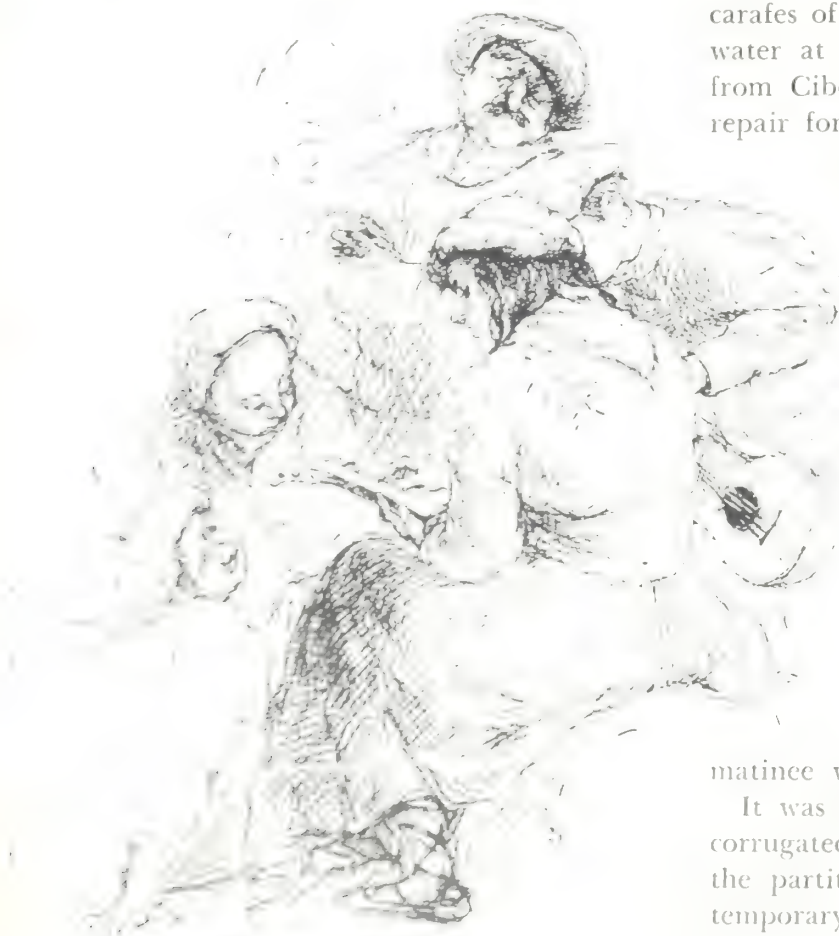
In twenty minutes exactly, the orchestra had assembled itself within the bus. As far as I could see, no one bothered to check for possible strays, and ten minutes later we were following the back roads through Mugron and St. Sever, where our passage left a wake of astonished smiles and waves, to the steep old town of Aire-sur-l'Adour. Skirting the town, we arrived on a height about a mile from its center and drew up in a brick-covered tilted courtyard in front of a rakishly crumbling church. The arched entrance gate was covered with moss except where a square space

had been scraped and "Ecole Moderne et Technique" painted in, years before, in yellow. On the wall beside the gate was a red and white poster advertising the afternoon concert: "L'Estudiantina de Ciboure . . . fresh from their triumphs in Paris," and, in smaller type, the information that tickets were available at 300 francs each, the money to benefit the School Scholarship Fund.

BASQUES tend to impart only information immediately pertinent to any situation, and it was only now that Madame Poulou told my wife that we were all expected as guests of honor at the School's Staff-and-Old-Grads luncheon. Professors from the school, in neat, well-worn blue or black suits, and scholars of high-school age, in gray cotton mechanics' smocks, joined us. The scholars took charge of the orchestra members, showed them a room where they could leave their instruments, and conducted them behind the walls to a playing field beside which the school toilets were lined up. The rest of us crossed the cobbled courtyard into the main school building and were offered accommodations next to a big classroom where long, low tables had been set up for the orchestra. Fifty-three piles of three plates each were flanked by sets of two wine glasses and there were litre carafes of red wine alternating with pitchers of water at every fourth place. The Old Grads from Ciboure suggested that all of us oldsters repair for an *apéritif* to a café down the road from the school, a place they regarded with special affection as it had always been out-of-bounds for students.

The Staff-and-Old-Grads banquet, which began at one o'clock and ended after four, was a replica of all such affairs, except that some of the off-color stories were told in Languedoc and were totally incomprehensible to a third of the assembly. A few minutes after four the orchestra rambled in and serenaded the Old Grads. The Old Grads responded with cheers: "Hip (pronounced 'eep) Hip Hip . . . HURRAH!" and Mayor Poulou announced that the matinee would follow at once in the market.

It was blistering, midsummer hot under the corrugated iron roof of the covered market, and the partitions of sacking which separated the temporary "theater" from the rest of the market did not cut out the dust or the noise from the





busv stalls without. The orchestra sat banked behind music stands, laughing at and applauding the Old Grads' vaudeville turns and periodically wiping their hands on handkerchiefs or the seats of their pants. The bouquet of youthful faces turned slowly scarlet in the heat, matching their scarves and berets. When Caunille stepped to the front of the platform, his beret at its usual angle, but his cigarette absent in honor of the formality of the occasion, they were ready, grave and professional, concentrated on their conductor and his sparse, precise gestures.

In spite of the heat and the unsuitable immensity of the market place for a stringed orchestra, the whole audience was captivated and held during the hour they played, while outside the sacking the noises stopped as everyone in the market gathered to listen. A delicate, languid Basque lullaby, "Lo," was followed by a jingle-tune, "Chibiribiri," a classical Spanish serenade in waltz time, a potpourri in which military airs in the mandolin section were accompanied by the guitars imitating fifes and drums, a Basque song, "Altza Gaztiak," and a traditional Aragonese jota. Most popular with the audience were our own favorites, the fandango, "Arin-Arin," "Porro Salda," and "Haurrak Ikasazue." For encore, Caunille signaled for "Sol y Sombra," brought the orchestra to its feet for a bow, and dismissed them, ignoring applause and loud calls for more.

#### THE BEST DAY OF HIS LIFE

AFTERWARDS audience and orchestra members lingered about in the street outside the market place. The players, not having been told whether they were free or bound, wandered around uncertainly or gathered in small huddles, playing snatches of their music. Two very drunken Old Grads demanded a fandango so that they could dance and a crowd gathered to watch them. M. Caunille and the Poulous had disappeared. Mme. Pontesta was occupied in the deserted "theater" with a nose-bleed and a heat-faint, the only casualties of the outing.

"Confusion," remarked my wife, "now, what next?"

About half an hour later, we heard M. Caunille give a toot on his tuning fork to gather his "little birds," as he called them in the rare moments when he was openly proud of them. The Poulous joined us and told us that the school was so pleased with the financial success of the concert that the orchestra was invited to

supper. M. Poulou added that some Old Grads from Hagetmau had requested an evening serenade on the way home, so that he could not tell us exactly when the bus would return its load to the square in Ciboure.

"Not too late," he said, "since tomorrow's a school day." We decided, since Dominique was going out on his boat at 3:00 A.M., to return directly home.

It was nearly one o'clock when Chris walked in, announced that they had played three serenades on a roundabout way back to Ciboure, that it had been the best day of his life, and that, taking his guitar out of its case to demonstrate, he had learned a couple of tricks to improve the sound of certain chords by sitting next to one of the more advanced guitarists.

Watching him, I remarked that I had thought I wanted to play a guitar all my life and that now I was sure of it.

"I *think* I could teach you," said Chris, "although Mister says it is very hard to teach *old* people."

"Maybe you had better sleep in the morning, *young man*," said my wife to Chris.

"And miss *school*?" said Chris, horrified. "In FRANCE?"

"All right," said my wife, "but how about—" She gestured upstairs.

"Okay . . ." Chris put his guitar tenderly back in the case and carried it to the door. "Are you *serious*. Pop?" he asked me.

"Yes, I am," I said, "and I'll make a deal with you. If you can teach me to play 'Sol y Sombra' by Christmas, I'll buy you a concert guitar and take yours."

"OH POIL!" said Chris, which is an untranslatable local expression for bliss. Then his face assumed a blank sternness that reminded me of Caunille and he glanced at my left thumb as if wondering whether it would be effective to threaten amputation in case it crept around the edge of the guitar. "We'll do it," he declared.

He went up to bed, singing:

Haurrak ikasazue  
Ikasazue gurea  
Ongui pilota eta  
Si si si mi re do-diese . . .

"That's sharp in French," he called over the banister.

"I don't want to learn to read music, just to play," I called back.

"Pop," said Chris, pausing on the stairs, "that's *not serious*."

John Carlova

# DEATH of a Correspondent

Gene Symonds was murdered this year under a street light in Singapore . . . a long way from his home in Dayton, Ohio, but "maybe not as far as some people think."

ABOUT 5:00 P.M. on May 12, 1955, a freak bolt of lightning flashed out of the blue sky above Singapore and slammed into a pile of empty oil drums on the docks. The echo rolled along the waterfront and bounced off the buildings facing Collyer Quay, startling home-going crowds.

An American newspaperman, Gene Symonds, who had just left his office on Robinson Road, ran across the street and called to a British journalist friend, "What was that explosion?"

"Lightning struck something down on the docks."

"Lightning?" said Symonds incredulously. "But the sun's shining!"

The Britisher laughed nervously. "That's Singapore weather, old chap—violently unpredictable."

That covered more than the weather. Although the scene along the waterfront of the British seaport colony was peaceful, less than two miles away motorized police were riding herd on a mob of Chinese students and Communist gangsters. Symonds—chief of the United Press in Singapore, Asia and other international correspondents in the colony had been keeping check on the situation all day. So far, however, no one had been hurt and the disturbance had rated only a brief cable.

He left his British colleague, walked down Collyer Quay to the Savoy Hotel, and

made a number of telephone calls from the bar. He made routine inquiries on the lightning blast, found there was nothing to it, then called his office to check with the Chinese deskman on duty. Afterwards Symonds, a bachelor of twenty-nine, called his friend, Peggy MacDonald, a beautiful blonde Australian singer who was appearing in a Singapore night club. They talked for about ten minutes and made arrangements to meet later that night.

Then Symonds hailed a taxi and drove to his three-room apartment out in the fashionable Tanglin district, about three miles from the heart of town. He told his Chinese *amah* (housekeeper) that he would be dining out and she could go home. Before she left she noticed that the lanky, bespectacled six-footer was intently studying a large wall map of Southeast Asia.

Symonds knew all about Communist aggression in Asia. He had seen and followed the southward pattern of the lightning flashes from Korea—where he had covered the war for UP—to Indochina and Malaya. Before coming to Singapore in June 1954, he had been manager of the Manila bureau of UP. In Singapore, he was well liked, not only by Europeans but by the Chinese, Malays, Indians, and Eurasians he met in his work. He was a soft-spoken, kindly man—he once paid out of his own pocket the hospital expenses of a Chinese member of his staff—and was more of a listener than a talker.

He had arrived in Singapore at a critical time. For seven years, British Commonwealth troops had been battling Communist guerrillas in the tin-and-rubber-rich peninsula of Malaya, the British protectorate to the north of the island of Singapore. The Communists in Singapore—almost all Chinese, including many skilled agitators sent direct from Peking—were infiltrating trade unions, political parties, secret societies, and high schools. Their greatest success was in the Chinese schools, which are privately maintained and only indirectly controlled by the government. The students—many of them, rather strangely, as old as twenty-three or twenty-four years—were particularly inflamed by Communist "successes" in Korea and Indochina. Thousands of regimented, well drilled youngsters began appearing at the scenes of strikes, carrying anti-British banners, chanting Communist slogans, and aiding strikers with money and food.

The police were reluctant to break up these student demonstrations, fearful of hurting boys and girls as young as twelve and thirteen. But on May 13, 1954, when 2,000 Chinese students marched on Government House—residence of the



governor, Sir John Nicoll—riot squads were compelled to stop the procession. In the fracas that followed, students flung stones and swung sticks, injuring about a dozen Malay police. An equal number of students were hurt, none seriously, about a score were arrested, including two girls of twelve, but only seven youths were jailed, for three months each.

Gene Symonds was a close observer of this trend. Traveling as he frequently did to Thailand, Indonesia, Burma, and Borneo, he perceived that the Communist use of students as cat's-paws and agitators, if successful in Singapore, could be used in the Red campaign to induce (or force) twelve million overseas Chinese throughout Southeast Asia to toe the Peking line. This, the American newsman warned in his reports, meant one thing: if and when the Communist war machine started rolling again in this area, one of the largest and most elaborate fifth columns of all time would be there to pave the way.

#### THE "EDUCATION" OF DR. LIN

IN Singapore, which is an air-conditioned tropical paradise, rather complacent in its prosperity, Symonds' apprehensive views were respected but minimized. British government officials, Chinese *towkays* (wealthy merchants), Malay *tenkgus* (princes), and Indian professional men assured him that the Chinese students were just high-spirited kids letting off steam. Gene didn't believe it—nor did his friend, Dr. Lin Yutang, the famous Chinese author and philosopher.

Dr. Lin had come to Singapore from America to take charge of Nanyang University, an ambitious project to establish a place of higher learning for overseas Chinese students. The understanding on which Dr. Lin had accepted the post of Chancellor was that the university should be nonpolitical and that he should have full control on policy matters.

But he had hardly settled down with his family in Singapore before he was approached, one by one, by at least half a dozen Chinese millionaires, all with the same story: they would have to withhold funds they had promised to the Nanyang project unless certain conditions were met. Although these conditions were disguised as "means of protecting Chinese culture," they all boiled down to one thing: the use of the university as a powerful means of indoctrinating overseas Chinese with Communism and disseminating Peking propaganda.

Dr. Lin was perplexed. In the first place, he couldn't understand why these Chinese capitalists wanted to further Communism. They didn't always *want* to, he soon learned—they were often forced to by secret society gangsters, acting as Communist agents. (There were four known cases in Singapore last year of wealthy Chinese being kidnapped and held by such gangsters for fabulous ransoms. In all cases, injured as the Chinese are to banditry, the victims paid up without notifying the police.) Moreover, many wealthy Singapore merchants admire and take great pride in the Red regime in China. They not only contribute vast sums to Peking but help to channel strategic goods behind the Bamboo Curtain. They also look with paternal indulgence on their student sons and daughters who demonstrate in favor of Communism.

Aided by Gene Symonds and other sympathetic newsmen, Dr. Lin dug deeper into the facts of Communist infiltration into Chinese schools in Singapore and Malaya. He was appalled by what he found. Young Communist thugs—posing as students but actually cold-blooded killers—were not only compelling reluctant students to follow their lead but were terrorizing teachers and parents into keeping clear of their activities. In Penang a high-school principal who dared to oppose these pseudo-student commissars was shot dead. Dozens of other teachers and Chinese school officials were compelled to quit or go into hiding.

In the end, Dr. Lin himself was threatened with death. To protect his family, he resigned from Nanyang University and left Singapore. The very day he left, an anti-Communist student leader was called from a classroom and shot dead by two young gunmen.

TODAY the population of cosmopolitan Singapore is predominantly Chinese—750 thousand out of a total of just over a million. The remainder is made up of 150,000 Malays, 100,000 Indians, 10,000 Eurasians, and 15,000 Europeans, mostly British. (This does not include thousands of British troops and service families based on the island.)

As long ago as 1812, the British realized the importance of the island and began to develop its possibilities. They spent a hundred years and millions of pounds of capital in clearing the jungles of Malaya for the present-day rich rubber plantations and tin mines. It was not until the turn of the century, when British foresight and development began to pay off, that the Chinese migrated to Malaya, literally in hordes. Shrewd,

business, and during the war, when the British lost "face" and fortune through their ignominious capitulation to the Japanese, the Chinese solidly consolidated their commercial position in Singapore.

During and after the war, when the British lost "face" and fortune through their ignominious capitulation to the Japanese, the Chinese solidly consolidated their commercial position in Singapore. They gradually took over commercial life of Singapore and the surrounding area. They controlled most of the import-export trade, banking, insurance, shipping, and real estate, as well as the tin mining and rubber growing in Malaya. Chinese tycoons imported thousands of half-starved, half-naked coolies from China and, until recent reform laws were passed, held them in virtual slavery.

Even today, the average wage of an Asian worker in Singapore is only a hundred Malayan dollars a month (\$33 American—in a place where the cost of living for a European is about as high as New York City). Nevertheless the Singapore worker is far better off than any other in all Asia. The tropical climate calls for a minimum of clothing and shelter, rice is cheap and plentiful, and there is an abundance of work.

There is no color bar—anyone, no matter what his race or creed, can walk into the poshest places in town and get a drink or meal, providing he can pay for it and put on the proper clothes. Trade unions—although inept, crude, and Communist-riddled—have complete freedom. (The Communist influence can be seen during almost any demonstration: during strikes against Chinese firms, the slogans and banners carried by pickets are often anti-British, sometimes even anti-American.) The Malays in Singapore, although the original inhabitants, are a minor factor. Lazygoing and indolent, they are content to sit back and watch the Chinese, British, and Indians fight it out on the political and economic fronts. The Indians, incidentally, run the Chinese a close second in business acumen. They are also active in the professions, politics, and unions.

Until recently, the Chinese didn't bother with politics. As one Chinese millionaire used to say, "We don't mind who holds the cow as long as we can milk it."

#### A BAG OF PROMISES

LAST year, however, when the British announced they would allow Singapore to elect a Legislative Assembly, that attitude changed. Previously the Assembly had been appointed, which meant it was just a rubber stamp for the Colonial Office in London. Under the new setup, which was a big step toward complete self-government for Singapore, the

party in power would control the colony except for foreign affairs, defense, and finance, which would remain in the hands of the British.

A spate of political parties soon broke out, at least two of them Communist inspired and dominated. (The Communist party itself is outlawed in Singapore.) Only three parties, however, had any hope of obtaining a majority in the thirty-two seat Assembly—the ultraconservative Progressive party, the socialistic Labor Front party, and the extremely far left People's Action party. It was generally believed that the Progressives would win, mainly because their backers were considered the only ones literate enough to know how to vote. In a well-organized campaign against the British, however, the Labor Front and PAP stirred up enough hate and hostility to fill the polls with eager Chinese, Malays, and Indians only too anxious to put their Xs where they had been told to put them. The Labor Front won in a landslide.

No one was more surprised than the Labor Front leader himself, a glib-tongued political opportunist named David Marshall. A criminal lawyer, well-versed in courtroom dramatics, Marshall had steamed up crowds with impossible promises. He would take the wealth of Singapore away from the capitalists and colonialists, he pledged, and share it among the workers. And if his party was not placed in power, he darkly threatened, "blood will run in the streets."

Since he had not really expected his party to win, Chief Minister Marshall was left holding the bag of promises. He appeared dazed for a while—but not long. Quickly recovering, he went on with his man-of-the-people act, wearing an open-necked, short-sleeved sports shirt to the formal opening of the Assembly and shooting his inaugural speech full of pyrotechnical denunciations of capitalism and colonialism.

Soon after the Assembly opened in April 1955, it became obvious that Marshall would have trouble with the Communist-riddled People's Action party—particularly its leader, a rabble-rousing Chinese lawyer named Lee Kuan Yew. Legal adviser to a number of unions and to the Chinese students, Lee loudly and repeatedly proclaimed that he preferred Communism to colonialism—although he and Marshall both well knew that colonialism was no longer an issue.

Lee also helped to prepare speeches and issue union manifestoes that virtually screamed for violence. On May Day, 1955, twelve days before the freak lightning bolt, he fervently nodded approval as one of his stooges, the leader of the Singapore Bus Workers' Union, proclaimed to a



large crowd, "Workers must know that there is bound to be some bloodshed in the course of an amalgamation and they must rise and unite!"

Instead of joining forces with Marshall, Lee began a bitterly personal attack on the Chief Minister. He accused Marshall of going over to the British and held up for ridicule the Labor Front leader's impossible election promises, which he now could not pay off on. Further to embarrass the new government, Lee used his influence to set off a series of strikes.

#### THE HOCK LEE BUS STRIKE

ONE of these stoppages was at the Hock Lee Bus Company, a Chinese-owned firm operating about a hundred busses in the working-class west side of Singapore. The workers had a genuine grievance—the company had fired a number of drivers and conductors because of union activities. The management had also set up a company union and insinuated that workers joining any other would lose their jobs. The strikers wanted the dismissed workers reinstated and the company union dissolved.

Public sympathy was strongly with the strikers and popular support was soon forthcoming. Lee was delighted. Here at last was a legitimate torch he could play with and poke at Marshall to his heart's content, but the forces behind Lee grabbed the opportunity offered to them and lost no time in turning the torch into a bonfire. Pickets assembled outside the Hock Lee Bus Company, an elaborate camp was set up across the road, and fiery speakers kept up a constant harangue over the loudspeaker.

Then truckloads of students began rolling up. The boys and girls brought gifts of food and money for the strikers and entertained them with songs and dances—Red style. The police, under orders from the Labor Front government not to interfere, just stood by and watched. On May 10, however, two hundred pickets formed a human barrier across the bus depot's gates and refused to allow vehicles manned by company union men to leave. After repeatedly warning the pickets they were unlawfully obstructing the busses, the magistrates ordered the police to turn hoses on them.

The human barrier was broken up but eight of the pickets were injured by flying stones, flung up by the powerful water jets. For the rest of the day these men, heavily bandaged, were paraded around the city to a series of meetings protesting against "police brutality."

The next day, May 11, pickets again blocked the bus depot gates. Again the fire hoses were

turned on them. This time, however, a large crowd of supporters began stoning the police. That night labor meetings were held throughout the colony and more than thirty strikes involving 25,000 workers were called, supposedly in sympathy with the Hock Lee busmen. Many of these strikes, however, were forced on the workers by threats and intimidation.

Meanwhile Marshall, afraid of touching the situation with anything harsher than soft soap, was trying to "negotiate" peace. This consisted mainly of long, meaningless conferences with his Chinese Minister of Labor and Trades Union Congress leaders, none of whom had any control whatsoever over the rising storm.

The big blow-off came the next day, May 12—now known in Singapore as "Black Thursday." In the morning, riot squads were forced to use tear gas to disperse a large menacing mob at the Hock Lee bus depot. The busses were hardly on the roads, however, before—as though at the press of a button—a series of attacks was made on *all* bus lines throughout the colony. About thirty busses were stoned and smashed up, hundreds of passengers were forced to flee for their lives, many cut by flying glass, and public transport in Singapore came to a standstill.

Meanwhile the mob at the Hock Lee bus depot had grown to about two thousand and was moving about the area like a cyclone, flinging stones at police and indiscriminately damaging cars and property. Scores of police and bystanders were injured. Still the order from the government was to use nothing more lethal than tear gas. Shortly after noon—again as though at the press of a button—about fifty truckloads of students converged into the riot area. At the same time, swarms of secret society gangsters, waterfront thugs, and professional toughs flooded in.

The students—well disciplined, all wearing white shorts and shirts with black armbands—directed the erection of barricades at strategic points. Small raiding parties harassed the police flanks as the main mob swayed back and forth across an area of about four square miles around the Alexandra Road district.

About 2:00 P.M. all police in the colony were put on general stand-by orders and a thousand constables cordoned off the riot area, hoping to keep the wildfire from spreading throughout the island. Roadblocks were set up and Radio Malaya broadcast warnings to the public.

Thousands of additional students and thugs swept around the roadblocks into the area, however, and by 6:00 P.M. nearly ten thousand people were waging a dozen different fights with riot

quadrant within the bottled-up bottleneck. Just as the sudden tropical night was closing in, rioters smashed roadblocks at three points and drove in half a dozen trucks loaded with broken-up bricks and rocks, lighted clubs, bottles, bicycle chains, and kerosene-soaked torches.

#### THAT'S YOUR BABY, OLD CHAP

THESE were the events that led up to 7:30 that night when Gene Symonds, an American from Dayton, Ohio, left his apartment. He took a taxi to Prince's Restaurant, a cool, softly lighted eating place on Orchard Road, well out of the riot area. Gene had a drink and a light meal—he had been having trouble with his stomach—then called his office. The Chinese deskman on duty gave him the latest riot details: several fires had been started and hundreds of residents in the area were fleeing to safety.

Symonds thanked the deskman, left the telephone number of the American Club where he could be reached, then went out and hailed a taxi. At the American Club, in the Cathay Building, Gene heard that rioters had burst out of the confined area at several points. They had overturned and set fire to a number of cars and badly beaten up an English couple, crippling the woman. They had also trapped two Chinese detectives. One of the detectives had been drenched with gasoline and set alight, the other severely stabbed.

Symonds hurriedly checked by phone with the police and relayed the facts to the deskman at his office. He then called Peggy MacDonald, told her he would be unable to keep his date with her, and warned her to keep off the streets.

Two other newsmen were operating from the club. One had tried to drive into the riot area just before nightfall but had been turned back by police. "It's pretty bad," he told Symonds. "Those maniacs have been worked up to a murderous pitch. This trouble could spread all over the island."

"It could spread all over the world," Gene said.

At 9:45 he checked with the police again. The rioters who had broken out of the cordoned-off district had been forced back in, but scores of cars had been badly battered. A Chinese volunteer constable had been trapped in his blazing overturned car and literally roasted to death. The police were pleading for permission to use

to do with it, he tried at one point to pass it on to the British colonial officers of whom he had been so contemptuous. He was rather smugly told, in effect, "That's your baby, old chap. You screamed for it, you got it—now let's see what you're going to do with it."

Desperate, Marshall turned to Lee and other People's Action party leaders, as well as union bosses, imploring them to stop the violence. None of them could do anything. Lee, in fact, had been warned he would be killed if he attempted to call off the "demonstration," and he was squealing for police protection.

AS COULD be expected, the rioting flared up with greater force than ever. At 10:30 P.M. Gene Symonds conferred with Wee Kim Wee, UP manager for Malaya, who had several Chinese newsmen at the riot scene. However, they had been unable to obtain very much information on the riots and the head office in New York was calling for fuller coverage, including movie films for television if possible.

"I'll get them myself," Symonds told Wee. "It's time I was getting out there, anyway."

Wee tried to dissuade him but Gene had made up his mind. "There's something going on here that people all over the world should know about," he said. "It's up to me to see they get that information."

An American newsman who left the club with Symonds also tried to talk him out of going to the riot scene. "You can cover the thing just as well from police headquarters," the newsman reasoned. "Why risk your life with that mob of murderers out there?"

"That's where the truth is," Symonds said.

He caught a cab, drove to his apartment, picked up his 16-millimeter movie camera and told the taxi-driver to go to Alexandra Road, heart of the riot area. The driver, a Chinese, flatly refused to go any further than Orchard Circus, more than a mile from the fringe of the fighting. Two other taxi-drivers also refused to drive Symonds to the riot area.

Finally, shortly after eleven, an old friend of Gene's drove up—a Malay cabbie named Abdul bin Ali. Abdul, who had often driven Gene around town, agreed to take the American to Alexandra Road.

Meanwhile the hard-pressed police had been given permission to use firearms—but only as a last resort. To counter this threat, the younger students were shifted to the forefront as a shield. One radio car, manned by an English police lieutenant and three Malay constables, was

11. the Chief Minister, was acting like  
so suddenly finds he has a lighted bomb  
in his hand. Unable to make up his mind what



smashed, overturned, and overrun by hundreds of shrieking rioters. To save himself and his three constables, the police lieutenant fired four shots. He aimed high, hoping to scare off the mob, but one of the bullets hit a sixteen-year-old student in the chest. A riot squad then beat a way through to the radio car crewmen and the mob retreated, dragging away the body of the student.

It was about this time, 11:30 P.M., that Gene Symonds drove up to a roadblock on a side street leading to Alexandra Road. He got out and spoke to the police, who refused to let him go any further. Gene stood for a while at the barrier, watching a score of fires in the riot area. The flames from burning cars and property

weirdly etched tall palms against the reddened sky.

After about five minutes, according to the story Abdul bin Ali later told, Symonds came back to the cab, got in and said, "The police won't let me past. Let's try someplace else."

They drove along Jervois Road to a roadblock at another side street, where five Malay constables and a radio car were stationed. Again Symonds got out and talked to the police. He showed his press credentials and said he would take full responsibility for entering the riot area. The corporal in charge strongly advised Symonds against going any further but agreed he had no power to stop him.

Symonds then got back in the cab and directed Abdul to swing around the barrier. They drove cautiously down the street in low gear. Nearby shops and houses were dark and barred, dimly outlined by the reflection of distant fires, but just ahead a cluster of streetlights were still operating at the junction of Alexandra Road. The corner was like a stage setting, well illuminated, strangely isolated from the red-black violence all around. A cacophony of shots, shouts, and screams came through only as a savage sort of overture.

Abdul, now frightened, feeling the tightening tension, stopped the car about a hundred yards from the corner. "Better go back, *tuan*," he said to Symonds.

At that moment, as though on cue, a mob of six hundred rioters roared onto the stage beneath the streetlights. Most of the mobsters were stripped to the waist, their bare flesh glistening with sweat. Some had handkerchiefs tied pirate-like about their heads. All were chanting, wailing, and screaming. At shoulder height they carried the banner of their rage—the body of the shot student.

Without a word, Symonds got out of the car and walked toward the mob. As he came out of the shadows into the glare of the street lights, the mob swung toward him, then froze, suddenly hushed. Symonds stood still, too, separated from the mob by fifteen yards, yet somehow connected to it and in control of the strange transfixion.

He lost that control when he brought his movie camera up to eye level. The movement seemed to release the full fury of the mob. Shouting "*po wan sui!*" (revenge!), about forty of the rioters broke from the main body and rushed Symonds. He stood his ground.

"I am an American!" he called above the roar of the mob.

## DONALD HALL

### A NOVELIST

ALTHOUGH a Protestant of Niebuhr's crew,

And fond of evil in a work of art,  
On most occasions he was sure he knew  
That goodness was the scheme of every heart;

In his democracy of honest men,  
There was no need for hell, and he ignored it.  
Depressive cycles came and came again  
Out of this tension: he had not explored it.

For when some upstart critic criticized  
His novels much too harshly for their worth,  
He saw beneath the critic's prose, disguised,  
The wretched horns of Satan poking forth.

But still his characters were good and strong,  
With social evils as the only ill.  
His small success did not endure for long—  
Even the public finally had its fill.

His first response was innocent surprise  
That everyone could fail to understand;  
He stiffened up: he made no compromise,  
But wrote as ever, dull and second-hand.

Still the young men were laughing at his name.  
At last, with nothing left him but despair,  
He mounted a tall building and became  
A swarm of horror through the hellish air.

Those were the last words Gene Symonds ever spoke. A moment later the infuriated rioters had battered him to the pavement and swarmed over him. Rioters who couldn't find room to get in on the kill vented their rage by beating on the ground with clubs and hurling stones and bottles at him. After fifteen minutes, following the same crazy pattern of dozens of similar mobs in the area, the rioters swirled away, leaving the broken, bleeding body of Gene Symonds alone on the street beneath the glaring lights.

#### DAYTON TO SINGAPORE

ABDUL had left his cab and fled back to the roadblock when the rioters attacked Symonds. The terrified taxi-driver told the police what had happened and urged them to rescue Gene. The constables, however, had orders not to move from the roadblock. All they did was send a radio message for an ambulance. After waiting half an hour, Abdul, frightened but worried about Symonds, crept across a vacant lot and through a back alley to where he could see the American, still lying alone in the street.

The taxi-driver hurried back to the roadblock, told the police the mob had gone, and again urged them to go after Symonds. Again the police refused. Two young Chinese with a small truck then offered to go with Abdul and get Symonds. The three of them drove to the junction of Alexandra Road but when they saw Gene's body—pulped and soaked with blood—they hesitated about moving it to hospital in the rough-riding truck. Abdul's taxi had been smashed up by the rioters.

While they were standing there, a police riot van drove up. Abdul asked the officer in charge to take Symonds to the hospital but he said he was on his way to a more urgent call. He promised, however, to send another radio message for an ambulance, then drove on.

There was nothing for the two Chinese and the Malay cabbie to do then but put Symonds in the truck and take him to the hospital. They arrived there at 12:50 A.M., more than an hour after Symonds had been beaten up. He was in such a mangled condition that nurses wept at the sight of him and even hardened doctors had to look away. His legs and arms were broken, his head split open, his hips fractured, his groin open, his face split open. Bicycle chains had been used to tie his hands and feet, and there was hardly a spot on his body where bamboo rods had not left

Amazingly, Gene Symonds was still alive. It was the faintest spark of life but it gave doctors enough hope to try an emergency operation. Gene then held on through the night and into the next day without regaining consciousness. He died at 2:47 P.M. on Friday, May 13.

By then the riots were over. Military leaders, who refused to stand by any longer, moved in troops and armored cars and cleared out the riot area—a move which could and should have been ordered by the government twenty-four hours earlier. In the face of a determined show of force, the Red storm troopers had slipped back underground, the thugs and gangsters had fled back to their hideouts, and the students had dispersed to their homes and schools.

In the grim light of day, Singapore had the aghast, ashen look of someone who has suddenly discovered the shotgun was loaded. The death toll: two Chinese policemen, a Chinese student, and Gene Symonds. About twenty-five others, including a number of women, were seriously scarred, burned, or maimed for life. About a hundred people were less seriously hurt.\*

A MEMORIAL service was held for Gene Symonds in Singapore on May 16 at St. Andrew's Church of England cathedral. The cathedral and surrounding grounds were packed with people, many of them government, military, political, and civic leaders.

The Archdeacon of Singapore, the Venerable Robin Woods, said of Gene Symonds in his sermon:

"He believed in the message of truth. He gave his life to gather that truth for the people of the world."

The next day Gene's friends were at the airport to see his body off. It was being flown to his home town, Dayton, Ohio. After the plane had gone, two newsmen walked back through the terminal building and out into the blazing sunlight. They stood there for a moment, looking toward the city.

One of the newsmen, bitter, said, "Dayton, Ohio, to Singapore—that's a long way to come to get killed."

The other newsmen, just as bitter but perhaps a little wiser, said, "Maybe it's not as far as some people think."

On August 16, two men were charged with being members of the "unlawful assembly" which resulted in the death of Symonds. One, a truck-driver, Ong Ah Too, was later sentenced to death; the other, an Indian, S. Suppiah, was acquitted.



Irving Dilliard

# WARREN and the new Supreme Court

After a long period of troubles, a much improved Court has emerged from the political thickets and is now turning in its best performance in years . . . thanks largely to Eisenhower's appointments.

THE "Oyez, Oyez, Oyez" with which the current session of the Supreme Court opened in October did not carry the overtones of anxiety which have haunted this august institution during the last few years. For the first time in three terms, no political cloud hangs over our highest court, and all nine of its chairs are filled. At last the Court can conduct its business without worry that capriciousness within the Senate might delay or even block the confirmation of a Justice.

Chief Justice Earl Warren and Associate Justice John Marshall Harlan, President Eisenhower's two appointees (and the first Justices to be appointed by a Republican President for nearly a quarter of a century) are secure in their seats after a buffeting by Congressional winds of gale force. Sitting with them are Associate Justices Hugo L. Black, Stanley F. Reed, Felix Frankfurter, William O. Douglas, Harold H. Burton, Tom C. Clark, and Sherman Minton—all Roosevelt or Truman appointees.

Periods of political stress and strain are not unfamiliar in the history of our highest court, but it has been a long time since the bench of Marshall, Taney, and White, of Holmes and Brandeis, Taft and Hughes and Cardozo faced

difficulties such as those that handicapped it during the last two years.

For five of the eight months of the 1954-55 term only eight Justices sat on a Court that consists of an uneven number of seats so that the odd man will tip the scales in close decisions. The first month of this long vacancy was the respectful interval between the sudden death of Justice Robert H. Jackson in October 1954, and the appointment the following November of the eminently qualified Judge Harlan of the Federal Court of Appeals for New York, Connecticut, and Vermont. The rest of the long delay can be charged almost exclusively to the veteran Republican Senator from North Dakota, William Langer. This cantankerous gentleman by Congressional seniority was chairman of the Senate Judiciary Committee in the Republican-controlled Eighty-third Congress.

Both Senator Langer's position and his behavior were bizarre. As responsible head of the key committee on judicial matters, he devised a snare—and Judge Harlan found himself tangled in it. No Supreme Court Justice or Cabinet Secretary, Langer said, had ever been selected from any of seven states—not from his own North Dakota, from South Dakota, Montana, Idaho, Nevada, Arizona, or Florida—and he asserted he would oppose any nominees who did not come from one of these neglected states.

Any delay in the appointment of a new Justice was pointless and prolonged delay was inexcusable. Earlier in the year the same Republican Senate had confirmed without opposition Judge Harlan's appointment to the Appellate bench, and it was reasonable to assume that his confirmation to the Supreme Court was a matter of course. A convenient opportunity to approve the Harlan nomination, and thus to fill the ninth seat, came when the Senate met in November to receive the report of the special Watkins committee which heard the charges against Senator McCarthy. But no wheel turned in the Judiciary Committee. Finally the chairman announced quite flatly that the Harlan appointment would not be acted on at the special session. So 1954 passed with the tie-breaking seat still vacant, and the second set of arguments on the public-school segregation cases, scheduled for December, was postponed.

When the Eighty-fourth Congress opened last January with control in the hands of the Democrats, Judge Harlan's troubles were not over. It took time to reorganize Congressional committees, but not only this loss of time harassed Judge Harlan. There were new complaints against him.

Justice Harlan had been a Rhodes Scholar, and this, it seems, was not good. Backers of the proposed Bricker Amendment to reduce the power of the President in the conduct of foreign relations were quick to exploit the four-to-four split in the Supreme Court on Justice Jackson's death in the unusual case of *Evelyn Rice v. Sioux City Park Cemetery Inc.* Those who favored the Bricker Amendment felt that if a Justice with "international leanings" had been the ninth man on the Court, the decision would have gone against their anti-internationalist convictions.

The case seemed to involve such issues. Mrs. Rice, the widow of a Korean War sergeant, attempted to bury the body of her husband, a Winnebago Indian, in the Sioux City Cemetery, only to be told that the contract with lot owners extended burial privileges to members of the Caucasian race and no others. She sued for damages in an Iowa state court to compensate her for mental suffering which, she said, followed the humiliation of being required to halt the funeral at the grave. Mrs. Rice contended that the cemetery's bar against non-Caucasians violated not only the United States Constitution but the United Nations Charter as well.

After the National Soldiers' Cemetery at Arlington gave Sergeant John Rice a hero's burial, the Iowa courts, including the State Supreme Court, dismissed Mrs. Rice's suit. But Mrs. Rice believed that she had more of a case than the bench of Iowa recognized. The United States Supreme Court found the question so close that with Justice Jackson's seat vacant, the eight jurists divided evenly. This allowed the Iowa Supreme Court's affirmation of the dismissal to stand, and presumably kept the United Nations issue open for future decision in the Supreme Court. It was this matter of the United Nations Charter that caused all the excitement about Judge Harlan's "international leanings."

The new Democratic chairman of the Senate Judiciary Committee, Senator Harley M. Kilgore of West Virginia, ordered hearings to satisfy the objectors, and Judge Harlan personally appeared before the committee to answer questions about his views. Apparently he reassured the doubting Thomases that he was not a starry-eyed "one-worlder." Arguably too, he convinced most of the committee he believed in the supremacy of the Constitution. For the Judiciary Committee voted

8-4 to confirm Judge Harlan on the condition that still objectors to Judge Harlan on other grounds. A small band of Southern

Democratic Senators remembered that Judge Harlan's grandfather, Supreme Court Justice John Marshall Harlan, had in 1896 been the lone dissenter in the Jim Crow railroad car case of *Plessy v. Ferguson*. How could the grandson be any less modern than the grandsire, who denied "that any legislative body or judicial tribunal may have regard to the race of citizens when the civil rights of those citizens are involved?" How could a Justice Harlan of this generation agree any less than the Justice Harlan of two generations back that "the thin disguise of 'equal' accommodations for passengers in railroad coaches will not mislead anyone, nor atone for the wrong this day done?" If the Constitution was "color-blind" in the eyes of one Harlan six decades ago would it not necessarily be as "color-blind" in the eyes of the other, when the postponed arguments were heard about the schedule and means of applying the desegregation decision?

Consequently, when the confirmation came to a vote in the full Senate on March 16, nine Democratic Senators cast their votes against the confirmation of Justice Harlan. So did two Republicans—Senator Langer and Senator Welker of Idaho. The second Justice Harlan was confirmed 71 to 11.

#### A SURPRISE APPOINTMENT

IF THE 1954-55 term of the Supreme Court was under a heavy cloud because of the delay in confirming Harlan, the 1953-54 session wallowed in a deep fog over President Eisenhower's nomination of Earl Warren of California as Chief Justice. The Warren case was an ugly business, characterized by the play of petty ambitions and personal grudges.

Two questions faced President Eisenhower and his advisers when Frederick Moore Vinson, Chief Justice for seven years, died suddenly in September 1953 shortly before the opening of the Court's 1953-54 term. The first question was "Who?" The second was "When?" No matter who, the Senate was not in session and wouldn't be able to confirm an appointment before January.

Indications were pretty clear that the White House intended to appoint California's popular Governor Warren to the Supreme Court, and no one would have been surprised to see him nominated as an Associate Justice. However, a common Republican criticism against Democratic appointments to the highest bench had been that too few seats had gone to experienced, qualified career judges and too many had gone to Democratic attorneys general and others who had won



preferment in political rather than judicial office. Consequently, Warren's appointment to the seat of Chief Justice was greeted with pleasure in some quarters and with surprise, dismay, and puzzlement in others.

For Governor Warren had no judicial experience whatsoever. He began his career as a clerk in a San Francisco law office, but even this association with private practice was brief. After an interval in the Army in World War I, he took a job as clerk to a judiciary committee in the legislature at Sacramento, which put his foot on the bottom rung of the political ladder. His climb from then on was steady: from Deputy City Attorney in Oakland to District Attorney, and from there—after thirteen years of effective crusading for law enforcement—to state Attorney General, a post to which he won election in 1938. Four years later, against odds that politicians thought were insuperable, he was elected Governor by a stunning majority of nearly 350,000. Twice he achieved re-election to four-year terms—in 1946 and 1950. He won the third of these victories—under California's cross-filing system—as a Democrat as well as a Republican.

It was an impressive political record, even though it included no judicial experience. Warren had much else to commend him. He was a powerful spokesman for the Eisenhower wing of the party, a resident of the second largest state, and the first Chief Justice ever appointed from west of the Mississippi. Moreover, he had a notable reputation for fairness and integrity. There are many who believe that the post had been offered first to Thomas E. Dewey, who declined; but whether this is true or not, within a few days the appointment went to Warren.

The news reached the public by way of a planned "leak" to a few newspapers which had supported Eisenhower in the campaign. The professional bar had got up a considerable enthusiasm over the possible nomination of Chief Justice Arthur T. Vanderbilt of the Supreme Court of New Jersey. He is a past president of the American Bar Association with an impressive record of reforming the judicial system of New Jersey, and many lawyers were behind him. Attorney General Herbert Brownell, Jr. scotched these hopes. After a quick flight to Sacramento to talk to Warren, he called in reporters from the *New York Times*, the *New York Herald Tribune*, the *Chicago Daily News*, the *Kansas City Star*, and the *Scripps-Howard* papers. He told them privately that he had recommended Governor Warren, and that he expected the President to approve. The President confirmed the rumor.

Now that "Who?" had been decided, there remained the question of "When?" The White House decided to give Mr. Warren his seat at once through a recess appointment. The only earlier recess appointment to the Chief Justiceship had backfired, and that was in 1795. The Administration, obviously acting on Brownell's advice, was willing to take the chance. When the Supreme Court convened less than a week later for its 1953-54 session, Chief Justice Earl Warren sat black-robed at the center of the bench, flanked by the Associate Justices.

#### THE ROW OVER WARREN

**B**UT the new Chief Justice was already in trouble. Even before he was seated criticism came from high legal levels. Five members of the Harvard faculty, led by Professor Henry M. Hart, Jr., urged the President to call a special session of the Senate to act on the nomination before the new jurist took his seat. These legal scholars said that the Constitution did not contemplate that any federal judge, let alone a Chief Justice of the United States, should hold office and decide cases without Senate confirmation.

On few other points in the Constitutional Convention [they wrote] were the framers in such complete accord as on the necessity of protecting judges from every kind of extraneous influence on their decisions. Governor Warren cannot possibly have this independence if his every vote, indeed, his every question from the bench, is subject to the possibility of inquiry in later committee hearings and floor debates to determine his judicial fitness to continue in judicial office.

Their warning was quickly shown to be sound. With the Chief Justice's seat still subject to confirmation, the Court marked time through October, November, and December. It decided minor cases and postponed controversial ones.

But there was controversy anyway; and, as in the Harlan case, it came from the Senate. Senator Langer was having trouble with the Justice and Post Office Departments over federal appointments in North Dakota. He was annoyed and, as self-appointed chairman of a subcommittee on approving Warren's appointment, he shoved the recommendation deep in a pigeonhole. When the irritation of the White House at this insulting treatment became noticeable, Langer called for a full-fledged investigation of Warren's career by the FBI. Not satisfied with this delaying tactic, he insisted on a committee examination of complaints in approximately one hundred

Finally, in late February he touched off a bitter row by reading into the *Congressional Record* ten "unevaluated" charges against the Chief Justice. Warren, the letters claimed, "owned and operated an escrow racket," had a "100 per cent record of following the Marxist revolutionary line," was once under the "domination of a notorious liquor lobbyist," and had "knowingly appointed dishonest persons into and through whom he operated."

The roof blew off. Vice President Nixon demanded an investigation of the people making the charges. Senator William F. Knowland, then majority leader, denounced the public airing of "unsworn, irresponsible, and untrue charges" as the "most shocking event I have observed in my eight years in the Senate." Senator Arthur V. Watkins of Utah, a member of the Senate Judiciary Committee, protested that the charges were "the biggest bunch of tommyrot ever brought before a committee." And although the Democrats, who for years had been on the receiving end of charges about as wild and unsubstantiated, might have indulged in the luxury of silence, many of them spoke up in the Chief Justice's defense.

Senator Langer was unimpressed. "I am not," he said, "going to be used in whitewashing anybody." When he got good and ready his subcommittee reported the nomination "without recommendation." Then the full committee acted, and finally on March 11—five months after he first presided over the Supreme Court—Warren was confirmed. With only two months to go in the term, the Supreme Court could at last get down to business.

#### THE NEW COURT

THE Supreme Court with its two new members has been at work long enough to give us some hint of what its complexion is likely to be. The rocky road of political shenanigans on which Justices Warren and Harlan encountered such undignified introductions to the dignity of the Court is now safely behind them. While prophecies are risky, a few characteristics of the new Court are apparent.

Let's take the most obvious ones first.

Geographically, Eisenhower's appointments improved the balance. The Californian and New Yorker, born in Illinois, round out a host of other members are from Alabama (Warren), Kentucky (Reed), Massachusetts (Frankfurter), Oregon (Douglas), and Connecticut (Clark). Ohio (Burton), Texas (Clark), and

Politically Chief Justice Warren and Justice Harlan strongly increase the Republican representation which before their appointments consisted solely of Justice Burton, who had been a Senatorial colleague and later an appointee of Harry S. Truman. The six other Justices are Democrats of varying degrees of party affiliation before coming to the bench: four appointed by Roosevelt (Black, Reed, Frankfurter, and Douglas) and two by Truman (Clark and Minton).

The Court is a little younger on the average than it was. Justice Harlan, fifty-six, is the youngest; the oldest is Justice Frankfurter, now seventy-three. Chief Justice Warren is sixty-four, a year above the present average for the Court.

President Eisenhower's appointees also have broadened the base of the Court's experience. Three of its members (Black, Burton, and Minton) were members of the Senate. Two were judges of federal Courts of Appeal (Minton and Harlan) and two were professors of law—Frankfurter taught at Harvard and Douglas at Yale. It has one former Attorney General (Clark), one former Solicitor General (Reed), and one former Chairman of the Securities and Exchange Commission (Douglas). If Earl Warren is the first Chief Justice in half a century without previous judicial experience, he is its first administrator with long executive experience.

But the greatest change in the character of the Court since the beginning of President Eisenhower's term of office is evident in the contrast between the points of view of the new Chief Justice and his predecessor.

Fred Vinson, a genial Kentuckian, was, it is true, notable in his attack upon racial discrimination. As Chief Justice he assigned himself the job of writing the important decisions that held that racial restrictive covenants regarding property were unenforceable, and it was he who wrote the opinion that invalidated segregation at the University of Texas law school. He also voted to outlaw the so-called "white primaries" in Southern states. But he was always careful to limit his position in cases such as these. He was a race-relations gradualist, unwilling to go as far as Black and Douglas repeatedly proposed.

In cases of individual freedom involving the Bill of Rights, however, he almost invariably was on the side of governmental authority—whether it was local, state, or federal. The citizen who came to court to protest against official restriction of his freedom far more often than not found the Chief Justice voting against him. He voted time and again to restrict freedom of speech and expression. He voted to increase the



scope of searches and seizures. He voted to keep limits on the right of accused persons to be represented by counsel. In the newer repressions and restrictions, arising from loyalty oaths, the handling of alien deportation orders and the like, and the use of the Attorney General's blacklist of alleged "subversive" organizations, Fred Vinson seldom voted against the side of officialdom. On the record he was scarcely an ardent defender of the Bill of Rights.

Earl Warren, on the other hand, has already shown himself to have a quite different attitude toward questions of individual liberty. In the 1955 decision in the case of Dr. John P. Peters, senior professor of medicine at Yale (*Peters v. Ovetta Culp Hobby*) Chief Justice Warren—speaking for seven members of the court—found that the Eisenhower Administration's Loyalty Review Board "was patently in violation of the Presidential executive order in loyalty cases" when it labeled the veteran medical teacher a guilty-by-association security risk. In the Bart-Emspack-Quinn cases, the Chief Justice—again speaking for a comfortable majority—upheld the right of witnesses before the House Un-American Activities Committee to invoke the Fifth Amendment's protection against self-incrimination. He also held they could not be penalized by contempt citation for invoking this guarantee.

But if Earl Warren's position differs from that of Fred Vinson, it also differs from the strong stand of the late Justices Wiley B. Rutledge and Frank Murphy, who regularly in civil-liberties cases favored the protesting citizen. Warren was in the majority of six—strongly opposed by Justices Black, Frankfurter, and Douglas—which found no fault in the procedure by which New York state suspended Dr. Edward R. Barsky from the practice of medicine because the physician, as the responsible head of an organization on the Attorney General's blacklist, refused on advice of counsel in a test case to deliver the organization's papers to the House Un-American Activities Committee. And it was Warren's vote that tipped the scales in the shocking Patrick E. Irvine case which involved flagrant wire-tapping.

The Irvine case received little national attention. Briefly the story is this: The Long Beach police sent a locksmith to Irvine's house after he had paid \$50 for a federal gambling tax stamp, and had a key made to his front door. They then set up a microphone in the house with wires to receivers in the garage. A fluorescent lamp interfered with the reception so they moved the microphone to the Irvines' bedroom and three weeks later moved it again. When they thought they

had enough evidence about Irvine to convict, they took out their equipment.

Evidence obtained by such methods wouldn't be allowed for thirty seconds in a federal court, and it so offended Chief Justice Warren and Justice Jackson that they called on the Supreme Court clerk to forward a copy of the record together with the Court's opinion (written by Justice Jackson), for "attention of the Attorney General of the United States." Yet the Chief Justice would not throw out the state conviction. He joined with Justices Reed, Jackson, Clark, and Minton, and his vote made the 5-to-4 majority.

#### THE SENSE OF THE PEOPLE

NOT all of the evidence of the new Chief Justice's concern for the Bill of Rights comes from the court record. When he spoke last spring at the centennial of Washington University in St. Louis, he said that if the Bill of Rights were put to the vote today the good sense of the people would ratify it. He admitted, though, that it would take a hard struggle against reactionary forces. When he spoke at the celebrations in honor of old Fighting Bob LaFollette in Wisconsin last June, he said:

If Bob LaFollette's idea [direct primary, state civil service, utility regulation, statutory collective bargaining, corrupt practice prohibition, etc.] was radical, it was only in the sense that freedom itself was radical. And it was so considered when the Founding Fathers brought our nation into existence. It was radical only if government "of the people, by the people, for the people" is radical. How detestable those experiments of his were to some people of his day. How commonplace they are now. How much a part of the American life they are!

Warren's new colleague, Justice Harlan, is also a man much concerned with the rights of the individual, and not many justices have been better educated than he. He graduated from Princeton, where he edited the *Daily Princetonian*, and then spent three years as a Rhodes scholar at Balliol College, Oxford. He took his law degree from New York University. His talents, like those of his father (who was also a lawyer and a Republican of independent views) have served both parties. For Governor Al Smith of New York, he conducted an investigation of a sewer-pipe scandal that landed the Queens Borough President in jail; for Governor Dewey, he probed into gambling on Staten Island, with the result that a

...of prominent politicians at both parties repealed from their jobs. He was Assistant United States Attorney in New York City in the Coolidge Administration and chief counsel for the New York United Nations Committee (1951 to 1953). In private practice he was a member of the prominent firm of Root, Ballantine, Harlan, Bushby and Palmer. During the second world war he served as a colonel and Chief of the Operations Analysis Section of the Eighth Air Force in England.

By the first two months of the 1954-55 term, the new Justice Harlan delivered two opinions for the Court, neither of which threw any great light on his stand on individual liberties. The first, which was unanimous, reversed the Ohio Supreme Court on a tax matter. The second was of more general interest. James R. Ellis, president of the Yonkers Committee for Peace, sought to have a New York court order the Yonkers Board of Education to permit his organization to use a school for a forum. But Ellis, as petitioner, failed to allege that other organizations of a similar character had been allowed the use of Yonkers schools. Consequently the lower New York court dismissed Ellis's claim that his organization had been deprived of its rights of freedom of speech and assembly and equal protection of the laws. New York State's highest court refused the petitioner's request for an appeal, and Ellis then turned to the United States Supreme Court which granted a review. The Court voted five to four to dismiss the writ of certiorari as "improvidently granted"; Harlan's opinion held that, in view of the "insufficiency" of Ellis's pleading, the New York decision rested on adequate ground, and that this deprived the Supreme Court of jurisdiction.

Chief Justice Warren was one of the four dissenters and thus the two Eisenhower appointees parted company in one of the first cases they considered together. The matter was not one, however, that tells us where either man might have stood on the question of free assembly.

It will take another term or two under the Eisenhower Chief Justice and a better understanding of the judicial views of Justice Harlan to know the extent of the changes taking place in the Supreme Court. But, if we tot up the score so far, it is plain that something is happening. Statistics can, of course, be misleading, but they may give us a fairly reliable hint of what is going on. Even without an analysis of the merits of the cases that have been heard by the Court, the number of dissenting opinions and who has dissented, tells us something.

The new Chief Justice, who is one of the Court's busiest decision writers, has dissented in only a few cases—an indication that in general his temper is the prevailing temper of the Court. Justice Douglas, who was almost constantly in dissent when Fred Vinson was Chief Justice, now finds himself far more frequently on the side of the Chief Justice and the majority. It looks as though the Supreme Court under Republican Earl Warren is moving back toward a generally libertarian position much like that which it occupied under the chief justiceship of Republican Harlan Stone.

The significance of this apparent drift could in the long run mean more for individual liberty than an overturn of the party in control of Congress. The Court does not need to wait for Congressional acts or Executive orders to take its stand on the rights of the individual. No new law was passed just prior to the public-school segregation decision. No new executive order was issued from the White House to pave the way for clearing the good name of Dr. John P. Peters of the smudge recklessly daubed on him when he was dismissed as a "security risk" by one of the President's Cabinet chiefs. No new state or federal statute or administrative ruling preceded the decision in "The Miracle" censorship case, which for the first time extended to motion pictures the Constitution's fundamental protection of free expression. This decision came because nine men wisely and unanimously saw that in defining "sacrilege" a state "cannot vest unlimited restraining control over motion pictures in a censor" under pressure from "the most vocal and powerful orthodoxies."

All the Supreme Court needs to do its job is cases; and with its full complement of Justices, it will hear more of them than it has been able to in its recent crippled state. Moreover, it looks as though the Supreme Court as now composed will hear more cases and produce more decisions, and its decisions will be more in favor of the individual citizen than they were at the hands of the "Vinson Court" in the Administration of Harry S. Truman.

The eagerness of many Republicans to lure the Chief Justice off the bench to head their ticket in the coming election probably need not be taken very seriously. Last April Warren issued a formal statement that he had taken his post with "the fixed purpose of leaving politics permanently." He added: "That is still my purpose. It is irrevocable. I will not change it under any circumstances or conditions."

Could any words be plainer?



A Story by Priscilla D. Willis

Drawing by N. M. Bodecker

## A little wine of the country



Nobody urged me to buy him. The touts didn't mutter behind knuckly, red fingers that I'd be making an awful mistake if I let him get away; the auctioneer didn't extol the virtues of his breeding; and the horsemen, those pantologists with the gin-clear eyes focused now upon the colt in the ring, didn't nod sagely, and tell me he looked as sound as a bell of brass to them. Nobody sold me the horse. I bought him. The auctioneer knocked him down to me before I had lowered my chin.

The sales catalogue stated that he had started once that year, at two. The racing chart showed that he had finished twenty-third in a field of twenty-four.

"I didn't think race tracks were wide enough to start twenty-four horses all at once," Charles said. "Still, if the others were all as narrow as he is, I guess it would be possible."

To the astonishment of the examining veterinarians, the colt, whose name was Wilson Pusey, recovered from the innumerable and unrelated ailments plaguing his wretched brown body. He even got over the cough which threatened to blow his head off the end of his long, ropy neck.

At three he wasn't exactly strapping, but he could stand up without staggering, and his hair coat commenced to show a faint polish. After a while he was galloped on the track in the mornings; once he breezed six furlongs in 1:21. Watching him, his trainer shook his head. "Never saw a horse move like that one; his legs all go in a different direction at the same time. It's a wonder he don't trip himself."

His second race was better than his first. He was sixth in a pack of seven, but still it was a better race.

He started half a dozen times after that, and then his trainer said we ought to put him up for the rest of the season. "We'll let him grow," he said. He intimated he was running out of jockeys. "The colt has a dead mouth. The boys can't rate him at all. They just have to sit there and let him run the way he wants to. They don't like that; it's an uncomfortable feeling."

Back in his stall in the shed-row I had many visits with Wilson Pusey. I never tried to touch him, for the boy who ponied him told me, "Missus, if you go to patting that one, you'll bring your arm back without a hand."

Soon I gave up inquiring about the boys missing from the stable gang. The answer was always the same: "George, 'e got 'is this morning. Knocked the feed tub right out of 'is 'and, 'e did, and sunk 'is bloody teeth clean up to the gooms in old George's arm." Or: "Sam, he liked to get hisself killed. That old colt, he let him have it with bof' hind feet whilest he were amuckin' out de stall." The blacksmith had had it; the dentist had had it; and the vets on their routine check-ups peered briefly over the stall guard and said, "He looks fit enough; let's see the next one." And they moved on up the row.

Even the dogs and the cats, the chickens and the goat that hung around the barn taking their ease in the stalls of the other horses circled way out from under the shed-row when they passed his. It seemed as if Wilson Pusey didn't want to be friends with anyone.

I used to stand at his door and watch him for

long time. Mostly, he stood with his back to me, looking down at a dark corner. I thinking, I guess. But sometimes he would turn around and pinning his ears back, rush at me, his lips rolled up above his small white teeth. Occasionally he would stand just stare back. It was then that I could see the torment in his face, the tense, pinched look as if something was hurting him. I thought about it for a long time.

A DAY came when I had a chance to accompany my husband to Louisville. I took it. I knew that Wilson Pusey's sire and his dam lived nearby. Surely one or the other might be able to give me a clue to the colt's behavior!

Business completed, Charles offered to drive me out to the country in spite of the fact that he had one of his sinus headaches coming on. He cursed himself for leaving his new pills at home; they helped him a lot.

We found the sire of the colt down on his knees in one corner of his paddock. He had thrust his head under the lowest board of the enclosure and was nibbling a fringe of green grass inaccessible to him except for his extraordinary posture. He was an agreeable horse and obviously smart. We patted him and fed him a package of square gumdrops. "He likes them licorish ones best," his groom said, so we saved the black one till last.

The mare lived on a twenty-five hundred acre farm so elaborately beautiful that it made us feel like whispering. We tiptoed across the macadam courtyard surrounded by a clipped yew hedge, to the vine-covered stable where twin white cupolas glistened like spun sugar ornaments at either end of the long, slate roof. Every knob, latch, and hinge sparkled like gold.

How do you suppose any animal raised on this place can be so god-awful ornery?" Charles asked.

The tack room to which we were directed was as imposing as a financier's library. We sank into a soft leather sofa and waited to be presented. Finally a groom nodded to us. We stepped out upon a flagstone terrace where an old Negro, shank in hand, stood at the head of a large, deep-bellied brood mare.

At once I noticed the same pained, tight look about her face that her son had. If she'd been a woman she would have had a deep frown running down her forehead. Her eyes were red-rimmed and she stared them threateningly at us. At the same time swelling her fluted nostrils. The Negro tightened his hold on the bridle, but the mare reared and commenced

to box the air just above our heads. When the groom, dangling as he had been on the other end of the lead-shank, had regained his footing I asked him how her disposition was, side-stepping a sudden thrust from a hind leg. "Generally speaking," I added, over the knot of terror in my throat.

He shook his old, graying head slowly. "She's kinda hateful, miss," he replied softly.

At this moment a gentleman stepped out of the tack room onto the terrace. He spoke cordially and explained that he was Rufus Tate, the owner of the farm. "I drove down from the house when I heard you were here," he said pleasantly. He was a tall, heavy-shouldered man dressed in vintage tweeds plastered with leather patches. His face, seamed with many lines under the patina of a clear, tanned skin, was like old mahogany whose fine scratches lie deep beneath the surface polish. His smile was wide and friendly.

"My wife," Charles told him, "owns a son of your mare, here; a colt named Wilson Pusey."

"Is that so?" Mr. Tate responded politely, but I saw him flinch just a trifle. "I've often wondered what happened to that one." His tone of voice suggested that he had made his first and only comment on the subject, and that any further discussion would be distasteful to him. "Come on up to the house," he invited, taking me by the arm, "and have a drink before you go. Some people have just dropped in."

The narrow road, bordered by trees on both sides, meandered upwards for perhaps a mile through gently rising fields of grass divided by old stone fences into a checkerboard of pastures where cattle and horses were grazing. It ended on a high ridge in front of an ante-bellum mansion overlooking the valley.

We walked up the low, wide-flung steps and crossed the white-columned veranda. Inside, Mr. Tate took us through a superbly proportioned drawing-room and led us into a library where pictures of many horses hung. A few people were gathered around the fire; they all seemed to be talking at once. Introductions performed, Mr. Tate handed each of us a silver cup.

"A little wine of the country?" He raised his eyebrows amiably.

The whisky went down like maple syrup. I sipped mine pleasurably, somewhat surprised that Charles emptied his almost immediately. Alcohol, he has said many times, only inflames his sinuses.

I sat down beside a diminutive lady who wore her many years as carelessly as the toque,



restored at short pauses upon her mantled waves of coral-colored hair. She was perched as a pipit might have perched, on the edge of a soft cushion. Her name was Mrs. Buffington.

"You horse people?" she asked brightly, including Charles with a quick jerk of her head which almost dislodged the pansies.

"Well, not really," I replied. "One swallow doesn't make a spring, you know, but as a matter of fact . . ."

"I've had dozens of them!" she interrupted before I could explain about Wilson Pusey. "Got cats now. More fun. Horses always have something the matter with them. Never can run when you want them to." She pointed a small, straight finger at a chubby-cheeked, balding man in a double-breasted checked suit standing by the fire extending his cup for another drink.

"That," she announced, "is Mr. Sydney Gassoon-Smith, one of the best authorities on cats in the world. I brought him over from England to give me his opinion of my Abyssinians. Much cheaper than taking a hundred and seventy-eight cats abroad. Less trouble, too. They are very susceptible to colds." I nodded sympathetically, and emptied my cup.

NEXT to Mr. Sydney Gassoon-Smith, Mrs. Buffington's other house guest, a ruddy gentleman from Canada whose large mustache was the color of wild strawberries, was speaking with great animation to a dismal-looking fellow who was trying terribly hard to buy a Bimelech filly he had seen on a nearby horse farm. Every little while he would go to the phone and offer the owner a few more thousand dollars, and he could be heard whining in the mouthpiece, "But *why* won't you sell her?" And when he returned he looked more dismal than ever.

"All my people are Canadians," the man with the mustache was saying briskly. "We've lived there forever, you might say. My grandmother was a Guelph."

"Really?" the Bimelech man said absently. "I thought they were extinct."

Charles was fingering the coin silver cups Mrs. Tate was showing him, explaining how she had found each one. His face was rather flushed.

"By Gad, that's good whisky!" exclaimed the Canadian, striding over to the bar where Mr. Tate was uncorking another bottle. "Where do you get it?"

Rufus Tate told him that each year he took a few of his own barrels to a friend in a small distillery and had them worked over. "Just for our own use, and for our friends," he said. "It

tests around a hundred and seventeen proof. Of course," he added looking dubiously at his guests, "you don't stay with it all evening."

"None of that fire-water for me!" Mrs. Buffington called over from the sofa where we were sitting. "At least not when I'm driving. Last time I left here I sheared off my bumper and a front fender before I got to the main road. Rufus, you must do away with that grove of what-you-macallums at the third turn near the bottom of the hill. They're an unpleasant challenge."

Mr. Tate laughed. "For you, Lavinia, I may do just that, but I'm pretty fond of those trees. Great-granddaddy planted them himself." He looked fondly at the portrait above the mantel where the likeness of a benign old man hung between an engraving of Flora Temple, the trotting mare, and a primitive painting of Bulle Rock, the first thoroughbred imported to this country from England. It was obvious that Mr. Tate loved the three equally.

Mr. Gassoon-Smith was holding forth on a breed of cat unfamiliar to me. The name, as he said it, sounded like "Bwemerishes."

"A peculiar thing happened in this breed," he said, swaying uncertainly back and forth like a cattail on a broken stalk. "They turned white, absolutely white. Albinism crept in, nobody knows why. Very baffling to the geneticists. But the whole goddam breed turned white." He was very impressed. "However," he continued, "they can still be found in certain parts of Asia, the mountain regions, I believe."

I looked across the room at Charles. He was seated now in a wing chair by the fire. His head was resting against the crewel embroidery. His eyes were closed. I could see the torment in his face, the tense, pinched look he got when his headaches were upon him. All at once his face commenced to blur: his features seemed to be disappearing entirely, and his head moved slowly from one shoulder to the other like a pendulum, one, two, one, two. Putting my drink down on the table I sat up straight and opened my eyes wide. Charles was gradually taking shape again, but when his head stopped moving it didn't in the least resemble his own. The chin was elongated far below his collar and the knot of his tie; brown ears stood up on either side of his poll; his nostrils quivered in agony. Bare teeth gleamed savagely in his opened mouth.

"Wilson!" I exclaimed, jumping up. "Wilson Pusey!"

I got Charles to his feet with some difficulty. We disengaged ourselves from Mr. Gassoon-Smith who was speaking now on the coat of

Yonkers, the leading an... have been... and... Each has... the... distinct colors, running horizontally." He clicked his nails. "Take a *pousse-cafe*, rather. . . ."

Before taking our leave of the Tates we promised to arrange better quarters for Mrs. Bates. The first time a cat show was held in... The first time," she said, "it was so cold and draughty they started coughing the night before they were to be judged."

"I don't want to go to The Racquet Club," Charles said thickly, holding onto his throbbing head.

A few weeks later I was at the racetrack again where the colt was training. I visited him three times a day, taking the lumps of sugar I had filled with my husband's sinus pills.

The first time I stood at his stall with the proffered sugar cube my hand shook so badly I dropped it. The colt was interested. He watched me bend down, pick it up, and place it again in my hand, palm up. He raised and lowered his head with every move I made. When at last he took the lump he dropped it from his mouth and I had to pick it up again, but soon we both caught on. It was not long before he nickered when he saw me coming down the shed-row.

His trainer said one morning, "That colt's finally beginning to come to himself. Guess it's a good thing we put him up last season. He worked six in one sixteen and no change this morning, and he's beginning to run like a race-horse. Not such a roughneck as he used to be, either." I smiled and doubled the dose.

Then came the afternoon when half a dozen cubes fell out of my purse and the pills, rolling out of the small holes I'd wedged them in, scattered on the ground. The trainer rushed at me. For a few seconds he stood sputtering, growing very red in the face. When the words finally came he wanted to know just what the hell I thought I was doing. "Giving him his medicine," I answered. "He has sinus headaches."

"A horse?" he bellowed. "I've never heard of a horse with a headache!"

"I don't think they can't have them."

"But I don't think horses *have* sinuses." His face turned to uneasiness because he had been training for thirty years and didn't know whether horses had sinuses or not. "Of course," he admitted, "it might be the reason they can't get enough oxygen to their brains. The whole thing's ridiculous!" Then he turned on me like

a feist. "You had no business doing this. It isn't regular at all. I could get into a lot of trouble!" He turned still redder. "How do you know what's in that medicine?"

"I don't," I said, "but it helps my husband when he has headaches and when he has them he looks exactly like Wilson Pusey."

The trainer walked a few feet away. He stood there thinking. I picked up the pills and put them back in the sugar.

"Wait!" He lunged at me and grabbed both my wrists. "Don't give him any today! I'm going to run him Thursday and a horse can have no medication of any kind for forty-eight hours before he races. It's a rule at every racetrack."

"All right," I agreed. "But we'll steam his head out the morning of the race. That helps sometimes, too. There's no rule against that, is there?"

He didn't answer. Instead, he dropped into his canvas chair under the shed-row and didn't say another word to anybody the rest of the day. Just sat there brooding and staring into space.

The day of the race Wilson Pusey threw his jockey before he had even left the saddling enclosure. He acted as mean as ever. "Anything that happens today is your fault, not mine," the trainer hissed at me panting from the exertion of tightening the girths.

The odds board showed the colt at eighty to one.

"Last time," Charles said, stepping up to the corner of the grandstand porch from where the trainer and I were going to watch the race, "he was ninety to one. This is a good sign." He did not call my attention to the handicapper's comment after his name in the newspaper, which read, "Miserable sort."

The colt broke on top. He opened up a lead of about five lengths. I dug my elbow in the trainer's ribs. "Don't mean a thing," he said, out of the side of his mouth. "He'll be all through at the half, just like always."

But Wilson Pusey wasn't through at the half. He wasn't through until he coasted under the wire, the winner by two and a half lengths.

"I said that colt had come to himself, didn't I?" the trainer cried, stumbling down the stairs in his hurry to get to the winner's circle.

My sides ached from my husband's embrace. "How much did you have on him?" He shouted like a small boy on Christmas morning.

I shook my head. "Not a thing."

But Charles didn't hear me. Holding firmly to his mutual ticket, he was pushing his way through the crowd toward the cashier's window.



Leonard Engel

# WHAT EINSTEIN WAS UP TO

In his later years, the greatest scientist of our era pursued a lonely goal—which few of his fellow physicists thought worth seeking—in the hope of proving that “God does not play dice with the world.”

WHEN a giant passes, it is difficult to find words that recall just how tall he was. Such a giant was Albert Einstein. Over the centuries, the Western World has produced a remarkable array of giants—Aristotle, Galileo, Darwin, Pasteur, Rutherford. A position has long since been accorded Einstein among them. But the future is likely to place him even higher, all the way up on the lofty eminence occupied hitherto by Archimedes and Newton alone.

Perhaps the best way to recall how tremendously tall he was is to look into the task on which he was engaged at the time of his death this past April. Einstein's first epoch-making papers on relativity were published in 1905; the general theory of relativity and his famous hypothesis that the “force” of gravitation is not a force at all but a property of space-time came in 1916. For most of the rest of his life, his attention was given to a single undertaking. This was the formulation of a “unified field theory.”

The unified field theory has been described many times as a theory that would bring together under a single law the phenomena of gravitation, light and other forms of electromagnetic radiation, and matter. It would do that and much more. It would also secure the foundations of a concept that lies at the heart of the whole vast edifice of modern science and technology, and of the world outlook of science's creation, modern man. The concept is that of a coherent and orderly universe.

Although he may hardly be aware of it, modern man believes deeply in an orderly and coherent universe. He thinks that nature can be puzzling, but is not capricious; and that the cry of a bird is somehow related to the stately motions of the stars. If he did not think this, he could not be sure (as he is) that the sun will rise tomorrow; nor could he have confidence in his own power to manipulate the forces of nature.

This idea of order and coherence in the universe is only an assumption. It can probably never be proved. The assumption would be greatly strengthened, however, if the universe could in fact be described as an orderly whole—in other words, if the diverse phenomena of nature could be brought under a single all-embracing law. It is just such a law that Einstein sought.

Curiously, Einstein stood nearly alone in the long search for a unified field theory. No doubt, this was due in part to the (as it turned out) appalling difficulty of the task. It stemmed also from the eager preference of most of his fellow physicists for keeping up with the rush of experiment; it is given to few to be deeply concerned with fundamentals.

But a more important factor has been the circumstance that most physicists no longer believe in the kind of orderly universe a unified field theory implies. They have another conception of nature, based on the central theory of atomic physics—quantum theory—of which Einstein, by an odd irony, was one of the original architects. Accordingly, most physicists have felt that in his later years he was pursuing a non-existent goal.

But it could be that the first long step toward the “non-existent” goal has already been achieved by the giant that Einstein was. Two years ago, shortly after his seventy-fourth birthday, Einstein announced a theory that brought together gravitation and electromagnetic waves. He was

...of a mode of putting the theory to experimental test; it was nevertheless "highly ...". He might well have been right, though no test of it has been found to this day. In his long career, "evidence" and col- ... insisted that Ein- ... More often than not, it was Einstein and not the "evidence" that finally ...

## II

**D**URING the last twenty-two years of his life, Albert Einstein lived an outwardly simple life in a modest house on Mercer Street in Princeton, New Jersey. In his office at the Institute for Advanced Study, of which he was an emeritus member at the time of his death, he worked with the simplest of tools—pencil and paper. Likewise, the central concept of the project Einstein labored on for three decades—the development of a unified field theory—is outwardly simple.

Physicists (and other scientists) have a short- ... of describing natural phenomena. Such shorthand descriptions are termed laws. For instance, there is a law, called the law or principle of Archimedes, describing how far into the water a floating body will sink. In physics, laws are usually put into mathematical form. This has the advantage (for those who know mathematics, at any rate) that mathematical expressions are easier to manipulate than words. Further, by suitable mathematical manipulation, it is often possible to show that two laws are related.

The unified field theory that Einstein sought is nothing more than a set of equations from which can be derived other equations describing the actions and effects of gravitation, electromagnetic waves, and matter. Physicists already have separate sets of equations for each of these phenomena. Prior to Einstein's announcement of two years ago concerning gravitation and electromagnetic radiation, none of the sets of equations had been related to each other.

Unifying theories, revealing the order beneath the changing face of nature, have been sought since ancient times. Empedocles of Sicily believed that matter was made up of varying proportions of air, water, fire, and earth as basic

Leucippus argued the existence of ... a thousand others whose names are for- ... guessed at the ultimate nature of

Modern seekers after a unifying theory, like Einstein, have had both an advantage and a disadvantage over their predecessors. They

have had the aid of modern mathematics, a powerful tool. At the same time, they are not free, as the ancients were, to speculate. In this day, we demand that theories of the ultimate nature of things be tested by physical reality; they must prove themselves by predicting phenomena that can be verified by observation.

The chain of events leading to Einstein's unified field theory can be said to have been initiated in 1905. In that year, Einstein, then an unknown examiner in the Swiss patent office, published his two papers on the special theory of relativity. The two papers were crammed with revolutionary concepts and insights. Among other things, Einstein settled a subtle but critically important question concerning the application of the laws of physics to moving bodies.

Throughout the nineteenth century, it was supposed that space was filled with an imponderable fluid, the ether. The ether was looked on as the medium through which light waves were transmitted. It was also (since it was held to be everywhere the same) a useful device for obtaining uniform application of the laws of light to the universe as a whole and to the various moving bodies in it.

IN THE 1880s, the American physicists Michelson and Morley performed a series of experiments—the famous ether-drift experiments—that cast doubt on the existence of the ether. Einstein's contemporaries saw with dismay the laws of light and the very structure of physics collapsing in ruins.

In the papers on special relativity, Einstein saved the day. He found a way to dispense with the ether and to apply all the laws of physics, including the laws of light, to bodies moving in an etherless space. He showed that the ether would be undetectable, even if it existed.

Actually, in the special theory of relativity, Einstein did this only for the special case of bodies moving with uniform relative motion. The question remained: could the laws of physics be applied to non-uniform motion, to systems of bodies speeding up (accelerating) or slowing down (decelerating) with reference to each other? One might imagine that they could be, but most of the then available evidence suggested that they could not. It took Einstein ten years more to show, in the general theory of relativity, that the laws of physics can be applied to *all* systems of bodies, however they may be moving relatively to each other.

In order to accomplish this, Einstein was compelled to do a curious thing. He had to cast over-



board the traditional notion of gravitation as a "force." This was necessary because gravitation as "force" implied the existence of some point (or the equivalent) out in space that was absolutely at rest. The latter was as unthinkable as ether. In place of the idea of gravitation as "force," Einstein put forward the bold hypothesis that gravitation is a property of space.

We are accustomed to thinking of space as a sort of "stage" for the material universe. Space is simply *there*, and everywhere the same, though some corners of it may be a little crowded. In the middle of the nineteenth century, the German geometer Riemann suggested that space might be of a different nature. In Riemann space, distances and other properties of space depend on what the space contains. Riemann space is distorted by the number and kinds of bodies here and there, and is not everywhere the same.

In the general theory of relativity, Einstein suggested that the universe is a type of Riemann space and not a space of the kind men had been accustomed to think of. (The particular Riemann space he had in mind has four dimensions in place of the three we are used to. Since the fourth dimension is time, this space is usually referred to as "space-time." I will refer to it simply as "space," however, as there is no need to get into the time dimension here.)

Einstein suggested further that gravitation is a property of this Riemann space. Newton's apple fell to the ground, not because apple and earth were "attracted" toward each other, but because space is so distorted by the presence of apple and earth that they tend to move toward each other. Similarly, planets go around the sun because, in the presence of planets and sun, space is so curved as to provide the "tracks" the planets actually do follow. In the language of general relativity, material bodies generate gravitational "fields" around them; the fields distort space and thereby condition the motions of bodies within the fields.

At first glance, Einstein's concept of gravitation certainly seems queer. A little reflection will show, though, that our traditional idea of gravitation is no less queer. In the traditional view, gravitation is an "attraction" which material bodies exert instantaneously upon each other. No time at all is needed for gravitational "force" to travel between two bodies, be they an inch or millions of light years apart. In other words, the "force" of gravitation is propagated with infinite velocity.

A force that travels with infinite speed should be (and would be, if we were not so used to the

idea) as great a tax upon the imagination as a "force" that is a property of space. And Einstein's view has two distinct advantages over the traditional idea of gravitation. It is consistent with the non-existence of absolute motion, and it fits the observed facts better. It was Einstein's theory of gravitation, for instance, that finally cleared up the eccentricities of the orbit of Mercury (the planet stubbornly refused, to a small but significant degree, to obey Newton's law of gravitation) and that predicted the bending of light rays passing near massive bodies like the sun (an effect confirmed by British eclipse expeditions in 1919). Moreover, Einstein's new view of gravitation led to the unified field theory.

Not long after publication of the general theory of relativity, the mathematician Herman Weyl suggested that what Einstein had done with gravitation could also be done with electromagnetic radiation. If gravitation can be represented as curvature in the special spatial geometry of Riemann, why not a geometrical representation for light and radio waves and other forms of electromagnetic force? Thus one might do away with the notion of force here, too. Furthermore, if the two geometrical representations could be connected, gravitation and electromagnetic force would have been brought under the same theoretical roof. They would be but different aspects of the same "unified field," and a great step would have been taken toward a modern unitary theory of nature.

Weyl actually found what seemed a plausible means of representing electromagnetic force geometrically. By an ingenious modification of the Riemann geometry employed by Einstein, he obtained a set of equations from which he was able to derive the famous equations that James Clark Maxwell had used to describe the propagation of electromagnetic waves. It turned out that Weyl's particular construction was unsatisfactory; as Einstein showed, it implied that atoms can be made to emit a kind of light they do not in fact give off. But Einstein was captured by Weyl's underlying idea. He pursued it, and the great goal beyond—a master theory uniting gravitation, electromagnetic force, and matter—to the end.

### III

IT WOULD have been extraordinary if Weyl's initial attempt to formulate a unified field theory had been successful. It would be even more remarkable if Einstein or anyone else had already arrived at the ultimate goal. Consider just two of the difficulties.

Light waves, X-rays, radio waves, and other kinds of electromagnetic radiation or force derive from the electrical nature of at least two constituents of matter (electrons and protons) in the same way that gravitation derives from the mass (or, roughly, weight) of matter.

The force generated by the electric charge of an electron is  $10^{39}$  (10 followed by 39 zeroes) times as large as the gravitational "force" associated with the mass of that electron. It is hard to see how two such disparate forces can be put under the same theoretical roof. (Said Pauli, one physicist who gave up trying, "What God has put asunder, let no man put together.")

But suppose gravitation and electromagnetic force were got into the same unified field theory. Now the theory must be made to cover the structure of matter. What this means in practical terms is that some way must be found to get from a unified field theory a mathematical representation of the fact that atoms and their constituent subatomic particles *are* particles. Similar expression must also be obtained for the fact that light and other electromagnetic waves, in some ways, also behave as particles. This is no easy task, for the equations of Einsteinian gravitation and of unified field theory cannot be made to yield "particulate" expressions by any acceptable mathematical methods now known.

SOME YEARS after Einstein pointed out the conflict between the Weyl theory and experiment, another mathematician, Theodore Kaluza, obtained Maxwell's electromagnetic equations from the gravitational equations of Einstein by adding a fifth dimension to the four of the Einstein equations. Later Oswald Veblen, then at Princeton University, showed that the fifth dimension was not a fifth dimension at all, but a mathematical quantity arising from certain procedures in four-dimensional geometry.

Einstein was intrigued by the Kaluza theory and worked with it off and on for several years, but finally abandoned it. He disliked the fifth dimension (he could not imagine what it might be) and was not convinced that Veblen had really got rid of it. Moreover, Kaluza's approach seemed to him unlikely to lead to new, previously unobserved phenomena, such as were necessary to prove any new theory a better theory than an older one. Einstein finally chose a more direct, *if somewhat different*, tack. He would attempt to obtain both the gravitational and electromagnetic equations from a more general form of the mathematics from which he had originally obtained the gravitational equations alone.

The gravitational equations of the general theory of relativity are written in a form of mathematics that deals with quantities called tensors. A tensor is a special kind of vector. If you remember your high-school physics, you will recall that a vector is a "directed quantity"; it is something that has a certain size and is going in a certain direction. You will also recall that the size may be specified by a set of numbers, and the direction by other numbers.

In the general theory of relativity, gravitation is represented by a tensor with ten components—that is, a tensor described by ten sets of numbers. It happens that there is a more general type of tensor, described by sixteen components—the ten needed for Einsteinian gravitation, plus an extra six. Now, the Maxwell equations for electromagnetic radiation involve six components, and they are mathematically strikingly similar to the extra six of the sixteen-component tensor.

Einstein therefore set out to build up both the gravitational and the Maxwell equations from the sixteen-component tensor. If he could accomplish this in an appropriate way, he would have at once the intimate connection he sought between gravitation and electromagnetic force. For both would then be but different aspects of the same "total field."

The approach Einstein chose was tedious and lined with pitfalls. There are actually many possible ways in which the two sets of equations might be built up. In most, any real connection between the gravitational and electromagnetic equations is lost. Unfortunately, the exploration of each possible method of constructing the two sets of equations required months of mathematical labor. Electronic computing machines would have been no help, even if they had been in existence when Einstein began. Calculating machines perform numerical computations only; they do not solve problems in abstract analysis, the realm of mathematics here involved.

In an appendix to the 1953 edition of *The Meaning of Relativity*, the book in which he gives his own account of his work on relativity, Einstein announced that he had finally derived equations for the gravitational field and electromagnetic force from equations of the "total field." He felt that the procedures he had employed were valid, and that he had achieved a genuine unification of gravitation and electromagnetic force.

In this formulation of unified field theory, the general theory of relativity's representation of gravitation as curvature of space is preserved.



The new form of electromagnetic force, however, is difficult to spell out. So far, the new equations have yielded no clear geometrical interpretation of electromagnetic radiation, no hint of what the things we know as electromagnetic waves might really be.

Moreover, it may be a long time before predictions of observable new phenomena—which alone can provide a test of the new theory—are forthcoming. The equations of the gravitational and unified field theories belong to a class of equations known as non-linear partial differential equations. This class of equations has been, for more than a century and a half, the unexplored tropical jungle of mathematics. Aside from approximate arithmetical methods, which are not always feasible even with the aid of a calculating machine, there are no general methods of solving these equations, only special methods that apply to a particular very few of them. More or less by luck, there were special cases of the gravitational equations that could be solved and that led to readily verifiable predictions, such as the correct orbit of Mercury. No comparable circumstance has turned up thus far in connection with Einstein's unified field theory. Indeed, it seems unlikely that one will, for the equations of the new theory are much more complicated than those of the original gravitation theory. Accordingly, a test of the theory—as also its extension to the third primary of the universe, matter—may have to wait on the discovery of new methods of dealing with non-linear partial differential equations. That is a task that could well take many able mathematicians decades to accomplish.

#### IV

THE story should also be told of how and why a unified field theory, such as Einstein's, is in conflict with quantum theory, the great and paradoxical hypothesis underlying modern atomic physics—and how and why Einstein felt he had to make a choice—and why he elected to give up quantum theory, a theory he himself had been instrumental in establishing.

Quantum theory originated in 1900 in a suggestion advanced by Max Planck to explain some puzzling aspects of the manner in which a solid body (such as a chunk of carbon) gives off light as it is heated to incandescence. Planck suggested that, while light and other forms of radiant energy are obviously wave-like in form, light is given off by a glowing body in discrete packets, which he termed quanta (now also called

photons). In other words, although visible light, infra-red rays (radiant heat), radio waves, and other forms of electromagnetic energy are waves and travel through space as waves, they are also particles of a kind. Later, it was shown that what we ordinarily think of as particles—electrons, protons, and so on—likewise exhibit dual behavior. They are particles, but under certain circumstances they behave and can be treated as waves.

At first, the quantum theory had rocky going. The “wavicle” (as humorous physicists dubbed the wave-particle what-is-it) appeared to many as an outrageous logical contradiction; it was certainly difficult to imagine. Planck himself scarcely believed in the quantum theory, and it did not get anywhere until Einstein took it up and, with characteristic brilliance, used it to solve outstanding problems of heat and light. The “wavicle” thus became respectable, and an uncommon unintelligibility became a common unintelligibility; today, nearly all physicists accept the “wavicle.”

For all the successes of quantum theory, however, Einstein and some other of the older physicists did not forget that the “wavicle” involves serious logical difficulties. Einstein was troubled by them to the end of his life.

Einstein was even more deeply troubled by a matter of observation that has been elevated into an axiom of quantum theory and to a basic principle of natural law. The observation is the simple fact, noted in many laboratories, that we cannot look too closely into an atom. If, for example, we seek to learn the position of an electron within the atom, we may not find out how fast it is traveling in its tiny orbit. And if we seek to know its momentum, we may not learn its position. This follows from the fact that we can peer inside an atom only by using a probe of some sort—a ray of light, for example. But a ray of light is made up of photons or quanta, which are “bullets” that cannot fail to move or disturb the electron in some way, and hence cannot but introduce an element of uncertainty into what is being observed.

THIS has been elaborated into the famous Uncertainty Principle of Werner Heisenberg. The Uncertainty Principle states that there is a limit to what may be known of natural phenomena. Natural events cannot be fully described or (which is the same thing) determined; they are only more or less probable, never certain.

There is no doubt that the Uncertainty Principle states a very real difficulty of experimental observation, particularly in atomic physics. No

one could see any way of getting around it. Einstein was as aware of the difficulties as any other physicist.

In the same sense of the word, however, Einstein was a classicist. He was unwilling to give up the classical conception (going back to Newton and earlier) of an orderly universe, where all events are fully determined and where effect follows cause as the night the day. ("I cannot believe," runs his well-known remark, "that God would choose to play dice with the world. . . . *Raffiniert ist der Herr Gott, aber boshaft ist Er nicht.*") He was unwilling to give up—as the Uncertainty Principle said he must—the classical goal of science, the complete description of nature.

Another of Einstein's objections to quantum theory is more a matter of logic and less of feeling. Up to the present time, quantum theorists have found it necessary to employ in their studies something called an inertial system; try as they have, they have not been able to do away with it. An inertial system involves, as does gravitational "force," the idea of absolute rest and a kind of absolute motion (absolute acceleration). But absolute acceleration is one of the very things Einstein did away with in general relativity. In other words, if quantum theory is retained, then one must abandon the theory of relativity and also relativity's offspring, the possibility of a coherent picture of the universe as a whole in the form of a unified field theory.

In the two years between publication of his unified field theory and his death, Einstein gave no indication of progress toward a test of it; or toward deriving from it equations that describe matter and that might in time supplant the quantum theory in atomic physics. However, in a letter to the *Physical Review*, the chief journal of American physicists, Einstein once suggested a way in which atoms might ultimately—when

more is known of the mathematics concerned—be got out of his equations.

This is not the place to attempt to give the details of his proposal. I will observe only that it is perilous to assert that he was wrong. For Einstein's most marked characteristic was ever a remarkable instinct for the grain of truth hidden in a labyrinth of confusing appearances.

A recent development in cosmology (the science of the form and history of the universe) illustrates this well and furnishes a fitting epitaph. When Einstein formulated the first equations for the form of the universe nearly forty years ago—and thereby inaugurated the modern study of cosmology—he was forced, by certain assumptions he had made, to include an arbitrary correction factor in his equations. Otherwise the equations would not apply to the kind of universe depicted in general relativity. The correction factor, called *lambda* or the cosmological constant, turned up again when another theory of the universe was put forward by the Abbé Lemaitre, and in still other theories of the universe advanced by others later on.

In the meantime, Einstein, who had never liked it, had abandoned *lambda*. When others pointed out that *lambda* was required by known astronomical data, Einstein replied that *lambda* destroyed the elegance of the equations and the data might well prove wrong.

The data concerned related to the size and age of the universe. They were wrong. Better figures were finally worked out three years ago at observatories here and abroad. When these were used, it turned out that *lambda* wasn't needed to balance the cosmological equations at all. *Lambda* could be dropped, as Einstein had said it should three decades before. Once more, the modest man with the saintly mien had shown that he knew, better than any man since Isaac Newton, where lay the hidden grain of truth.

## MAN WITHOUT A FUTURE

AS AN administrator Winston Churchill has been cautious to excess and followed his chief war adviser, Admiral Lord Fisher, very closely . . . no great or original stroke of genius need be expected from him in any place. . . . He reads only to prepare his speeches and has no other artistic tastes. But, on the other hand, he is easy of approach and his heart is in his work; he listens to everyone, even though he cannot grasp all that is said to him; in fine, he is an excellent subaltern; capable, industrious, and supremely courageous, but not a pathfinder or great leader of men.

—Frank Harris, *Contemporary Portraits* (3d Series), 1920.



## Part III of a Novel in Four Parts

by GRAHAM GREENE

# LOSER TAKES ALL

*Bertram, an accountant in a London firm headed by eccentric old Herbert Dreuther, accepts the Gom's (Grand Old Man's) suggestion that he be married at Dreuther's expense in Monte Carlo and have a honeymoon cruise on his yacht. With his lovely young bride-to-be, named Cary, Bertram arrives on the date set and moves into the costly hotel rooms reserved by Dreuther's secretary. When it becomes apparent that the Gom has forgotten the plan and the Seagull does not arrive, the couple are married happily but begin to run out of funds. Bertram insists on buying a gambling "system" from a run-down habitué—one of several desperate gamblers they have observed, including a handsome hungry young man, an elderly invalid named Barnes who is a minor partner in the Dreuther firm, and a garish blonde. Despite Cary's protests, Bertram starts betting, with money advanced by the hotel management. Though he wins five million francs, Cary is upset.*

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ONE ADAPTS oneself to money much more easily than to poverty: Rousseau might have written that man was born rich and is everywhere impoverished. It gave me great satisfaction to pay back the manager and leave my key at the desk. I frequently rang the bell for the pleasure of confronting a uniform without shame. I made Cary have an Elizabeth Arden treatment, and I ordered the *Gruaud Larose* 1934 (I even sent it back because it was not the right temperature). I had our things moved to a suite and I hired a car to take us to the beach. At the beach I hired one of the private bunga-

lows where we could sunbathe, cut off by bushes and shrubs from the eyes of common people. There all day I worked in the sun (for I was not yet quite certain of my system) while Cary read (I had even bought her a new book).

I discovered that as on the stock exchange money bred money. I would now use ten-thousand-franc squares instead of two-hundred-franc tokens, and inevitably at the end of the day I found myself richer by several million. My good fortune became known: casual players would bet on the squares where I had laid my biggest stake, but they had not protected themselves, as I had with my other stakes, and it was seldom that they won. I noted a strange aspect of human nature, that though my system worked and theirs did not, the veterans never lost faith in their own calculations—not one abandoned his elaborate schemes which led to nothing but loss to follow my victorious method. The second day, when I had already increased my five million to nine, I heard an old lady say bitterly, "What deplorable luck," as though it were my good fortune alone that prevented the wheel revolving to her system.

On the third day I began to attend the Casino for longer hours—I would put in three hours in the morning in the kitchen and the same in the afternoon, and then of course in the evening I settled down to my serious labor in the *Salle Privée*. Cary had accompanied me on the second day and I had given her a few thousand francs to play with (she invariably lost them), but on the third day I thought it best to ask her to stay away. I found her anxious presence at my elbow distracting, and twice I made a miscalculation because she spoke to me.

"I love you very much, darling," I said to her, "but work is work. You go and sunbathe, and we'll see each other for meals."

"Why do they call it a game of chance?" she said.

"How do you mean?"

"It's not a game," she said. "You said it yourself—it's work. You've begun to commute. Breakfast at nine thirty sharp, so as to catch the first table. What a lot of beautiful money you're earning. At what age will you retire?"

"Retire?"

"You mustn't be afraid of retirement, darling. We shall see so much more of each other, and we could fit up a little roulette wheel in your study. It will be so nice when you don't have to cross the road in all weathers."

That night I brought my winnings up to fifteen million francs before dinner, and I felt it called for a celebration. I *had* been neglecting Cary a little—I realized that, so I thought we would have a good dinner and go to the ballet instead of my returning to the tables. I told her that and she seemed pleased.

"Tired business man relaxes," she said.

"What a wonderful bar! I am a little tired." Those who have not played roulette seriously little know how fatiguing it can be. If I had worked less hard during the morning I wouldn't have lost my temper with the waiter in the bar. I had ordered two very dry Martinis and he brought them to us quite drowned in Vermouth—I could tell at once from the color without tasting. To make matters worse he tried to explain away the color by saying he had used Booth's gin. "But you know perfectly well that I only take Gordon's," I said and sent them back. He brought me two more and he had put lemon peel in them. I said, "For God's sake how long does one have to be a customer in this bar before you begin to learn one's taste?"

"I'm sorry, sir. I only came yesterday."

I could see Cary's mouth tighten. I was in the wrong of course, but I had spent a very long day at the Casino, and she might have realized that I am not the kind of man who is usually crotchety with servants. She said, "Who would think that a week ago we didn't even dare to speak to a waiter in case he gave us a bill?"

When we went in to dinner there was a little trouble about our table on the terrace: we were earlier than usual, but as I said to Cary we had been good customers and they could have taken some small trouble to please. However, this time I was careful not to let my irritation show more than very slightly—I was determined that this dinner should be one to remember.

Cary as a rule likes to have her mind made up for her, so I took the menu and began to order. "Caviar," I said.

"For one," Cary said.

"What will you have? Smoked salmon?"

"You order yours," Cary said.

I ordered "*bresse à l'estragon à la broche*," a little Roquefort and some wild strawberries. This, I thought, was a moment too for the waiter (I think they would have learned their lesson about the temperature). I leaned back feeling pleased and contented: my dispute with the waiter was quite forgotten, and I knew that I had behaved politely and with moderation when I found that our table was occupied.

"And Madame?" the waiter asked.

"A roll and butter and a cup of coffee," Cary

"But Madame perhaps would like . . ." She gave him her sweetest smile as though to show that I had missed. She said, "Just a roll and butter please. I'm not hungry. To keep Mon-

I said angrily, "In that case I'll cancel . . ."

The waiter had already gone. I said, "How

"Darling?"

"Well what's the matter. You

" . . ."

"But truly I'm not hungry, darling. I just wanted to be sentimental, that's all. A roll and butter reminds me of the days when we weren't rich. Don't you remember that little café at the foot of the steps?"

"You are laughing at me."

"But *no*, darling. Don't you like thinking of those days at all?"

"Those days, those days—why don't you talk about last week and how you were afraid to send anything to the laundry and we couldn't afford the English papers and you couldn't read the French ones and . . ."

"Don't you remember how reckless you were when you gave five francs to a beggar? Oh, that reminds me . . ."

"What of?"

"I never meet the hungry young man now."

"I don't suppose he goes sunbathing."

My caviar came and my vodka. The waiter said, "Would Madame like her coffee now?"

"No. No. I think I'll toy with it while Monsieur has his—his . . ."

"*Bresse à l'estragon*, madame."

I've never enjoyed caviar less. She watched every helping I took, her chin in her hand, leaning forward in what I suppose she meant to be a devoted and wifely way. The toast crackled in the silence, but I was determined not to be beaten. I ate the next course grimly to an end and pretended not to notice how she spaced out her roll—she couldn't have been enjoying her meal much either. She said to the waiter, "I'll have another cup of coffee to keep my husband company with his strawberries. Wouldn't you like a half bottle of champagne, darling?"

"No. If I drink any more I might lose my self-control. . . ."

"Darling, what have I said? Don't you like me to remember the days when we were poor and happy? After all if I had married you now it might have been for your money. You know you were terribly nice when you gave me five hundred francs to gamble with. You watched the wheel so seriously."

"Aren't I serious now?"

"You don't watch the wheel any longer. You watch your paper and your figures. Darling, we are on *holiday*."

"We would have been if Dreuther had come."

"We can afford to go by ourselves now. Let's take a plane tomorrow—anywhere."

"Not tomorrow. You see according to my calculations the cycle of loss comes up tomorrow. Of course I'll only use thousand-franc tokens, so as to reduce the incident."

"Then the day after . . ."

"That's when I have to win back on double stakes. If you've finished your coffee it's time for the ballet."



"I've got a headache. I don't want to go."

"Of course you've got a headache eating nothing but rolls."

"I ate nothing but rolls for three days and I never had a headache." She got up from the table and said slowly, "But in those days I was in love." I refused to quarrel and I went alone.

I CAN'T remember which ballet it was—I don't know that I could have remembered even the same night. My mind was occupied. I had to lose next day if I were to win the day after, otherwise my system was at fault. My whole stupendous run would prove to have been luck only—the kind of luck that presumably by the laws of chance turns up once in so many centuries, just as those long-lived laborious monkeys who are set at typewriters eventually in the course of centuries produce the works of Shakespeare. The ballerina to me was hardly a woman so much as a ball spinning on the wheel: when she finished her final movement and came before the curtain alone it was as though she had come to rest triumphantly at zero and all the counters around her were shoveled away into the back—the two thousand francs from the cheap seats with the square tokens from the stalls, all jumbled together. I took a turn on the terrace to clear my head: this was where we had stood the first night watching together for the *Seagull*. I wished Cary had been with me and I nearly returned straightaway to the hotel to give her all she asked. She was right: system or chance, who cared? We could catch a plane, extend our holiday: I had enough now to buy a partnership in some safe modest business without walls of glass and modern sculpture and a Gorn on the eighth floor, and yet—it was like leaving a woman one loved untouched, untasted, to go away and never know the truth of how the ball had come to rest in that particular order—the poetry of absolute chance or the determination of a closed system? I would be grateful for the poetry, but what pride I should feel if I proved the determinism.

The regiment was all assembled: strolling by the tables I felt like a commanding officer inspecting his unit. I would have liked to reprove the old lady for wearing the artificial daisies askew on her hat and to speak sharply to Mr. Bowles for a lack of polish on his ear-appliance. A touch on my elbow and I handed out my 200 token to the lady who cadged.

"Move more smartly to it," I wanted to say to her, "the arm should be extended at full length and not bent at the elbow, and it's time you did something about your hair."

They watched me pass with expressions of nervous regret, waiting for me to choose my table, and when I halted somebody offered me a seat. But I had not come to win—I had come symbolically to make my first loss and go. So

courteously I declined the seat, laid out my tokens and with a sense of triumph saw them shoveled away. Then I went back to the hotel.

Cary wasn't there, and I was disappointed. I wanted to explain to her the importance of that symbolic loss, and instead I could only undress and climb between the humdrum sheets. I slept fitfully. I had grown used to Cary's company, and I put on the light at one to see the time, and I was still alone. At half past two Cary woke me as she felt her way to bed in the dark.

"Where've you been?" I asked.

"Walking," she said.

"All by yourself?"

"No." The space between the beds filled with her hostility, but I knew better than to strike the first blow—she was waiting for that advantage. I pretended to roll over and settle for sleep. After a long time she said, "We walked down to the Sea Club."

"It's closed."

"We found a way in—it was very big and eerie in the dark with all the chairs stacked."

"Quite an adventure. What did you do for light?"

"Oh, there was bright moonlight. Philippe told me all about his life."

"I hope you unstacked a chair."

"We sat on the floor."

"If it was a madly interesting life tell it me. Otherwise it's late and I have to be . . ."

"'Up early for the Casino.' I don't suppose you'd find it an interesting life. It was so simple, idyllic. And he told it with such intensity. He went to school at a *lycée*."

"Most people do in France."

"His parents died and he lived with his grandmother."

"What about his grandfather?"

"He was dead too."

"Senile mortality is very high in France."

"He did military service for two years."

I said, "It certainly seems a life of striking originality."

"You can sneer and sneer," she said.

"But, dear, I've said nothing."

"Of course you wouldn't be interested. You are never interested in anybody different from yourself, and he's young and very poor. He feeds on coffee and rolls."

"Poor fellow," I said with genuine sympathy.

"You are so uninterested you don't even ask his name."

"You said it was Philippe."

"Philippe who?" she asked triumphantly.

"Dupont," I said.

"It isn't. It's Chantier."

"Ah well, I mixed him up with Dupont."

"Who's Dupont?"

"Perhaps they look alike."

"I said who's Dupont."

"I've no idea," I said. "But it's awfully late."

~~You're out-and-out.~~ She ~~slapped~~ her pillow as though it were my face. There was a pause of several minutes and then she said bitterly, "You haven't even asked whether I slept with him."

"I'm sorry. Did you?"

"No. But he asked me to spend the night with him."

"On the stacked chairs?"

"I'm having dinner with him tomorrow."

She was beginning to get me in the mood she wanted. I could stop myself no longer. I said, "Who the hell is this Philippe Chantier?"

"The hungry young man, of course."

"Are you going to dine on coffee and rolls?"

"I'm paying for the dinner. He's very proud, but I insisted. He's taking me somewhere very cheap and quiet and simple—a sort of students' place."

"That's lucky," I said, "because I'm dining out too. Someone I met tonight at the Casino."

"Who?"

"A Madame Dupont."

"There's no such name."

"I couldn't tell you the right one. I'm careful of a woman's honor."

"Who is she?"

"She was winning a lot tonight at baccarat and we got into conversation. Her husband died recently, she was very fond of him, and she's sort of drowning her sorrows. I expect she'll soon find comfort, because she's young and beautiful and intelligent and rich."

"Where are you having dinner?"

"Well, I don't want to bring her here—there might be talk. And she's too well known at the *Salle Privée*. She suggested driving to Cannes where nobody would know us."

"Well, don't bother to come back early. I shall be late."

"Exactly what I was going to say to you, dear."

It was that sort of night. As I lay awake—and was aware of her wakefulness a few feet away—I thought, it's the Gom's doing, he's even ruining our marriage now. I said, "Dear, if you'll give up your dinner, I'll give up mine."

She said, "I don't even believe in yours. You invented it."

I swear to you—word of honor—that I'm giving a woman dinner tomorrow night."

She said, "I can't let Philippe down." I thought gloomily: now I've got to do it, and here the hell can I find a woman?

was sitting at one of the tables, and Cary obviously drew the incorrect conclusion. She tried to see whether we exchanged glances and at last she could restrain her curiosity no longer. She said to me, "Aren't you going to speak to her?"

"Who?"

"That girl."

"I don't know what you mean," I said and tried to convey in my tone of voice that I was still guarding the honor of another.

Cary said furiously, "I must be off. I can't keep Philippe waiting. He's so sensitive."

My system was working: I was losing exactly what I had anticipated losing, but all the exhilaration had gone out of my calculations. I thought: suppose this isn't what they call a lovers' quarrel; suppose she's really interested in this man; suppose this is the end. What do I do? What's left for me? Fifteen thousand pounds was an inadequate answer.

I was not the only one who was losing regularly. Mr. Bowles sat in his wheeled chair, directing his nurse who put the tokens on the cloth for him, leaning over his shoulders, pushing with her private rake. He too had a system, but I suspected that his system was not working out. He sent her back twice to the desk for more money, and the second time I saw that his pocketbook was empty except for a few thousand-franc notes. He rapped out his directions and she laid out his remaining tokens—150,000 francs' worth of them—the ball rolled and he lost the lot. Wheeling away he caught sight of me.

"You," he said, "what's your name?"

"Bertram."

"I've cashed too little. Don't want to go back to the hotel. Lend me five million."

"I'm sorry," I said.

"You know who I am. You know what I'm worth."

"The hotel . . ." I began.

"They can't let me have that amount till the banks open. I want it tonight. You've been winning plenty. I've watched you. I'll pay you back before the evening's out."

"People have been known to lose."

"I can't hear what you say," he said, shifting his earpiece.

"I'm sorry, Mr. Other," I said.

"My name's not Other. You know me. I'm A. N. Bowles."

"We call you A. N. Other in the office. Why don't you go to the bank here and cash a check? There's someone always on duty."

"I haven't got a French account, young man. Haven't you heard of currency regulations?"

"They don't seem to be troubling either of us much," I said.

"You'd better come and have a cup of coffee and discuss the matter."

"I'm busy just now."

W. W. R. were polite to each other at breakfast and at lunch. Cary even came to the Casino with me in the early evening, but I think her sole motive was to spot my woman. As it happened a young woman of great beauty



"Young man," the Other said, "I'm your employer."

"I don't recognize anybody but the Gom."

"Who on earth is the Gom?"

"Mr. Dreuther."

"The Gom. A. N. Other. There seems to be a curious lack of respect for the heads of your firm. Sir Walter Blixon—has he a name?"

"I believe the junior staff know him as the Blister."

A thin smile momentarily touched the gray powdery features. "At least that name is expressive," A. N. Other remarked. "Nurse, you can take a walk for half-an-hour. You can go as far as the harbor and back. You like boats."

When I turned the chair and began to push Bowles into the bar, a slight sweat had formed on my forehead and hands. An idea had come to me so fantastic that it drove away the thought of Cary and her hungry squire. I couldn't even wait till I got to the bar. I said, "I've got fifteen million francs in my safe-deposit box at the hotel. You can have them tonight in return for your shares."

"Don't be a fool. They are worth twenty million at par, and Dreuther or Blixon would give me fifty million for them. A glass of Perrier water, please."

I got him his water. He said, "Now, fetch me that five million."

"No."

"Young man," he said, "I have an infallible system. I have promised myself for twenty years to break the bank. I will not be foiled by a mere five million. Go fetch them. Unless you do I shall order your dismissal."

"Do you think that threat means anything to a man with fifteen million in the safe? And tomorrow I shall have twenty million."

"You've been losing all tonight. I've watched."

"I had expected to lose. It proves my system's right."

"There can't be two infallible systems."

"Yours, I'm afraid, will prove only too fallible."

"Tell me how yours works."

"No. But I'll advise you on what is wrong with yours."

"My system is my own."

"How much have you won by it?"

"I have not yet begun to win. I am only at the first stage. Tonight I begin to win. Damn you, young man, fetch me that five million."

"My system has won over fifteen million."

I had got a false impression that the Other was a calm man. It is easy to appear calm when your movements are so confined. But when his fingers moved an inch on his knee he was exhibiting an uncontrollable emotion: his head swayed a minute degree and set the cord of his ear-appliance flapping. It was like the tiny stir of air

clinking a shutter that is yet the sign of a tornado's approach.

He said, "Suppose we have hit on the same system."

"We haven't. I've been watching yours. I know it well. You can buy it in a paper packet at the stationer's for a thousand francs."

"That's false. I thought it out myself, over the years, young man, in this chair. Twenty years of years."

"It's not only *great* minds that think alike. But the bank will never be broken by a thousand-franc system marked on the envelope Infallible."

"I'll prove you wrong. I'll make you eat that packet. Fetch me the five million."

"I've told you my terms."

Backward and forward and sideways moved the hands in that space to which illness confined him. They ran like mice in a cage—I could imagine them nibbling at the intolerable bars. "You don't know what you are asking. Don't you realize you'd control the company if you chose to side with Blixon?"

"At least I would know something about the company controlled."

"Listen. If you let me have the five million tonight, I will repay it in the morning and give you half my winnings."

"There won't be any winnings with your system."

"You seem very sure of yours," he said.

"Yes."

"I might consider selling the shares for twenty million plus your system."

"I haven't got twenty million," I replied.

"Listen, if you are so sure of yourself you can take an option on the shares for fifteen million now. You pay the balance in twenty-four hours—9:00 P.M. tomorrow—or you forfeit your fifteen million. In addition you give me your system."

"It's a crazy proposal," I said.

"This is a crazy place."

"If I don't win five million tomorrow, I don't have a single share?"

"Not a single share." The fingers had stopped moving.

I laughed. "Doesn't it occur to you that I've only got to phone the office tomorrow, and Blixon would advance me the money on the option? He wants the shares."

"Tomorrow is Sunday and the agreement is for cash."

"I don't give you my system till the final payment," I said.

"I shan't want it if you've lost."

"But I need money to play with."

He took that carefully in. I said, "You can't run a system on a few thousand francs."

"You can pay ten million now," he said, "on account of fifteen. If you lose, you'll owe me five."

"How would you get it?"

He gave me a malign grin. "I'll have your ~~looked five hundred~~ of ~~by ten years~~" I believe he meant it. In the world of Dreuther and Blixon he and his small packet of shares had survived only by the hardness, the meanness, and the implacability of his character.

"I shall have to win ten million with five million," I said.

"You said you had the perfect system."

"I thought I had."

The old man was bitten by his own gamble: he jeered at me. "Better just lend me the five million and forget the option."

I thought of the Gom at sea in his yacht with his headline guests and the two of us forgotten—~~about and he care about his assistant accountant?~~ I remembered the way he had turned to Miss Bullen and said, "Arrange for Mr. Bertrand (he couldn't bother to get my name right) to be married." Would he arrange through Miss Bullen for our children to be born and our parents to be buried? I thought, with these shares at Blixon's call I shall have him fixed—he'll be powerless, I'll be employing him for just as long as I want him to feel the sting: then no more room on the eighth floor, no more yacht, no more of his "*luxe, calme et volupté*." He had taken me in with his culture and his courtesy and his phony kindness until I had nearly accepted him for the great man he believed himself to be. Now, I thought with a sadness for which I couldn't account, he will be small enough to be in my hands, and I looked at my ink-stained fingers with disrelish.

"You see," the Other said, "you don't believe any longer."

"Oh, yes, I do," I said, "I'll take your bet. I was just thinking of something else—that's all."

## 12

I WENT and fetched the money and we drew up the option right away on a sheet of notepaper and the nurse—who had returned by then—and the barman witnessed it. The option was to be taken up at 9:00 P.M. prompt in the same spot next day: the Other didn't want his gambling to be interrupted before his dinner hour whether by good or bad news. Then I made him buy me a glass of whisky, though Moses had less trouble in extracting his drink from a rock in Sinai, and I watched him being pushed back to the *Salle Privée*. To all ends and purposes, for the next twenty-four hours, I was the owner of Sitra. Neither Dreuther nor Blixon in their endless war could make

~~him~~ ~~the~~ ~~turning~~ of their assistant

It was strange to think that neither of how the control of the business had changed from a friend of Dreuther to an enemy of Blixon.

Blixon would be down in Hampshire reading up tomorrow's lessons, polishing up his pronunciation of the names in Judges—he would feel no exhilaration. And Dreuther—Dreuther was at sea, out of reach, playing bridge probably with his social lions—he would not be touched by the sense of insecurity. I ordered another whisky: I no longer doubted my system and I had no sense of regret. Blixon would be the first to hear: I would telephone to the office on Monday morning. It would be tactful to inform him of the new position through my chief, Arnold. There must be no temporary *rapprochement* between Dreuther and Blixon against the intruder: I would have Arnold explain to Blixon that for the time being he could count on me. Dreuther would not even hear of the matter unless he rang up his office from some port of call. Even that I could prevent: I could tell Arnold that the secret must be kept till Dreuther's return, for then I would have the pleasure of giving him the information in person.

I went out to tell Cary the news, forgetting about our engagements: I wanted to see her face when I told her she was the wife of the man who controlled the company. You've hated my system, I wanted to say to her, and the hours I have spent at the Casino, but there was no vulgar cause—it wasn't money I was after, and I quite forgot that until that evening I had no other motive than money. I began to believe that I had planned this from the first two hundred franc bet in the *cuisine*.

BUT of course there was no Cary to be found—"Madame went out with a gentleman," the porter needlessly told me, and I remembered the date at the simple students' café. Well, there had been a time in my life when I had found little difficulty in picking up a woman and I went back to the Casino to fulfill my word. But the beautiful woman had got a man with her now: their fingers nuzzled over their communal tokens, and I soon realized that single women who came to the Casino to gamble were seldom either beautiful or interested in men. The ball and not the bed was the focal point. I thought of Cary's questions and my own lies—and there wasn't a lie she wouldn't see through.

I watched Bird's Nest, the middle-aged blonde whose "system" Cary had imitated so disastrously, circling among the tables, making a quick pounce here and there, out of the croupier's eye. She had a masterly technique: when a pile was large enough she would lay her fingers on a single piece and give a tender ogle at the owner as much as to say, "You are so generous and I am all yours for the taking." She was so certain of her own appeal that no one had the heart to expose her error. Tonight she was wearing long amber earrings and a purple evening dress that exposed



her best feature her shoulders. Her shoulders were magnificent, wide and animal, but then, like a revolving light, her face inevitably came round, the untidy false blonde hair tangled up with the earrings (I am sure she thought of her wisps and strands as "wanton locks"), and that smile fixed like a fossil.

Watching her revolve I began to revolve too: I was caught into her orbit, and I became aware that here alone was the answer. I had to dine with a woman and in the whole Casino this was the only woman who would dine with me. As she swerved away from an attendant with a sweep of drapery and a slight clank, clank from her evening bag where I supposed she had stowed her hundred-franc tokens, I touched her hand.

"Dear lady," I said—the phrase astonished me: it was as though it had been placed on my tongue, and certainly it seemed to belong to the same period as the mauve evening dress, the magnificent shoulders. "Dear lady," I repeated with increasing astonishment (I almost expected a small white mustache to burgeon on my upper lip), "you will I trust excuse a stranger. . . ."

I think she must have gone in constant fear of the attendants because her instinctive ogle expanded with her relief at seeing me into a positive blaze of light: it flapped across the waste of her face like sheet lightning.

"Oh, not a stranger," she said and I was relieved to find that she was English and that at least I would not have to talk bad French throughout the evening. "I have been watching with such admiration your great good fortune." (She had indeed profited from it on several occasions.)

"I was wondering, dear lady" (the extraordinary phrase slipped out again) "if you would do me the honor of dining. I have no one with whom to celebrate my luck."

"But, of course, Colonel, it would be a great pleasure." At that I really put my hand up to my mouth to see if the mustache were there. We both seemed to have learned parts in a play—I began to fear what the third act might hold. I noticed she was edging toward the restaurant of the *Salle Privée*, but all my snobbery revolted at dining there with so notorious a figure of fun. I said, "I thought perhaps—if we could take a little air—it's such a beautiful evening, the heat of these rooms, some small exclusive place. . . ." I would have suggested a private room if I had not feared that my intentions might have been misunderstood and welcomed.

"Nothing would give me greater pleasure, Colonel."

We swept out (there was no other word for it) and I prayed that Cary and her young man were safely at dinner in their cheap café, it would have been intolerable if she had seen me at the moment. The woman imposed unreality. I was

persuaded that to the white mustache had now been added a collapsible opera hat and a scarlet-lined cloak. I said, "A horse cab, don't you think, on a night so balmy. . . ."

"Barry, Colonel?"

"Spelled with an L," I explained, but I don't think she understood.

When we were seated in the cab I appealed for her help. "I am really quite a stranger here. I have dined out so seldom. Where can we go that is quiet . . . and exclusive?" I was determined that the place should be exclusive: if it excluded all the world but the two of us, I would be the less embarrassed.

"There is a small new restaurant—a club really, very *comme il faut*. It is called *Orphée*. Rather expensive, I fear, Colonel."

"Expense is no object." I gave the name to the driver and leaned back. As she was sitting bolt upright I was able to shelter behind her bulk. I said, "When were you last in Cheltenham . . .?"

The devil was about us that night. Whatever I said had been written into my part. She replied promptly, "Dear Cheltenham . . . how did you discover . . .?"

"Well, you know, a handsome woman catches one's eye."

"You live there too?"

"One of those little houses off Queen's Parade."

"We must be near neighbors," and to emphasize our nearness I could feel her massive mauve flank move ever so slightly against me. I was glad that the cab drew up: we hadn't gone more than two hundred yards from the Casino.

"A bit highbrow, what?" I said, glaring up as I felt a colonel should do at the lit mask above the door made out of an enormous hollowed potato. We had to brush our way through shreds of cotton which were meant, I suppose, to represent cobwebs. The little room inside was hung with photographs of authors, actors, and film stars, and we had to sign our name in a book, thus apparently becoming life members of the club. I wrote Robert Devereux. I could feel her leaning against my shoulder, squinnying at the signature.

THE restaurant was crowded and rather garishly lit by bare globes. There were a lot of mirrors that must have been bought at the sale of some old restaurant, for they advertised ancient specialties like "Mutton Choppes."

She said, "Cocteau was at the opening."

"Who's he?"

"Oh, Colonel," she said, "you are laughing at me."

I said, "Oh well, you know, in my kind of life one hasn't much time for books," and suddenly, just under the word Chopp, I saw Cary gazing back at me.

[To be concluded in the January issue]

# After Hours



## BLEACHED SOCIABILITY

THE hangar deck of the huge Navy aircraft carrier *USS Forrestal* is the length of 21½ full-sized football fields," said my Press Kit, a folder of mimeographed releases and statistics. The place was so big, in fact, that my wife and I could not hear a bit of what was going on. We had come to Portsmouth, Virginia, to the commissioning ceremonies of the world's largest warship. Here we were situated perfectly on the 125-yard line, and the earnest words of the Assistant Secretary of the Navy for Air were inaudible mumbles. The acoustics were impossible, and over everything there was a loud humming noise.

"Must be the air-conditioning," said my wife. The Press Kit explained: "The Navy's modern aircraft carrier *USS Forrestal's* air-conditioning system would be sufficient to completely air-condition two Empire State Buildings." We didn't mind the noise at all. I have never been prouder of the Navy, and I have never seen the Navy prouder of itself.

Rain had forced the ceremonies indoors from the flight deck, where planes land and take off, to the monster hangar deck below, where planes are normally stored (there were none on hand that day, none of them having arrived yet). The entire cavern-like area was a sea of white, as if

The paint had been lavishly applied to Grand Central Station, say, and all the commuters were wearing white suits. The walls were white and decorated with big red-lettered signs like BEWARE OF THE STAIRS and CONFLAGRATIONS. No. 2. The steel-beamed ceiling, with many small pennants, was also white. Dress Whites were the uniform of the day and even the *Forestal* were complying, not to mention the hundreds of visit-

ing officers. I felt out of place in my tweed jacket and gray flannels.

When the Navy says "Dress Whites" this includes, I discovered, a lot else besides. There must have been hundreds of swords. Medals were worn not as ribbons but as real medals—pinned on overlapping each other and flapping proudly on the white-clad chest, like circles of gold on a flour package. Naval aides were enveloped in gold braid. A visitor from the Royal Navy wore a light blue sash across his front. Most remarkably, on all the many hundreds of white shoes there was not one scuff mark. It was hard to remember that this was the same Navy that fought the battles of Leyte Gulf and Midway. It looked more like Teddy Roosevelt's Great White Fleet. It was almost *HMS Pinafore*—everyone had fallen to and polished up the handle on the big front door.

After a while the speeches were over and everyone got up and began milling about. There didn't seem to be much to do except look at the other guests, but even this was worth it. The specially honored guests were herded into a fenced-off corral guarded by a stern-visaged Marine, and my wife and I delightedly ogled the golden shoulder boards, the ramrod backs, the sparkling scrambled eggs on the hats and the copiously starched collars. There was even an admiral with a beard, and there was the very aristocratic-looking Prince Albert of Belgium.

We decided to explore the ship. First my wife sought the Ladies Room, and in so doing managed to see a good deal of the craft. Then, by climbing three sets of stairs and making approximately 15 left turns and 28 right turns (none of the crew was exactly sure how to direct us) we managed to find the flight deck. Now this is a big place. "The total area of the *USS Forrestal's* flight deck," announced the Kit, "is nearly four acres and lacks only 284 feet of being



¼ mile long." This makes it about four city blocks in length, or longer than the *Queen Mary*. The ship's exterior is gray. The flight deck is not only big but peculiarly shaped, the aft half being canted so that planes land on the diagonal, to save space up forward for simultaneous takeoffs. This makes the ship very wide—252 feet—and no amount of squeezing will get it through the Panama Canal. Nobody seems to be bothered about this. Up on one side of the flight deck rose the handsome rectangular superstructure tower—a good skyscraper by small-town standards. Down on the other side, tied to a neighboring slip, we saw another warship which looked as if it could easily have fitted into the *Forrestal's* hangar deck. It was the battleship *Iowa*, one of the largest.

The rain began again and we returned to the hangar deck where all was bleached sociability. Threading our way past several well-scrubbed vice admirals and a brace of Marine colonels (also in white) to the refreshment stand, we accepted a plate of small sandwiches made of dyed bread—one pink sandwich, one green, one yellow—topped off with a cup of orange punch. A sign declared, "It takes 96 pigs to furnish ham for one meal!"

A small commotion developed over on the port side. We hastened over and learned that the port elevator was being readied for a very important mission. The *Forrestal's* elevators, which take the planes back and forth between the flight and hangar decks, are all on the edges of the ship, so that when raised they become part of the side of the flight deck and when lowered they are a lateral extension of the hangar deck. Soon there arrived the Secretary of the Navy, beaming and cherubic (though not in white), and members of the Official Party. Carefully they stepped onto the elevator. A bell rang. A sailor pressed a button. Whoosh! Up went the elevator: no more Secretary of the Navy. A short wait—time for the Official Party to observe the flight deck. A bell rang. The sailor pressed another button. Whoosh! There was the Secretary again, and he walked off and back into the crowd.

ANOTHER small gathering: the captain was about to Cut the Cake. The Cake was a five-foot replica of the *Forrestal* with light blue-green icing, and Captain Roy L. Johnson is a lean, sharp-featured man whom the Navy picked carefully to command its newest and mightiest ship. The captain took a sleek sword and sliced out a narrow piece of cake just forward of the superstructure. Balancing the piece on the sword, he lifted it out and then set down the sword, the cake still on it, and walked nervously away. Whereupon a young Marine, looking quite ready to step in to save a bad situation, suddenly ap-

peared and took over the slicing. Attracted by the sight of the other Marines present, my wife went up to one of them and asked him how he kept his belt so white. She has one like it and wanted to know what the secret is.

"You just put it in soap and water," he replied, "and keep washing."

Flourishes and ruffles over on the starboard side. The Secretary of the Navy was being piped off. After much saluting he departed, trailed by many admirals. More flourishes and a strange-sounding anthem and Prince Albert was piped off. Among others going was a young British admiral who looked remarkably like Alec Guinness and wore a magnificently gilded sword in addition to the British Whites which are shorter than the fullcut U. S. ones (the Madison Avenue look has not yet successfully assaulted the Pentagon). Back inside the hangar deck sailors were collapsing the metal chairs and stacking them up. One of the boys was having trouble. Where some day more than 100 jet-powered warplanes will be stored, ready to inflict destruction on the enemy, this fellow could not figure out how to fold the chairs. Finally he worked out a system. He would toss them into the air, and when they landed they would sometimes collapse with a clatter. If they didn't, he would repeat until they did.

It seemed time to go, and so my wife and I got ready to brave the rain. As we did we watched several admirals take their leave of the *Forrestal*. One by one they saluted the ship's flag and stalked off into the downpour, knowing they had nothing ahead of them now but the laundry.

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The reason for the bargain is that El Benefactor decided a few months ago to siphon a stream of American tourists into his domain—and what El Benefactor wants, El B. nearly always gets.

This formidable gentleman is, of course, Generalissimo Doctor Rafael Leonidas Trujillo

Molina, the one-man band of the Dominican Republic. His domain is one half of Hispaniola, a half-island where Columbus landed the first of the New World. Originally christened Santo Domingo, it naturally is now called Ciudad Trujillo, and the people here are anything quite



different. Because El Benefactor has a passion for cleanliness and order—perhaps acquired when he got his military training under the U.S. Marine Corps—his town looks the way one of the better suburbs of Los Angeles might look if it were scrubbed daily before dawn. A scrap of paper on the sidewalk is a matter for the police, who are omnipresent, alert, and well armed.

To seduce the tourists into his proprietary paradise, Mr. Trujillo is setting out three lures. First, he persuaded Pan American to open a direct, six-hour plane service from New York: \$212.10 round trip. Then he ordered a chain of modern hotels—to be operated mostly under United States management—which are rising with what is, for the Latin tropics, positively dazzling speed. And he is investing \$25 million in a fair to celebrate Peace, International Brotherhood, and the twenty-fifth year of The Era of Trujillo. It will be opened December 20 by the Queen of the Fair, who by coincidence is the generalissimo's daughter, Angelita.

If you have already seen a world's fair, this probably will offer you no irresistible novelties, although the buildings are an interesting mixture of Tropic Modern—gay, cool, and galvanized with unexpected colors. What really may tempt you, however, is the island's bargain attractions. The most luxurious hotel there, the Hotel de la Hamaca—provides room and board for a couple during the winter season at

\$32 a day—and nothing I've seen on the Florida coast offers the equivalent in comfort, uncrowded beaches, and romantic scenery at double that price. It is located at Boca Chica, a few miles outside of Trujillo City, and almost next door to El Benefactor's country palace.

The other main attraction, for me at least, is a glimpse of Mr. Trujillo's unique social experiment. Technically the Dominican Republic is not a socialist state. Industry is controlled not by the government, but by El Benefactor personally. The distinction is a fine one because for all practical purposes, Mr. Trujillo is the government. (Anyone can start a new business—provided, of course, that it does not compete with a Trujillo enterprise—but if it prospers the proprietor is likely to find that a member of the Trujillo family has become a silent partner.)

Money probably is not the motive, since Mr. Trujillo already has more than he and all his relatives could possibly use. A more likely explanation is his yen to run everything in sight—and his recognition of the indisputable fact that he can do it better than anybody else. Besides, when practically everybody works for El Benefactor, the problem of political control is simplified.

To an American, the results of this system are a little unsettling. There is no doubt that Mr. Trujillo is a dictator with as firm a thumb as any in the world. There also is no doubt that he has done a world of good for his country, as well as for himself. He has built schools, hospitals, highways, workers' housing projects, a social-security system, health services, and a standard of living which have no parallels in the Caribbean—with the possible exception of Costa Rica. Moreover, he started from scratch, with a country bankrupt, ruined by a hurricane, and riddled by disease and corruption.

His rigorously disciplined garden cannot, apparently, produce certain blossoms. It lacks the exuberant artistic flowering, for instance, which is so notable a characteristic of the disheveled Haitians who occupy the other half of the island. But even Mr. Trujillo's enemies will admit that El Benefactor's favorite title is not altogether undeserved.

His friends compare him with Mustafa Kemal of Turkey—and suggest that when a country is far enough down it sometimes need a rough operator to yank it up by its bootstraps, and give it a thorough shaking, before it can take the first steps toward any genuine democracy. This is heresy of course, but a visitor to the Republic can hardly help examining the notion with uneasy curiosity—and wondering what a massive injection of American tourists with their unruly ideas might do to such a nursery society.

—Mr. Harper



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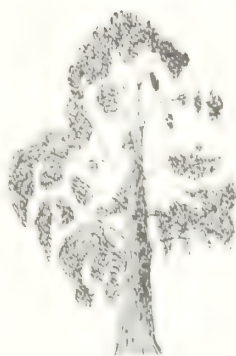
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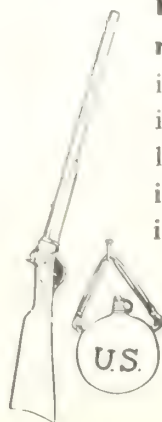


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## The Look of the Old West

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PAUL PICKREL

## Art, Taxes, and the Myth of the Rich

**D**URING the last fifteen years the idea of the rich entertained by the rest of us has undergone a rather fundamental change. One group of scholars is rewriting American business history and the lives of leading businessmen along more sympathetic lines than was once the fashion; others are reassessing the cultural contribution of the rich, especially those with "new money," and giving it higher marks than it used to get. The general reader has apparently given up such dour tracts as *The Robber Barons* in favor of affectionately innocent accounts of high living and big spending like *The Last Resorts*, and when he turns to fiction he finds not only that several of the younger novelists write unashamedly about people with money but that older novelists who chose their characters from the upper economic reaches of society—Henry James and F. Scott Fitzgerald, to name two—are back in style.

Reasons for this change in our myth of the rich are not hard to find. Prosperity has been pretty continuous for nearly a decade and a half; the political left, traditional critic of the rich, has more or less collapsed; war and threat of war have made us realize that the productive capacity which gave rise to many large fortunes is necessary to our security; the ideological struggle between East and West has made us re-examine the economic system that produced the rich with a new appreciation of its virtues; those in search of a scapegoat can blame their troubles on a political conspiracy of either Communists or McCarthyites rather than an economic conspiracy of "malefactors of great wealth." Possibly,

Veblen's view of the rich—the idea that their "excessive consumption" is a lot of foolishness—has lost favor. As more and more of us turn to lives of uniformly inconspicuous affluence we may miss the flamboyance—the grandeur, even—that a lot of money recklessly spent can give the social scene.

But more than anything else it is the income

tax that has changed our attitude toward the rich—chiefly, of course, because it has clipped their wings. "There aren't any rich people any more," it is said, and charity for an extinct species comes cheap. If the dodo had any nasty habits they are not held against him now. The income tax may also have had the effect of increasing our sympathy for the rich by making us feel that we have something in common with them. Everybody not an absolute pauper has felt the clippers at his wings too. A milkman with a good route can now complain about taxes with a rancor that would once have admitted him to the best clubs in the country, and a moderately successful clam-digger can publicly ponder the advisability, in view of the present tax situation, of increasing production in the extractive industries.

### HOW TO GET RICH NOW

**T**HE novelist-laureate of the affluent in the age of the lordly income tax is Cameron Hawley. His first novel, *Executive Suite*, was greeted with an enthusiasm that can only be accounted for on the assumption that the public very badly wanted to read a book about the kind of people Hawley writes about. His new novel, **Cash McCall**, (Houghton, Mifflin, \$3.95) is considerably better, though it is still the kind of book that would probably be called good fiction by an economist and good economics by a literary critic. This column will argue in favor of the second position.

Hawley shows that there are still a good many people around who make and hang on to a lot of money (his title character is one of the post-war new rich), but they are different from the old breed. For one thing, they are as nearly anonymous as possible. Although Cash McCall travels in a converted B-29 and occupies a floor in the best hotel in Philadelphia, his name is practically unknown beyond a small circle. Not for him the show place in Newport; he relaxes in isolated magnificence accessible only by air.



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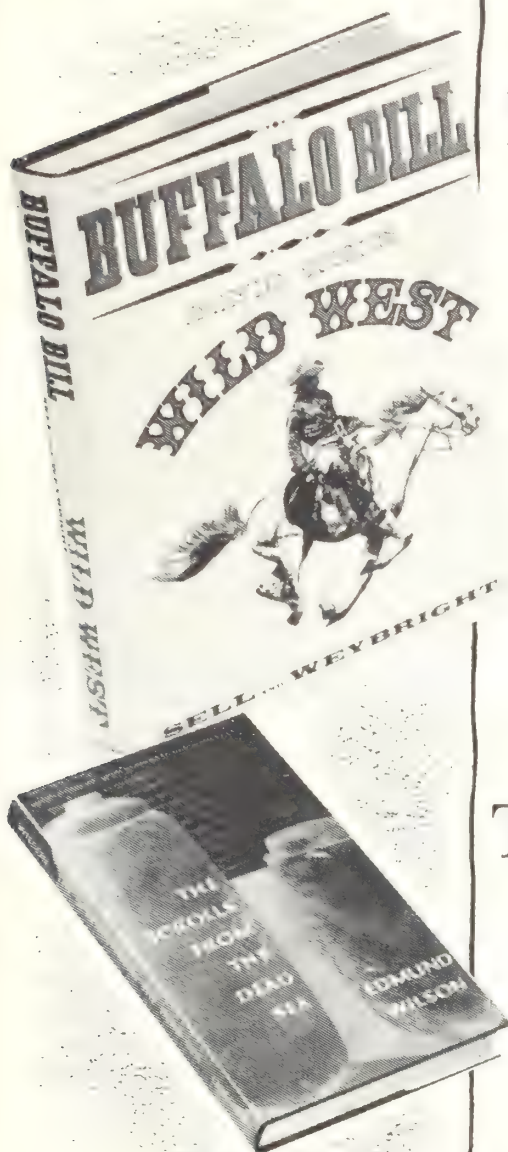
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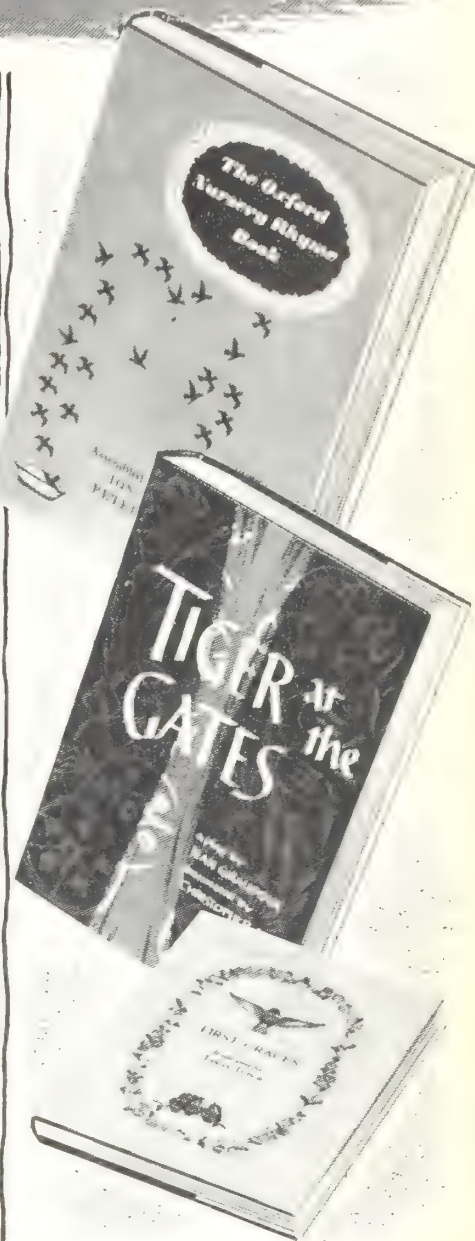
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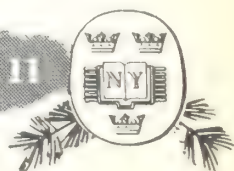
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AT ALL BOOKSTORES





Cash McCall has to be ingenious because of the method of making money. His trick, of course, is to make it in such a way that it falls under capital gains (maximum tax, 26 per cent) instead of income (maximum tax, 87 per cent). He does this by buying and selling companies. But ordinarily he doesn't buy a company by walking in and asking what the price is, usually by some sort of the very quiet accumulation of proxies or other indirect means. If he were well known, opposition would be organized and his operations would be much more difficult, if not impossible.

Hawley argues that men like McCall are economically necessary because they are giving the business world a new structure that makes it able to function efficiently in new conditions. Companies are regrouped to meet competition and to pool research; managements that have been outgrown by their businesses or passed up by the times are eased up or out; production is rationalized within an irrational tax structure; economic control that has passed into those curious by-products of the tax laws, the private foundations, is kept vigilant.

All this is fascinating as Hawley demonstrates it in his novel, and to make so complicated a situation clear in a fictional framework is no small accomplishment. The fictional framework itself is a little less enthralling. As a character Cash McCall comes straight out of *The Arabian Nights*. He is as debonair as Cary Grant yet as meticulous in his attention to detail as Hetty Green, as boldly imaginative as Baron Munchausen yet as scrupulous as J. C. Penney. He has even done a hitch in the Mysterious East, where he became, among other things, a minor authority on Hindu art.

The problem of characterization is fundamental to an estimate of Hawley's work. He has opened the world of business to the reader of fiction as no other contemporary novelist has. But clearly he wants to do more: he wants to be taken seriously as a moralist. His book is not only a defense of the new rich of the 1950s; it is also an attack on the ambiguity, and hypocrisy, and something like ingratitude which, in his opinion, mark the American attitude toward money and the men who make a lot of it. His picture of what a rich man *does* is fine, but he will have to draw a subtler and psychologically more profound picture of what a rich man *is* before he can convince some of us that the love of money is the root of all good. A Literary Guild selection.

THE COUNTRY KID WHO WAS HERE

In *Ambition, and Americans* (Harper, \$7.50) Wayne Andrews also defends the rich, and again it is especially the new rich, but

this time the defense rests on aesthetic or cultural rather than economic grounds. Andrews' book is essentially an attack on what he calls Veblenite architecture—architecture that has been trimmed of all drama and personality, all splendor and humanity, on the grounds that anything that is not useful or necessary is wrong. He is hardest on architects of the International Style, and particularly Walter Gropius and his students.

On the other hand Andrews is drawn to whatever in architecture is boldly marked with personality, whatever is Promethean and existential. He likes—at least as architects' clients—people who have enough nerve (and enough money) to go in for some display even at the risk of being a little vulgar. He admires, in short, the conspicuous consumption of the rich in their buildings, and not the Quiet Good Taste of the old rich either.

Consequently, *Architecture, Ambition, and Americans* turns the standard history of American architecture of a few years ago on its head. Andrews wastes no words on the sturdy functionalism of anonymous barn-framers. He likes the building that is consciously a work of art and signed with its creator's individuality. He praises the romantic Gothic of the early nineteenth century and loves the showy grandeur of Stanford White's eclecticism at the end. Among modern architects he favors Wright and the Californians. He laments the effect of the income tax on architecture (Hawley's novel suggests that the effect is not quite what Wayne Andrews thinks it is), but he believes that in California circumstances have combined to provide a set of patrons who provide the stimulation to architecture that was once provided by the big new money.

It is too bad that Andrews has tried to write both a treatise on the aesthetics of architecture and a history of American architecture in one rather brief volume. A good deal of the history is commonplace "next slide, please" stuff, and the argument on the necessity of excess is too superficial to convince anyone who stands in need of convincing. This is an important argument and one that is heard with increasing frequency, but so far its most eloquent spokesman is still King Lear. You will remember that Lear's Veblenite daughter objected that he had no need for all the retainers he had brought with him—he was only cluttering up her premises with his conspicuous consumption. And the old man replied:

O reason not the need! Our basest beggars  
Are in the poorest things superfluous.  
Allow not nature more than nature needs  
Man's life is cheap as beast's.

Andrews puts it less well, but he offers more



# Adventures for the Serious Reader

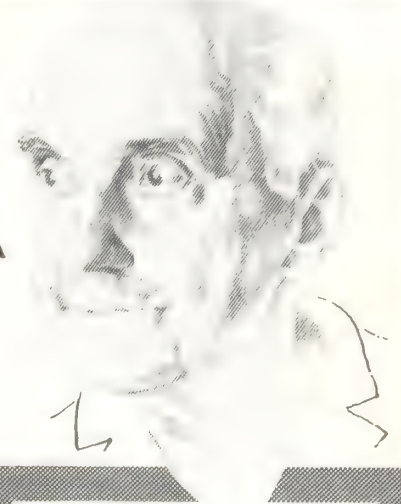
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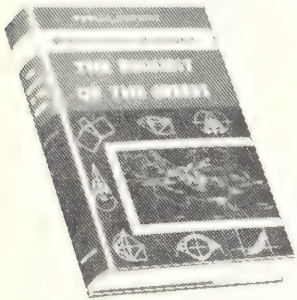
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In the annual book-buying season which extends quite precisely from Boxing Day to Thanksgiving, the ad man feels free to the point of abandon to pursue his trade of lily-painting. For the serious book-buying season, however, he faces up to the duty of providing a Field Guide to the Book Readers.

A few easily identifiable species first. If the subject, male or female, turns first to the financial page of the paper, collects dividend checks and has ever been heard to mention the stock market, he will be lured by a massive and soundly helpful **Managing Securities** by **Sidney M. Robbins** (\$8.00). If in addition to all the foregoing characteristics, the subject has shown signs of addiction to the livelier chapters of our social history, buy him **The Great Crash, 1929** by **John Kenneth Galbraith** (\$3.00). "It may well be that this is the wittiest book ever written by a professional economist."

— *Stuart Chase, New York Post*

If the subject has been observed out of doors or is given to talking informatively, even entertainingly, about flora and fauna, he is easily identified even by the beginning book-reader-watcher. For him **The Edge of the Sea** by **Rachel Carson** (\$3.95) is the threshold of a new experience, an eloquent and revealing guide to this attainable other world where the sea around us draws back to let us touch its depths.

**Wild America** by **Roger Tory Peterson** and **James Fisher** (\$5.00) "the superlatively good product of ideal circumstances. The ingredients of authors and subjects could not have been better, and the resultant book is worthy of them." — *Chicago Tribune*.

**Man Meets Dog** by **Konrad Z. Lorenz** (\$3.00) "To anyone who has owned or been owned by a dog or a cat, this book will prove a delight." — *Bruce Lancaster, NYHT*. Trickier to spot is the person who does not tip his hand by pacing the beach, skin-diving or keeping a mouse. He may not own even a dog whistle, but if he is a secret devotee to nature books, his library will



Another literary-form identification leads to the purchase of **The Best American Short Stories 1955** edited by **Martha Foley** (\$4.00) "... the best

— *Minneapolis Sunday Tribune*



Sometimes identifying characteristics are to be found in the inanimate objects that surround the subject. Evidence of an interest in art leads you to **The Victorian Vista** by **James Laver** (\$5.50).

The plus factor here is a montage of the paradoxes of that intellectually busy age. If the art is specifically photography, **Look at the U.S.A.** by the editors of *Look* (\$7.50) is an obvious and very beautiful solution. The bonus is word-painting of the regional scenes by such old pros as Mary Ellen Chase, Paul Horgan, Louis Bromfield, Frederick L. Allen, Joseph Henry Jackson, Gerald W. Johnson, Wallace Stegner, David Cohn. "The strong and diverse heart of America . . . vitality and variety are the hallmarks of this volume." — *N.Y. Times*

Bread to the eggheads (easily discernible) is such fare as the series of **The Age of Analysis** by **Morton White** (\$3.00) "No other book remotely rivals this as the best available introduction to twentieth century philosophy." *Jerome Nathanson*. **The Age of Belief** by **Anne Fremantle** (\$2.75) "... presents the wisdom of the most spiritually harmonious age that Western man has known . . . A good book for those interested in philosophy." — *The Marian*



The internationalist, may his tribe increase, is self-defined. If he's high on your list, buy him the incomparable **Times Atlas of the World** edited by **John Bartholomew, M.C., M.A.** (\$20.00 before Dec. 15, thereafter \$25.00), then move south to **The African Giant** by **Stuart Cloete** (\$4.00) "... a fascinating book from beginning to end." — *Herbert L. Matthews, N.Y. Times*, and north to **The Young Hitler I Knew** by **August Kubizek** (\$4.00) "... the most important book [about Hitler] including *Mein Kampf*", *Dorothy Thompson* and wind up with a tour of the U.S.A. in

**The Easy Chair**, **Bernard DeVoto** (\$4.00). These chapters "demand rereading, reappraisal, for the significant impact they have on one's own judgments. They are rewarding . . ." — *A pre-publication review*



And if he has the appendage of a musical instrument or has been heard in full voice, there is a handsome treat in store for him in **A Treasury of**

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**Christmas Songs and Carols** edited by **Henry Simon** (\$1.95)

A reader who is still young (to avoid the scientist's label of immature) is the prey of every literate relative during this season. Here are some new books that even Johnny will read:



**Crystal Mountain** by **Belle D. Rugh** The winner of New York Herald Tribune Spring Book Festival. Ages 8-12 (\$2.75) **John Jewitt's Adventure** by **Shannon Garst** illus. by Donald McKay. An incredible story of John Jewitt's life as a captive of the Nootka Indians on Vancouver Island based on his own journal. Ages 11 up (\$2.75) **White Falcon** by **Charlton Ogburn, Jr.** illus. by Bernarda Bryson "... especially warm and understanding ... hits at something deep in human life. Pen sketches by Bernarda Bryson have the wisp and salty air of New England." *Virginia Kirkus*. Ages 11 up (\$2.25) **Dragon Run** by **Carley Dawson** illus. by Lynd Ward. Mr. Wicker's powerful magic is tested once again in this sequel to *Mr. Wicker's Window* and *Sign of the Seven Seas*. Ages 11 up (\$2.75) **Penalty Shot** by **Richard T. Flood** illus. by Robert Candy. A gripping story of fast hockey and a penetrating picture of life in a boys' school. Ages 12 up (\$2.50) **Cromwell's Head** by **Olivia Coolidge** illus. by Edward A. Wilson. "A case of mixed loyalties develops in Boston in April, 1775 — ... the narrative is a crackling one." *Virginia Kirkus*. Ages 12 up (\$3.00) **The Complete Tales of Uncle Remus** by **Joel Chandler Harris**. Compiled by **Richard Chase**. All the beloved tales of Brer Rabbit and his friends collected for the first time in one volume. Richard Chase, the noted folklorist, has included many stories heretofore out of print. Illustrations by the original artists, A. B. Frost, Frederick Church, J. M. Conde, E. W. Kemble. All ages (\$5.00)

And these that have weathered into classics: — **The Little House** by **Virginia Lee Burton**, **The Holling C. Holling** books — **Paddle-to-the-Sea**, **Tree in the Trail**, **The Sea-bird**, and in **Minn of the Mississippi**, **Johnny Tremain** by **Esther Forbes** and the enormous all-in-one **Anthology of Children's Literature**.



The pleasant glaze of reminiscence in the eye is a characteristic to be marked well, for nostalgia of varying shades: the hearty wit of **Sanity Is Where You Find It** by **Will Rogers**, edited by **Donald Day** (\$3.00); the celebrity-studded glitter of **Untold**

**Friendships** by **Schuyler Parsons** (\$4.00); or the understated charm of **Sunday's Children** by **James H. Knox** (\$2.75) "... another "Life With Father," in a rural setting very different from that of Clarence Day's masterpiece — but not unworthy of that company." — *N.Y. Times*; or the candor and affection of Alan Moorehead's biography, **Winston Churchill in Trial and Triumph** (\$2.50) "... polished with a sharp perception and embellished with anecdote and quotation. It is lively reading." — *Harpers*.

A bewilderingly broad group that has some of the markings of all of the foregoing is that of novel readers. You are on your own here; we supply the words of professional guides. **Up Home** by **Ardyth Kennelly** (\$4.00) "... has the gift to evoke the wonder in everyday living ... A Dickensian exuberance to her portrayals." — *San Francisco Chronicle*

**The Years of the City** by **George R. Stewart** (\$4.50) "Almost too good to be called a historical novel ..." — *Newsweek*. **The Haunted Hacienda** by **Madison Cooper** (\$3.75) "His narrative skill is so instinctive and so vital he is able to make you smell, taste, see, hear, and touch all these events without ever losing sight of the people involved in them."

— *The Saturday Review*

And too recently published for words from the guides are two novels appearing at the crest of the season, for their timing is determined by other pressing engagements in print. One is **The Golden Journey** by **Agnes Sligh Turnbull**. (\$3.75) As in her earlier, **The Bishop's Mantle** and **The Gown of Glory**, she is writing for the big fiction market that asks for the story of a neighbor told with the transmuting skill that takes the large issues of crusading youth in politics, of overly-protective love, of morality in ambition and makes them the personal issues of the heart and spirit.

The second novel is **Cash McCall** by **Cameron Hawley**, (\$3.95) author of *Executive Suite*. On every field trip among the book recipients there is always one new rallying cry. We believe it will be **Cash McCall**. This is the book that will add new phrases to the exchange at the beauty salon, new hotly-debated issues to the commuter smoke rings, new simmering conflicts to the table talk. It is an uncannily close look at what is happening to people who get rich, very rich, by their own efforts. **Cash McCall** is one of the new multimillionaires—in real life a man rarely met, a power rarely defined, an intelligence rarely comprehended in its proper frame of the new tax morality. Here is the successful and the near-successful lawyer, the judge, industrialist or engineer, and the woman who is his wife—past, present or prospective.



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## THE NEW BOOKS

illustrations. Most of them are from his own photographs, and they are fine.

### THE GOLDEN PALETTE

IN THE Indian summer before the frost of the income tax first nipped the rich, their great portrayer was John Singer Sargent, and it is in keeping with the mood of the present that he should be the subject of a new and warmly appreciative biography. After all, he and Henry James were once known as "the inseparables" in London society, and his friendship with Stanford White was a major source of success, at first because White could tactfully steer rich sitters in his direction and later because of the murals he painted for buildings designed by White's firm.

Charles Merrill Mount, the author of *John Singer Sargent* (W. W. Norton, \$7.50), is just about the ideal man for the task. A professional portrait painter himself, he has based his own technique on Sargent's so closely that he has unusually penetrating insight into the technical problems of the work. He has devoted years to preparation of the book, with the loyalty only discipleship can produce; and once his major premise—that Sargent was a very great painter—is either granted or forgotten, he proves a discriminating critic.

Apparently Sargent's main idea in life was to be a success. There was a good reason for this: his father had been a failure, and he knew a good deal about the humiliations failure can bring. The elder Sargent need not have failed—he came from a distinguished family, originally Gloucester traders of great wealth, and though the family money was pretty well gone by his time, he managed to get a degree in medicine at the University of Pennsylvania. But he married a spoiled, self-willed young lady of Philadelphia who had a small inheritance and was determined to go abroad and live a life of culture and refinement. As it turned out there never was enough money; the family was always on the move, looking for cheaper lodgings or a healthier climate for the children (most of whom died); Mrs. Sargent never quite made the grade

socially. And poor Dr. Sargent became the man who looked after the luggage. Years later, in what must have been a most uncharacteristically self-revealing moment, Sargent told Henry James about the pinch-penny, vagabonding, social-climbing life his family had led when he was a boy, and James used it as a point of departure for one of his finest stories, "The Pupil."

Sargent was twenty when he first saw America. He never had a home or even a native language. Though he enjoyed the company of women—and mild flirtations with rich sitters were sometimes professionally advantageous—he probably was never close to marriage. But he does not seem to have been neurotic or unhappy. He was gifted and shrewd. After some early reversals he could coin money at the easel, and he spent many years doing it. Then one day he noticed that all his commissions were executed, and he remarked that now he could die. Soon thereafter he did, quietly, in his sleep. If success was not enough for John Singer Sargent the world has not yet found it out.

Perhaps because of his own attachment to success Sargent was particularly attuned to it in others. At any rate, more than anyone else he discovered on canvas the style of the rich and important at the turn of the century. Mrs. Joseph Widener is as unthinkable without Sargent as George Washington without Gilbert Stuart.

*John Singer Sargent* is illustrated with twenty-four pages of plates. The most touching is a portrait-sketch Sargent did of his father—a wistful old man far from home, puzzled and disappointed. Somehow he seems more real than his son, and after one has forgotten all the son's rich commissions one remembers the little bed that the father made for his baby daughter who was a hunchback, so that she could ride easier on the European trains.

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NOT everyone has fallen in love with the rich. Milton W. Brown, author of *American Painting from the Armory Show to the Depression* (Princeton, \$15), has not. He believes that art should be con-





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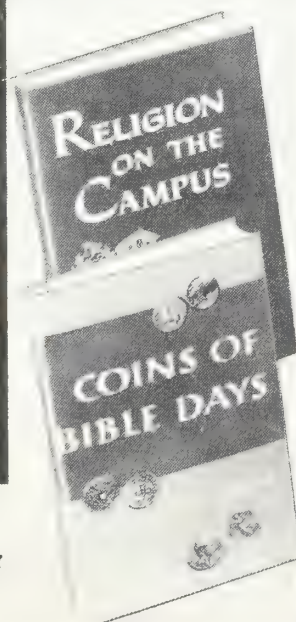
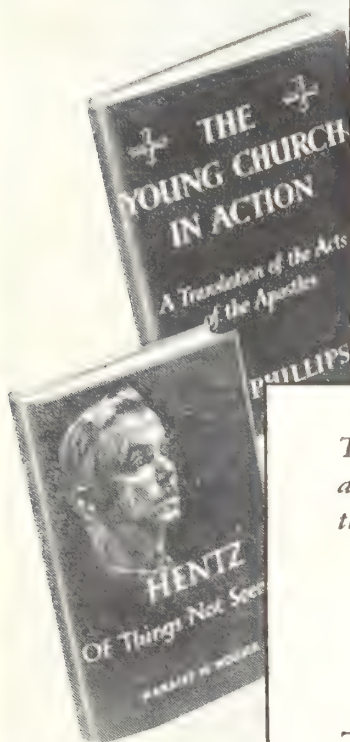
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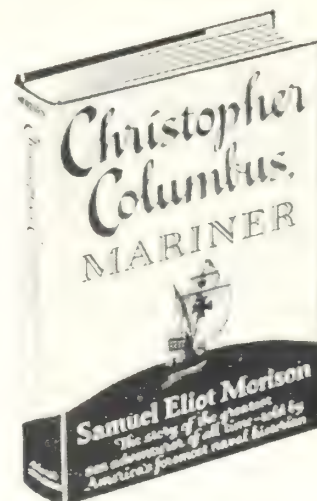
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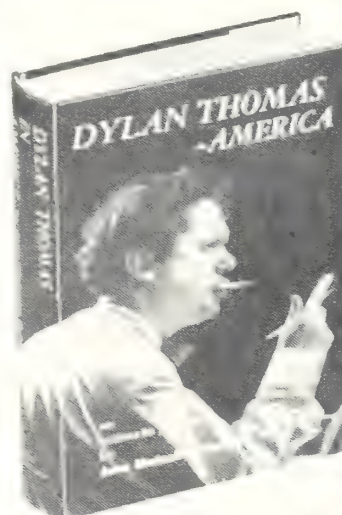
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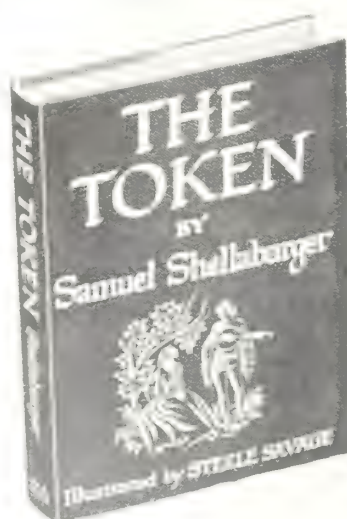
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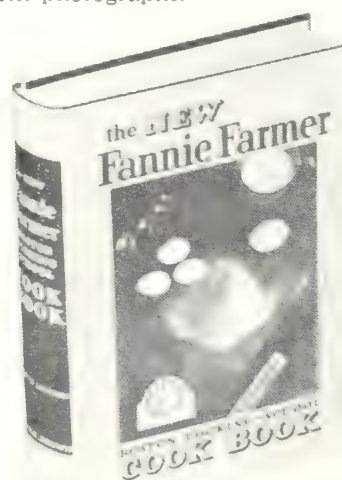
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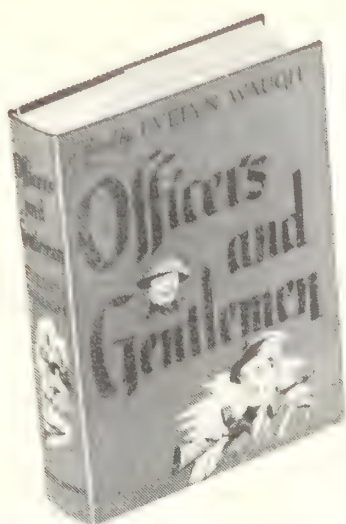


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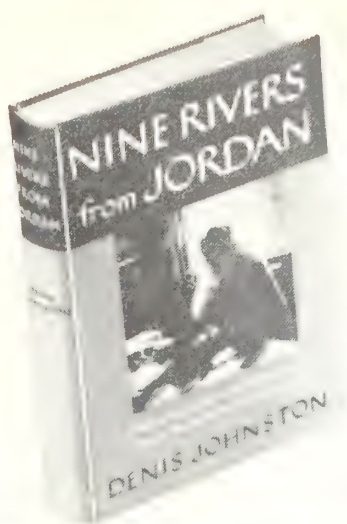
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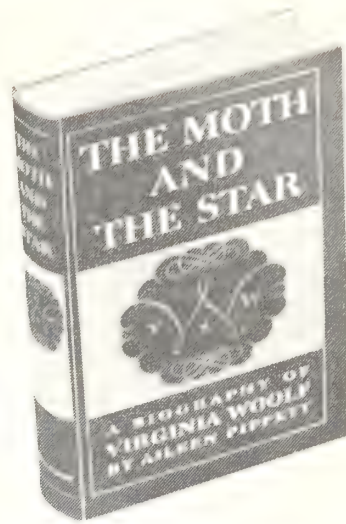




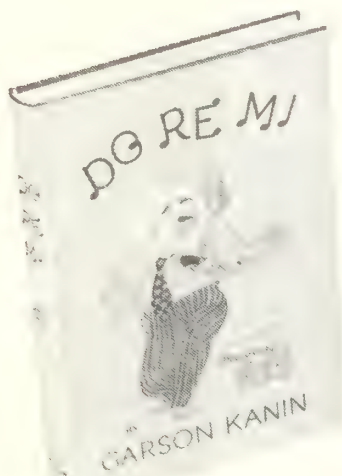
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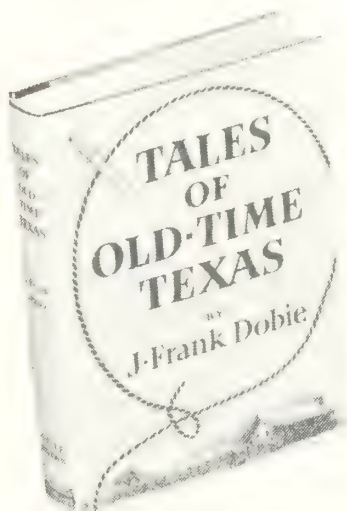
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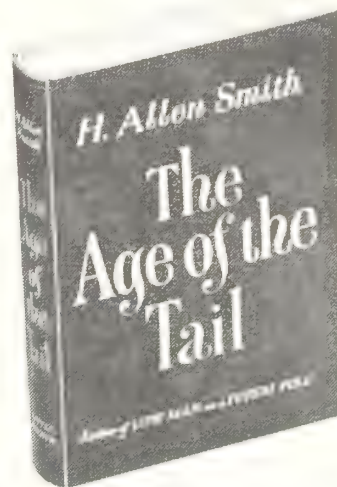
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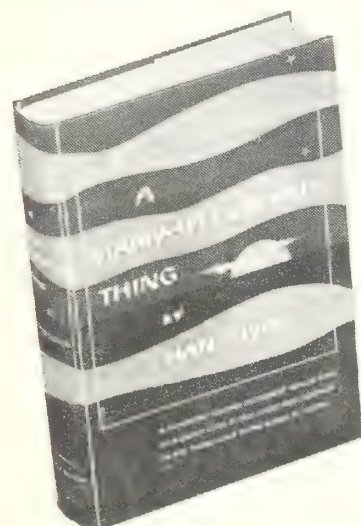
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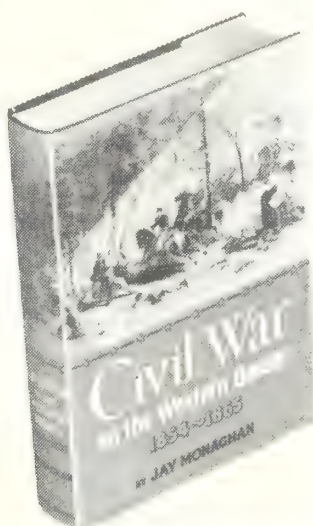
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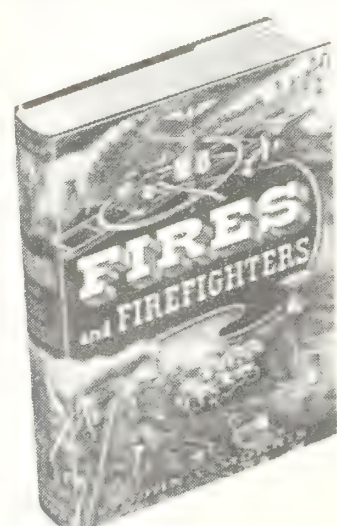
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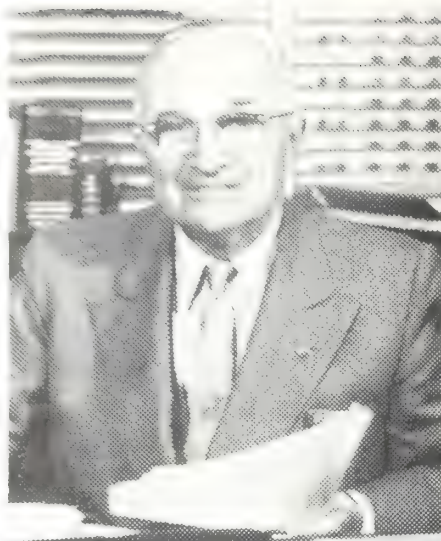
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## THE NEW BOOKS

cerned with "social realism," which apparently means that the proper subject for an American painter is the poor enjoying to the fullest possible extent the misery of being poor. It is curious that a man with this critical position should choose to write about the period between the Armory Show and the Depression, because it was a time when, in Brown's words, "the warmth and sympathy of the Ash Can School . . . succumbed to the aestheticism of modern art," when the "realist strain" was "submerged . . . by the spread of modernism," when concern with aesthetic principles gave painters "the *illusion* of struggling with fundamentals." (*Italics added.*) It was, in short, a time when Art Went Wrong.

Brown is very well informed, his book is useful for reference, and he is certainly capable of making the reader take another look at a painter, even one who, like Maurice Prendergast, was concerned with aesthetic problems. But the critical position mars the book in many ways. It results in serious errors of proportion. (Brown gives about as much space to a short-lived and exceedingly unimportant crackpot publication called *Art World* as he gives to John Sloan and Georgia O'Keeffe combined, though the only visible claim of *Art World* on our attention is that it was "proto-Fascist." He also finds room for an admiring chapter on illustrations for the *New Masses*, though those illustrations are not paintings, and painting is his subject.) Since he scorns the aesthetic problems that concerned many of the painters he describes, Brown resorts to a good deal of that nervous hovering over labels which is the bane of art history. ("There was in Bluemner a definite romanticism, a somber mystical quality, an anthropomorphism which, in spite of his obvious Cubist derivation, relates him to Ryder and the romantic realism of Burchfield, and raises the question whether he, together with Dove, does not rightly belong with the Expressionists.") The chapters on the historical background are marred by stylistic excesses—"the great trusts, glutted with power and contemptuous of all restraints"; "capitalism . . . stripped of its cloak of democratic idealism, in all its



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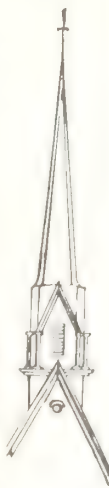
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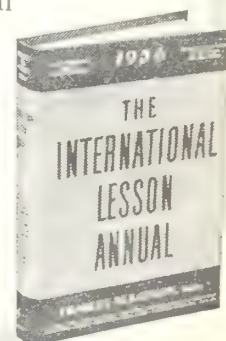
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kind of man Chapin is, what goes on in his dreams, that the reader can project for himself the logical consequence of a whole lifetime's commitments. This is the best O'Hara in a long time.

### Book List for CHILDREN

#### Match the Book to the Child

Whether you're a parent, godparent, or plain Dutch uncle you probably have children's book problems at this time of year. In separating the wheat from the chaff don't be fooled by the covers or buy a cute line of rabbits with a pointless text. Be wary of over-long books or slow starters. Jane V. Wylie and Barbara A. Thacher, who edit a book column for the New York Parents League and between them have eleven children of their own, have compiled a special list for *Harper's*, matching different sorts of books to different sorts of children. If you would like a copy write to Katherine Gauss Jackson, editor *Harper's* book review column, 49 East 33d Street, New York 16, N. Y.

MARY MCCARTHY'S new novel, *A Charmed Life* (Harcourt, Brace, \$3.95), deals with a group of people in a Connecticut seacoast town that is half summer resort and half artists' colony. They all have "little amuses by inheritance" (enough for everything except the necessities); but they live in an economic as well as a social Bohemia, using their talents, real or imagined, to disguise from themselves the fact that they are going downhill.

My reaction to this book may be too personal to be called criticism. I find it morally unintelligible. Individual scenes are brilliant; the writing is always excellent and informed by a keen intelligence; the characters are the best Miss McCarthy has drawn. But the book as a whole makes no sense to me. Again the central situation concerns an abortion. Miss McCarthy's leading character finds that she is pregnant, but whether by her present husband, a pretty art historian, or by her husband of several years back, an older writer of considerable reputation, she has no way of knowing. There-

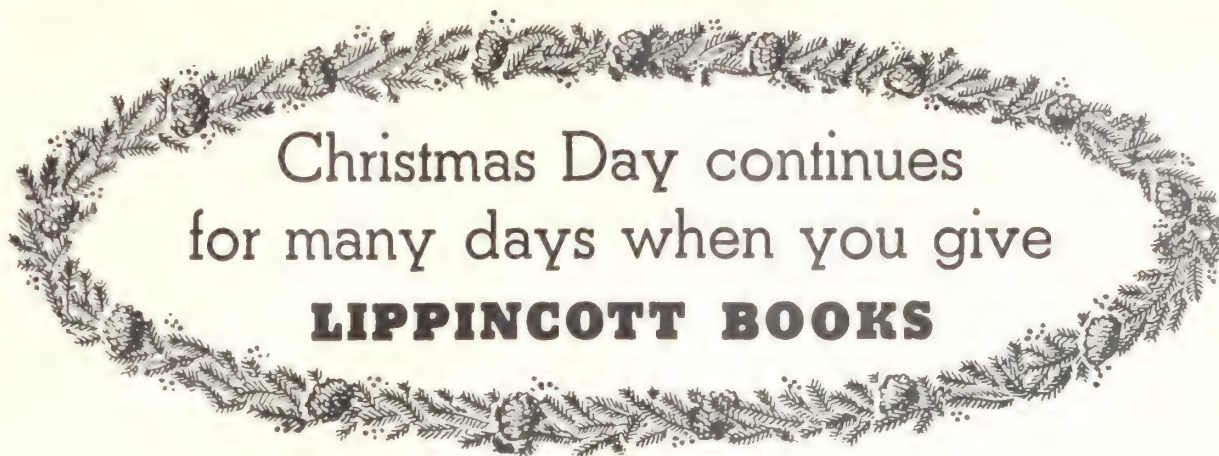
fore she decides that she must have an abortion because she "cares for the truth." This I cannot follow. Is a life to be taken to satisfy a woman's idly adulterous curiosity? Are not life and death more important truths than bloodlines? And how will killing a child tell you who his father was? "This failure to think was what she could not forgive herself," Miss McCarthy writes, meaning that her heroine could forgive herself adultery but could not forgive her failure to think of contraception. That is what is wrong with the book: it assumes that morality is all a matter of thinking.

Do not give *A Charmed Life* to your maiden aunt for Christmas. In fact, it is all right with me if you do not give it to anybody.

NATHANIEL BENCHLEY'S life of his father, Robert Benchley (McGraw-Hill, \$3.95) is hardly a formal biography; after the opening chapters it turns into an amiable, enjoyable, and mildly exploitative collection of anecdotes. It may not be appropriate for a son to assess his father's character: at any rate this son does not attempt it. But he provides at least some of the material for an estimate of the man who more than anyone else epitomized one strain in modern American life — a gentle, well-intentioned humanism constantly colliding with a world that is all square corners, and trying to regard these collisions as a subject for laughter. Nathaniel Benchley shows that this was not a pose his father assumed as a writer, actor, and public personality; it was the way he was, and in the end the bafflement outgrew the laughter.

*Andersonville* by MacKinlay Kantor (World, \$5) is a very long and very well advertised book. The story it tells is this: During the Civil War a lot of Northerners captured by Confederates were put in a prison camp called Andersonville; conditions there were not nice; at the end of the war those who had survived were released. In making this slender narrative fill 760 oversized pages Kantor calls upon his very extensive knowledge of American life in the middle of the last century; he supplies the biographies of several individual prisoners; he invents a little





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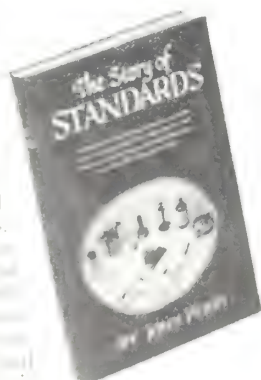


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## BOOKS IN BRIEF

romantic story to take place on a farm near the camp: he spares no detail of sex or sickness or excretion that might hold the reader's attention. But the fact remains that his subject is static and undramatic, without suspense or internal coherence, and in all the suffering he recounts Kantor has found no meaning strong enough to support the weight of words laid upon it. A Book-of-the-Month Club selection.

ADMIRERS of Paul Bowles' work may be disappointed in his new book, *The Spider's House* (Random House \$3.95), but it is in many ways the most responsible and mature writing he has done. Instead of spending his powers on the Gothic violence that has heretofore been his trademark, in his new novel Bowles uses his imagination to penetrate, with loving care, the psychology of classical Islam as it survives in modern Morocco. Bowles sees the present discontent in that troubled land as three-cornered: there is Western modernism, represented by the French, the Americans, the Communists, etc.; there is local modernism, represented by the Nationalists; there is traditional Mohammedanism. He sees little to choose between the first two, and he thinks it is five hundred years too late for the last, though it certainly has his sympathetic admiration. This book would be better as reporting than as fiction except for the very remarkable imaginative reconstruction of Mohammedan psychology.

## BOOKS in brief

KATHERINE GAUSS JACKSON

### FICTION

A Convention of Sparrows, by Rumer Godden.

This delightful modern fairy story is a combination of *The Secret Garden* and "Cinderella" with a little of "The Ugly Duckling" thrown in for good measure. It is a story of children in a poor street just off a pleasant square in London, of their life among the bomb ruins, and their relations with the people in the

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## BOOKS IN BRIEF

square. It is a charming story by a master storyteller (author of *Take Three Tenses*, *Breakfast at the Nikolides*), with sorrow and joy and humor mixed in happy proportion and an ending that makes it a very satisfying confection indeed. It will make a first-rate movie and is already Book of the Month for December (with *We Die Alone* by David Haworth) and a Reader's Digest Book Club choice for sometime in 1956. Viking, \$3.50

**The Angry Hills,** by Leon Uris.

As one who had not read his best-selling *Battle Cry*, I picked up this novel with anticipation and excitement. I put it down with astonishment and disappointment. There is plot here and quick narrative, but no writing at all. It's as if the jottings for a novel had been sewed together between covers. Often there are no transitions; there is never any literary quality. It is about an American who unwittingly becomes entangled with the Greek and British underground during the German occupation of Greece. It is a fine outline for a movie. It is not a satisfying literary work.

Random House, \$3

The Lady and the Looking Glass,  
by Frances Mallory Wykes.

This first novel is the story of a strong, talented woman whose real emotions have all gone underground since the death of her only son. Rich, dominating, obsessed, she hardly moves from her rooms yet she runs the lives of her husband, her niece, her maid, her large country place with a "whim of iron." Before the short tale is over she has accomplished some amazing feats with the power of her shut-in mind, among them the apprehension of a murderer. A well-contrived tale, but not a convincing one to me.

Macmillan, \$2.75

## NON-FICTION

**The Open Heart,** by Edward Weeks.

This book of brief, informal, autobiographical and literary essays takes its title from the last essay in the book. It is a chapter which recalls vividly and very movingly the friendliness and unashamed emotion of people in America during the

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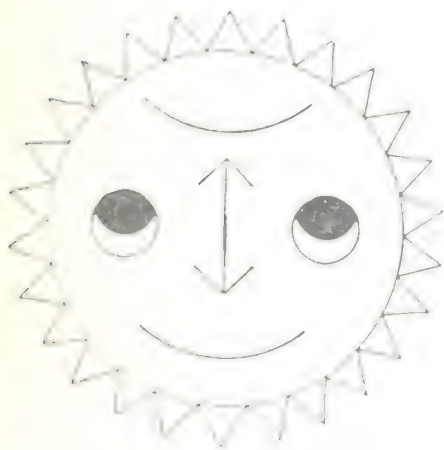
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## BOOKS IN BRIEF

war and suggests that we could do more than to nurture carefully the good fruits in peacetime. It is Wilfred Owen's moral equivalent of war again, but beautifully done—and in all the other essays, whether on families, places, books, authors, or editors, it is evident that if Mr. Weeks has not cultivated these homely and endearing virtues, it is only because to him they are as natural as breathing. Those who know him as editor of the *Atlantic* and nation-wide lecturer will be especially delighted with this volume. I, who grew up (more or less contemporaneously) as he did in New Jersey, with summers at the Jersey shore and spring Saturdays in Princeton, naturally found the early autobiographical chapters especially absorbing.

Little, Brown, \$3.50

**The Whispering Gallery**, by John Lehman.

This book, by another contemporary editor (and poet) is directly, not obliquely autobiographical. To anyone familiar at all with recent English biography or even with British novels, its early chapters are in a literary way as familiar as Mr. Weeks' autobiographical chapters are to a New Jersey girl bred in Princeton traditions. The London house with its library, its gardens and lily pool, its arbors leading to the Thames, its children coming from the nursery for the evening hour—is a world as well known from between book covers as the Gothic towers of Princeton are from the commuter's coaches on the Pennsylvania Railroad. Familiar, too, in their general outline, are the problems and joys of the young and literary in England in the 1920s and 1930s. John Lehman's friends and associates have been, after all, so articulate. . . . But in his family portraits—his father, that great Eton and Cambridge boatman, and editor of *Punch*, his three charming and talented sisters, his beautiful mother with the lovely voice—and in his accounts of experiences with the Woolfs at the Hogarth Press, and his delight in his sister Rosamond's success, the autobiography becomes particularized and memorable. His own literary problem: poet *vs.* editor, is clearly and movingly defined

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as both a personal struggle and as the universal dilemma of the artist in any time. But perhaps because this first volume ends before the war, there is in it—as in Mr. Weeks' book—predominately a nostalgia—a sense of recording for history happy worlds that will not come again.

Harcourt, \$5

**Doctor at Dienbienphu**, by Paul Grauwin.

During the siege of the underground forts that made up Dienbienphu, more than 6,000 casualties, wounded and dead, went through the field hospitals there. For fifty-seven days and nights Major Grauwin of the French Army Medical Corps—almost by accident—was in charge of them under such conditions as defy description, though he does describe them. For the last and most dreadful part of the siege in that hell of mud and terror, smell and agony, before the truce in Indochina, the now famous nurse, Geneviève de Galard was with him, the only woman in that living tomb. It is not a book for weak stomachs but what it says to the heart (though not in a literary way) makes one ashamed of feeling squeamish at this comfortable distance. Heroic becomes a tiny word.

John Day, \$4

## FOR CHRISTMAS

**Cartoon Treasury**, edited by Lucy Black Johnson and Pyke Johnson, Jr.

This fine, fat book carries its own review on the jacket: "The biggest and funniest collection of international wit." It is a delightful book in a thousand ways, not the least of which is its demonstration that if it is laughter that makes the world go round, how happily it could continue to gyrate without words, for I would say that more than half the cartoons bear no captions at all but depend entirely on the universal humor of situation. Too heavy to hang on the Christmas tree, but a fine base for the pile of presents.

Doubleday, \$4.95

**The New Yorker Album 1950-1955.**

The best *New Yorker* cartoons of the past five years in black and white, with forty covers in full color. Sophisticated nostalgia (even in five years).

Harper, \$5

**Notre Dame of Paris: The Biography of a Cathedral**, by Allan Temko.

A book for all interested in architecture and history, of course, but more than that, a book for all interested in literature, art, civilization, and the motivations of men. Written by a dedicated scholar with a gift for narrative and an intensity that often approaches poetry in its 300-odd pages. Richly illustrated.

Viking, \$6.75

If you have a lover of the old West on your Christmas list, your problem is only one of selection. The extraordinary thing is that there is so little repetition in these four big books:

**Buffalo Bill and the Wild West**, by Henry Blackman Sell and Victor Weybright.

A nicely designed, very readable book chiefly about the great scout of the plains, but including naturally a great deal about the whole West of his day. Plentifully illustrated with striking contemporary photographs and engravings.

Oxford, \$6.95

**The Frontier Years**, by Mark Brown and W. H. Felton with 125 photographs from the L. A. Huffman originals.

As Huffman says in his journal, he was "Post Photographer with the Army during the Indian campaigns close following the annihilation of Custer's command." His pictures of the Indians, of life at the Posts, on the plains, and in the tepees, have the same homely quality as his journals, widely quoted here. Not dramatic, but very satisfying. Holt, \$10

**The Look of the Old West**, text by Foster-Harris, pictures by Evelyn Cuno.

The purpose of this book (the only one illustrated with modern drawings) is to bring to life the minutiae of the old West, from the end of the Civil War up to about 1890—how it looked, what plows and wagons and household utensils people used, what they wore for work and play, how they traveled and in what. Here are anecdotes and stories of all kinds, personal reports from the people who made up that world,

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# the new RECORDINGS

Edward Tatnall Canby

## MR. BRIGGS AND THE CONCERT HALL

The main trouble with the recent Carnegie Hall demonstration of Sound Reproduction given by the British engineer G. A. Briggs was simply that it wasn't loud enough. So, at least, most of the hi-fi audience thought. Most of them clearly had expected to hear old Carnegie rock with audio, and they were disappointed.

So was I, in a way. But not because I enjoy high-powered sound demonstrations. I've walked out of plenty. The plain fact was that Mr. Briggs' reproduced music *was* too soft. Yet he had rather special reasons. His purpose, it seems, was to reproduce his recordings at the same loudness as the actual music might have upon the stage—this was to be "concert hall reproduction" right in the concert hall. The fact that it didn't work too well was perhaps his most interesting point.

Mr. Briggs was systematic. On the stage were musicians as well as loudspeakers. In a whole series of musical numbers—piano, organ, oboe sonata, wind quintet—he gave us direct "AB" comparisons between actual, live music and the same music pre-recorded on the same stage (Columbia records) by the same musicians. The musical flow in these tricky numbers was continuous (more or less) and the volume, of course, remained constant at the natural "live" level as the sound switched from live performers to loudspeakers and back.

The other recordings, normal commercial records of many sorts, main-

tained the same volume levels as the original sound, whether a single harpsichord or the full Philadelphia Orchestra. And not even the big orchestra recordings, spread out all over the stage in four loudspeakers, sounded big enough! That (as Mr. Briggs knew) is the anomaly of recorded music, beautifully brought out in a literal test such as this.

We take extra amplification for granted in our reproduced music and we are psychologically right to do so. The extra "umph" helps make up for the subtle limitations, the acoustical vaguenesses that are inherent in recording via the directionless mike "ear" that picks up one room-sound and projects it into another through the loudspeaker.

THIS last-doubled liveness—played us some very odd tricks in Carnegie. Paul Badura-Skoda and Georg Demus played a Schubert piano duet (Westminster) that seemed to come from within a cavern buried deep in the stage floor. That was the original hall liveness intruding its presence. Kathleen Ferrier sang Bach from somewhere far backstage in the distant wings—or so it seemed. Same reason. On the other hand, E. Power Biggs' live Bach Toccata in D Minor came off less well than the recorded version he had made earlier. The explanation here was that the Carnegie organ is a sad affair at best, but its recorded semblance was bolstered

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**The Birth of a Performance** (Mozart: Symphony #36, Linz). Rehearsals and finished performance. With score and annotations. Bruno Walter, Columbia Symphony Orch. Columbia SL 224 (2).

**The Unashamed Accompanist**—Gerald Moore. (Illustrated lecture). Angel 35262.

**Purcell: 15 Fantasias for 3, 4, 5, 6, 7 viols.** Archive Prod. 14027APM ARC 3007 (1).

**Everyman, A Moral Play.** (15th century,

Anon.). Burgess Meredith and cast of 17. Caedmon TC 1031.

**Vivaldi: Il cimento dell'armonia e dell'invenzione, Op. 8.** (12 violin concertos, including "The Four Seasons"). Reinhold Barchet; Pro Musica Orch., Stuttgart. Rembrandt Vox DL 175 (4).

**The Italian Seicento.** Monteverdi: Lamento d'Arianna; Sonata sopra "Sancta Maria." Carissimi: "Jepthe." Archive Prod. (Decca) 14020APM ARC 3005 (1).

(Superb performances in spite of musicological cluttering!)



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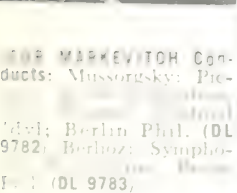


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**EUGEN JOCHUM** Conducts: *Ilse's Song*; *Belin* (DL 9705) *Complete*; Soloists, Bavarian Radio Orch. & Chorus (DL 1131).



## THE NEW RECORDINGS

up to two Carnegies, the doubled reverberation of the recorded "echo" played back into itself for a second echo. That gave a grandly church-like feel to the recorded sound and removed the organ itself, as we heard it, about two hundred feet forwards. Excellent!

All the other direct comparisons, ingenious enough, were unfavorable to the recorded sound, which in each case was noticeably less focused, less immediate, more luzzy and diffuse than the live sound. The recordings were *not* at fault (as some may have thought); the trouble was strictly in these same characteristics of normal recorded sound, lack of side-to-side perspective and redundant doubled liveness.

In these curious ways the genial Mr. Briggs, who is one of the most thoughtful of British engineers (Wharfedale Wireless Works, Ltd.), proved very nicely for us what some of us had already been told, that a large auditorium—a concert hall—marvelously exposes to the ear every technical fault and every acoustical anomaly in recorded sound (especially as directly compared with live music) whereas in fortunate contrast the average small living room gracefully disguises almost all of these same faults, for our greater pleasure.

A heartening conclusion and the members of Mr. Briggs' audience will think twice, I suspect, before they again demand "concert hall reproduction" from their home phonographs.

## Some Romantic . . .

Hindemith: *Nobilissima Visione*. Brahms: *Vars. on a Theme by Haydn*. Philharmonia Orch., Klemperer. Angel 15221.

It's remarkable how the well-ripened Teutonism of these two works coincides. The unlikenesses of their sixty-five years' separation are outweighed by the similarities of background and tradition. Thus has Hindemith already become classic!

Otto Klemperer's comeback is strengthened here by a temperamental affinity, out of similar backgrounds. The Hindemith is particularly natural and alive; the Brahms gets no Toscanini whirl (and some will miss it) but the ever-gemütlich mellowness is there. Lovely recording.

Egon Petri Plays Liszt. *Allegro Royale* 1618.

Here is a fantastic pianistic talent, gone somewhat stiff at the knuckles (b. 1881) but still able to move easily through the incredibly complex pages of Liszt's music. More interesting, here is one of the few of the old generation who played

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## THE NEW RECORDINGS

Liszt still with a personal feeling, when background was of the period. Family knew the "greats"—Brahms, Tchaikovsky, Clara Schumann, Grieg, and the rest; he studied with Busoni. The Lisztian Piano was not without a really warm and passionate power, or so his later years suggest, but a few moments of this disc is enough to show how at times it was so now so difficult and dated Lisztian lace-work and thunder. Anybody can play the notes, these days, but how many can do it convincingly and comfortably?

Fair recorded sound, somewhat muffled at the edges.

**Onslow: Sextet for Piano and Winds, Op. 79. Quintet for Winds, Op. 81. French Wind Quintet: Annie d'Arco, pf. L'Oiseau-Lyre OL 50049.**

An interesting rediscovery. George Onslow was a French-domiciled gentleman of elegance who dabbled, then concentrated in music, studying extensively in Paris in the first part of the nineteenth century.

The Quintet is really a lovely and typical piece of lyric early Romanticism, written with all the woodwind skill that is traditional in France. The Sextet seems less interesting; he was not so good a man with the piano. Excellent woodwind recording.

**Schumann: Fantasia in C, Op. 17. Brahms: Vars. on an Original Theme, Op. 21, =1. Andor Foldes, pf. Decca DL 9705.**

This one I missed from last year: the interesting item is the lovely early Brahms piece, from that robust and masculine lyric phase that preceded his more introspective years.

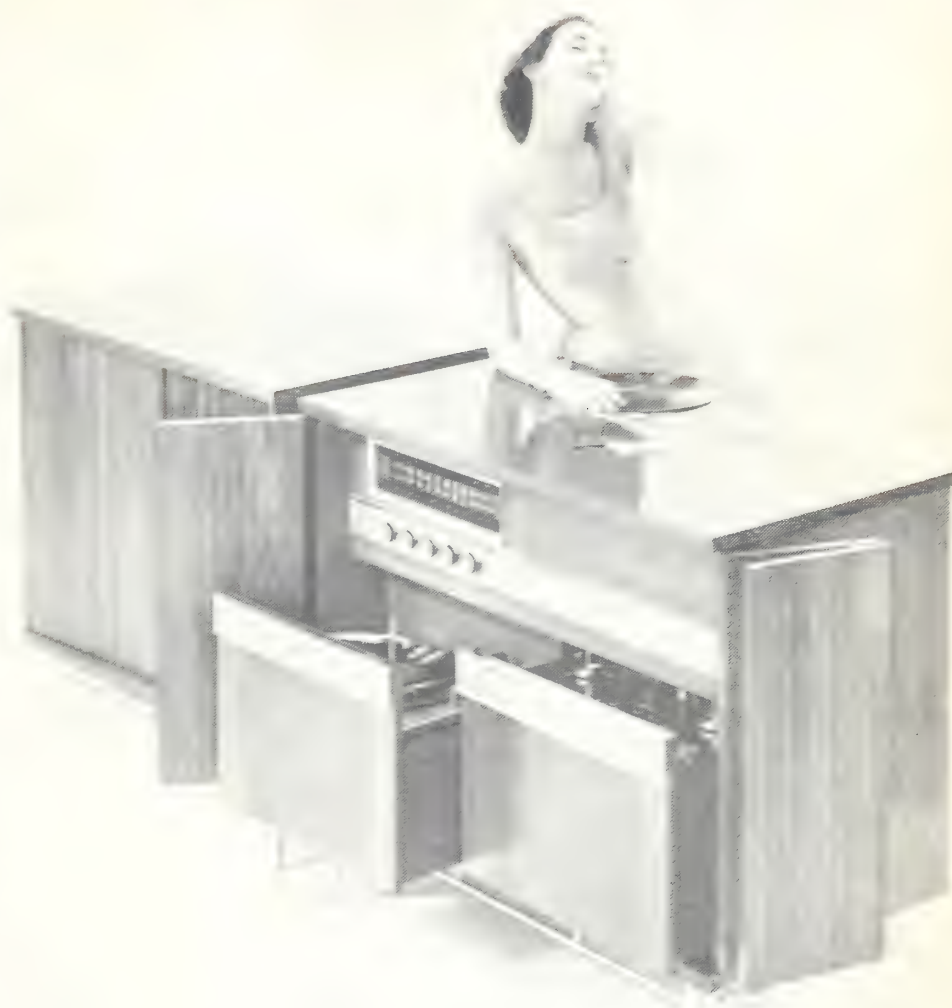
I don't find much to like in Mr. Foldes' Schumann, which is hard and cold to my ear; but the Brahms suddenly is warm and persuasive—why I do not know. On other occasions, too, I've heard a hard-toned pianist, as of Schumann and Schubert, suddenly warm up to early Brahms on the piano. There is something very special about that music.

**Schumann: Violin Sonata =1 in A, Op. 105. Brahms: Violin Sonata =2 in A, Op. 100 ("Thun"). Rafael Druian, vl., John Simms, pf. Mercury MG 80002.**

**Hans Hopf—Wagner (Excerpts). With Vienna Symphony, Moralt. Epic LC 3103.**

Negative report. The Druian-Simms duo, from the Minneapolis Symphony, plays Brahms in a soulless, bloodless way. For my ear this violin is cold as a fish, though wholly accurate and

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continually impeccable. The piano shows a bit more warmth, not much—and the Schumann as a whole is better. Is this the modern age with its vanishing sense for Romanticism? Or is it the over-discipline of much orchestral playing? (Druian is the Minneapolis concert master.) Perhaps both.

The Wagnerian excerpts, tenor arias from "Lohengrin," "Meistersinger," "Rienzi," *et al.*, are sung by a tenor who is tired, out of tune, and sounds like a good German hack. The orchestra is recorded super-hi-fi and the tenor is very close, which may exaggerate the insufficiency. Not by much.

**Beethoven: Piano Concertos #2, #4.**  
Rudolph Serkin; Phila. Orch., Ormandy.  
Columbia ML 5037.

Splendid performances of two less well known Beethoven works, completing the entire five with these performers. Both are really remarkably fresh and alive, considering the probable number of playings here culminated. Serkin is as dynamic as ever (but never eccentric), Ormandy is definitely not in his occasional routine rut. A potent late-Beethoven cadenza adds significantly to the early Concerto #2, actually his first.

**Josef Hoffman—Golden Jubilee Concert,**  
(Nov. 28, 1937). Columbia ML 4929.

This concert, recorded in the Met. Opera House in 1937, marked Hoffman's fiftieth year on the American concert stage. He played in the same house aged eleven in 1887! Hoffman never released an electrical recording of any sort—hence the considerable excitement over this documentary release, in spite of poor recording.

Hoffman, of the grand older generation (like Petri, above), was the ultimate pianist's pianist—men like Rachmaninoff bowed to him and every music critic has raved, over the years. But times are changing. For many today this man's dramatic play of keyboard fire, even in the simplest pieces, will seem as "old-fashioned" as Sarah Bernhardt, if equally great. Truly a documentary.

### A Bit of Britten ...

**Britten: Saint Nicholas (Cantata), Op. 42.** Peter Pears, ten., D. Hemmings, boy sopr., Aldeburgh Festival Choir and Orch., Britten. London LL 1254.

Hardly Christmas music, this concerns the legend-life of the Saint, including the episode of the pickled boys brought to life. With vocal and especially choral music of a mystical nature Britten has the rest of *opus*, in spite of unevenness. There are moving, wonderful

things in this music, for the Saint (Peter Pears) and for boys' and girls' voices. Joyous recording.

**Britten: Serenade for Tenor, Horn and Strings, Op. 31; Folk Songs of the British Isles.** David Lloyd, ten., James Stagliano, horn, members Boston Symph., Marguerite Willer, sopr. Boston B-205.

There is much in common between this superb and unforgettable music and "Saint Nicholas," above—both were first sung by the indefatigable Peter Pears. This semi-cycle is one of the finest dramatic works of our day. The Lloyd version is patterned after the Pears-Britten performance (on London) but does not have the extraordinary fervor of the original; this is straightforward, highly competent playing and singing. Poorly chosen, unsuitable acoustics, ultra-close, may have to do with its lesser effect.

Britten's blindest blind spot, for my folksong ear, is his folksong treatment. The Britten idiom wrenches them hideously out of their style and context. Give me Bartok, Copland—or Vaughan Williams—any day.

**Britten: Winter Words, Op. 52; Seven Sonnets of Michelangelo, Op. 22.** Pears, ten., Britten, pf. London LL 1204.

Here's another in the unique and splendid collaboration of composer-performer—the music so clearly written for this very voice and so wonderfully projected by it. There are no texts provided; the "Winter Words" of Thomas Hardy can be followed but the Italian of Michelangelo is wasted on me. A sad mistake, for in Britten's music words are all-important; I haven't even played the Sonnets. But the "Winter Words" are superbly set.

**Britten: Young Persons' Guide to the Orchestra. Tchaikovsky: Nutcracker Suite.** Minneapolis Symph., Dorati; Deems Taylor, narr. Mercury MG 50055.

This Britten is available with or without Mr. Taylor—one of the flexibilities offered by tape editing. Similarly, the "Nutcracker" suite is snipped out of the complete recording, previously issued.

Sorry, I find the Britten inexcusably ugly in performance in spite of super-hi-fi sound, one of Dorati's worst unmusicalities. But the "Nutcracker" was and is a good, workmanlike performance. Mr. Taylor's homey, matter-of-fact voice isn't consonant with the high-styled "Guide" though he's entirely intelligible. Might try the unbeatable Pears, again, on Angel 35135, the best version I know.



A full-length illustration of a Scottish piper in traditional dress. He is wearing a green tunic with white lace, a red and black tartan kilt, and a matching red and black tartan cape. He has a white sporran and is holding a bagpipe. He is also wearing a blue tam with a feather and a sword. The background is white.

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